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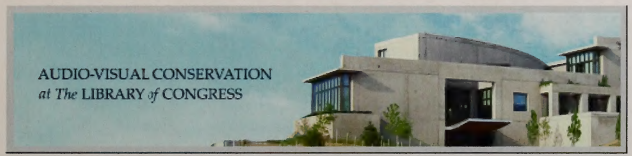
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GIFT OF PUBLISHER JUN 14 1935


THE
New Movie
A TOWER MAGAZINE
GAZINE
JULY
10c
15¢ in Canada
I RETURN
by
ELSIE JANIS
NRA
CLEOPATRA WAS NO DIFFERENT by Cecil B. DeMille
AUGUST
SEPTEMBER
OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER

PN1993
N4

Tell us.. YOUR MOST ENJOYABLE

Name the most *Helpful* DRUG STORE Sales Person who has ever served *You*. Describe the incident . . .



$1,000 IN CASH
for Answers

Shopping means thrills for every woman . . . Thrills in finding new items for home and personal use . . . New values . . . New time-and-labor saving articles that modern manufacturing and merchandising make possible!

Write, in 50 words or less, the most *helpful* service ever given you by a Drug Store salesman or saleswoman. Tell us about this enjoyable shopping experience — *what* you bought — *how* you were helped in making your purchase. Then put that sales person's name on the ballot at the right (or facsimile thereof). Fill the ballot in completely. Mail to us as directed. That's all. Act *at once* to share in July's $1,000 in awards!

A *Two-way* Opportunity:

(1) To earn easy, quick cash yourself

(2) To help a Drug Store Sales Person win both local and national FAME

Read this double-page announcement before you begin to write. Courtesy—enthusiasm—knowledge of goods on display—honest desire to *help* you—these are the qualifications of the ideal Drug Store Sales Person. During what recent Drug buying experience did you receive such *helpful* attentions? *How* and *why* were you pleased?

You need not buy anything to compete. Letters will be judged on their merits: value of the sales person's service to *you*—manner in which you tell of the Drug buying incident, etc. Keep your letter within 50 words. Have both it and your ballot in the mail before midnight, August 15, 1934. Address Shopping Editor, TOWER MAGAZINES, 55 Fifth Ave., New York City.

(Entries may be used by publisher in any manner desired and will not be returned.)

Duplicate awards will be paid in case of tie. Decision of judges final. Only *one* statement per person for each of the monthly Cash Offers in this series. Tower employes and their families are excluded.



DEALERS: Beautiful two-color *Friendly*, Helpful Service Window Seals are yours for the asking. They will identify *you* as co-operating in this tremendous nation-wide movement to improve store SALES and SERVICE. Write Ben Irvin Butler, TOWER MAGAZINES, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Look for this seal on store windows

HOME • SERENADE • NEW MOVIE
TOWER RADIO • MYSTERY

Tower

Shopping Experience

$1,000 IN CASH AWARDS!

Help TOWER MAGAZINES Choose the 1934 Retail Sales Honor Roll

CASH for TOWER Readers—FAME for Store Sales People

Get better acquainted with store sales people. Learn to accept their judgment and *helpfulness.* You will be repaid in greater values and satisfaction every time you shop!

Through this program of awards and recognition, TOWER MAGAZINES hope to encourage a finer relationship between stores and their customers. You owe it to yourself to try for an award—and to your community to help a local Drug Store sales person win membership in the 1934 TOWER Retail Sales Honor Roll. Send both a statement and ballot *today!*

To All Retail Drug Sales People:

Be courteous—*helpful*—always. The receipt in our office of 5 ballots bearing *your* name, admits you to membership in the 1934 TOWER Retail Sales HONOR Roll. You will be given an attractive *bronze* honor badge of identification. 10 ballots, similarly received, entitle you to membership and a *silver* HONOR badge. 25 ballots, similarly received, give you membership and a *gold* HONOR badge—highest recognition of all.

10 FREE Trips to New York

In addition, each 1934 TOWER Retail Sales Honor Roll winner will be provided an opportunity to obtain still greater reward. A FREE trip to America's retail capital—New York—FAME as one of the nation's *ten best* retail store sales persons—This is the final goal for each of those 10 Drug Store Salesmen and Saleswomen who write the best ten (50-word) statements on WHAT CONSTITUTES *FRIENDLY, HELPFUL* SERVICE. Think, now, what *you* will write when *your* name appears on the Honor Roll! Be the Drug Clerk from *your* city to earn this glorious visit to the center of retail activities! Civic and merchandising leaders will be here to acclaim you for your achievement!

Watch August issue of Tower Magazines . . . $1,000 in added awards for enjoyable experiences buying *groceries.* You may try for *each* month's Cash Prizes.

82 CASH AWARDS:

(1) First Prize for the *best* 50-word letter $250.00
(1) Second Prize for the 2nd *best* 50-word letter....100.00
(1) Third Prize for the 3rd *best* 50-word letter.....50.00
(4) Fourth Prizes for the (4) *next best* 50-word letters, 25.00 ea.
(25) Fifth Prizes for the (25) *next best* 50-word letters, 10.00 ea.
(50) Sixth Prizes for the (50) *next best* 50-word letters, 5.00 ea.

(Awards given ONLY in accordance with rules stated in left-hand page of this announcement)

MAIL THIS OFFICIAL BALLOT TO SHOPPING EDITOR, TOWER MAGAZINES, 55 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Write, clearly, in this space, name of your most *helpful* Drug Store Salesman or Saleswoman, together with name of store in which *he* or *she* is employed. Mail this official ballot (or facsimile) completely filled, to Shopping Editor, TOWER MAGAZINES, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

.....CHECK
(Drug Store Sales Person's name) (Man?) (Woman?) WHICH

....
(Name of Store in which employed) (Department of Store)

.....CHECK
(Your Name) (Married?) (Single?) WHICH

....
(Your Address—Street, City, State)

.....
(No. of children in your family) (Occupation of head of family)

Do you OWN?....or RENT?....(apartment?)....(house?)....
CHECK WHICH

Magazines



The Girl on the Cover

ANNA STEN

The glamorous Soviet star whose talent so impressed Samuel Goldwyn that he brought her to America where for one whole year she prepared for her debut in American films. New Movie predicted her great success in the March issue. She will be seen soon again in "Resurrection." The cover is by Armand Seguso.

THE New Movie MAGAZINE

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher*

VOL. X, No. 1 | ONE OF THE TOWER MAGAZINES | JULY 1934

THE BEST OF THIS MONTH'S STORIES OF THE STARS

Helen Mack's Diary ... William Ulman, Jr. 8
Hollywood Day by Day ... Nemo 10
George Arliss—Mystic ... Rose Feld 64
I Return to the Metropolis ... Elsie Janis 20
Cleopatra Was No Different ... Says Cecil B. DeMille 27
How Hollywood Men Keep House ... Grace Kingsley 30
The Real Mae West (Part 2) ... Aileen St. John Brenon 34
Garbo's Destiny ... Potter Brayton 36
Durante Goes Loopy ... Barbara Barry 43
Pioneering in the Movies ... As told to George Gerry 44
The Boulevardier Goes Blackface ... Herb Howe 46
Having Fun in Hollywood ... Grace Kingsley 52

News of the Films That Brings You Up to Date

What to Expect in the New Films ... Barbara Barry 16
First Nights on Broadway ... Frederic F. Van de Water 48

New Movie's Outstanding Special Departments

Junior Hollywood Gossip ... Henry Willson 6
New Movie's Hollywood Fashions ... 39
The People's Academy ... 50
News of the New ... opp. 51
Music in the Movies ... John Edgar Weir 54
Now It's Needlework ... Frances Cowles 56
Cooking with Mona ... Nancy James 58
Taking the Sun in Hollywood ... Ann Boyd 106
The Make Up Box ... 76

FRANK J. McNELIS, *Managing Editor* • BERT ADLER, *Eastern Editor* • MARY MARSHALL, *Director of Home Service* • JOHN C. MITCHELL, *Western Editor*

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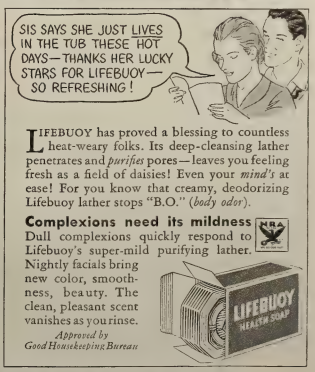










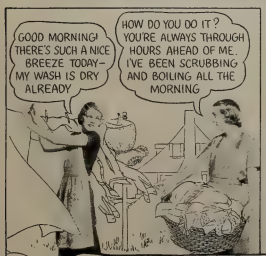


LIFEBUOY has proved a blessing to countless heat-weary folks. Its deep-cleansing lather penetrates and *purifies* pores—leaves you feeling fresh as a field of daisies! Even your *mind's* at ease! For you know that creamy, deodorizing Lifebuoy lather stops "B.O." (*body odor*).

Complexions need its mildness Dull complexions quickly respond to Lifebuoy's super-mild purifying lather. Nightly facials bring new color, smoothness, beauty. The clean, pleasant scent vanishes as you rinse.

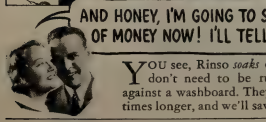
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EVEN HER HUSBAND NOTICED IT ...









YOU see, Rinso *soaks* out dirt. Clothes don't need to be rubbed to pieces against a washboard. They will last 2 or 3 times longer, and we'll save lots of money.

Makers of 40 famous washers recommend Rinso. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Safe for colors — easy on hands. Great for dishes, too— and for *all* cleaning. Gives rich, lasting suds — *even in hardest water.* Try Rinso!

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

Rinso

Junior Hollywood Gossip

Here and there in Movieland with the Younger Set

By

HENRY WILLSON



Wide World

ERIC LINDEN is back in the fold. Hollywood called the second time and he came. But it is a new Eric Linden who has returned to filmland—a softer, quieter and more retiring Eric. The young actor received a cable sent to the large Normandy villa where he had locked himself up to be alone and write—a hide-out that brought him comfort after the many disappointments Hollywood had caused. The message offered Eric parts in three pictures and also promised to publish his first book, "The Light from Beneath." The temptation was too great, and forty-eight hours later found Linden and his companion, Morrie Willows, bound for home.

Eric has rented a beautiful little house in the canyon above Beverly Hills, but he won't dare venture forth for at least a month, he says, because they left Europe in such a hurry, there was only time to pack one bag with two suits, a couple of shirts and a pair of sneakers. Of course, he has written back to the housekeeper in France, telling her where to find the rest of his belongings and to ship them on immediately. But Eric may be surprised with what arrives from the other shore. He is not too sure of his foreign vocabulary—and the housekeeper may not recognize Eric's version of her native tongue.

* * *

Dorothy Dell, new and attractive Hollywood contract player, sees no reason why a man should not marry an actress, but she wouldn't want to marry an actor. "The actors I have known are too self-centered for a happy married life," she declared. "On the other hand, there are few actresses who wouldn't gladly give up their careers for a home and the right man. And even if she continues acting, her home becomes her primary interest."

Yeah?

* * *

Katherine DeMille is pulenty burned—and President Roosevelt may receive a telegram any day now from the famous producer's daughter, requesting an N. R. A. code on a girl's weight. Who can blame her? After dieting, starving herself, and being pounded by a masseuse for eighteen days, to lose weight for a role in (*Please turn to page* 98)

Wide World



(At top) Ida Lupino has just organized a Sunday afternoon swimming club.

A group at Patricia Ellis' party. Can you name them? If not, turn to page 99



10 MONTHS TO MAKE! 100 CAMERAS FILMED IT! 10,000 IN THE CAST!

No wonder critics compare it in their reviews to "The Birth of a Nation." Because "Viva Villa!" astounds the world with its magnitude, its romantic thrills, its nerve-tingling drama. He loved his country and fought for it...he adored its women and took them! You'll thrill with each throbbing minute of it!

Starring **WALLACE BEERY**

with Fay Wray, Leo Carrillo, Stuart Erwin, Geo. E. Stone, Joseph Schildkraut, Henry B. Walthall, Katherine De Mille. *Produced by David O. Selznick. Directed by Jack Conway. From the screen play by Ben Hecht, suggested by the book by Edgcumb Pinchon and O. B. Stade.*



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

HELEN MACK'S DIARY

Some of the high spots in the career of an actress as revealed by her own personal day by day writings

(Excerpts selected by William A. Ulman, Jr.)

Oct. 3rd, 1926—Gosh! Here it is October and no work yet. Mother is worried but she tries not to show it; guess I am too, a little. Everybody says it's going to be a swell season though; two more shows went into rehearsal today, a Brady and Wiman musical and something Chamberlain Brown is doing up at Columbus Circle. I do wish there'd be some good kid parts in something!

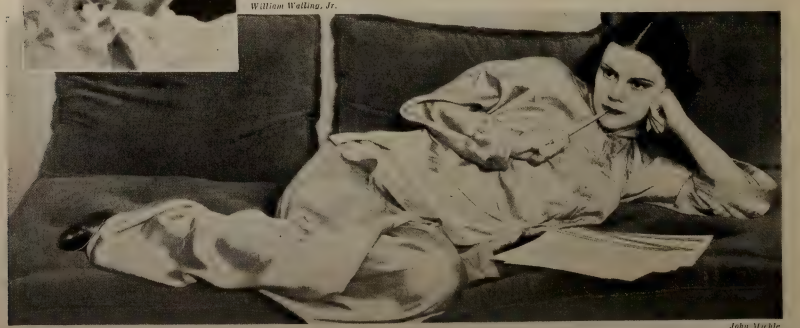
Oct. 5th, 1926—Am I excited tonight! Listen diary, Mother had just gone to the store when Murray-Phillips' Agency called and wanted me to come down right away. I couldn't wait so I grabbed the subway and went down by myself. Miss Morris just looked at me and said, "Sorry, my dear, but they shouldn't have called you. I'm afraid you're not the type they want—a little too young." I nearly died, and then I saw Helen McCaffrey over at the window getting a card. We went down the elevator together and she told me it was George M. Cohan's new show, "YELLOW" and that she was going over with a lot of other girls and why didn't I come, too, even if Murray-Phillips wouldn't give me a card; nobody ever paid any attention to the cards anyway if they like you for a part. We went right over to the Lyric and there were dozens of other girls standing around the stage and John Meehan (he's swell) and Mr. Cohan were looking at them and whispering. Well, we stood and stood and I started watching Selena Royale talking to the *best* looking boy named Chester Morris until Helen nudged me and I looked and saw Mr. Meehan looking right at us and smiling and waving for us to come over. He talked to Helen first and then he turned to me and asked how old I was and I told him *13* and he smiled and started to turn away. I stopped him by talking just as Mother does and told him I'd been in "POMEROY'S PAST," "NEIGHBORS," "IDLE INN," "THE LADY NEXT DOOR" and pictures and he said, "All that?" and I said, "Yes." And he said I could have a small part as a page girl in a night club scene at the end of the third act and to come down to the theater for rehearsals at eleven tomorrow. . . . And Murray-Phillips were that surprised when I told them! It was marvelous. Mother has just been washing my hair now and it's still all wet so I guess I'll have to sit up a while until it dries, though I'm awfully tired.

Oct. 12th, 1926—Just time for a line before I fall asleep. I couldn't write a thing last night. It was marvelous. Dress rehearsal and we worked till nearly two. I slept in Miss Royale's dressing room on the couch until they got to the third act where I go on and by that time Mr. Cohan was jumping up and down and yelling but nobody minded because they say that he's always that way at dress rehearsals; once he slipped and nearly fell into the pit and came up terribly mad and red but Mr. Meehan was just as calm as ever. I think he's wonderful and his white hair is so sort of *impressive* and he's got the nicest, understanding smile. Anyway, that was last night. Tonight was the big night. I'll always remember it and the sound of the curtain going up even if I didn't go on for nearly two hours. It was a grand audience and the whole company got several calls. Everybody congratulated everybody else and said it was a hit and that means weeks and weeks and weeks. Oh, I'm so tired! No rehearsals any more, thank goodness.

December 24th, 1926—This is probably one of the grandest Christmas's I ever had. Everybody back stage was swell and wishing everyone else Merry Christmas and before the curtain went up some of them sang "Holy Night" very softly and Selena (Royale) gave me a hand-made pin cushion that she made herself and Chester (Morris) gave me an autographed picture and Mr. Meehan gave me candy and called me the company mascot and Harry Bannister—gave me candy. Gee, everybody is nice; especially Chester. And Mr. Meehan, too, only he's older and more like a father, but in about six years I'll be nineteen and—oh, gosh! Chester's picture looks grand on the dresser. He's sweet!

(*Please turn to page* 81)





William Walling, Jr.

John Marble

(Left) A recent portrait of Helen Mack. (Below) Taking it easy in the living room of her Hollywood residence. Helen will be seen next in "Kiss and Make Up" with Cary Grant and Edward Everett Horton.

THE GREATEST NOVEL OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY NOW BRINGS TO THE SCREEN HUMANITY'S TORTURED HEART-CRY!



"Of Human Bondage"



LESLIE HOWARD
IN
"Of Human Bondage"

By W. Somerset
MAUGHAM

The story of a man who burnt up his soul for an idol cold as ice! . . . with

BETTE DAVIS

FRANCES DEE · KAY JOHNSON
REGINALD DENNY

AN RKO-RADIO PICTURE
Directed by John Cromwell
A Pandro S. Berman Production

AUGUST
SEPTEMBER
OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER



Lucky Ruth Matteson! Clark Gable saw her in New York, arranged tests and now she is in Hollywood with an M-G-M contract. The photo shows Clark looking her over with critical eye when she arrived at the studio.

•

Polo enthusiasts . . . Leslie Howard, stage and screen star, and Walt Disney, creator of Mickey Mouse, exchange greetings at the Riviera Country Club during the recent games.

Wide World



HOLLYWOOD DAY by DAY

Gossip of the Stars

HOLLYWOOD loves a good, hearty feud and was anticipating with much enthusiasm the opportunity of seeing George Raft and Mae West crowding each other in the close-ups of "It Ain't No Sin."

George was eager to play opposite the voluptuous star feeling, not without reason, that he could hold his own.

"No matter how small my part is," George insisted, "I'm going to play it if I can write one line of dialogue into the script."

The proposition, so the story goes, was submitted to Miss West, who promptly vetoed it and George was replaced in the picture by Roger Pryor.

The line of dialogue George wanted to say to Miss West was: "You can be had."

•

ONE harmless little feud which Hollywood is watching with interest is the one between Joan Crawford and Jean Harlow. Neither girl makes any bones about it. It is just good, clean fun. And as though it were not bad enough for Joan to have had to relinquish Franchot Tone to Madeline Carroll for one picture, she now has to watch him make love scenes with her platinum rival, Jean, in "100% Pure." At least I presume Joan will watch the sizzling love scenes because she is having a vacation and she can make Jean plenty uncomfortable by visiting Franchot on the set.

•

THERE is no known explanation for it except that the people involved are more interesting, but Hollywood feuds always seem much more picturesque than differences between plain, ordinary mortals not only to Mr. and Mrs. John Public but to Hollywood's inner circle as well.

The film colony enjoyed for weeks the incident of a star finding a rival's portrait on her set as a prop, tearing it down and throwing it on the floor.

•

WILL ROGERS started into the Assistance League for lunch, stopped, peered in and, turning around started down the stairs. Ruth Roland, who was doing duty as head waitress that day, ran after him, shouting:

"Come back here. What's the matter?"

"I didn't see any men," he explained, "and I thought I was in the ladies' room."

Ruth told him he hadn't looked far enough; that there were about thirty men from the Fox Studio eating lunch. Mr. Rogers went on in and then insisted upon paying the checks for the entire company. He never orders a table d'hote meal. He says: "Bring

(*Please turn to page* 12)

Tintex— World's Largest Selling TINTS and DYES



Use TINTEX for

Underthings	Slips
Negligees	Blouses
Pajamas	Sweaters
Stockings	Dresses
Men's Shirts	Scarfs
Children's Clothing	
Luncheon Sets	Doilies
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Drapes	Slip Covers



Your Wardrobe—from A.M. to P.M.—needs TINTEX

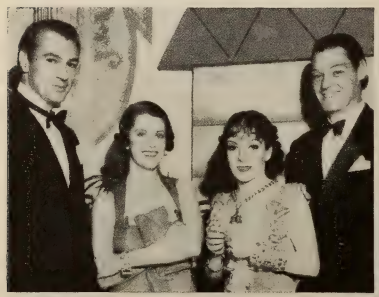
EVERYTHING you wear—from the time you get up until you go to bed—needs Tintex. Apparel that has faded from the sun or frequent launderings becomes as colorful as when new—with Tintex. Or you can give anything an entirely different color, if you wish. And so easily! So quickly! So perfectly! Let the 35 brilliant, long-lasting Tintex Colors keep your summer wardrobe gloriously gay and ever-new in color—and at the cost of just a few cents!

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PARK & TILFORD, *Distributors*



HOLLYWOOD DAY by DAY



Wide World

Gary, Sandra, Lupe and Johnny attracted all eyes when they stepped out together recently. Guess that fixes that!



No, it's not Gary Evan Crosby pictured here, but Lester Muchmore, aged eight months, one of Bing's staunchest rooters.



(Above) Shirley Temple, Fox Films' starlet, whoops it up between studio parade sequences.

(*Continued from page* 10)

me some of that and some of that and that," pointing to what he wants, "but don't bring it on one of those blue plates. I don't like those partitions."

Rogers admits it is only recently that he discovered he has any vanity in his make-up. While flying in the Orient his plane landed on an English flying field to get gas. Rogers, pacing restlessly up and down, was asked by a small girl to autograph her book. He did so and wrote: "Will Rogers, U. S. A."

"The United States is a pretty big place isn't it?" inquired the little girl. "Haven't you any other address?"

"Well, you wait until I get home," he told her boastfully, "and then you write me a letter addressed that way. If I get it, I'll answer it."

Shortly after he returned home he received a letter from the child addressed just that way.

"I was so relieved to get that letter," he confessed, "that I answered it the same day."

•

EVERY star has a weakness and Norma Shearer cheerfully admits that hers is work. She seems tireless. With the advantage of being a star as well as the wife of one of the most influential producers she nevertheless works hard and is never content to rest on her laurels or rely upon influence to further her career. I recall one time in particular when she had an appointment for an interview. Before the day arrived the writer who was to interview her was whisked to the hospital to become a mother.

"I'll go to the hospital to see her," Norma said. "And if she feels well enough she can interview me there." What's more, she did it, taking an armload of flowers for the mother and a present to the baby.

•

ROBERT MONTGOMERY has it written into his new M-G-M contract that he is to have a three months' vacation every year. This Summer he is spending it on his farm at Pawling, New York, "building a fence around the place," he says. His place is near Cornwall on the Hudson, the school he attended when a youngster, and Bob has that "Oh, to be a child again" feeling.

•

THE studio was trying to get some home pictures of Madge Evans but she was working every day. Suddenly she telephoned the publicity department. "I have Saturday afternoon off," she said. "If the cameraman wants to give up his Saturday afternoon I'll give up mine."

•

ANOTHER HEPBURN?

WHICH is quite different from Universal's new star, Jane Wyatt. She was signed to a motion picture contract while appearing on the New York stage and came to Hollywood to have tests made for her first picture. She was very upset when they experimented with her hair and tried different methods of making her up and requested that not a word of publicity be written about her until after she sees her first picture.

Miss Wyatt is from the same school of acting as Katharine Hepburn and Margaret Sullavan and the three are good friends. Perhaps Kate and Maggie have been coaching her about a publicity procedure.

•

WANDERING all over the back lot at Universal hunting the "Little Man, What Now?" company, I was led to them by wild shrieks of laughter, and found Margaret Sullavan with six or seven children wading in a creek. The child having the best time was Margaret.

The next day, searching for the same company, I found Margaret and Douglass Montgomery in a big feather bed. When the scene was finished they got up and we talked in the bathroom which, in any other business, would be out of the question, but in this instance the bathroom was just a part of the set.

Gossip of the Stars

HOLLYWOOD DAY by DAY

REGULARLY, at intervals, new rules are issued by the studios. The latest to affect the greatest number of people is to the effect that outsiders may not eat in the studio dining rooms. Unusually heavy productions have been in progress at most of the studios and several times it has happened that the dining rooms were so filled with visitors who wanted to see Jeanette MacDonald or Maurice Chevalier eat their spinach that there was no room for the poor actors. So the cheapest and most satisfactory way to entertain visitors is now denied studio employes.

•

WHEN Alice Brady agreed to appear on the Los Angeles stage in "Biography," the producers took out $250,000 insurance against her nonappearance. Only Lloyds would cover this sort of catastrophe and the cost was $400. When Alice heard about it she said dryly: "So Lloyds took a chance that the old frame would hold together for four weeks, eh?"

•

INSURANCE ALL VARIETIES

THERE are several varieties of insurance taken out by motion picture producers. There was an actual case of a film company taking out snow insurance before packing into the high Sierras for location scenes. In the event the snow had stopped falling while the company was on location, the insurance company would have been compelled to reimburse the studio for all expenses of the trip.

When a large number of extras are being called for exterior work in which rain would interfere and the weather looks at all doubtful, they are given a rain call. If it does not rain by a certain hour in the morning they are to report for work. But if it does rain they await a second call.

The M-G-M studio appears to have taken out "love" insurance in the case of Virginia Bruce, who fell in love with and married Jack Gilbert after having been exploited at considerable expense as a coming star. Instead of cancelling her contract, as she requested, it was suspended. If she wishes to work again her contract with M-G-M will again be active.

No doubt this same company wishes it had Hays insurance. When "The Postman Always Rings Twice," James Cain's new book, looked like a hit, this company bought the picture rights at a reported cost of $25,000. Shortly after the Hays office banned it for picture purposes so they are going to try it on the stage first.

•

PRODUCERS are continually being warned against overstepping the "Haysian" bounds of propriety in their new offerings. The Hays office here states that it is being deluged with protests from exhibitors all over the country that the themes and dialogue of recent pictures have not been of the type desired. Their protests, of course, are merely a reflection of the opinions and protests of their patrons.

In the larger cities the more sophisticated pictures are well received but in smaller communities many parents complain about the attractions and say they are not fit for their children to see.

•

CHARLES R. ROGERS stoutly maintains that he didn't know who she was when he signed Mrs. John D. Spreckles, III, wife of one of the sugar heirs, to a contract to appear in "Here Comes the Groom." His story is that he saw her at the races at Caliente and, liking her looks, asked her to come to Hollywood for a screen test. Mrs. Spreckles accepted his offer and, amid much secrecy, appeared at the studio shortly after and made a satisfactory test. She will play a very small role under her maiden name, Rosana Brown.

(Please turn to page 14)



Nope, not a ticket, just the lovely Harlow checking in at the M-G-M studio gate.

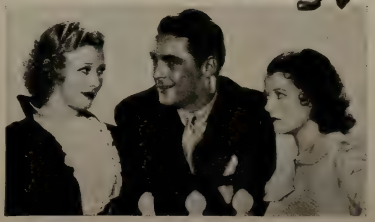
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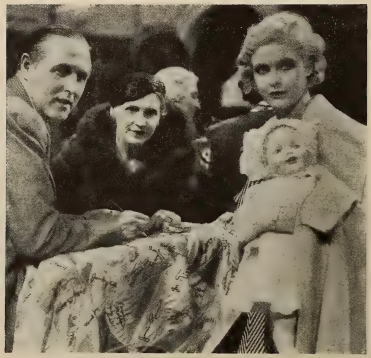
George Burns, Gracie Allen and Guy Lombardo in Hollywood. Maybe they're looking for that little blue hat!

•

(Below) Over the back fence, Charlie Farrell gives Ginger Rogers and Janet Gaynor the latest news.



HOLLYWOOD DAY by DAY



Here's a new autograph stunt. Director William Kiehle and Jean Muir of Warners, sign the quilt that is making the rounds of all the studios.

•

Franchot Tone, M-G-M player, out for a stroll between scenes. Notice the gardenia in his lapel?

•

(Below) Charles Laughton, star of Henry the VIII, the British hit picture, continues to stay away from Hollywood, to appear in the Shakespearean play, "Hamlet," in dear old London.

Wide World





(*Continued from page 13*)

UNA MERKEL telephoned her friend, Nydia Westman, and was told by the colored maid that Miss Westman had gone to the studio at seven o'clock that morning.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Una. "I didn't know she left so early."

"All prosperous folks does, Miss Una," replied the maid.

•

WHEN Orry Kelly, Warner Brothers fashion expert, stepped on Louise Fazenda's train and tore it at a very swank party, Louise merely laughed, repaired the damage with a safety pin and went right on having a good time. . . . Charles Boyer was barely coming out of the ether following his marriage to Pat Paterson when he read in a newspaper that he was to star in "The Loves of Casanova". . . . Austin Parker, ex-husband of Miriam Hopkins and a swell writer in his own right, recently dismissed his press agent because, he said, he was sick of seeing his name in print.

•

SPEAKING of Miriam Hopkins, she is back in Hollywood for at least a part of the Summer. No mother could take more precautions for her child than Miriam does for her little adopted son, Michael. When she goes across the country she never takes him with her. She goes ahead, makes all arrangements for his comfort and then sends for him. Her recently acquired New York house is to be her permanent headquarters, she says, and also admits she would never have bought it but for the baby.

•

GOOD ROLES FOR JOAN

FINDING good stories is the biggest problem picture producers and the search for good roles is the most important task of an actor. Joan Blondell, who usually takes what is given her without a murmur and is what is known as a "good scout," jumped the traces recently and refused to take a certain part. The Brothers Warner got out the big stick and papa spanked. In other words, Joan was taken off salary while she thought it over. At the end of four days she said: "They have to have a picture and I want to work, so what's the use?" She went back to work.

An actor who tries to walk out on any of the major picture companies finds himself unable to earn a living in his chosen profession in almost any country. He cannot work for any other picture company, here or in Europe; he cannot do radio work here or in Europe and he may not appear on the stage. That's how long the arm of the Motion Picture Producers' Association is.

It is the opinion of most of Joan Blondell's fans that she seldom gets a good part. She plays the same role in every picture. For that reason she was delighted with her part in "Without Honor," which gave her a chance to act. "I never cracked a smile in the whole picture," she said. "It gave my face a good rest."

•

ALICE WHITE was so disturbed when a family of frogs took up choir practice in a neighbor's fountain that she went poetic. She wrote the following little rhyme and put it in her neighbor's mailbox:

"If you will ship your frogs to Singapore
I may be able to sleep some more."

•

WHEN Patricia Ellis signed her Warner contract she was 5′ 5″ tall. Recently she has grown two inches, making her 5′ 7″, which is quite tall for a girl to be if her leading man happens to be short. Her doctor attributes this fast growth to the circus picture in which she worked with Joe E. Brown. Between scenes, as well as in the picture, Pat couldn't stay away from the trapeze and the doctor says she stretched herself.

Gossip of the Stars

HOLLYWOOD DAY by DAY

THE girls who make the fashion pictures at Paramount say that Baby LeRoy is a swell fashion model. "He takes his work too seriously, however," said Gretchen Messer, who was posing him in what the well dressed baby will wear this Spring. The only way we could get him to smile was to choke his mother. When we abused her he laughed heartily.

•

CHAPLIN'S METHOD

REMEMBER last Summer we told you that Charles Chaplin had promised to have his picture finished by Christmas? Well, now he says that he meant next Christmas. A dozen times he has torn up his story and rewritten it. This is the first time that Chaplin ever attempted to have a script to work by, and it is possible he may even yet revert to his usual method of shooting.

While Charlie works away at his script, Paulette Goddard, his leading woman, amuses herself in various ways. Their friends believe the reason this romance has lasted so long is because Paulette is a very resourceful girl, not depending on anyone for amusement. Charlie's yacht the Panacea, is now frequently the scene of gay parties with Paulette and her mother as hostesses and Charlie strangely absent. Not "strange," however, when you learn that he is in his office at the studio conferring with Henry Bergmann and Carter DeHaven on the story. Paulette is eager to get started on the picture but reasons she can help best by keeping out of the way. And she says there will be no marriage announcement, one way or the other, until the picture is finished.

One of Charlie's prop men at the studio received an unexpected raise in salary the other day. The prop man's wife went to Charlie with a long tale of her husband's derelictions. Charlie listened, said he would see what he could do and dismissed the woman. She left the studio in high good humor. Then Charlie called in his studio manager and questioned him about this particular prop man. He learned that the man concerned was a very faithful worker and well liked by the other employes at the studio, who felt very sorry for him because he had a shrewish wife.

"Raise his salary five dollars a week," he instructed the manager.

"To me there is just one star in motion pictures today and that is Charles Chaplin," said a tourist to her hostess, Viola Dana, in the Vendome Cafe recently at lunch time. And just then Chaplin came into the dining room.

"Hey, Charlie," called out Viola. "Would you like to meet a tourist from Colorado Springs?"

Charlie, in one of his charming moods, said he would be delighted. He joined (*Please turn to page* 77)

Scotty Welbourne



Ethelreda Leopole, new Warner contract player, is shown the ropes by Ric Cortez on her first day at the studio.

World Wide

•

Mitzi Green, the former child star, is now a charming young lady. This photo was taken at Palm Springs, where she is vacationing.

Wide World



(Above) Reunion in Hollywood: Famous stars of the days before talkies gather as guests of Lila Lee. They are (left to right, front row): Mrs. Harold Lloyd, the former Mildred Davis; Mrs. Charles Butterworth, Carmel Myers, Barbara Kent (Mrs. Harry Eddington); Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, the former Virginia Fox; Edna Murphy; Mrs. Charles Farrell (the former Virginia Valli), and Mrs. Paul Sloane. (Left to right, rear row): Helen Ferguson, Gertrude Olmstead (Mrs. Bob Leonard); Mrs. Bennie Ziedman, Lila Lee, Carmelita Geraghty, Patsy Ruth Miller (Mrs. John Stahl), Sheila Geraghty, Mrs. Leonard Tufford and Hedda Hopper.

WHAT TO EXPECT
IN THE NEW FILMS

WITH the "DuBarry" set closed and padlocked against press invasion, a first-hand description of the historical proceedings is practically impossible.

However, Dolores Del Rio has been cast in the title role, that part played so passionately by Pola Negri in the silent days.

DUBARRY
•
Warners

Del Rio vamps Kings, dukes, and cardinals, until every woman in France despises her thoroughly. Ignorant and uncouth as she is, her power over these national leaders is so great that, by a mere gesture, she can either promote or avert wars.

When, to prevent her presentation at court, the Duchess de Grammont (Verree Teasdale) has her presentation gown and carriage stolen away, the reckless DuBarry bursts into the throne room wearing nothing but a night gown, and is duly presented to his majesty by the amused Victor Jory (as the Duc d'Aiguillon).

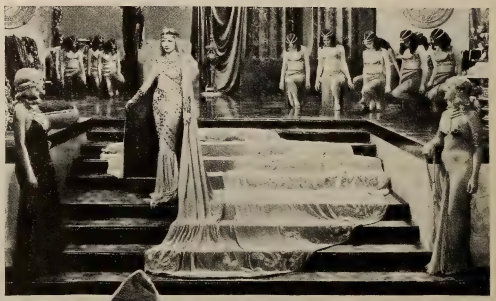
All is well, and the infamous DuBarry reigns supreme, until her angel, King Louis, dies of a stroke. Then, Marie Antoinette (Anita Louise) has her thrown out of the palace and imprisoned in an abbey. Which gesture DuBarry minds not at all, in view of the handsome soldiers sent to guard against her escape.

The author, Edward Chodorov, has touched but lightly on the stuffier angles of French history, giving the center of the stage almost entirely to the intriguing escapades of this wiliest of French wenches.

Director Wm. Dieterle handles the fireworks.

CLEOPATRA
•
Paramount

UNLIKE Dieterle, C. B. DeMille has no aversion to directing in the presence of the Fourth Estate. And, if we must be trite, "Cleopatra" certainly looks as though it is headed for the "super-colossal" class.



Claudette Colbert (above) as the glamorous Cleopatra in the C. B. DeMille spectacle.



(Left) Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler go to town once again in the Warner picture, "Dames."



In "Midnight Alibi," Dick Barthelmess gives one of the best performances of his career. The girl is Helen Chandler.



A mighty fan triumvirate—Clark Gable, in the type role that first made him famous; William Powell (borrowed from Warner's) and Myrna Loy, in "Manhattan Melodrama."

Advance news on the pictures now being made in movieland. Cleopatra heading for super-special class. Clark Gable back in the type of role that won him first recognition • • • By BARBARA BARRY



(Above) DuBarry, as portrayed by the colorful Dolores Del Rio, Reginald Owen and Victor Jory in the Warner production.



In "Little Man, What Now?" Director Borzage is following the book closely. Pictured here are Douglass Montgomery as Pinneborg and Margaret Sullavan as Bunny.



As usual, with "C. B." at the helm, nothing has been spared in giving a most glamorous and breath-taking slant on the private life of the siren of the Nile.

Claudette Colbert, as the gal who made a "mark" out of Antony, is so beautiful that even the original "Cleo" would forgive her for being a few pounds short of voluptuous.

History being just a bowl of sour dates to ye rancid reporter, we can't say just how authentic Bartlett Cormack's adaptation may be. Nevertheless, it's going to be some fun watching the sleek Claudette work her way up through the ranks eventually to play "clap hands" with Julius Cæsar. And swap cyanide cocktails with Mark Antony.

Warren William plays Cæsar, Henry Wilcoxon is the long-sought Antony, and Irving Pichel, Ian Keith, Joseph Schildkraut, C. Aubrey Smith and others supplement the heavy cast.

PARTY'S OVER

•

Columbia

THE early bird gets the worm, according to Hoyle, and in this tale,, by Daniel Kusell, Stu Erwin is the "worm," taken for all he's worth by a good-for-nothing family of greedy parasites.

Stu wants to be an artist, but the demands of mama, papa, sisters and brothers, are so great that the poor fellow must keep his nose to the grind-stone constantly or else the family combine to make him plenty miserable.

Ann Sothern, his secretary, loves the put-upon Stu and tries to convince him that his only salvation lies in making the family shift for themselves.

Stu tries but can't bring himself to make the break, until Ann, in exasperation, goes out of his life, presumably forever. And that's the best thing she could possibly do, because, with the girl of his heart lost to him, Stu sees red, tells the folks that "the party's over" and dashes out in time to catch up with Ann and live his own life. Walter Lang directs.

(*Please turn to page* 87)

(Center, right) Shades of "Billy Bones." Here are Lionel Barrymore, Dorothy Peterson and Jackie Cooper in M-G-M's version of Stevenson's "Treasure Island." Big Bad Wally Beery is in it, too!

(Left) George Arliss in "The Last Gentleman," outwits his rascally relatives once again. Shown here with him are Charlotte Henry, Frank Albertson and Janet Beecher.

When you undress for bed—



—Undress your FACE too!

Use all the cosmetics you wish, but remove them thoroughly the Hollywood way—guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin

MANY A GIRL who *thinks* she cleans her face before she goes to bed does not *thoroughly* free the pores, but actually leaves bits of stale daytime make-up to choke them all night long.

"Heavens! What's *wrong* with my skin!" Soon she discovers the warning signals of unattractive Cosmetic Skin—enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap removes cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. During the day before you put on fresh make-up, and ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, give your skin this gentle Lux Toilet Soap care. In this simple way you *protect* your skin—keep it lovely!



I use cosmetics, of course! But thanks to **Lux Toilet Soap**, I'm not a bit afraid of Cosmetic Skin

Joan Blondell

STAR OF WARNER BROS.' "SMARTY"

Precious Elements in this Soap

In this soap are precious elements Nature puts in skin to keep it youthful. Hollywood stars, whose complexions are priceless, have used this pure, fine soap for years. Begin *your* Lux Toilet Soap beauty care today!





This charming young actress has been getting far better roles since she changed her name from Harriette Lake to Ann Sothern.

Carl De Vay

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S

GALLERY of STARS

AUGUST

SEPTEMBER

OCTOBER

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER

I RETURN



Wilshire Boulevard, on the outskirts of Hollywood, filled with fine shops and apartments.

Hollywood is rapidly becoming the most cosmopolitan city in the world. They used to say that if one sat in front of the Cafe de la Paix in Paris long enough, he would see every interesting person he knew—I claim that the same thing applies to Hollywood.—Elsie Janis

AND I don't mean New York City. I have looked up the word Metropolis and found this definition, "the chief city of a country." No mention of size or population. I looked up Chief. My dictionary says, "a commander, a leader, the principal."

Well! Hollywood commands attention, leads the fashions and has more citizens putting away a hunk of principal every week than any one spot in the country, so I'll stop looking up words and put down a few to the effect that even if Hollywood is not strictly metropolitan, it's where I'm parking my blizzard-battered chassis from now on.

I've spent the past winter in galoshes, long underwear, old fur rugs and the throes of near-pneumonia. It's all right for Admiral Byrd to travel thousands of miles in search of a freeze-out, but I only went East to spend Christmas. I finished by spending everything that the Government hadn't already taken and got myself so tangled up in eastern speed that I didn't even have time to write for NEW MOVIE. Perhaps you have not missed me but I bought the magazine each month and was extremely put out by my absence.

It's tough to learn how well people can get along without you.



All Photos by Wide World

Elsie Janis, world traveler, famous actress and author of this interesting article, returns to Hollywood and her work there for New Movie.

The Harlem section of Hollywood, where syncopation in sepia and dusky drama can be found.



to the METROPOLIS

says *ELSIE JANIS*



Olvera Street provides Mexican music, chili, tortillas, pottery and the soft languor of the South.

(In circle) A view of the corner of Vine Street and Hollywood Boulevard, the Pacific coast cross roads of the world.

During my six months in the East I glimpsed many of our Hollywood highlights. They were there for a week or so vacationing, seeing shows, sampling the much advertised night life and usually just about to return to California. The lucky so and so's. I, having taken unto myself the role of godmother to a small Revue called *New Faces*, was sunk in the hardest work I have done in nearly three years. You see, when a bank closed with a lot of my hard earned dollars on the inside I decided that the less one makes, the less one worries and have drifted along, with the wolf doing sentry duty outside the doors of the three houses I can't get rid of. He and the tax collectors have become great pals.

Having stubbornly refused to re-enter the theater in any capacity for five years, I woke up in the middle of a blizzard trudging down Broadway to a hall where a group of clever young people were rehearsing a show that had everything but costumes, scenery, orchestrations, a sponsor, a backer and a theater to play in. My embarrassment at not being able with one sweeping signature on a check to give these ambitious and worthy artists all that they needed was acute. I set about squaring myself. All I needed was blue glasses, a tin cup and of course a beggar's license.

The star angel who flapped the first wing in answer to my plea was one who has long since won her angel billing. You may know her as Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr. You may love her more as Mary Pickford. I knew her and loved her when she was Baby Gladys Smith, an old trouper of four. Mary asked no questions. She listened quietly to my story of how I wanted to help those kids and how I felt that I had been "sent" East to do something for somebody instead of sitting peacefully in my California garden. Mary agreed, and did



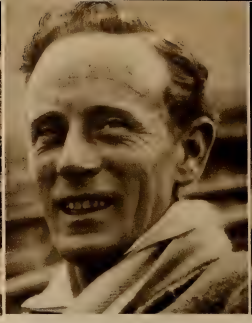
Hollywood recognized the Soviet long before the NRA. Below is a view of the popular Russian Eagle, one of the most colorful meeting and eating places in the movie colony.



Paul Lukas, the Viennese



Anna Sten, of Soviet Russia



Leslie Howard, Englishman



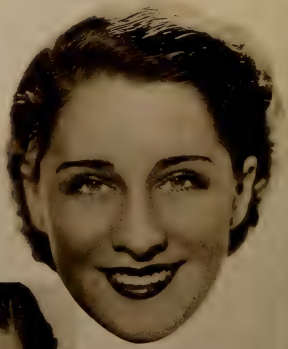
Greta Garbo, from Swe

more than agree; she signed a large check. Other angels were not quite so easy to find but it all turned out O.K.

Sitting here in the sunlight I've forgotten icy blasts, all night rehearsals, hot dogs I swallowed whole in my haste to get back to the grind. Birds are singing, roses are bursting out of bounds, the hedge needs trimming, but I am back again in my Metropolis, which reminds me that this article was supposed to be about Hollywood and not an example of how far one can go with the first person singular in less than five hundred words.

I hear people who have never been out of America and whose "travel talks" on our own astounding country consist of a few words about New York, Chicago, perhaps Boston—and certainly their own home city—say that Hollywood is just a big country town. I hear them, but not for long. Bang! goes my conversational bombshell. Hollywood is the most cosmopolitan place I have ever lived in! By the time they realize that their hearing is still good, and that ye bombshell thrower has lived all over the world, the conversation usually switches to the NRA or some other equally baffling subject. Where in the world but Hollywood can you round up actors of every race, shape and age in a few hours? I'm not saying what kind of actors they are, but I'm claiming that Shanghai had better give up that war and look to its laurels. Hollywood is rapidly becoming International City. When I say Hollywood I naturally mean Los Angeles, but fearing that you may not have heard of this rising little village of over nine hundred thousand souls, I followed the example of the Motion Picture Industry which would have you believe that everything of importance on the Western Coast takes place in Hollywood, with the possible exception of earthquakes. Those, according to the press, pass over, or rather under Hollywood, unclaimed and unsung, perhaps because the studios are usually staging big "shake-up's" of their own. What's a falling building compared to a rising star?

During the five years that I have lived in California, colonizing has been surpassed only by advertising. *One has merely to "call his colony."* Our Chinatown (from now on I brag as a resident) if not larger, is



Norma Shearer fair neighbor from our sister country on the north.





Wini Shaw, of American - Hawaiian parentage.



(Left) Barry Norton, from the Pampas of the Argentine.

(At extreme left) Ted Fiorito and his band, in the Cocoanut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel, Los Angeles, one of the meeting places of movie town.



Lupe Velez, the Mexican



Victor Jory, from Alaska



Marlene Dietrich, of Germany



Will Rogers, native American

certainly cleaner than any other I have visited in search of Chop Suey or Jade. Close by is the Japanese Quarter. My only way of telling them apart is to ask for chop suey in a Japanese restaurant. As I am being ushered politely out I realize that I have "called the wrong colony."

A few blocks away one may find everything Spanish from castanets to the bull, and a theater where only Spanish pictures are shown, including Mickey Mouse, Walt Disney masterpieces, and newsreels, as well as feature pictures. I've been there several times to previews of Jose Mojica's films. The audience might have been transplanted from a theater in modern Spain, even to the shouts of approval for the hero and hisses for the villain. Surrounding the theater are Spanish shops, Spanish restaurants, hotels; in fact the only obviously American touches are the policemen, parking spaces and the cars which overcrowd them.

If you are Mexico-minded, shoot another quarter! Olvera Street. It cuts through the heart of a squalid sector with an unforgettable gash of old Mexico. A few years ago this short thoroughfare, once important in early California history, had become part of the slums. It has since then been salvaged by loyal descendants of those who helped make that history.

Reconstructed and reborn, it smiles an old world welcome to strangers, and sticks out a cobble-stoned chest proudly when the stars of a new world tread upon it gaily in search of real chili, tamales, tortillas, jumping beans and, above all, music. Ramon Novarro, Lupe Velez, Dolores Del Rio, Mojica, Gilbert Roland and Raquel Torres are just a few of the "big money" Mexican colonists who park their Rolls Royces or Fords around the corner to place the footprints of approval on old Olvera Street.

LONG before America recognized Russia she was all set and taking bows in Hollywood. The Russian Eagle was dishing out Russian delicacies and seductive Slavish music to the stars for several years previous to the advent of the Blue Eagle. There are other Russian restaurants but the Eagle still draws the celebrities and where the celebs go, Mr. and Mrs. Lion Hunter go, too. I don't know how flourishing the Russian Colony is, but if you see any particularly hair-raising stunts done on horse-back in a film, you may be pretty certain that the guy hanging by his toe from the stirrup is one of a troupe of Cossacks that has had the cowboy stunt riders sitting up in their saddles for some time. Though there are not many stars from the Steppes, you might be surprised to know what an important part Russia plays in pictures. Directors, camera-wizards, lighting experts, costumers—for some unknown reason you have to see an exquisite bit of work, ask who did it, hear the name, ask what nationality he is and at last dig up the information that he is a Russian. They have a habit of dropping the Skis, Vitch's and Offs from their names, probably because they can't stand our pronunciation. Some one said, "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar." In Hollywood it's scratch a technician and you're apt to find a Russian. Serge Eisenstein and Louis Milestone are two Russian lads who have contributed enough directorial "wows" in pictures to make America not only recognize, but bow low to them.

(*Please turn to page* 62)



All Photos by Wide World

A view of the Brown Derby, in Hollywood where many of the stars gather for lunch and dinner.

Jack La Rue, from sunny Italy.



Toshia Mori, of Japan



Mala, the Eskimo, from the Arctic



Rouben Mamoulian Armenian





Kenneth Alexander

CONSTANCE BENNETT—Costumed thus for her part in 20th Century's "The Affairs of Cellini," Constance Bennett causes one to wonder why Cellini's loves were plural. No more fascinating lady could have been found in all medieval Italy. In "Moulin Rouge" she gave you two diverse personalities. Here is a third, even more provocative.



Kenneth Alexander

RONALD COLMAN—has not appeared before the camera since he made "The Masquerader." Now he will present a new series of adventures playing the part of his most famous screen character, Captain Hugh Drummond, in 20th Century's "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back." With the support of the lovely Loretta Young, it should be highly entertaining screen fare.



Clarence Sinclair Bull

MAURICE CHEVALIER—Rebellion against repeated roles won this delightful Frenchman a chance to portray Prince Danilo in Irving Thalberg's forthcoming production of "The Merry Widow." He will make love to the alluring Jeanette MacDonald, whose lovely voice will intone many of the delightful lyrics of the original Franz Lehar score.



Cleopatra, as portrayed by Claudette Colbert, in the Paramount production directed by Cecil B. DeMille, based on the life of the most famous queen of the ancient world. In the panel, Warren William, as Julius Caesar, mighty statesman of Rome

Cleopatra

WAS NO DIFFERENT!

says CECIL B. DeMILLE

For ages the seductive Circe of the Nile has been branded by historians as a wanton siren. Judged by modern standards, she seems no worse and no better than the average woman of to-day

FOR over 2,000 years Cleopatra has had a reputation she doesn't deserve.

The jealous Romans of her time started a whispering campaign against her. That resulted in the spicy tales of historians who paint her as a ruthless woman, beautiful, debauched and merciless in her lust for lovers.

But in the light of 1934 modernism, Cleopatra does not shine out as a wanton siren. The fact is, by modern



A scene from the picture showing one of the large bathing pools that were common in ancient days. In this reproduction are two old-time favorites: Bryant Washburn and Jack Mulhall (at extreme left) and in the center Gertrude Michael, as Calpurnia, Caesar's wife. On the right, seated, is Ferdinand Gottschalk.



standards, she seems to be quite an average woman.

Cleopatra actually was no worse and no better than the average girl or woman of the present time.

She had but two lovers, Julius Caesar and Marc Antony, and she married both of them.

That record certainly would not rate her as distinctive in Hollywood, where numerous stars have had three and four husbands.

I made a very thorough study of the life and personal habits of Cleopatra for the picture I have just made in which Claudette Colbert plays the role of Cleopatra. By spending much time in research I discovered many little-known facts about this glamorous woman of history.

The picture at the right illustrates the elaborate care Cleopatra gave to her toilette. She took daily oil massages and cool milk baths • used perfumes and scents • painted and polished her nails • wore slinky gowns and rugged sports clothes • was a brilliant conversationalist • was an ardent sportswoman and was a proficient hunter and fisher • never acted spoiled or out-of-sorts and always appeared affable when around the man with whom she was in love.

CLEOPATRA resorted to the same beauty aids and enticing costumes that women seek today.

She took milk baths, butter baths, and had innumerable scented oils and lotions which she used to beautify her skin. She may not have had flavored toothpaste, but she used ground pumice stone to whiten her teeth. Nor is that all.

Cleopatra was a great artist in the matter of make-up. She used powders, rouges and paints of various kinds. And she was particularly fond of eye shadow. Frankin-



Henry Wilcoxon, as Marc Antony, pleads with Caesar (Warren William) to give up the enchantress of the Nile. In the background Enobarbus (C. Aubrey Smith) looks on.



cense, antimony or burnt almonds were used in mixtures to stain the eyelids.

For that matter eye shadow was not confined to the Egyptian women. The men used it too!

What is more, Cleopatra was fully aware of the charm of beautiful hands and feet. She painted and polished her fingernails and toenails. And superfluous hair was carefully shaved from her body.

She also was a great lover of perfumes. Attar of roses, myrrh and other rare and expensive scents were important items in her toilet accessories. Some of the ancient perfumes of Cleopatra's day have been discovered in old tombs during recent years, and even after 2,000 years they send out a fragrance of rare loveliness and strength.

Remember that Cleopatra made use of all these beauty aids 2,000 years ago. But it was not until about twenty years ago that modern American women decided they must do something to enhance and perpetuate their beauty. Before that, beauty aids had been condemned as sinful. Nice women avoided them.

SO, if Cleopatra's spirit should come back to earth today, she would marvel to find that women are beautifying themselves in the manner she did centuries ago. She probably would be a little scornful because modern women have not made more progress in the field of beauty.

It may be a coincidence, but I suspect our modern fashion designers have been delving into a secret study of Egyptian relics to seek inspiration for their 1934 creations. Our great designers have announced that stream lines are the vogue for 1934.

That would make Cleopatra smile. For Cleo discovered the flattering effect of stream lines long ago.

The wardrobe that she (*Please turn to page* 99)

New Movie's Society Writer Visits the Homes of Male Movie Stars to Report

How Hollywood Men Keep House







Top: W. C. Fields in the garden of his Toluca Lake home.

Center: Francis Lederer studies for world peace in the library of his Beverly Crest home.

Randolph Scott in the patio of his Hollywood residence.

Adventuring with the male homekeepers of the film colony — Chaplin's system — Edward Everett Horton's rambling buildings — Jack LaRue's solution of the dish problem

By GRACE KINGSLEY

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S house is run almost like clockwork. But there was a time, I hear, when Charlie lived in one room and did his own housework when you might have called the place Racketty-Racketty House and got no argument even from Charlie.

Charlie's own hours are very irregular. Sometimes he breakfasts at seven, sometimes at noon. Nevertheless he is a careful housekeeper, and knows, his servants say, if there is a spoon out of place in the kitchen!

He loves the best silver, china and napery obtainable, and I can testify that his table is exquisite.

There are certain things that annoy Charlie greatly. One is the moving of the book he happens to be reading from the small stand by his bed. Charlie never goes to sleep without reading a little.

Charlie likes simple food, and leaves its preparation and selection to his chef. He likes vegetables, and fruit for dessert, with wine served when there are guests. But Charlie himself doesn't care for wines or any kind of alcoholic drink.

The comedian keeps a retinue of five Japanese servants, all thoroughly trained both for gardening and for housework, so that one can slip into another's place when necessary, for Charlie doesn't like



Douglass Montgomery in the living room of his villa in the heart of Hollywood. The walls of this room are dull white and the curtains are dark purple of rough material.



Richard Cromwell uses his library also as a working room. Here you see him completing one of the masks for which he is famous.



George Raft before the fireplace of his apartment in Hollywood.

to be bothered with details. All five, too, are used to driving cars.

There is one inexorable rule in Charlie's house. No matter what time he comes home, there must always be a bright fire burning in the fireplace in his room, if the weather is at all cold or gloomy. There are fireplaces all over the house.

Charlie abhors big dinner parties, but likes groups of eight or ten, and then there is always music on the big pipe organ and usually a picture is shown on the screen which lets down in the library.

His chef is really his housekeeper, and all details are left to this man, who is a genius at guessing the movements of his employer. And he must needs be, for Charlie is the most uncertain person in the world. Dinner is sometimes prepared, with no one to eat it, but not often, due to this head servant's guessing powers, and due also to the fact that Charlie abhors waste, and usually remembers to telephone if he is not coming home to dinner.

GEORGE RAFT has an entirely different point of view. "I'm so darned lonesome I can't stand it. No machines rattle past the door. None of the fellows or girls drop in to turn on the radio and dance, except at week-ends. No elevator men to talk to because there aren't any elevators. I'm going to give up this house!"

That's what George Raft said when he moved from that house at Malibu Beach a few months ago and took an apartment in Hollywood.

George likes a place to hang up his hat and to go to bed when he's tired. And a place to keep his very immaculate clothes, including his fine linen handkerchiefs, of which he has more than a hundred. Beyond that he doesn't care where he lives so that it is in the midst of things.

And he is just as immaculate when he is at home as when he goes to the fights or to dance at the Cocoanut Grove.

The actor keeps one servant, a liveried chauffeur, who is also his valet. His trainer, Mack ("Killer") Gray, whom you may soon see in pictures, also lives in the apartment with him.

When meals are cooked in the apartment, which is seldom, either George does it or Gray. His food is simple. Occasionally, on a Sunday morning, breakfast is prepared in the apartment. But likely as not to consist of a glass of milk and coffee cake. For dinner, steak, roast beef or turkey play an important part. George also loves potatoes. He likes malted milk and ice cream and frequently makes a meal of either one of these delicacies.

"I tried once to fry some eggs, but they didn't turn out so well," he laughed. "I (*Please turn to page* 72)



Wm. A. Fraker

RALPH BELLAMY—has played heroes and villains and believable combinations of both. But they gave him no more villainous roles because he gained too much sympathy and that would never do in this circumspect world of ours. He will give a boost to the cause of law and order as Inspector Trent in Columbia's "Crime of Helen Stanley."



Clarence Sinclair Bull

GLORIA SWANSON —A permanent personality in the fluctuating turmoil of Hollywood, where ingenues are seen today and gone tomorrow. Gloria Swanson will soon lend radiance to M-G-M's vocal revival of "Three Weeks." And in the meantime she is thrilling audiences making personal appearances.

The Real Mae West

Continuing the life story of the Brooklyn Blonde who has shattered every screen tradition

EDITORS NOTE: *So much has been rumored, said and printed about the blonde tornado who has swept aside many of the screen's accepted standards, that* NEW MOVIE *readers have been asking for the real life story of Mae West. Last month you met her in these pages as the youthful instigator of delightful new mischief for her companions and as she experienced the joys and sorrows of young love. Now go on to her girlhood, her struggles, disappointments and triumphs and why, though men are "crazy" about her, she has not married.*

BY AILEEN ST. JOHN BRENON

CANNILY shrewd, totally unaffected, Miss West's witticisms are a mixture of common sense and wisecracks. A young woman wrote to her asking for advice. "What," she asked, "is the best way to hold your man?"

"The best way to hold your man," replied Miss West, "is in your arms."

I asked Miss West one day if she believed to be true what a charming, cosmopolitan elderly lady once remarked to me: "Every woman is a rake at heart."

"Certainly," replied Miss West, "it's all a question of how you direct your energy. I'm sure I could be a very bad woman if I weren't too busy doing other things."

All her life Miss West has devoted herself to the theater, and she knows all phases of it. Burlesque and vaudeville were a natural step forward for the precocious and talented little girl who had graced the stages of the Clarendon Stock Company in Bushwick and Brighton Beach.

"Battling Jack" West, who knew his professional world, wasn't a bit anxious to have his little daughter spend her life among theatrical folks, but Mae's mother, always strongly in sympathy with her, insisted, and the little West child, flaxen curls bobbing up and down in tune with her nimble feet, had studied dancing with Ned Wayburn and was well-rounded, (with her proficiency in child roles behind her) for a varied and promising career. Wayburn remains to this day one of her close and valued friends—characteristically Mae West.

Mae was thirteen years of age when she made her debut in vaudeville, where she was known as the "baby vamp."

At this juncture it might be amusing to hear the story of her first beau. Tired of the knickerbockered lads of her acquaintance, she longed to have a date with a boy who wore long pants. She plotted and schemed,



Eugene Robert Richee

Mae West turns on one of the sidelong glances which have aroused so much comment among movie fans. This is a scene from her forthcoming picture "It Ain't No Sin."



Right: A new and heretofore unpublished portrait of the "Queen of the Wisecrackers," reflects the strong individuality and inherent talent which have helped to carry her along the roadway to success.

and finally achieved a date with a likable young man who eager to please the volatile and exacting Mae, went so far as to buy a pair of long pants in order to find favor in the fair damsel's violet eyes. His name was Joe Schenck, and he, too, eventually became a great theatrical favorite in the team of Van and Schenck.

Miss West and Schenck became inseparable pals. Joe was a wizard on the piano, and they would spend hours singing, dancing and playing in the brownstone-fronted house of the West family. Their first date nearly ended in a fiasco because Mae, due home at nine, strutted about with her long-trousered youth until eleven, while Papa West, the prize-fighter, waited in the parlor to give that young whipper-snapper of a Schenck a lesson. Mama West, however, intervened at the crucial moment, and Joe Schenck's hide and her daughter's pride were saved.

In vaudeville, Mae West as the "Baby Vamp" traveled from Oshkosh to Cicero and back, and back again, finally achieving the goal of all ambitious vaudevillians—the Palace Theater. She had sung and danced her way all over the country.

Always a good showwoman, ambitious, with an eager eye on the spotlight and a keen eye for the "breaks," Mae achieved what is known in vaudeville parlance as "the big time" when she was sixteen. She initiated, she says, the shimmy dance, and audiences everywhere began to perk up their ears and eyes at the name of the young newcomer, Mae West.

She decided that with a few songs, a few dance steps and a fine accompanist, she could do a single turn. By 1919 she had written a vaudeville act of her own called "The Gladiator." She looked about for a personable young man, good looking and interesting, to fill the bill. She found him. His name was Harry Reichman.

"But I never could remember his name," she exclaimed, "I always introduced him as Harry Rikeman, or Reekman, or Rachman, so we decided to give him a name I couldn't forget—Richman. He's known everywhere now—Harry Richman, "King of the Vagabond Songsters."

The new act "clicked," and Miss West figured, as she says, "We'd give a still bigger flash with an extra pianist 'a Jack Smith' with a nice voice and a (*Please turn to page* 71)



Above: Mae and John Mack Brown in the gaming room scene in "It Ain't No Sin."

One of the beautiful gowns that Mae wears in her latest picture. The boy with her is John Mack Brown.





Ramon Novarro (in "Mata Hari") says: "She has the rare quality of agelessness."



John Miljan (in "Susan Lennox") feels she is "shy," and Gilbert (in "Christina") "Her imagination is limitless."



GARBO'S DESTINY

By POTTER BRAYTON

What is to be the future of the glamorous Greta? Will she become immortalized as another Bernhardt, or another Duse? Here are some answers from stars who have worked in pictures with her. Do you agree?

WHETHER you call her "Greeta," or "Grayta," or "Gretta," the glamorous Swedish star will always remain just plain "Garbo" to all the world.

You've noticed writers are coming more and more to refer to Greta Garbo by her last name alone. It's a fact that when Sarah Bernhardt and Eleanora Duse first began to taste immortal fame, one of the earliest indications of their outstanding importance in the theatrical world was the insistence of writers and the theater-going public on dropping the "Sarah" and "Eleonora."

I rattled off "Sarah" and "Eleanora" just like that. But I may as well confess I had to look up Duse's first name in the dictionary just now. Some day, if Greta Garbo becomes immortal too, we'll be looking up her first name in the dictionary.

—If Greta Garbo becomes immortal—but that is a matter of destiny! And who are in a better position to predict that destiny than those men who have starred with Garbo in pictures, who have known her on and off the set, studied her, laughed with her, and worked with her!

Ramon Novarro, for instance, whose emotional Latin outlook usually disguises his opinions, is very clear and altogether original in his impression of Garbo's power. "Working with Greta Garbo in *Mata Hari* was one of the most memorable and outstanding experiences in my life. I shall never forget it," Ramon began with his customary exuberance.

We were sitting at lunch in the M-G-M refectory. He suddenly smiled and pushed back his plate. "But I didn't mean to say that—that tells you nothing!" he laughed. "What I meant to say was that I had expected to find an artist—not just another actress—who would demand of me all the ability and experience which I possessed.

"I found that, and also I found one of the most sympathetic, human women whom I have ever met, a woman who, in spite of all her success and fame, is astonishingly self-conscious and modest. So much for her definable characterstics.

"As for her hold on the public, I say: Yes, Garbo is inspired. In the first place, she has the rare quality of agelessness. Off the screen she is a surprisingly young woman. On the screen she might be any age. Bernhardt had that quality. So did Duse. So have all great artists.

"And Garbo defies imitation. You can see that! Other women can copy her appearance, her clothes, her mannerisms, even the husky timbre of her voice. But they cannot copy the inner self which is the real Garbo and which the camera sees and photographs. There has never been a second Bernhardt or Duse. There will never be a second Garbo. They are immortals."

JOHN MILJAN, well-known screen heavy who appeared with Garbo in *Inspiration*, *Susan Lennox*, and additional pictures, on the other hand is of the opinion that the Swedish actress is not great.

"Garbo is a product," says Miljan, "of Mauritz Stiller's advice, and of sure-fire publicity. When Stiller brought his protegée to America, he drilled into her one fact:

"'In America,' he told her, 'you are an actress, a master of your art. Let nothing that would please or hurt you as an individual affect you; think only in terms of your career as an actress.'

"When Garbo found herself alone and baffled by American ways, she remembered Stiller's advice. If people misunderstood her and frightened her, she would stay away from people; she would concentrate on acting in pictures. M-G-M

(*Please turn to page* 101)



Wide World

Below: Robert Montgomery (in "Inspiration") says: "She is an enigma." On the right: Mauritz Stiller, who brought Greta to America from Sweden and who also believed in her immortality.

Hurrel







Clark Gable (in "Susan Lennox") believes: "She possesses something more than acting ability. Left: Charles Bickford (in "Anna Christie") says: "Her power comes from within."



Roy D. MacLean

MARGARET SULLAVAN —"Only Yesterday" introduced her. Only today, she is a nation-wide sensation. Only tomorrow, to what heights may she attain? Her followers harbor no doubts as to the answer. She will soon give life to the adorable, sacrificing little "Bunny" in Universal's version of Hans Fallada's best seller, "Little Man, What Now?"

NEW MOVIE'S
Hollywood Fashions



Paramount Photo

Claudette Colbert, Paramount star in "Cleopatra," chose this irregularly draped, wide brimmed hat to go with her new bangs. The design shown here in white straw is from James Hopkins.



(Above) Yachting cap of knitted wool worn by Dorothy Dell.

(Right) Black baku worn by Joan Marsh. Both Paramount players.

Paramount Photo



By
MARY LANE

Film stars choose the smartest styles in summer hats and wear them with a style and glamour all their own.

THE STARS ENDORSE

PARIS still has much to say about women's fashions, but Hollywood reserves the privilege of talking back, and within recent years the film stars not only modify French styles to suit their taste and individuality but frequently originate a new trick of wearing clothes that has a serious influence on the work of a great French designer.

Milliners in Paris this season worked overtime to devise new and ingenuous headgear. Hollywood was amused at some of the new models, delighted with others and completely indifferent to a number of the hat fashions that Paris considered most smart. The fact is that no screen star can afford to wear a hat simply because it is dictated by Paris. Her hats must be becoming and they must emphasize the traits and



Broadway Hollywood

(Left) Nancy Lyons, appearing in the Warner Brothers' film, "Hit Me Again," wears this summer evening frock of printed black crepe. The dress features the new longer train skirt.

(Below) Crimson velvet evening gown worn by Esther Ralston.

M-G-M Photo





Paramount Photo.

(Above) Sylvia Sidney wears this black Elizabeth crepe evening gown in Paramount's "Thirty Day Princess." The softly draped black crepe skirt ends in a train and the low-cut back is accented by white mousseline ruches.

COOLER SUMMER FASHIONS

characteristics that go to make up her personality.

Afternoon and evening fashions are becoming more formal but for leisure hours in Hollywood no clothes are worth wearing unless they are becoming and easy to wear. In spite of the cooler evenings in southern California, it still remains in a latitude some fourteen degrees south of Paris and this difference in climate not only favors lighter, cooler clothes but gayer colors and a greater nonchalance in dress. Low-backed evening gowns remain in favor with the narrower decolletage sponsored by Paris, which gives a flattering line to the figure.



(Right) Claire Dodd wears this blue and white Orry Kelly tennis frock in her latest Warner Brothers' film, "Hit Me Again."

Warner Brothers



Scotty Welbourne



Paramount Photo

(Above) Ann Dvorak, in Warner Brothers' "Friends of Mr. Sweeney," wears this honey-colored pencil stripe organdy. (Right) Crinkled organza in daisy design worn by Evelyn Venable in Paramount's "Death Takes a Holiday."

AUGUST SEPTEMBER OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER



Scotty Welbourne

DOLORES DEL RIO—Have you considered Dolores a type, doomed forever to play Spanish charmers with the aid of fan and mantilla? Wrong again—and the producers knew it. Next she will bow to you as Rima, the Bird Girl, in RKO's "Green Mansions" and will glide thence into the tempestuous role of DuBarry, in Warners' production of the same name.

DURANTE goes LOOPY

Betrayed by Garbo and bitten by Lupe, Jimmy stands amazed—a thorn between two roses

By BARBARA BARRY

IT'S my patriotic complexion what done it. Just the Demogogue in me, see? If a swell guy like Roosevelt can give da whole woild a "new deal," who am I to be stingy wit a ting like my masculine platitude? Who am I to put myself outa circulation just on account of Garbo happens to be a one-man woman??

Garbo's a nice kid. Me an' her was practically like "that." But she betrayed me. That's what she done . . . betrayed me! Me . . . what give her the best years of my life, sequestioned myself from society. Me . . . what can mingle wit da elete . . . da intelligentria. I give up everyt'ing—body an' soul—jus' to prove dat I meant business. An' she betrayed me! Da rank futurity of it eats into my soul like asafetida!

Garbo was one of dem strong, silent dames what a guy can talk to without needin' a coal chisel ta get a woid in horizontal. Night after night, I sits in her patio, talkin' about da physiology of Life. An' stuff. Night after night, see? Of course, she'd be in-a kitchen, eatin' lapska. But, we didn't innerfere wit each other. Dat was da utter philanthropy of da ting. She lets me talk. An' I lets her eat lapska. What could I lose??

Why did Garbo go back to Sweden da las' time? Ask me, why did she go?? It was a misunnerstandin', dat's what it was. I'm over to her house, see? An' she wants ta play cro-kett.

"Cro-kett??" I says. "Naw—dat's askin' too much. I can't be coy," I says. "I'm all man. Justa mass-a muscle." An' I show her my magnificent bipeds. "If ya gotta play," I compromises her, "make it juiy jitsoo. I been takin' a correspondence course in-a manly art of self presavation, and I'll show ya a twist I loined in da last lesson."

So I takes her by da right ear and da left heel an' den I goes t'rough da motions, like it says in da book, see? Well, I come out all right, but, it seems I was a little prevalent wit dat particular lesson. 'Cause I just nicely gets 'er in what looks t' be a combination half-Nelson an' a two-an'-a-half gainer, when somethin' slips, an' dere she is—da goil friend, see?—all tied up like a four-in-hand—an' me witout da combination! Ah-h-hh, da mortifyin' humidity of it! Da heartrendin' frugality of da whole episode!

Far into da night I sits on Garbo's front porch, waitin' for da mailman to get dere wit my next lesson. An' when he finally gets dere an' I put her back in-a perpendiculus . . . what does she say?? I ask ya . . . does she tank me like I desoives? Me, what sat (*Please turn to page* 79)





What-a-man Durante in a special pose showing what the well-dressed man can wear—if he can get away with it.

Left: Jimmy and Lupe in a scene from the RKO picture, "Strictly Dynamite."

PIONEERING IN THE MOVIES

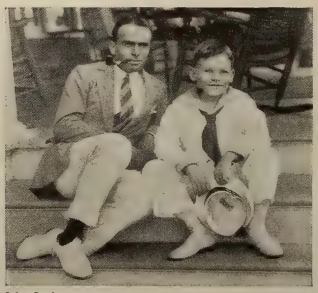
Thrilling highlights in film history as revealed for the first time by Jack Cohn, whose rise from laboratory assistant to vice-president of his own company is one of the remarkable stories of the industry

as told to George Gerry

TWENTY-SIX years ago, a boy in the Ben Hampton advertising agency cast an appraising eye on what was then truly an infant industry. Attracted by its possibilities, the advertising business lost a potential executive when the motion picture business obtained the services of a youngster who today has become one of its leading executives.

The boy in question was Jack Cohn, vice-president of Columbia Pictures Corporation, which he operates in conjunction with his brother Harry, Hollywood production wizard.

That it entailed a decided reduction in salary meant nothing to Cohn at the time he decided to throw his forces in with the new and miraculous business. To him anything pertaining to motion pictures was surrounded with an aura of romance, with the result that not even an offer of $7.00 a week as a laboratory worker for the old IMP Company sufficed to discourage him. Sloshing around in the dark and damp of the developing room was anything but a romantic experience, yet the newcomer stuck to his job.



Culver Service

Douglas Fairbanks and Douglas Jr., about the time the elder Fairbanks was beginning his screen career.







Top (left) Jack Cohn, vice-president of Columbia Pictures.

Above: D. W. Griffith, famous director, who is the originator of close-up.

Left: Frank Borzage, film cutter, who rose to directorial heights.

Of extra work there was plenty because the IMP Company, working with small capital, was chronically short-handed and if any of its employes were willing enough to work over-time there was no one to stop him but, on the contrary, plenty to encourage him. And Carl Laemmle, head of the company, was known to be a "swell boss," quick to recognize loyal service.

And so it came about that presently Jack Cohn was obtaining first-hand knowledge of film cutting, probably one of the most important elements entering into the making of good pictures. Present day production, when shown on the screen, represents the film editor's refinement of the treatment accorded to it by the director. A poorly edited production can easily ruin a film in spite of its fine direction, and by the same token, a poorly directed film can be made acceptable by clever and judicious editing.

Jack Cohn took to film editing as eagerly as a child to a lollipop. It represented something constructive, and it wasn't long before he became so valuable as to cause him to be taken out of the laboratory so that all of his time could be spent in that phase of motion picture activity. It is interesting to note that many of the foremost motion picture directors of today owe much of their success to the knowledge they obtained as film cutters. Lewis Milestone and Frank Borzage are shining examples of great directors who started as film cutters.

In less than a year, Jack Cohn was acknowledged to be one of the best film editors in the business. By this time he not only assembled the pictures produced by his company, but also wrote many of the sub-titles for them. Money was still scarce and so, while trying to make a dollar do the work of two, he hit upon an idea that subsequently saved the IMP organization thousands of dollars.

The same stars were used in virtually all of the company's pictures and, as is still the case, many scenes were shot while a picture was in the course of production which were later eliminated either because the picture was too long, or else because their elimination speeded up the action of the story. Instead of throwing these scenes away, Cohn saved them and put them into use in subsequent pictures wherein the same performers appeared. The fact that they might be wearing different clothes was unimportant at that time. In the majority of cases, the incongruity of an actor wearing a gray suit in one scene and a black suit in another was not as great as it might appear, because the inserted scenes were very short. Besides, it was not at all unusual for mistakes in costume to occur, even when all of the scenes in a given picture belonged to that production, supervision not having been developed to the point it is today.



Globe Photos

Maurice Costello, favorite of early film days and one of the very first of the movie matinee idols.

"There was another thing that helped us in this connection," Jack Cohn declared. "The wardrobe of the men and women we used in our pictures was, in the majority of cases, confined to the clothes they had on their backs. About the only extra article of attire the men possessed was a straw hat in addition to a derby, straw hats being considered indispensable, particularly for the hero. We got by because if a picture contained action, the motion picture patrons of that day didn't care how the players dressed from scene to scene."

The old IMP studio was then located over a boiler factory on 56th Street and Tenth Avenue. There was just one stage, twenty by thirty feet. Consequently, there was room for only one set. In spite of this handicap, three and four pictures were turned out every week, the majority of them using the same set. Stories never meant much, and scenarios meant even less. Someone would get a story idea and forthwith it was shot. Obviously, none of the performers had the haziest idea as to what it was all about, but so hungry was the world for the new type of amusement, that these pictures achieved astonishing grosses.

The IMP pictures of these days were famous for the manner in which the actors emoted. According to Jack Cohn, there was a reason for this. The noise from the boiler factory below was terrific and it was not at all difficult for the players, both male and female, to agonize when called upon. Those were the days when acting was acting. The school of repression had not yet come to the fore. When an actor's role required him to show grief, there had to be no doubt about the grief he felt. This meant screwing up his face, clutching his heart with both hands, looking skyward and generally making every (*Please turn to page* 84)

DO YOU KNOW:

That Douglas Fairbanks' moving picture career was held back for several years because his first screen test was so bad?

That in the old days stage performers refused to play important movie roles for fear their friends might see the pictures and recognize them?

That the first American company to film pictures abroad did so because it wanted to keep the Patents "Trust" from confiscating its cameras?

That D. W. Griffith's early movies were laughed at by the picture producers because his "close-ups" cut off the legs of his performers?

That back in 1910 a director predicted movies would eventually be shown in the country's biggest and finest theaters?

That pictures were once known as "chasers" because they were used by vaudeville theaters for just that purpose?

That a picture that cost only $900 to make eventually brought its company a profit of over $230,000?

How a New York cabaret owner unwittingly made possible a feature production?

Why Hollywood's "Poverty Row" became known as "Prosperity Row"?



Globe Photos

Maurice Costello, who once turned down an offer from a rival film company at double the salary he was getting, because he thought the offer was too good to be true, photographed at the height of his screen career. Included in the picture are Dolores (now Mrs. John Barrymore) Helene Costello, and Mrs. Costello.

THE Boulevardier goes

Secure in his burnt-cork make-up the Boulevardier gives vent to thoughts on ladies, cycles and "Dynamite Sadie."

By HERB HOWE

Illustrations by D. B. Holcomb

DON'T look like yoh'd read these movie magazines a-tall, they's so clee-ean," said the steward to whom I bequeathed them.

"I don't read them," I said, "I just look at the pictures, same as everyone else."

"Oh, Ah reads 'um," he said. "Ah wantuh educate mahself."

I said I supposed some writers were instructive, adding, by way of a trial balloon, that I came from Hollywood.

"D'yoh know Miss Jean Harlow?"

"I've seen her pictures," I said.

"Ah mean have yoh met huh pussnlly in huh home?"

"No," I admitted.

"Ah have," he said.

"Well!" I said.

He didn't say anything more and I felt a sudden desire to educate myself. "I've heard she isn't at all like herself on the screen," I said. "So I didn't think I'd care to know her."

"She sho is a lady," he said.

"I was afraid of that."

"Ah have a friend who wuhks for huh. Me an'nother fella visited him. He asked Miss Harlow could he show us huh house. She said, 'Suttinly, Ambrose, show the boys everythin'."

He stopped, his eyes bulged on the magazine he was turning. "Golly," he cackled, "that Jimmy Durante sho is a cahd."

"Uhuh," I said impatiently. "Did you like Miss Harlow's house?"

"Oh sho, it's swel-ll. So clee-ean. Never did see such a clee-ean house. Everythin' white, 'cept the help. You oughtuh see it."

"Well, I'm still young," I said. "Go on."

"Miss Harlow suttinly is a lady."

"Good to the help, you mean?"

"Sho is," he said. "When we was goin', she sing out, 'Ambrose, maybe the boys would like a drink. Um-um-umm. Real gin, none this yere smoke. Yessuh, Miss Harlow is a ree-eal lady. You oughtuh meet huh."





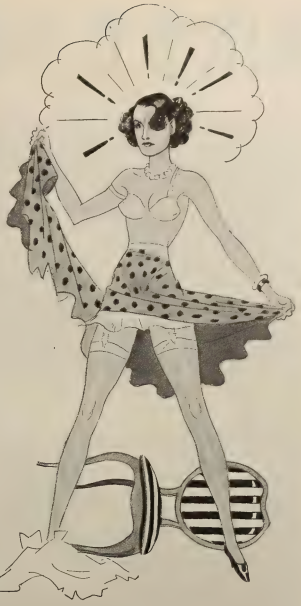
Herb wonders what would happen if Marlene's "Catherine" were married to Doug instead of that other great "Catherine," Elizabeth Bergner.

BLACKFACE

"I'd like to," I said wistfully. "Could you fix it with Ambrose?"

"Sho," he said. "Thanks a lot foh all these magazines. Ah sho likes to educate mahself about Hollywood."

"Ah does too," Ah said.



In a brief angry mood, Herb reports, Norma was as frightening as a Fury out of Greek tragedy.

IF Miss Harlow wants to be a lady off screen that's her own business and I don't think anyone has any right at all to criticize her as long as she gives us our money's worth on the screen. She is one of our few natural actresses, and I'm glad Mr. Mayer raised her from $1,500 a week to $3,000, thus benefiting all mankind.

Miss Harlow couldn't go on at the old figure, she explained, because she couldn't make ends meet. (When you hear of cases like this you can't help feeling how lucky you are.) The upkeep on a lady is expensive as you darn well know if you ever had one, especially if she has a house all white and keeps it clee-ean and is good to the help and lets them drink the best stuff. Ordinarily I don't approve of ladies but one of these days I'm going to don blackface and meet Miss Harlow pussnlly in huh home, hoping she doesn't insist I dive in the pool.

MY pout at ladies, as distinguished from the "easier way" females, is due partially to the violence done me by one because I ventured to say that Norma Shearer's humming bird animation in "Riptide" suggested the worried hostess fearful of being still for a minute lest the party collapse. Indeed, the entire picture gave me the illusion of being at a Hollywood party, which is pretty harrowing when you're cold sober and not in the mania. The only line that hit home was Herbert Marshall's: "It all makes me very ill."



Calling on the gorgeous Harlow, Herb learns a few things about the upkeep of a lady's home.

I don't think Miss Shearer is true in fizzy "sophisticated" roles. Given the opportunity I think she will one day surprise us as a tragedienne. In brief angry mood she was as frightening as a Fury out of Greek tragedy. Irving says when she gets that way at home she tears off her clothes. Pussnlly I'd like to see more of Miss Shearer in tempest.

One thing is certain: Norma Shearer is the ladies' favorite. I have scars to prove it, believe me! She'll be enlivening the screen, in tempest or sunshine, when other current stars are writing memoirs.

ELIZABETH BERGNER is so genuine in her simplicity that she makes us fully aware, in contrast, of our local babies' affectations.

In her funny little blond-shavings wig above saucer-round eyes she made me think momentarily of Harpo Marx, yet her voice hypnotized. The more miraculous since she was far from my conception of Catherine the Great who I always thought was our one and only Pola Negri.

Historical pictures make us Americans realize how weak we are on history (Says he, speaking for hisself). I was terribly confused about "Catherine the Great," arriving, as I did, just when Peter was drawing himself up to young Doug's full height and refusing to sleep with little Catherine although she had taken the trouble to marry him and the neighbors couldn't say a word. "No," he said with a toss of the head, "No!" and flounced out wearing what I in my (*Please turn to page* 60)

FIRST NIGHTS ON

More than the usual number of fine films this month. Beery contributes an outstanding performance as "Villa"

By FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

HOLLYWOOD's scenario writers are high priced ladies and gentlemen who seem to believe that a story, like a briar pipe, gets better and better the more you use it.

Members of the congregation who think the old crab is just having another fit of spleen are invited to join in an autopsy of several of this month's "brand new" films. Here they are:

"Finishing School," identical, even to its star, with "Coming Out Party," released last month.

"Riptide," the old story of a married woman's temptation in which Adam, Eve and the Serpent were the first leads.

"Glamour," the plot that Kalem and Essanay used to shoot about the humble chorus girl who made good.

"Jimmy the Gent," another Cagney film and just like all previous Cagney films.

"A Modern Hero," the plot of "The World Changes," with new costumes and scenery.

"The Trumpet Blows," an echo of Valentino's old "Blood and Sand."

The manufacture of so many films that center around the same old story circles, like well-trained circus horses, is the result of laziness, or blindness, or both. Hollywood hires people to write "original stories" that don't deserve the adjective, or buys stage plays and lets it go at that. As a rule the film versions of theatrical productions are good because in the play script a skilled craftsman already has done most of the dirty work. "Men in White," one of this month's outstanding releases is an example of how cameras actually can improve footlight material.

When Hollywood invented the sound track, it held in its lap a medium far more graphic and flexible than stage art possibly can be. Picture plays don't have to be



Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Weissmuller in "Tarzan and His Mate."



George Raft and Frances Drake are featured in "The Trumpet Blows."



Dick Powell, as the crooner in "Twenty Million Sweethearts."

A scene from "Men in White," showing Clark Gable and Elizabeth Allan.



MR. VAN DE WATER'S CLASSIFIED RATING OF CURRENT FILMS

(AAA—This Month's Best; AA—Outstanding; A—Good; B—Fair; C—Poor

AAA	*Viva Villa*	**B**	*The Trumpet Blows*
AA	*Tarzan and His Mate*		*A Modern Hero*
	Men in White		*You're Telling Me*
	Twenty Million Sweethearts		*Melody in Spring*
			Finishing School
	The Constant Nymph		*Sing and Like It*
A	*Glamour*	**C**	*Smarty*
	Riptide		*The Countess of Monte Cristo*
	Jimmy the Gent		

AND DON'T MISS THESE EARLIER FILMS:—The House of Rothschild; The Show-Off; It Happened One Night; The Cat and the Fiddle; This Side of Heaven; Catherine the Great; Hi, Nellie! Counsellor-at-Law; Dancing Lady; His Double Life; Design for Living; Little Women; Duck Soup; Eskimo.

BROADWAY WITH THE NEW PICTURES



"Viva Villa" Mr. Van de Water's selection as the best picture of the month. Shown here are Katherine DeMille, Wallace Beery, a dancing extra and Leo Carrillo, in the cabaret scene from the production.



George K. Arthur, Arthur Jarrett, the late Lilyan Tashman, Earl Oxford, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Robert Montgomery, Norma Shearer, Herbert Marshall and Director Edmund Goulding, in the bar scene from "Riptide," Miss Shearer's latest starring vehicle.

based on originals or theatrical scripts any longer. They can go with great success much further afield. The magnates of moviedom who weep over the lack of good stories to shoot don't seem to know that they possess at last the keys to all the libraries in the world. They hold in their laps all the necessary mechanism for bringing to life the novels of this civilization—and they just hold the darned thing in their laps and mourn.

Books, and not those books most completely jammed with action, can be resurrected triumphantly on the screen. There is "Little Women," for example and, this month, "The Constant Nymph." Both, by the old standards, are unpromising film material. Both are far greater successes than the warmed over versions of earlier not-too-good pictures on which the public still is fed. You might sit down for ten minutes and think what filmdom, if it would stop rehashing and start recreating, might find on any public library's shelves:

H. G. Wells' "The History of Mr. Polly," with Charles Ruggles as the star; Edward Everett Horton as Irving's "Ichabod Crane"; Gary Cooper in "A Tale of Two Cities"; Fredric March in Hugo's "Les Miserables"; James Cagney in Richard Harding Davis's "Gallegher"; Katharine Hepburn in Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter."

There also are great dramatists who wrote for the movies long before they were invented. Films of enduring dramatic and historical value could be made out of "Hamlet" and "Richard III" with John Barrymore as the star. Richard Wagner's operas could be produced more splendidly on film than in any theater.

It wouldn't be a bad idea for the next magnate who starts to alibi his pictures' triteness by talk of a story shortage to curl up somewhere with a good book—or even five or six of them.

There are more than the usual number of excellent pictures this month but still the normal assemblage of those grading from fair

(*Please turn to page* 65)

UNSTARRED EXCELLENCE

(Citation of unfeatured players who this month gave outstanding performance:)

ELIZABETH ALLAN: For her lonely little nurse in "Men in White."

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN, Jr.: For his precious war correspondent in "Viva Villa."

EDWARD ELLIS: For his old bullfighter in "The Trumpet Blows."

JOSEPH CAWTHORNE: For his canny old producer in "Glamour."

JOHNNY BAXTER: For his husband of a film star in "Twenty Million Sweethearts."

JANE BAXTER: For her young wife in "The Constant Nymph."

ALAN DINEHART: For his suave genealogist in "Jimmy the Gent."

MRS. PAT CAMPBELL: for her dissolute dowager in "Riptide."

HERMAN BING: For his explosive landlord in "Melody in Spring."

The PEOPLE'S ACADEMY

Where New Movie's readers give their views and opinions of what is going on in the film world

WHY, oh why, are they casting Maurice Chevalier in "The Merry Widow"? In my opinion John Boles would be a perfect Prince Danilo. He has a wonderful voice, and he and Jeanette MacDonald would make a handsome couple. I like Chevalier and enjoy him in singing playboy type roles, but can't you just see his feet at the bottom of one of those gorgeous uniforms in the "Merry Widow Waltz?"

Let's have Clark Gable in more pictures like "It Happened One Night"; at last Clark has played a part that does him justice and can he hitch-hike?

I would like to see Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, teamed up again. How about you?

Here's to NEW MOVIE—the most news at any price.—*Ruth Allen, Jackson, Mich.*

Watch for Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers in "The Gay Divorce." And personally we see nothing wrong with Maurice's feet.

Too Collegiate to Be True

I WONDER if there wasn't something wrong with my college days. I thought I had fun and carefree days, but when I see the school and college pictures, the four years which I spent in college seem to be an interlude of hard work and drab monotony.

I wish they would give us one really good, true-to-type picture of college life. Not that the ones they give us are not entertaining, but they are never quite the real thing. The co-ed's clothes are too fancy, the dorms too luxurious, and the classrooms and laboratories too artificialy equipped.

Perhaps if the directors, research departments, writers, etc., pulled together, we could have college pictures true to life.—*Miss Ava Morris, 290 West Market St., Akron, Ohio.*

Pictures improve on reality. That's why they're popular.

Musical Pastime

A MODERN symphony of stellar quality might be something like this:

"Orchids in the Moonlight"—Greta Garbo.
"Heat Wave"—Jean Harlow.
"Sophisticated Lady"—Norma Shearer.
"Night on the Water"—Dolores Del Rio.
"Beautiful Girl"—Claudette Colbert.
"Dancing Lady"—Ruby Keeler.









(Above, left) "In my opinion, John Boles would be a perfect Prince Danilo." (Below, left) Sally Rand . . . "were those white 'overcoats' she used supposed to be fans?"

(Above, center) "Laurels to Elissa Landi for staying different, despite criticism." (Above, right) "Raft, I am sure, will win many new admirers with his gay braggadocio.

Happily married !...

Summer Fruits & The NEW JELL-O

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Blueberries and peaches molded in Lemon JELL-O



Melon balls molded in Lime JELL-O



Strawberry JELL-O with garland of fresh berries



Cherry JELL-O cubes with whipped cream



Diced Raspberry JELL-O with fresh raspberries

Easier! . . . Quicker!
Richer
in fruit flavor!

Because

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in warm water!

Jell-O is a product of General Foods.

FRESH summer fruits and the new Jell-O were just made for each other.

Ripe, rose-hearted strawberries find an ideal mate in tender, glowing Strawberry Jell-O. The tingling tartness of Lemon Jell-O gives character to midsummer's dusky blueberries and golden peaches. Why, every fruit you can name has a perfect affinity in *some* luscious Jell-O flavor!

But be sure to get genuine Jell-O, the gelatin dessert that dissolves in water only slightly hotter than lukewarm. Then there's no steam to carry flavor away.

And there's no boiling heat to delay setting! You can put Jell-O into the refrigerator right away—have it ready to serve in surprisingly short order.

Try some of these delectable hot-weather combinations—and invent new ones of your own! Gay and capricious color schemes . . . smart tricks to make a little bit of fruit serve a whole tableful of people.

Keep all six Jell-O flavors on hand. Every Jell-O package has an inner seal to keep the flavor orchard-fresh.



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Please send me your new recipe book, "What Mrs. Dewey Did with the New Jell-O."

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AUGUST SEPTEMBER OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER

News of the New

VAGABOND hats, crushable hats, pull-on hats, hats that you can tuck into your overnight bag as casually as you would a silk scarf. They are all out of date except for sports wear and in their place we have formally shaped hats that tip down at one side, or at the back. They may be less frugally trimmed than hats women wore a generation ago, but they are definitely reminiscent of the good old pre-war, pre-depression days.

During the era of ultra-simple headgear for women, there were those who said that wide brimmed elaborate hats could never return. They seemed out of the question in a world of subways, buses, automobiles, and telephone booths. Women simply wouldn't be bothered. Yet all things, it would seem, are possible in the world of fashion. The same season that brings to us streamline cars of the most compact type is also marked by a revival of Merry Widow hats with cartwheel brims, wide enough to please any fashionable girl of the 1890's, when the wide-brimmed Merry Widow hat was in favor.



THERE is the story of the overweight lady at a summer hotel who sucked lemons between meals to reduce her weight. The doctor looking on asked her why she did it and met with no success when he tried to explain that even a lemon contains some calories and that every calorie we eat in excess of what we need is likely to be stored away in the form of extra weight.

The lady in question held to the opinion that if such things as lemons and spinach, lettuce and cabbage actually did contain calories they were not the kind of calories that made one fat. Only bread and butter and candy contained that kind of calories. She forgot the example of the patient cow who, living on a diet of nothing but grass, clover and other greens, manages to produce creamy milk from which our butter and cheese are obtained.

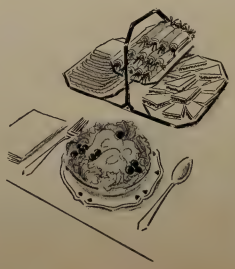
A little knowledge may not always be a dangerous thing, but the little knowledge about calories that many of us have had has turned out to be very misleading. Bread and butter, cereals



and sugars, because they have a higher caloric count than fruits and vegetables, have been looked on with suspicion.

Girls in quest of slimmer waistlines have taken their lettuce without benefit of the mayonnaise or French dressing needed to give the lettuce palatability and proper balance. Thousands of women have deprived themselves of the pleasure of eating appetizing, well balanced meals all because of their wrong impression that certain foods are fattening and that others are not. They have not only worried themselves into a state of depression on the subject of food, but have made themselves tiresome to their companions at luncheon or dinner.

A really thorough knowledge of calories and their role in nutrition would take years of study. A glimpse into any scientific book on the subject mystifies us with its scientific terms and formulae. The important thing to remember is that a certain number of calories are necessary if we want to go on moving about, working, playing or thinking, that all real foods contain some calories and that no food is really fattening unless we eat too much or exercise too little.



THREE years ago we asked one hundred men to tell us in the answers to a questionnaire, what they liked and what they didn't like in feminine dress and make-up. To the question, "What do you like least in the way of woman's hair dress?" a memorable number wrote "Bangs." That, however, does not mean that there is something about bangs that men don't like, because now that bangs have come back in favor it is usually the men of the house who look on admiringly. It simply means that, even though they won't admit it, men are as much ruled by fashion as woman. Three years ago bangs seemed a little out of fashion or eccentric.

Whether it started in Paris or Hollywood it is hard to say. Perhaps these new bangs are among the fashions that started independently at about the same time in both fashion centers. You have only to study the new head dresses in current magazines and newspapers to know how varied are the possibilities of the new banged coiffure.



AN odd assortment of nicked cups, saucers and plates, chairs with wobbly legs or faded plush coverings, out-of-date window hangings, shabby rugs and battered kitchen utensils! Any discards like that we considered good enough for the summer cottage. What if the mattress had grown hard or bumpy with age. Fresh sea or country air should be enough inducement to sound sleep.

Now all this has changed and the modern home maker feels as great a sense of responsibility for the taste displayed in the furnishings of her vacation home as she does in her year-round residence. Lowered prices have had something to do with this. Dishes and glassware do not have to be ugly to be inexpensive and the cheapest sort of material may be made into most charming window curtains.

Discarded furniture may still have its place in the vacation home but not until it has been soundly mended and painted or refinished and for a reasonable price you may buy sturdy cottage furniture that is in as good taste as that used in your city home.

(*Continued from page* 50)

GOLD MEDAL awards of The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by *The New Movie Magazine*) will be announced in the August issue. These awards will be made in recognition of the twelve outstanding motion picture achievements for the year of 1933, as selected by the readers of this magazine.

The readers, acting as judges and jury, have made their nominations of excellence in the following classifications:

1—Best All-Around Feature Picture
2—Best Performance (Actress)
3—Best Performance (Actor)
4—Best Musical Picture
5—Best Human Interest Picture
6—Best Mystery Picture
7—Best Romance
8—Best Comedy
9—Best Short-Reel Picture
10—Best Newsreel Picture
11—Best Direction
12—Best Story

The votes are now being compiled and show some surprising results. You will want to watch for them in the August issue of *The New Movie Magazine*, which will be on sale June 29.



"I do hope we will see more of this lovely, sweet, Jean Parker."



(Right) "Rosemary Ames has a warm personality and accomplished acting ability."

"Savage Serenade"—Lupe Velez.
"Adorable"—Lilian Harvey.
"Alice in Wonderland"—Janet Gaynor.
"Temptation"—Elissa Landi.
Music describes the stars beautifully, *n'est-ce-pas?*—*R. Frances O'Rourke, 11 W. 27th Street, Wilmington, Delaware.*

You've started a delightful game, Miss O'Rourke. Others are herewith invited to contribute personality theme songs.

Jean Parker Scores Again

I AM a woman old enough to appreciate a good picture when I see one as I've been going to the movies ever since I was a child. Today I saw a picture that was truly a very fine one. It was called "Two Alone." Jean Parker is divine. I do wish they would be fair and give her more pictures to play in. It doesn't seem fair that just because some picture has a big star in it, it is given a lot of publicity and really the picture itself is terrible and very often not fit to see. I do hope we will see more of this lovely, sweet Jean.—*E. Marschner, 14 Marsac Place, Newark, N. J.*

Simplicity need never bow to "glamour" while Miss Parker graces the screen.

Take a Bow, Mr. Hill

I HAVE not as yet been able to see the new star, Anna Sten, but according to the papers and especially the article written by Edwin C. Hill in the March issue of NEW MOVIE I have all hopes of being able to praise her dramatic talent just as I do her beauty.

If Mr. Goldwyn can afford to spend so much money on a new star she must be good. Here's wishing her success in America.—*Marcella Kuty, 1837 W. 50th St., Cleveland, Ohio.*

NEW MOVIE *was glad to be able to present the first real story of the new Soviet star.*

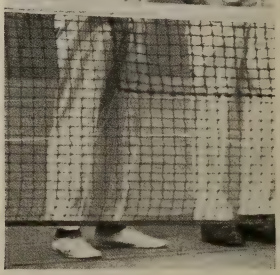
(*Please turn to page* 95)

Having Fun IN HOLLYWOOD

Outdoor buffet suppers become popular, Sari Maritza's charming surprise party and Joe E. Brown's lawn party

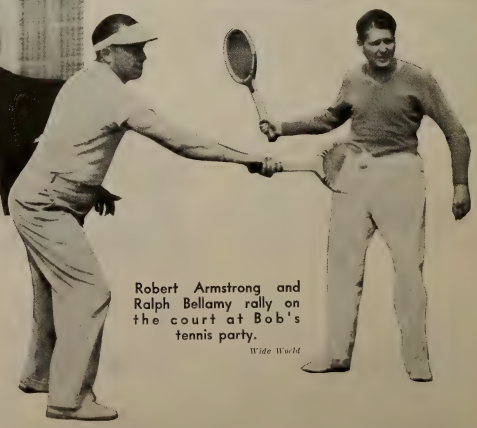
By GRACE KINGSLEY







Cary Grant and his bride (Virginia Cherrill) and Randolph Scott at the Lanny Ross party.



Robert Armstrong and Ralph Bellamy rally on the court at Bob's tennis party.

Wide World

ALL the billers and cooers are giving parties these days—the younger Hollywood set, that is. So that, when you go to a party, you positively must never enter a snug alcove or a conservatory without coughing.

Suddenly the youngsters have become party conscious, and are giving all sorts of affairs—riding parties, garden parties, costume parties, treasure hunts, and just plain parties.

There was Lanny Ross's party, with Jack Oakie bringing Toby Wing, and Dorothy Dell arriving with Lou Diamond, while Lanny just paid court to all the girls present quite impartially. He was going to New York, and he wanted no broken hearts left behind him. Wise boy. He didn't make a single date in Hollywood.

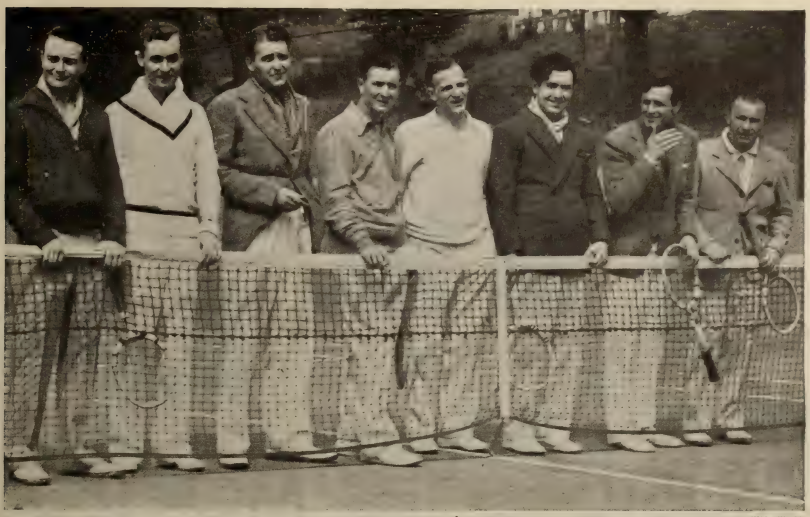
Lanny was persuaded to sing for the guests, and he warbled "Melody in Spring" and "Ending with a Kiss" in a way to make all the little gals' hearts go pit-a-pat for fair.

Outdoor suppers are getting to be a fad, and Lanny's was very nice, being served, a la buffet, on the terrace.

Jack Oakie pretended to wait on Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill, and played he was Vincent Barnett, telling Cary and Virginia about their table manners being all wrong, until Cary threatened to toss him into the swimming pool.

Gail Patrick came to the party with Johnny Engstead. This is becoming interesting, children.

I think Gail is encouraging the ambitions of Johnny, who used to be in the publicity department at Paramount, but who has wanted to act ever since he was a little boy. In fact he got into the publicity department



Wide World

A group of the men at Bob Armstrong's tennis party: Left to right: Paul Kelly, Ernest Wood, Lew Ayres, Russel Gleason, Ralph Bellamy, Elliot Nugent, Phil Neer, John Mack Brown, Billy Bakewell and Bob Armstrong.

with an eye on the acting end—carried messages, then began writing, and of late has played several parts.

Balloons were turned loose on the floor during the dancing, in the living room, and some of them were blown out-of-doors, being pursued by Randolph Scott and Jack Oakie.

Katherine DeMille told Randy Scott he would be high in her favor if he caught one for her, and Randy very nearly fell into the pool trying to capture one. He finally did get one just before the balloon joined its little companions bursting on a thorny rose bush.

Baby LeRoy is growing up so fast that Paramount doesn't know what to do about it. He is always sprouting another tooth or growing another inch—and learning more words.

And they do say that he is balking at playing any more roles in swaddling clothes!

"Take that W. C. Fields," cracked LeRoy, "I can play anything he does—and make him look like a bum!"

Leslie Howard gave Mrs. Howard a diamond brooch as an eighteenth wedding anniversary present. The design was that of a temple, and the diamonds numbered eighteen.

Here's a game you may like to try at your next party. Joan Crawford introduced it to Hollywood and it is quite popular.

Franchot Tone, Diana Wynyard, Joan and Lynn Riggs, playwright, played it at the dinner party which Joan gave.

It is a word game. The idea is to avoid giving the last letter of a word that is being spelled out. Digressions of all sorts call for ingenuity. The loser, i. e., the one who is forced to add the letter that spells the word, must do anything the rest of the company chooses.



Surprise parties are just as popular in Hollywood as they are in Pentville.

And was Sari Maritza surprised at the one given for her!

She had ben working all day, and came home about nine-fifteen.

Turning up the lights everybody shouted "Happy Birthday!" as Sari came in. She was still wearing her make-up, and was so surprised she sat right down in the middle of the floor.

Charles Irwin brought Helen Mack, and Tom Brown brought Anita Louise, while Randolph Scott squired Vivian Gaye, and (*Please turn to page* 103)

Lanny Ross, Jack Oakie and Toby Wing at the party given for Lanny recently.



The four famous Lombardo brothers, Guy, Lebert, Carmen and Victor, pay strict attention to Gracie Allen, wielder of the baton, in a scene from the Paramount production, "Many Happy Returns."

Films continue to provide popular numbers

MUSIC in the MOVIES

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

MANY of the leading productions continue to provide musical backgrounds and many popular songs.

Paramount is about ready to release "Many Happy Returns," in which Guy Lombardo and his orchestra act as musical masters of ceremonies; Warners have just released "Twenty Million Sweethearts" and Fox has given us "Stand Up and Cheer."

Radio Pictures have "Down to Their Last Yacht" in preparation, and Metro will soon release "Hollywood Party" which has several snappy numbers.

And now for the review of the current record offerings.

RUDY VALLEE heads the list this month with his recording of "Nasty Man" from the film version of "George White's Scandals." The vocal work in this is done by the Do Re Mi Trio with a slight bit of help from Rudy, and you'll find it very pleasant. There is also some good trumpet work, and a low register clarinet.

"Hold My Hand" is the tune on the other side, from the same show. If you saw the picture you will remember the song, for Vallee would burst forth with it on the slightest provocation. However, this has plenty of vocal work by Vallee, the Do Re Mi Trio and the Cavaliers. Good smooth stuff. This is a Victor record.

"SHOULD I BE SWEET?" is a fitting title for this song from the movie "Take a Chance." Victor Young and his orchestra do the work in this, and Vic is always sure of getting together a bunch of versatile musicians. This is a Vincent Youman's tune, with the vocal chorus sung by Vera Van, so I don't think you'll go wrong if you fall for it.

"I Like the Likes of You" from the Ziegfeld Follies, is on the other side. This is also played by Vic Young and his orchestra. A good tune and Vera Van again does the vocal work. This is a Brunswick record.

HERE is a really excellent number from across the pond. Ray Noble and his orchestra are the recorders and they surely step it up. "Who Walks in When I Walk Out?" is the title and I must say that each one of Noble's records is better than the last. The way the boys swing on this is nobody's business! Noble can always be spotted by his distinctive, heavy rhythm. The boy with the slip horn is especially good in it. The band is the Casa Loma of England.

The other side is played by another English band, Jack Jackson and his orchestra. "Play to Me, Gypsy" is its title. It is very smooth and sweet, with good vocal work. This is a Victor record.

"ANOTHER PERFECT DAY HAS PASSED AWAY" is the title of a beautiful waltz played by George Olsen and his orchestra. This is Ethel Shutta's theme song on the air and no doubt you are familiar with the melody. Miss Shutta sings the vocal refrain and it's everything that could be asked for. Olsen's arrangement is very good. "The Spanish in My Eyes" is the title of the selection on the other side, played by Enric Madriguera and his orchestra. Good band and vocal work by Helen Ward and Tony Sacco. This is a Columbia record.

"CAROLINA" from the film of the same title, is an excellent musical whimsy, and is about on a par with other movie tunes. Mike Doty and his orchestra furnish the musical background, and

(*Please turn to page* 86)

BIGGEST HITS

"Nasty Man," played by Rudy Vallee and his orchestra. (Victor)

"Should I Be Sweet?" played by Victor Young and his orchestra. (Brunswick)

"Who Walks in When I Walk Out?" played by Ray Noble and his orchestra. (Victor)

"Play to Me, Gypsy," played by Jack Jackson and his orchestra. (Victor)

"The House Is Haunted," played by Al Mitchell and his orchestra. (Bluebird)





Have a Good Vacation

IF you have been grinding away, month after month, you need a special tonic. It is the world-famous health builder, the blending of sunshine, fresh air, change of scene, rest and diversion—a vacation.

Plan to enjoy a totally different kind of a life for a short time. New ideas, new scenes, new people afford recreation. And recreation is necessary to health and good spirits. Joy, pleasure and laughter invigorate mind and body. They help to tone up the entire system.

What would you like to do in order to have a complete change? Motor, hike, or take a trip by rail or steamer? Will you go deep into the woods near a lake or a mountain? Or sun yourself on the beach at a summer resort? Active sports or quiet leisure, or both?

But while you are happily planning your vacation and thinking of the good times and the rest you will have, keep in mind that people are more likely to be hurt or to hurt themselves when in strange surroundings than when in familiar ones. Don't let your vacation be spoiled by a needless mishap. You can guard against most accidents.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a booklet "First Aid" which tells you what to do in event of accidents. Send for your copy, read it and take it away with you.

VACATION "DO'S" AND "DON'TS"

At Ocean, Lake or River

Know how to resuscitate in cases of apparent drowning.

Do not go in swimming when you are overheated, or within two hours after eating.

Never go in bathing alone at any time, even if you are a strong swimmer.

Do not dive unless you are sure of the depth.

In the Woods

Don't drink from wayside springs, streams or strange wells, unless the water is boiled, in order to avoid intestinal or other disorders.

If you come in contact with poison ivy or poison sumac, wash exposed part in at least five rinsings of soap and water. In a serious case, see a doctor.

Break a burned match before dropping it, to be sure that the flame is extinguished. Never leave a fire or embers burning.

Anywhere

In case of fire caused by gasoline or kerosene, smother flames with sand or dirt, or with blankets, coats or other heavy woolen articles. Never use water.

Never throw away a lighted cigarette or cigar. Get a "First Aid" booklet and keep a First Aid kit at hand.



SEND FOR THIS BOOKLET

The Metropolitan's free booklet, "First Aid" tells what to do and how to do it—at home as well as when you are away—in event of broken bones, burns, sprains, poisoning, apparent drowning, fire, wounds, electric shock, bites, sunburn, sunstroke and common accidents of various kinds.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
One Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.
Dept. 734-B

Please send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of your booklet "First Aid."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Now It's Needlework



Toxer Studios

Ethel Merman, popular radio star, who recently made a hit in Paramount's "We're Not Dressing," admits that she is no expert when it comes to using the crochet needle, but she finds this sort of needlework diverting when she has to while away the time at the studios.

Hollywood stars find spare time diversion in knitting, crocheting and embroidering

By FRANCES COWLES

VACATION days are here again so get out your crochet needles and learn to make some of the new thread work edges and insets that are used with such smart effect on bridge covers and table linen. Hollywood department stores and specialty shops report a revived interest in this type of fancy work. The new designs are easy to make and they can either be worked directly on the linen or done in the form of crochet edging to be applied to a rolled edge of the linen bridge table cover, luncheon cloth or doilies.

•

CROSS-STITCH work is another type of diversion that appeals to the woman who does not take her needlework too seriously. Amusing designs of peasant characters, birds, beasts and flowers are worked in stitches that are not so fine as to tire the eyes. When the work is done on coarse linen the cross stitches are spaced according to the threads of the material. With finer linen specially designed coarse canvas is used, the threads of which may be pulled out after the cross stitches are taken.

•

A TYPE of decoration for table linen that is gaining in favor this season consists of appliqués of colored material in the form of fruit or flowers. Stems and small leaves are indicated by outline stitches. For informal meals cotton cloths may be used with appliqués of colored gingham; for finer results appliqués of colored handkerchief linen are used on slightly coarser white linen. The appliqués are sewed on by means of fine blind stitches, or buttonhole stitches.

•

A TYPE of informal breakfast table covers that have met with popularity in Hollywood this Summer is made of coarse natural colored linen trimmed with intersecting stripes of brightly colored seam binding. Runners are made with the sides finished with the seam binding and the ends finished with a fringe of the linen. The seam binding may be sewed on by hand but neat machine stitching is just as effective and very much quicker.

If you would like to obtain patterns and directions for making table coverings, please turn to page 93

Two Creams needed for your *Two Skins*

a greaseless cream to prevent *Dryness* in your Outer Skin



... an oil cream to fight *Wrinkles* in your Under Skin





For your UNDER SKIN—Pond's oil-rich Cold Cream or Pond's new Liquefying Cream that melts instantly.

For your OUTER SKIN—Pond's Vanishing Cream. Corrects dryness. Holds powder.

YOU HAVE TWO SKINS! Each entirely different.

Your wafer-thin Outer Skin is *dried* out by sun and wind . . . by heat and cold. It needs a cream that restores moisture.

Your Under Skin—many times thicker and full of nerves, blood vessels, and tiny oil glands, is kept firm and full . . . unwrinkled . . . *by oils*. It needs an oil cream.

That's why it is impossible to treat both skins satisfactorily with any one single cream.

How wrinkles begin

Wrinkles mean that the tiny oil glands in your under skin are failing to pour out sufficient natural oils . . . the under skin shrinks . . . lines form.

This starved under skin needs a deep, penetrating, oil-rich cream . . . Pond's Cold Cream. This famous cream goes deep—encourages the under skin to remain firm, young, wrinkle-free! And, because it is so deep penetrating, Pond's Cold Cream is a superb skin cleanser! Its precious oils loosen pore-deep dust, rouge, powder . . . float every last particle to the surface. Your skin is liberated! Clear!

To soften your outer skin and keep the natural moisture from evaporating so fast, cover your face lightly with Pond's filmy Vanishing Cream. This cream contains a remarkable moisture-restoring and softening substance. See how your skin holds powder and rouge smoothly—over a foundation of Pond's Vanishing Cream!

Here's the way Mrs. Henry Field uses Pond's:

1. "*At night,* I smooth Pond's Cold Cream all over my face and neck, wiping it off with Pond's TISSUES. Then more Cold Cream . . ." (If you like a quicker melting cream, use Pond's new Liquefying Cream which is equally rich in oils, and a marvelous cleanser.)

2. "*Then* I pat on Pond's Vanishing Cream, leave it on all night.

3. "*In the morning*—and during the day—again a Pond's Cold Cream cleansing. I finish with Pond's Vanishing Cream to keep my skin soft . . . hold my make-up."

Mrs. Henry Field OF CHICAGO

(Left) Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, of New York. Each keeps her skin's fresh beauty by using Pond's Cold Cream for her Under Skin, Pond's Vanishing Cream for her Outer Skin.

Mail Coupon for Samples . . .

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. G,
48 Hudson Street, New York City

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for samples of all Pond's Creams and three different shades of Pond's New Face Powder as checked.

I prefer Light Shades ☐ I prefer Dark Shades ☐

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

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YES- Hollywood Girls can COOK

But you can't expect Mona Barrie to stand by the stove on a summer day

By NANCY JAMES

MONA BARRIE likes everything about cooking but the actual cooking. She is not one of those Hollywood food fanciers who likes to stand beside the kitchen range in the posture of a French chef, patiently blending a complicated sauce or ragout. But give her the recipe for a dish that needs next to no stove work and she's ready with her apron and mixing spoons. Miss Barrie's favorite summer dessert—Grape Delight—calls for no cooking at all. Here it is:

1 1/3 cups (one can) sweetened condensed milk; 3 tablespoons lemon juice; ¾ cup grape juice; 1 cup vanilla wafer crumbs; 18 vanilla wafers.

Blend thoroughly the sweetened condensed milk, lemon and grape juice. Stir until the mixture thickens. Place in six sherbet glasses alternate layers of the grape mixture and crumbs, leaving a topping of crumbs. Push three whole wafers into the mixture around the sides of each sherbet. Chill. This recipe serves six. The failure proof short-cut is the sweetened condensed milk which is a blend of milk and sugar that has been cooked down to a rich creamy mixture. The sweetened condensed milk always will blend to a delicious custard consistency when combined with the lemon juice, and needs no cooking.

Miss Barrie adding the finishing touches of whipped cream to a well chilled ice box cake, right.





At the left you see Miss Barrie sampling a dish of grape delight made entirely without cooking.



You can be a good cook and still keep young and beautiful on a warm summer's day if you do most of your cooking in the ice box.

Miss Barrie has made quite a collection of refrigerator recipes which include pies, puddings, ice box cakes, cookies, as well as toothsome salads, and appetizers. She has discovered, like a lot of other young women in Hollywood, that nowadays preparing food need be no drudgery and that doing a little "cooking" now and then offers one of the most satisfactory sorts of diversions.

Ice box cakes or refrigerator loafs are among Miss Barrie's favorite diversions, and those she likes best are made with a foundation of crackers or cracker crumbs. Thorough chilling is the secret of success of these desserts.

For information concerning this month's food circulars please turn to page 97

"Gee, but you're beautiful — I'm crazy about you"

Read how a simple clothes secret helped Nancy win Romance



HIS STORY



"A new girl in town—and, lucky for me, visiting right next door," said Bill.



He lost his heart on the spot, but—"Her clothes alone cost a fortune," he thought...So he



didn't dare dream she could live on his salary until one day Nancy burst out with



"Silly boy—I've learned how to make my clothes money go far!"

HER STORY



"I'm lucky at finding bargains, especially in silks and cottons. Then I never let things get faded or old looking. I use Lux for



all my things—dresses, blouses, sweaters. Most things wash, you know, but I don't take chances on wrong washing. Cake-soap



rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali too often fade colors, wear out materials. I stick to Lux—that's my clothes secret."



Your clothes money goes farther this way

Clothes are important to success—to romance, clever girls frankly admit.

"That's why it is so foolish," they say, "to let wrong washing fade colors, spoil texture and fit. We don't risk this—we always use Lux."

To be safe, you'd better insist on these exquisite tissue-thin flakes for your nice things, too! They dissolve instantly in lukewarm water—contain no harmful alkali as ordinary soaps often do, to fade and shrink—do away with the dangerous rubbing you have with even the mildest cake soap.

Whatever is safe in water will come out of Lux like a dream—look *new* all season long. Gentle Lux care makes your clothes money go twice as far!

The Boulevardier Goes Blackface

(*Continued from page 47*)

ignorance, took to be her negligee.

I began to get the drift of the row when he appeared next day wearing her jewelry, stockings and eyelashes and she was forced to wear breeches too big for her. It seems he wanted to wear the skirt in that family. If he'd only married that other Catherine, the Great Dietrich, everything would have been hotsie—until the women's club started writing in.

BACK TO ELBA: I was shocked by a historical note just received: "Warner Brothers Shelve Napoleon." How history repeats itself! Again the Little Corporal fails to stage a comeback.

IT was inevitable that Francis Lederer should be accused of publicity motives in seeking to promote world peace. If it's publicity he wants he's on the wrong track. He should shriek for "Preparedness" if he wants space in the local press which jibbers and shakes in senile palsy over college boy communists, "Red" menaces, "Yellow" perils and other gaudy goblins in each of which one suspects a munition maker prancing like a Chinaman in a New Year's dragon.

FRENZIED girls scampering over the prostrate form of a cop to touch the divine person of Clark Gable and snatching with jungle jabbers the flowers from the casket of a star remind me again of the dire prophecy of another actress, now dead: "The movies will cause the softening of the brain of the American public."

ON the other hand, the screen unintentionally is promoting the World State of H. G. Wells' prophecy by making cosmopolites of us all.

First were the cowboys and Indians of our American plains, then with Valentino the Latin invasion, followed by Germans, English, Scandinavians. Now we seem to be in a Jewish cycle. Elizabeth Bergner takes a throne with her Catherine. Paul Muni is recognized as one of the three finest actors, if not the finest. Francis Lederer, another, is liable to become the ladies' favorite gladiator. Edward G. Robinson polls a big male ticket. Eddie Cantor is among the ten first box-office magnets. Maxie Baer, half-Irish — half-Jewish, is the strongest personality to punch through celluloid this year. And then there is Mala, the *Magnificent* Eskimo who never wore a beret and ate kosher blubber.

THE screen has done more to erase national prejudices than any force since Eden days (By the way, what nationality was Adam?). Before Valentino, Italians were just banana downers to our private corn-huskers who never heard of da Vinci, Dante or even Columbus. Mexicans were all bandits and pea pickers until Novarro appeared and scornfully rejected the timid studio suggestion he call himself Spanish. Ricardo Cortez, a Jewish boy from Brooklyn, recanted the Spanish lineage conferred by producers apprehensive of racial prejudice.

The best way to wreck artificial barriers contrived by patrioteers is for peoples to meet and realize the hooey of propaganda. The screen has proved a rendezvous. It seems only yesterday that our hysterical press was warning us that all Russians were devils (compared to our saintly capitalists) and now look at the business Anna Sten is doing. The next cycle will be U.S.R.R., which is all right with me, being partial to borsch, shashlik and devils.

CONGRESSMAN DICKSTEIN wouldst make the screen "pure American" as Chancellor Hitler would make it "pure Aryan." A person signing herself "Dynamite Sadie" writes the Hollywood *Citizen:* "Give us more pure-blooded Americans who believe in America first." That would leave us just one star, the Cherokee Redskin Will Rogers, who is tainted with some European blood. Even with foreign competition he is making half a million dollars a year which ought to be enough to satisfy even a rugged American.

CLARK GABLE in person is the most popular young man to be defined by the cinema. He knows how to hold his fame. He is democratic without ostentation. He is a good workman without the pose of an "artist." And he is good enough sport not to worry about foreign competition or any other kind. So, ladies, kindly refrain from attempting to tear him to souvenirs when next he appears.

THE wonder of "Wonderbar" to me was, where does Busby Berkeley find those girls and where does he hide'm nights? Boys, Hollywood ain't like that. Some gentlemen suspect they're just camera tricks and so, Mr. Berkeley, I suggest you list their names in the cast along with telephone numbers so skeptics may verify. Happy to know you are now a full-fledged director, sir, and be assured I shall be at the premiere of "Dames" in tails and topper, ogling like Guy Kibbee and taking down numbers.

LOUISE FAZENDA is returning, and for the first time I feel the depression is lifting. In Sennett days when the geese chased her she wrang more laughs from me than Chaplin. The Sennett geese have gone but I'm still chasing.

GEORGE RAFT'S bodyguard, "Killer" Gray was lured from George's set to act with Sylvia Sidney. What I want to know is, who guards the body when the bodyguard's away? (Song rights reserved.)

MAE WEST and Mickey Mouse are the favorites of California school children according to a tabulation of the state department of education. Our kiddies are certainly being educated. I, too, am young enough to be free of that "sterile disapproval" which Mussolini ascribes to age and am spry enough to make the stairs when Mae sounds the "cumup" call.

A TEXAS fan writes asking applause for Anna Q. Nilssen who scored triumphantly on a personal appearance tour. Anna Q. is Norwegian, so wouldn't meet the approval of Dynamite Sadie; nevertheless she is one of the loveliest and most courageous women to vitalize our screen. Her own story is a saga of heroism.

THE kleigs have revealed some great human beings. I thought of Mabel Normand just now reading Landor's lines:

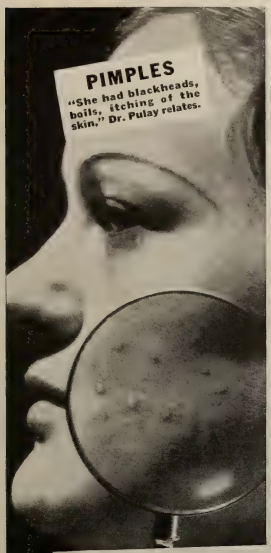
"No truer word,
save God's, was
ever spoken,
Than that the
largest heart is
soonest broken."

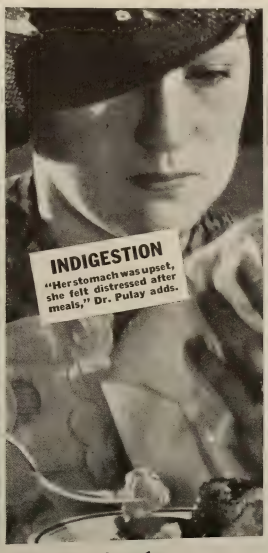


Know the Salesperson who Serves You

HOW well do you know the salespeople who are so important in giving you satisfactory merchandise and service? Share in $1,000.00 in monthly cash prizes for the best letters of 50 words or less telling about your favorite DRUG STORE SALESPERSON. See the first inside cover and page 3 of this magazine for details how you can share in these awards.

Friendly HELPFUL Service TOWER HONOR ROLL

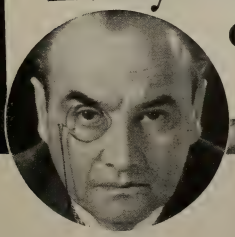






"Every one of these ills was corrected—*in 30 days*"

reports DR. PULAY, noted Vienna specialist



● **Dr. Pulay is the famous author of 120 important medical articles; eminent member, Austrian Society of Dermatologists.**

If your skin is broken out . . . stomach upset . . . bowels sluggish—this "case history" can help you!

NOTE how similar your troubles are to those in the case illustrated above and described here by Dr. Pulay:—

"This patient's skin was greasy, full of pimples, itchy. Scalp covered with dandruff. Perspiration excessive.

"She often had indigestion, was frequently constipated. An X-ray of her intestines showed 'self-poisoning.'

"I had her eat Yeast. At the end of four weeks, her skin was completely clear, her digestion greatly improved, and her intestines worked perfectly . . ."

Fleischmann's Yeast makes your stomach juices flow faster . . . strengthens your bowels . . . softens waste so it passes easily from your body.

As Dr. Pulay explains, it is "so much better than cathartics, which are weakening and so harmful to the delicate tissues of your bowels."

Won't *you* take advantage of this great doctor's experience? Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast (rich in vitamins B, D, G) every day, for 30 days at least. Directions are on the label. Get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Get some *today*.

Let Fleischmann's Yeast tone up your system, clear away impurities, and so give you a clearer skin.

See how soon you have healthier digestion, better appetite, regular evacuation, and worlds more energy! Won't you start eating Fleischmann's Yeast right now . . . today?



● **Paul Roberts, of Hollywood, Cal., writes: "I developed a bad case of indigestion, was 'all in,' felt 'headachy.' The doctor advised Fleischmann's Yeast. Soon I felt fine."**

Eat 3 Cakes a Day



Copyright, 1934, Standard Brands Incorporated

Even "first timers" get good snapshots with Verichrome. This adaptable film tolerates exposure errors . . . you'll get good pictures even when the timing is not just right.

VERICHROME
gets the picture

Accept nothing but the familiar yellow box with the checkered stripe.



HOW VERICHROME DIFFERS FROM ORDINARY FILM

1. Double-coated. Two layers of sensitive silver.
2. Highly color-sensitive.
3. Halation "fuzz" prevented by special backing on film.
4. Finer details in both high lights and shadows.
5. Translucent, instead of transparent.

Made by an exclusive process of Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

KODAK VERICHROME FILM

I Return to the Metropolis

(*Continued from page* 23)

The French Colony, in pictures, seems to be pretty well masculine as far as names go. Maurice Chevalier, Charles Boyer, Henri Garat, Adolph Menjou. The latter will probably sue me because I'm sure he considers himself all American, but I need a new spring suit anyway, so I'll just risk adding that his highly sophisticated style and charm are as French as the Marseillaise. Ruth Chatterton could tell you more about the French Colony than I can. Her smart dinner parties, where, unless one could converse in the so-called language of diplomacy, one might just as well be really diplomatic and not speak at all, were at one time the talk of Hollywood. George Brent started taking French lessons, but as you know he has gone back to Polo. The "big sock" is more in George's line than "ze bon mot."

If Germany had given us no one but Marlene Dietrich I would claim that we had a swell portion of the Fatherland, but there are many distinguished Germans in Hollywood and are they exclusive? Greta Garbo goes to their parties, which is probably one good reason for the exclusiveness.

I never realized how active Italy has been in making Italian versions of American films, until I was invited over to the Metro Studio to see *Grand Hotel* a la Mussolini. To hear John Barrymore, Garbo, Joan Crawford, Lionel Barrymore and the big bad Beery all apparently speaking flawless Italian was as thrilling as it was uncanny. I still can't explain how they do it, but I was delighted to meet an entire company of players from Italy, a young and enthusiastic group of technicians, in fact a Little Italy right there in Culver City. I had wondered why we didn't see more Italians on the screen. Now I know. What's the use of teaching their stars English when, with the wizardry of sound, they can make our established favorites not only speak their language, but actually look and act as if they had been raised on antipasto and chianti.

Now we come to the British Colony which naturally is by far the largest and the most consistently successful because, outside of a few differences in pronunciation, a slight spilling of the beans, cawnts and shawnts, we speak their language and inside of a month after arriving they speak ours. Nothing is more gratifying to any one who has lived in England and loved it than to see how happy most of the English stars appear to be in California. Charles Chaplin, Leslie Howard, Clive Brook, Cary Grant, Herbert Marshall, George Arliss, Boris Karloff, Victor McLaglen, Herbert Mundin, Ralph Forbes and Sir Guy Standing are just a few of the better known Sons of Albion who seem quite contented with their lot on the Gold Coast. Granted that there is usually a beautiful house on the lot, admitted that there is plenty of gold on the coast, but I know that most of them really enjoy life out here. Otherwise why establish homes? I have heard that Charles Laughton does not like Hollywood and gave up thousands of stabilized simoleons to play Shakespeare in dear Old London for practically nothing. If his film, *The Private Life of Henry VIII* was a result of that gesture, all is forgiven and he may say what he likes about my Metropolis.

The daughters of John Bull are not so much in evidence as one might like, but England always has been a man's country. I guess it must be more difficult for the gals to break away from home. Still with Elissa Landi, Diana Wynyard, Dorothy Mackaill, Allison Skipworth, Elizabeth Allan, Beryl Mercer, Lilian Harvey and, risking another "spring suit," Maureen O'Sullivan, we can stage a pretty nifty British Ladies' Day.

I have had to leave out several countries in this Cook's Tour of Hollywood, but believe me when I say that I have counted up seventeen nationalities at one party and it was not given during the Olympic games. Speaking four languages does not make one a candidate for linguistic honors in Hollywood. I used to get along pretty well with a smattering of German, Italian, Spanish and fluent French in Europe, but out here we never know what the next screen find will be. Last year we had Eskimo stars who asked us how we were in our own language, and no one could understand them when they said what we were in theirs.

ONE more demand for recognition of Metropolitan status and I will desist. We have a local Harlem where anyone who likes the original can find syncopation in sepia, a club Alabam' which *bams* all night, and a theater devoted to Dusky Drama. Highly recommended is a small cottage sitting well back from the Broadway of this negro colony, Central Avenue. Nell's Rendezvous is its rather misleading name. Here, the entertainers from different night clubs gather when their work is done. At dawn you may find Mr. Stepin Fetchit seated at the piano singing his own compositions. "What goes up mus' come down!" he drawls wearily, and admitting to yourself that "What gets up mus' go to bed," you may leave as I did, thinking, "It's funny, I never cared about Harlem but I like these folks, they are simple and kind."

You know I'm wondering if California is really enervating, as so many people say. Maybe that's what's the matter with me. Perhaps I have lost some ambition and that's why I sound like a cross between a native daughter and a real estate agent. Well, if that's the case, all I have to say is that an awful lot of nice people are being enervated and still they come. They used to say that if one sat in front of the Cafe de le Paix in Paris long enough he would see everybody he knew. I claim that the same thing applies to Hollywood now, so I shall continue to sit. If I'm right, who knows, I may be seein' you. Well, here's hoping!

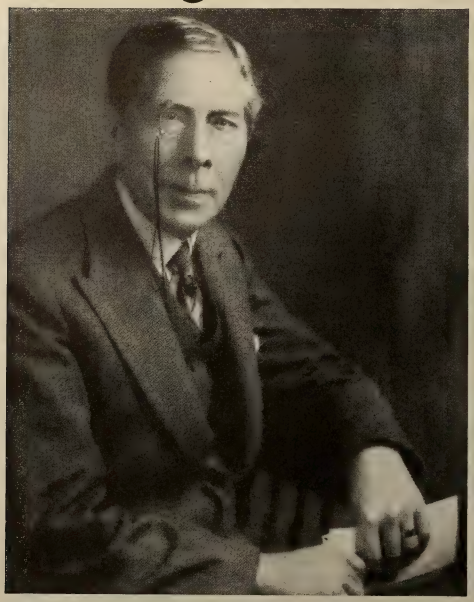
Elsie Janis has returned to Hollywood and her work there for NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. Her interesting articles about Hollywood and movie personalities will appear in future issues of NEW MOVIE, largest and best of the film magazines.



How much more one snapshot tells about the way he looks than a whole letter! One snapshot, and you almost know him. What a fascinating way to make letters clear and interesting. The friends—the places you go—the things you do—slip them into the envelope in the form of snapshots. They really tell the story. Snapshots are more truthful, more expressive than ever, when you use *Kodak Verichrome Film.* Make your next pictures with Verichrome and see the difference. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Don't just write it—PICTURE IT—with snapshots

George Arliss—MYSTIC



Pach Brothers

George Arliss, the shy, slight, winsome man of private life.

A friend gives an intimate pen picture of one of the great artists of the screen

By

ROSE C. FELD

PUTTING George Arliss down on paper is a difficult task. There are so many of him.

There is the George Arliss who brings to life the spirit and mannerisms of a Disraeli and a Voltaire; there is the George Arliss who is the student and scholar; there is the George Arliss who plays golf badly and bridge well; there is the George Arliss who is a brilliant raconteur; there is the George Arliss who listens patiently even when he is impatient; there is the George Arliss who loves Hollywood and the people who work there but hates the civilization that created it.

He is shy but if there is a person in the room shyer than he, his own shyness vanishes and he reaches out to help the other. He is the sort of person who would make a cowboy comfortable in the presence of Queen Mary and with equal charm and tact that would make Queen Mary comfortable at a cow-punchers' meeting.

Neither occasion would appeal to him but if it arose, something within himself would suffer if he did not do all in his power to bring comfort and peace to the mind of the person who didn't belong in the picture.

My own opinion is that he possesses to an extraordinary degree a psychic understanding and power which makes him respond to others. He makes you feel, without saying anything about it, that you have been acquainted for a long time and that you need waste no words in explaining yourself.

Yet when you ask him whether he believes in psychic kinship between people he will not answer in the affirmative. He will pace the room a few times, he will arrange his monocle and then he'll smile and say he doesn't know. Certain things, certain experiences he will admit but beyond them he will not venture.

I asked him once whether he believed that mental telepathy would in time be controlled the same way as we control music waves over the air, by plugging in and turning a dial, and his answer, humorous but entirely serious, was:

"Heaven forbid! I don't want to know what my friends are thinking. Nor do I want them to know what I'm thinking. No longer could we tell the kindly intentioned lies that make for pleasant living."

Deeply, however, he believes in human magnetism, in the masses as well as the individual. That is the alchemy that exists between an actor and his audience and sometimes so great is its intensity that it becomes almost physical in its manifestation. It has doubtless happened to George Arliss many times but being the sort of person he is, he won't talk about it. Only once, he mentioned an occasion where it overwhelmed him to the point of ecstasy.

It was while he was playing "Disraeli" in Chicago. At the beginning, he played practically to empty benches but the few who came were so enthusiastic and so completely convinced that the play should be seen by all of Chicago that in time the theater was filled every evening and the play continued for six months.

The last night, all those early adherents and their grateful followers came to the theater to witness his farewell performance. George Arliss knew they were there and why they were there and his *Disraeli*, quite unconsciously, gathered warmth and strength from that knowledge.

When the final curtain came down and the applause had subsided, he slipped out of the wings to speak to them, to tell them what their support had meant to him.

But he did not speak nor did they applaud. An extraordinary silence filled the house and in that deep, living silence, the lone, slight man on the stage felt rushing toward him the love and the good will of those before him.

"It was like a sweet, unembodied embrace," he said, speaking of this. "Nothing has ever touched me to equal that."

There are other George Arlisses that his friends know, the one who plays (*Please turn to page* 93)

First Nights on Broadway

(*Continued from page* 49)

to worse. Among the better, I think "Viva Villa" deserves first citation. It is distinguished by splendid acting and furiously effective direction. Thanks to director and star, the picture gallops. Jack Conway behind the camera and Wallace Beery before it are responsible for its success. The story itself is loosely put together and more than a little jumpy.

"Tarzan and His Mate," of all things, belongs among the elect, too. This is a hair raising and incredible menagerie on a spree. It doesn't make very good sense and it doesn't elevate the noble art of the cinema particularly but it's the best by a long shot of all stunt pictures.

For those who like less turbulent entertainment, "Men in White," an honest and intelligent transcription, is prescribed. You'll get much amusement, I think, out of "Twenty Million Sweethearts," the best comedy to be released in months. "The Constant Nymph" is also genuine and heart stirring. Here they all are, and a lot more:

Viva Villa—AAA

Directed by Jack Conway. Released by M-G-M

THIS time, the Hollywood mountain labored and brought forth, not a mouse, but a lion.

A jinx bedeviled "Viva Villa"—trouble with the Mexican government; trouble with Lee Tracy, trouble with a plane that crashed and burned much of the original film. There were accidents, retakes, misfortunes unending, but out of that travail a lusty, hard-hitting photoplay was born.

"Viva Villa" is the sort of fiction that embodies an era's spirit better than a five-foot shelf of history. It blazes with color. It moves at the headlong pace of Pancho's own "dorados." The film is not tightly knit drama but its epic stature and power make minor defects easy to forgive.

When the tumult and the shooting die, three persons emerge from the production with new laurels. Jack Conway, the director, by his backgrounds, his marching men and his significant bits of camera byplay has recreated the flare and ferocity of a Mexican revolution. Henry B. Walthall, veteran of long-ago Biograph films, comes back in every sense of the word as Francisco Madero, an interpretation as clear and dignified as a steel engraving. And last, yet first, there is Wallace Beery as Pancho Villa.

Beery, in the role of a Mexican Robin Rood is scoundrel and hero, warrior and child, tender friend and savage enemy. His role shifts quickly from comedy to tragedy and back again but he fills a difficult part with turbulent, glowing life. As Villa, he has done the best work of his career.

Others rate citation in a film abounding with excellent performances. Leo Carrillo apparently was born to play Sierra, Villa's blood-thirsty lieutenant. Joseph Schildkraut is smoothly satanic as the villainous General Pascal. Stuart Erwin, batting for Lee Tracy, is satisfactory as an American newspaperman and two newcomers with film heritages —Katherine DeMille, adopted daugh-

(*Please turn to page* 66)



Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"
with Fels-Naptha Soap



But change to Fels-Naptha Soap—and "Tattle-Tale Gray" scampers off forever! It's bound to—for Fels-Naptha is *one* soap that has the ability to *loosen* dirt completely. It *coaxes* grime out of tiniest threads. It gets clothes clean clear through—*dazzling white!* And here is why: Fels-Naptha is *not only* marvelous soap—*golden richer soap.* But it holds *lots of dirt-loosening naptha*, too.



Clothes can't gossip—no indeed! Yet the very linens you set on a tea table—if they're a little dull and grayish—can tell tales on you. They can say that your clothes are poorly washed—that dirt is still hiding in them. So you seem careless to others—when it isn't your fault at all. It's your soap that's to blame—it doesn't get ALL the dirt out.



And the beauty of it is—Fels-Naptha is *safe* for everything! Never harsh like "trick" soaps. You can trust your filmiest chiffons and silk stockings to Fels-Naptha. It's a real pal to your hands—for there's soothing glycerine in every bar. And it's thriftier, too. *You can now buy Fels-Naptha at the lowest price in almost twenty years.*
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WHO discovered it first for the family? Mother? Father? Big Brother Bill? Grandpa?

There are different answers—but all agree that, once tried, Ex-Lax becomes the family laxative from that time on!

Mother discovered it!

A mother told us she started to use Ex-Lax because little Johnnie revolted against the customary dose of castor oil—and she found that a delicious little chocolate tablet of Ex-Lax solved the problem perfectly.

Big Brother Bill did!

Brother Bill, who is an athlete, broke a long habit of taking strong stuff after he learned that mild, gentle Ex-Lax did all that powerful, disturbing purgatives did.

Grandpa wants the credit because his age made him doubly careful that the laxative he took was mild and gentle.

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So you see, while all sorts of people—young and old—claim to have discovered Ex-Lax, all of them agree that Ex-Lax is the perfect laxative—mild, gentle and effective.

When Nature forgets—remember Ex-Lax! You can get Ex-Lax at all drug stores. 10c and 25c.

keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

First Nights on Broadway

(*Continued from page* 65)

ter of Cecil B., and Francis X. Bushman, Jr.—do well with minor roles. Mr. Bushman is genuinely comic in a two-minute bit as a precious war correspondent.

The picture blazes with mass movement and the clash and tumult of war. The backgrounds are colorful. Its prime claim on your attention, though, is Beery's Villa, the coarse, grunting, roaring genius and child, hero and rascal who flames across the riotous scenes.

High Spots: Villa, the blundering and bearlike, in conference with Madero, the soft-voiced little hawk of the revolution. . . . Villa trying aristocrats before a jury of hanged peon corpses. . . . Armies moving to the swing of "Cucurucha," Villa's marching song. . . . Pancho bidding his troops farewell.

Sore Spot: The profusion of printed subtitles that mar the sweep and rhythm of the story.

Smarty—C

Directed by Robert Florey. Released by Warner

THE trouble with this is a director who doesn't know how to be lightly funny and actors who try too hard to be. Edward Everett Horton as a sympathetic attorney emerges from the ordeal with his reputation undamaged. That is more than can be said for Warren William as a supposedly comic husband, who isn't, and Joan Blondell who tries to play a fascinating wife so vigorously that she makes the lady a moron.

This is another of the matrimonial triangle situations—jealous husband, flighty wife, ardent bachelor—and parts of it are laughable but the determined high pressure under which everyone has worked makes the film more of a cartoon than a comedy. Frank McHugh and Claire Dodd also appear. They aren't much help.

Tarzan and His Mate—AA

Directed by Cedric Gibbons. Released by M-G-M

IF you try to keep the children away from this, you'll have juvenile riots on your hands. If you let them go, you'll have to deal with juvenile nightmares thereafter. Take your pick.

You might swallow a couple of bromide tablets and keep remembering that it's just a moving picture when you go, yourself. As a story it isn't remarkable for anything except its wild imaginings. As an ordeal for nerves and blood pressure, nothing like it has ever appeared on any screen.

Tarzan (Johnny Weissmuller) once again sweeps yodeling through the jungle foliage, accompanied by his mate (Maureen O'Sullivan) and assisted by talented chimpanzees, gorillas and a herd of intellectual elephants, in moments of crisis. They all are very busy. The picture is just one crisis after another.

There are embattled pythons and two varieties of bloodthirsty cannibals. There are charging rhinos, on one of which Tarzan rides while he stabs the brute to death. He also wrestles successfully above and below water with crocodiles and lions. There also are leopards, ostriches and a scoundrelly explorer who shoots Tarzan and a benevolent hippopotamus who rescues him, as well as enough fights, battles, murders and mayhems to supply all Roman holidays from January 1 to December 31.

In the final sequence, explorers, negroes, cannibals, elephants, monkeys, lions, Tarzan and his mate become embroiled in a Kilkenny cat affair from which hero and heroine alone emerge intact to live happily ever after. Perhaps you can figure out how some of the ingenious people responsible for this celluloid riot obtained many of their incredible scenes. I haven't the least idea, but they have done a perfectly swell job.

High Spots: Cannibals slaughtering a safari . . . Gorillas knocking invaders off a cliff with well bowled boulders . . . . The chimpanzee clinic prescribing for Tarzan's wound.

The Trumpet Blows—B

Directed by Stephen Roberts. Released by Paramount

THIS is more like Valentino's silent "Blood and Sand" than George Raft is like the Mexican matador he is supposed to be or Adolphe Menjou is like the bandit he is required to portray. If the picture is reminiscent, it is handsomely mounted and well directed. It is also badly miscast.

Mr. Menjou as the reckless Pancho Gomez is like Ward McAllister in fancy dress. Mr. Raft as his bull fighting brother looks the part but sounds no more Mexican than "The Sidewalks of New York." Frances Drake is the girl over whom the brethren quarrel. She dances well but otherwise helps matters little. The bull ring shots are excellent and Edward Ellis does a fine minor characterization as a veteran matador. The backgrounds are uniformly good.

High Spot: Mexican mourners visiting their loved ones' graves on All Saints Day.

Sing and Like It—B

Directed by William A. Seiter. Released by RKO-Radio

IN this, racketeers muscle in on an impending musical comedy, elect a bank clerk (ZaSu Pitts) star of the production and insist on rewriting the show. They may also be responsible for the script from which "Sing and Like It" was shot. It should be ranked among the minor felonies.

The story isn't new. More deft writing and more adroit direction might have saved it, for the cast includes besides Miss Pitts such sure fire comedians as Ned Sparks, Richard Carle, Pert Kelton and Edward Everett Horton. None of them with the exception of Mr. Horton who is a genuinely funny temperamental producer, has much to work with. In consequence the performances are below par but not so far below as the picture play itself.

Nat Pendleton plays the boss racketeer, a role which he seems doomed to interpret through all the rest of time.

First Nights on Broadway

A Modern Hero—B

Directed by G. W. Pabst. Released by Warner

THE WORLD CHANGES" was so successful that Warner has done it over again with minor variations, in the hope of making two profitable films flourish where one grew before. One of the troubles with the duplicate is that Richard Barthelmess isn't Paul Muni.

"A Modern Hero" is about a man of humble beginnings who works his way to industry's heights, meets disaster and then finds that it is "only the real things in life that count." Too much film has been used to point this obvious moral.

Mr. Barthelmess is just about satisfactory as a circus rider who, through his attraction for sundry women, becomes a munitions magnate. Jean Muir, as first of his profitable series of betrayals, plays with a hushed wistfulness faintly reminiscent of Lillian Gish. The rest of the cast is so-so, with Marjorie Rambeau playing a one-armed and philosophical fortune teller. The purple passages in the hero's career are toned down so that they add small color to the rest of the film, which is drab in hue.

Men in White—AA

Directed by Richard Boleslavsky. Released by M-G-M

THE same sort of material that went into "Arrowsmith" has been used in this film which is, I think, the better photoplay. The camera is trained in "Men in White" on a great hospital instead of a research laboratory, as in its forerunner. Both pictures show how tremendously exciting science, properly handled, can be.

The current offering is one of the rare, finely balanced films in which no single element is hokum tainted and no person concerned deserves more than a fraction of the praise. Clark Gable plays the science-dedicated young physician with sympathy and skill. Myrna Loy is satisfactory as his heiress-sweetheart. These are rated as the picture's stars. Two others could assume those titles with equal warrant—Jean Hersholt who portrays a great doctor with quiet inspiration and Elizabeth Allan.

A lot of white paper that will be wasted in this department in discussion of useless films could be used more profitably to celebrate Miss Allan's luminous and exquisite performance as the lonely little nurse, Barbara. In lesser hands, her part might have been routine or rant. She fills it with a glowing and tender pathos. Her acting is no mere matter of facial expression and voice. Miss Allan uses her heart and brain, too.

Richard Boleslavsky employs those same organs in his direction and recreates on the screen all the disciplined excitement; all the science ordered drama of hospital wards. He embodies in film the atmosphere and color of a great institution of healing. Only the smell of ether and antiseptics is missing.

There are worse settings for a photoplay. The blank white walls of rooms

(*Please turn to page* 68)



● *"Ha! Goody—goody! She's all tuned up pretty—but was it a job! I kind of thought Johnson's Baby Powder would fix her up, though. 'Cause it keeps me so comfortable and frisky. Let's get going!"*



● *"Now for a little spin to cool me off after all that work. Never tried to ride this gadget before, but it looks easy when Buddy does it! Step up—and* OVER, *baby! Seems like it's kind of teetery* —CAREFUL!"



● "OUCH—*for crying out loud! The horrid old thing doesn't work right! 'Course it didn't* hurt, *but I think I'll get Mother to smooth away the bumpy feeling with Johnson's Baby Powder. And here's something other mothers ought to know—"*



● *"There's a big difference in baby powders. Prove it yourself, this way:—Feel different powders between your thumb and finger. Some are really gritty! But Johnson's is soft as down. No orris-root or zinc stearate in it!"*

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What was there about Kay that warm July night that captivated Jerry, the town's hard-to-get bachelor? If romance is passing you by, read this true story—

Adorable Kay! Sticky heat waves don't interfere with *her* popularity—she knows how to keep herself attractive to men. In the summertime she's especially careful to take *odorless* Ivory baths. For she realizes how quickly the faintest trace of perspiration—or soap perfume—repels a man's interest. It was her freshness, her feminine daintiness that won Jerry—and now she's engaged!

You can't insist too strongly on having odorless Ivory Soap beside your tub in this hot weather. No perfumed or "medicinal" soaps, please! For their odor may linger for hours. But Ivory leaves your skin fresh as a camellia—with no soapy perfume to conflict with the fragrance of your real perfume.

If you want your complexion to have that fine-pored, baby-smooth look, wash your face with Ivory night and morning. Ivory is *pure*—so pure that doctors advise it *even for the super-sensitive skins of tiny babies.* It doesn't dry up the natural oils that keep the skin young.

For a few spare pennies you can get a whole summer's supply of Ivory from your grocer. Don't risk another unpopular date—start your odorless Ivory beauty treatments today!

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100 % PURE · IT FLOATS

First Nights on Broadway

(*Continued from page* 67)

and corridors lift faces into cameo-like relief. The cinema can make science completely thrilling when it goes about it so honestly and competently.

High Spots: The almost motionless sequence of Barbara's death. . . . Dr. Ferguson (Mr. Gable) fighting for the life of a stricken child. . . . The ritual of surgeons preparing for an operation.

Glamour—A

Directed by William Wyler. Released by Universal

THE first third of still another story about a chorus girl who made good is jumpy, sketchy and unconvincing. If you'll refrain from walking out on it, you'll find that the photoplay settles down into impressive drama handled by Paul Lukas and Constance Cummings.

No one did Miss Cummings a favor by putting her in this film. She plays a grasping little so-and-so who builds herself a career by sheer obstinacy and selfishness. The fact that, at last, she captures and holds your sympathy is due more to her acting than her role.

Mr. Lukas as the composer who exalts the chorine, marries her and loses her, gives his usual honest performance. The drama of the film has little action beyond the clash of personalities but Mr. Lukas and Miss Cummings make these plausible and exciting.

The rest of the cast is all right with Joseph Cawthorne, old war-horse of musical comedy, doing an unobtrusively excellent job as a theatrical producer.

High Spots: Linda (Miss Cummings) denied entrance to her dying baby's chamber. . . . Linda fighting to restore her broken former husband's self-confidence.

Twenty Million Sweethearts —AA

Directed by Ray Enright. Released by Warner

THIS film represents one of the rare moments in which motion pictures are on their best behavior. "Twenty Million Sweethearts" has coherent plot, based satirically on the broadcasting racket. It has actors who fit into the story as neatly as the right pieces in a jig-saw puzzle and a director who gets color, drama, humor and speed into his sequences.

If the picture had none of these virtues, its sponsors would deserve gold stars on their report cards for at last producing a musical picture against something beside musical comedy background. In this film, the cinema sails into its entertainment rival, the radio, with hilarious lack of respect.

The story is concerned with the discovery by a radio scout (Pat O'Brien) of a singing waiter (Dick Powell) who is transformed by the microphone into God's gift to American womanhood, yet who wishes to marry, with no regard for his public's sighs, another radio entertainer (Ginger Rogers).

First Nights on Broadway

These three and a sterling corps of minor characters, elaborate settings and canny direction, hurry the story along through comedy that, for once, actually makes sense. Mr. O'Brien is superlative as the glib and cocksure go-getter and among the minor characterizations Johnny Arthur does an excellent bit as the hapless secretary-husband of the great film star, Hansen.

"Twenty Million Sweethearts" is the sort of film that makes a hundred million often-gyped Americans keep on going to movie houses.

High Spots: The opening sequence in which successive radios utter travesties of radio stars. . . . Buddy Clayton (Mr. Powell) enduring the agony of his first audition. . . . The gibberish song of Clayton and the Mills Brothers. . . . The duet between Peggy (Miss Rogers) and Clayton at the finale.

You're Telling Me—B

Directed by Erle C. Kenton. Released by Paramount

THE sponsors of W. C. Fields must think he is even funnier than I do or they would not have expected him to swing this item, practically solo. Months spent face to face with film comedies have shriveled my sense of humor but just put Mr. Fields with his sagging voice and earnest, bulbous visage on the screen and my laughter is that of an innocent little child.

While our hero is present with his inventions and his thirst in "You're Telling Me," you can forget the story which is even sillier than usual and unimpressively played by all others concerned save Adrienne Ames who is glamorous as a visiting princess. Unfortunately Mr. Fields isn't present all the time. This is a good two reeler stretched to make six or seven.

High Spot: Mr. Fields demonstrating the virtues of puncture proof tire with the aid of a revolver and a fielder's glove.

The Constant Nymph—AA

Directed by Basil Dean. Released by Fox

ONE pretty stalwart American is never going to admit that British picture audiences are more intelligent than ours. It must be just the producers.

"The Constant Nymph" was a fine and pathetic novel of artist life. An English concern has transferred it to film with all its color and humor and tragedy intact. No script writer has pulled the original story out of shape. Thanks to this omission and to the skill of Brian Aherne, Victoria Hopper and a host of assistants, the picture version has fidelity and the warmth of living things.

Miss Hopper, as the child who eventually is destroyed by her love for a much older musician (Mr. Aherne) has no great amount of beauty, but she has talent and a knowledge of how to use it. The success of this picture is not dependent on any star. The entire cast seems to have been reared in their roles, with Jane Baxter particu-

(*Please turn to page* 70)

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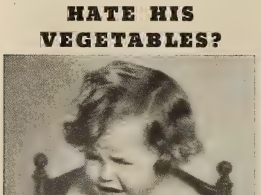
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Usually because his vegetables aren't strained uniformly. Home-cooked vegetables can't be uniformly smooth. That's why baby has a hard time getting used to them. But remember . . .

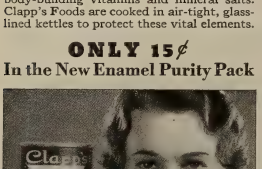
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First Nights on Broadway

(*Continued from page* 69)

larly effective in the minor part of the heroine's half sister. For once, you can see movie folk play Bohemians light heartedly and naturally and not like slightly tight people acting in charades.

"The Constant Nymph" has been produced by men who evidently believe that audiences can understand words of more than two syllables and don't think a whole nation will fall apart if a film has a legitimately unhappy ending. The photography is above the usual standards and the direction is of the sort that can make shots of a symphony orchestra at work exciting.

Jimmy the Gent—A

Directed by Michael Curtiz. Released by Warner

JAMES CAGNEY plays the same glib, tough role a shade more violently than usual in this one. He socks or kicks no women, but he loses his temper even more sulphurously, and amusingly.

The story is pretty silly. Even the excellence of the star and the good support he gets from Allen Jenkins, Alan Dinehart, Bette Davis and others can't make it anything much more than a Mack Sennett plot. It is filled with fast action and good rough and tumble, talk. If you've liked Mr. Cagney before, you're bound to like him this time.

Mr. Jenkins is genuinely amusing and Mr. Dinehart does the best work of his not too successful film career as an excessively refined genealogist. You'll find no uplift whatever in "Jimmy the Gent," but a good many laughs.

High Spot: Jimmy (Mr. Cagney) beating up his partner, Louie (Mr. Jenkins), just to prove he is a gentleman.

Riptide—A

Directed by Edmund Goulding. Released by M-G-M

OLD material is worked over with skill in this portrayal of the woes of a married woman (Norma Shearer) in love with a jealous husband (Herbert Marshall) and pursued by an ingratiating rascal (Robert Montgomery). Edmund Goulding did the script and directed the film.

"Riptide" is highly polished, unoriginal melodrama in which, thanks to the deftness of the principals and the canny management of the director such threadbare stuff as marital quarreling becomes genuinely exciting. Mr. Montgomery gives the role of the dissolute young waster warmth and humor; Mr. Marshall is satisfactory as the noble British husband and Miss Shearer is lovely and appealing though prone in her vivacious moments to give an imitation of a lady holding a live electric wire.

All minor roles are well done with the great Mrs. Pat Campbell, of the Victorian era doing a laughable caricature of a disreputable dowager. The picture is beautifully mounted and the matrimonial crises, which might be monotonous in other hands, have a steadily increasing tension. The headlong dive and slide into a happy ending is not entirely plausible but from all other angles "Riptide" has speed and grace and is worth your attention.

High Spots: The amorous Tony (Mr. Montgomery) teetering on a balcony rail. . . . Mary (Miss Shearer) and Tommy frolicking about a swimming pool. . . . Mary attempting to explain her infidelity to Philip (Mr. Marshall).

Melody in Spring—B

Directed by Norman McLeod. Released by Paramount

CHARLES RUGGLES and Mary Boland are their usual fuzzy-minded funny selves in this item, which is charity that covers a multitude of photoplay sins. There are plenty of these in this shaky story of a souvenior collector's adventures in Switzerland but there's enough laughter to keep you from brooding over them.

It mightn't be a bad idea, though, if the Hollywood braintrust would think up a good coherent plot before it pushes Mr. Ruggles and Miss Boland in front of a camera. They can do so much with so little that I should like, just once, to watch them handle real comedy instead of the assembled bits of odds and ends in which they seem doomed to perform.

Lanny Ross, one of the sweet singers of radio, appears as the hero of this film. As an actor, Mr. Ross is taller than Russ Colombo, Bing Crosby or Rudy Vallee. He sings well but a lot of the time he isn't singing. Ann Sothern is the much wooed daughter of Blodgett, the dog biscuit king (Mr. Ruggles).

The cast in general is good with Herman Bing doing a nice explosive bit as a Swiss innkeeper, but if you were to take Mr. Ruggles and Miss Boland out of "Melody in Spring" it would be like removing all the liquid from a drink.

High Spots: Mrs. Blodgett (Miss Boland) comforting her seasick husband with a platter of shrimps. . . . Mr. Blodgett's agony when a purloined cowbell becomes vocal in his pocket.

Finishing School—B

Directed by Wanda Tuchock & Geo. Nicholls, Jr. Released by RKO-Radio

LAST month, this story was served us as "Coming Out Party," with Frances Dee in the chief role. The same plot and the same Miss Dee in the same part of a wistful and neglected heiress are employed in "Finishing School" with a dash of "Maedchen in Uniform" for additional flavor.

If you haven't seen either of these practical duplicates you'll like which ever you encounter first. The other will bore you a little.

Bruce Cabot is the poverty stricken hero in "Finishing School." Gene Raymond played the same part in "Coming Out Party." Ginger Rogers provides comic relief as the hard-boiled schoolgirl and Billy Burke offers a cartoon of a society matron. This may be a regular monthly release from now on, for all I know.

The Real Mae West

(*Continued from page 35*)

nice personality," and "whispering Jack Smith" was born.

From vaudeville Miss West was booked into a musical show at the old Winter Garden by the Shuberts. Then followed an appearance with Ed Wynn in "Sometime." Later, finding herself back on the road again doing one night stands, she yearned for the brilliance and gayety of the Gay White Way.

In the lexicon of Mae West there is only one way to get what you want—that is, to work for it and take it. She determined to get back to Broadway.

Everything Mae West has, she has worked for—her prominence, her success, her diamonds—the diamonds she loves so well and which are synonymous with Mae West, "Diamond Lil," if you prefer. Nothing has been given to her on a silver platter. She's indignant at the very thought of those who expect something for nothing.

It was while she was on the road that Miss West "got the idea" that she could write a play—with Broadway as the goal.

"I had in mind several stories as possibilities," she said, "and between shows I secluded myself at my hotel or in my dressing room and did some real work."

A play called "Sex" was the result, for which she secured backing and produced herself.

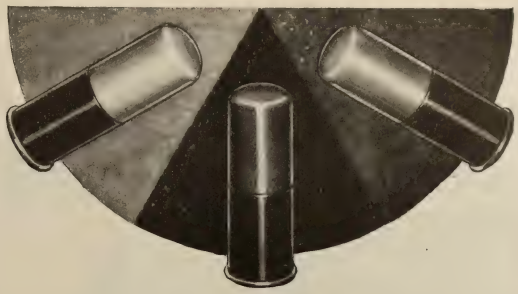
MAE WEST has achieved what she went after—fame, fortune, success, diamonds—but they've come with a stormy and tempestuous career, for after "Sex" had been playing on Broadway a few months, officers of the law stepped in and decreed the performance improper. Court documents and the public prints record the wit and sallies of Mae West at the trial, but judicial opinion prevailing, Miss West, as an enemy of the public good, spent a few days on Welfare Island. She took it with good grace, made friends with the unfortunate girls committed there, and when she left the warden announced, "She's the finest woman I ever met."

It was while playing with Ed Wynn in "Sometime" that she first made the acquaintance of James H. Timony, a successful lawyer, destined to become one of her strongest allies and firmest friends. Anent the possibility of their marriage, Miss West exclaims, "No secret marriage for me. When I marry the whole world is going to know about it!"

Mr. Timony, with his knowledge of show business and politics, and his large acquaintance in New York, has given invaluable advice to Miss West in the management of her business affairs. As actress, writer and producer of plays, she needed a business manager and gradually Timony relinquished his other interests to take complete charge of the management of hers. This business relationship still exists after many years, and those who know Mae West are familiar with the genial, kindly presence of Lawyer Timony, ever present when business is transacted or a legal question needs to be settled.

In explaining why she never married, Miss West, for all her worldly wisdom

(*Please turn to page 72*)



Spend 10¢ and receive attractive Lipstick, 50¢ value

to acquaint you with the marvelous

LINIT BEAUTY BATH

ANY WOMAN would be delighted to have one or more of these attractive, long-lasting, waterproof lipsticks. You have three popular shades to choose from (see coupon below) and you will be amazed at their genuine quality and real value—yet they cost you only 10¢ each.

This generous offer is made possible by the makers of LINIT, that well-known Beauty Bath preparation that is used by fastidious women everywhere—to keep the skin as soft and smooth as velvet. You will be fascinated by a LINIT Beauty Bath and its *instant* results in beautifying your skin.

Merely send the top from a LINIT package with 10¢ (to cover cost of wrapping and postage) for EACH lipstick desired, using the coupon printed below.

LINIT *is sold by grocers and department stores.*

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Please send me.....lipstick(s). Shade(s) as checked below. I enclose.....¢ and.....LINIT package tops.

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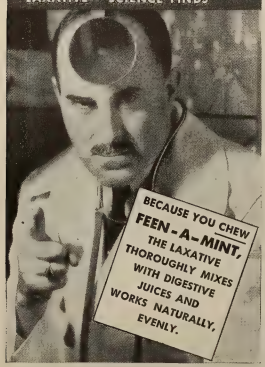
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CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

CONSTIPATION COMBATED MORE EFFECTIVELY WITH A CHEWING-GUM LAXATIVE— SCIENCE FINDS



Every day thousands of men and women are finding that the scientists are right—that chewing FEEN-A-MINT mixes the laxative with important gastric juices which makes it work more smoothly and naturally.

This is one of the main reasons why FEEN-A-MINT is so dependable—why there is no griping, no nausea.

FEEN-A-MINT is delicious to take—it has a fresh, minty flavor...It is non-habit-forming...A modern laxative for people of today.

Don't take chances with ordinary laxatives —Heed the doctor's advice.

I CERTAINLY LIKE FEEN-A-MINT'S DELICIOUS FLAVOR AND THE CHEWING CERTAINLY MAKES A DIFFERENCE IN THE SMOOTH WAY THE LAXATIVE WORKS.



Feen-a-mint

The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

The Real Mae West

(*Continued from page* 71)

and hard-boiled wisecracking, is a bit shamefaced at the reason. I may be mistaken, but I'm sure I saw her blush when I asked her. "The truth is, no kidding," she said, "my mother never approved of a single boy friend I had.

"I loved them all—all the boys—and always have had a swell time with them, but whenever I showed up with one who wanted to take me to the altar, my mother didn't like him, and when I saw that, somehow or other I soured on him, too.

"I'm tickled to death I did. I'd probably be married and divorced half a dozen times by now—think of all the trouble that would be.

"I'm telling the boys and girls not to be ashamed to listen to Mama—it saves a lot of alimony and a lot of grief.

"Like men? I've known lots of them, but in later years I've never found one I liked well enough to marry. Besides, marriage is a career in itself and I work too hard at other things. You have to work at marriage, too, to be successful, and until I've time for marriage I'll stay single." And she has.

Mae West is a woman of warm feeling, however. Throughout the years she has remained very close to her family. A brother and a sister followed her footsteps into the theater. The sister, Beverly West, is a widely known vaudeville actress, and the brother, Jack West, Jr., works for one of the well-known film companies in Hollywood.

Nothing has been able to fill the void left by the death of Miss West's mother. Mae lived at home at her mother's house on Long Island, and when Mrs. West died, the daughter never went there again. The house, as the mother left it the day she died, is bolted and barred and deserted. A great deal of Miss West's heart is locked up in that house, for the great love that she had for that kind, wise woman who was her mother, has been one of the biggest things in her life. She went to her for advice, and comfort, and sympathy, and found in the wisdom of the older woman counsel and understanding and help.

Since the death of her mother, Miss West lives with her sister while in New York in the latter's apartment which is on West End Avenue, in the Seventies.

I HAVE seldom seen a day pass in her dressing room at the theater when she was not visited by her father. He is a kindly, genial man, who brings his pals to the theater in those long periods between shows when his hospitable daughter receives the long list of friends she has accumulated in the many years it has taken to climb the ladder of success, as she exclaims, "wrong by wrong."

The friends and acquaintances are always assured—strong and weak alike—of a warm welcome and a wisecrack from the jovial blonde, graceful and alluring in the maroon velvet *peignoir* she wears in her dressing room at the theater.

Miss West invariably has a wad of bills in her stocking for those who may be in need. She is at once shrewd and farseeing, quick to separate the wheat from the chaff. She fights hard any attempt to "put anything over" on her or anyone else. But she never can refuse help where she knows a hard luck tale is true.

She detests crookedness, deceit and insincerity and is unsparing with the "slick artists," but with weak unfortunates of life she is patient and helpful, and many a time I have seen her do little acts of kindness which I will relate later.

The third and final chapter in the real life story of Mae West will appear in the August issue of NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, *on sale June 29th.*

How Hollywood Men Keep House

(*Continued from page* 31)

gave it up as a bad job and Mack cooked another batch.

Mack is also his secretary, and it is funny to watch the "Killer," who was once a boxer, fumbling about among the scented notes George gets from his lady friends and fans, as he sorts them out in preparation for answering. But George attends meticulously to his own personal mail. Gray also attends to all household affairs, and it would slay you to see the Killer shaking his finger at the milkman for leaving a pint instead of a quart!

Raft's apartment is a luxurious suite of rooms, and he is very fussy about the tidy appearance of his apartment. An ashtray filled with cigarette stubs, an article of furniture misplaced, annoy him greatly, and automatically he will get up and straighten things to his own satisfaction.

His friends are always welcome day and night. He doesn't drink, but he has liquor for his friends. He does smoke cigarettes, and always has a big supply on hand. He hates giving parties, and people who visit him drop in casually. He loves it that way.

Richard Cromwell's Three-Ring Circus

Richard Cromwell says his housekeeping is a three-ring circus!

It is only lately that Richard has had a home of his own. He managed to save up enough money to buy a hillside lot and with the aid of an architect-contractor he built the most charming little four-room house imaginable.

"Before that," said Dick, "I used to rent shacks and fix them up. But my house-keeping was sketchy! I don't

How Hollywood Men Keep House

think the laundry was ever picked up in time. And you could often write your name in the dust on the furniture. And as for the dinner dishes—I leave that to your imagination. I don't think they were ever washed more than once a day."

"I fixed up one place so attractively, however, that the landlord came one day and raised my rent to three times what it had been! I left with murder in my heart."

When Dick first built his own house, his sister Ann came to live with him, and did the cooking.

"We dined from a haphazard assortment of dishes,—plate of one kind for me and another kind for Ann. As to cups and saucers they had no thought of matching. In fact nothing matched," said Dick.

But sister Ann got married, and Dick said he thought having a house boy would add much to his feeling of success. One night while dining with Constance Cummings, a colored boy came to the door looking for a job, and Dick took him on.

"All I asked him," smiled Richard, "was whether he could make a chocolate rice pudding. He said no, but I took him anyway! His name was Bob.

"When I have dinner guests," Dick went on, "we usually have a roast or a chicken, with vegetables and dessert and salad. And the rest of the week I eat every kind of hash that was ever hashed up,—and like it even better than the original meal. Sometimes when I feel I'd like to have one of Bob's famous hashes, I plan a dinner party so we can have the proper leftovers. Bob is certainly economical with food.

"I am trying awfully hard to save all I can, so I can get my house, my car and my frigidaire paid for. When that is done, then I'll be sitting on top of the world!"

Ramon Novarro's Plan

"I didn't realize what it would be like," said Ramon Novarro, "running a house. I had always lived at home with my family, and mother saw to everything.

"It's trying, even with an excellent head boy."

But Ramon is a meticulous housekeeper. Woe betide the hapless servant who leaves dust on those shining lacquered floors and walls, or that beautiful furniture.

The staff of servants consists of a cook, a Mexican woman who is an expert in both American and Mexican-Spanish cooking, and a houseman.

Ramon's secretary takes care of the household accounts and does the ordering for the household. Ramon's cousin and god-son, Jorge Samaniegos, serves as chauffeur for Ramon, and helps him at the studio when he is working.

Ramon lives very simply, spending a great deal of his leisure time working in his hillside garden.

He enjoys entertaining, but prefers small groups to large parties. Every Sunday, rain or shine, he entertains his entire family at his home. That means some twenty or thirty people, since all the "sisters and the cousins and the aunts" are included.

(*Continued on page* 74)

Very Smart!

This complete eye make up by

Maybelline



STYLISTS and beauty authorities agree. An exciting, new world of thrilling adventure awaits eyes that are given the glamorous allure of long, dark, lustrous lashes . . . seductively shaded lids and expressively formed brows. And could this perfectly obvious truth be more aptly demonstrated than by the above picture?

But how can eyes acquire this magic charm? Very easily. Maybelline Mascara will instantly lend it to your lashes . . . Maybelline Eye Shadow will instantly impart the extra alluring touch to your eyelids . . . and Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil will give the requisite smooth smartness to your brows. Anyone can achieve true loveliness in eye make-up . . . and with perfect *safety* if genuine Maybelline preparations are used.

Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil
smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless, and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.

Maybelline Eye Shadow
delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color, and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Grey, Violet and Green.

Maybelline Eyelash Grower
A pure and harmless tonic cream, helpful in keeping the eyelashes and eyebrows in good condition. Colorless.

Maybelline Eyebrow Brush
Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and refined feather-brush effect in a cellophane wrapper.

Maybelline Eyelash Darkener
instantly darkens eyelashes, making them appear longer, darker, and more luxuriant. It is perfectly safe, free from grease or gum, and is the favorite of millions of the fairest ladies of the world. Black, Brown, Blue.

The Approved Mascara

10c sizes at all 10c stores.

Now *May's Lips* say "KISS ME"



Try the Stage and Movie Lipstick

If you admire the appealing "kissableness" of the lips of the movie stars and the girls in the Broadway shows, just try their lip make-up *yourself*—the new KISSPROOF Indelible Lipstick, *Special Theatrical Color*...This lipstick discovery is so wonderful it has been placed by the make-up experts in the dressing-rooms of both Hollywood Studios and New York Theatres! The stars could certainly pay anything—yet *you* can have exactly the same smooth, alluring KISSPROOF they use for a few cents! Have the thrilling new "lip appeal" it will give you *tonight*. You can get KISSPROOF LIPSTICK in all shades, including the *Special Theatrical Color*, at all toilet goods counters and at the 10c stores.

Kissproof *Indelible* **LIPSTICK**

How Hollywood Men Keep House

(*Continued from page 73*)

Patricia Tells on Bert

Patricia, Bert Wheeler's little seven-year-old daughter, can tell you all about Bert's housekeeping!

"And it's terrible!" says Patricia.

Bert admits it.

"If it wasn't for Patricia, my apartment," he said, "would resemble a small town after a cyclone had passed over it."

When Patricia stays with her father, which is often, she spends half her time picking up after him. She is a tidy little soul, a born housekeeper.

"Maybe papa intends to keep things nice," said Patricia, "but he leaves his clothes and things all over the house."

Bert, according to Patricia, also has a habit of never hitting an ashtray. He flips his ashes toward the tray and lets the flips land where they may.

Probably the best example of her dad's housekeeping came the other night when Reginald Sheffield, a friend of Wheeler's, came to visit Bert.

Bert had planned to have a big steak for dinner, and he made elaborate plans to prepare it, even to the extent of putting on a chef's apron and cap.

But during one of the preliminary moments of the dinner, he left the steak in the oven too long, and when he went to take it out found that it had been burned to a crisp.

So Patricia, Sheffield and Bert went to a restaurant for their dinner. And Bert lost the last shred of his standing as a housekeeper.

W. C. Fields Keeps House Luxuriously

W. C. Fields says that he is always on a diet, and so he always has to live in a house with a cook.

"Sometimes it's a diet to get fat, sometimes a diet to get thin, sometimes a diet to quiet me, sometimes a diet to give me pep—but I'm always dieting, it seems to me," says the comedian.

He owns up to a maid and a butler who is also a chauffeur.

Fields treasures very much his collections of rugs, pictures and art treasures of all kinds, also his books. Which is the principal reason, really, why he always tries to live in a house or at least a very large apartment. These things are like live things to him.

"He is a very quiet and charming neighbor," said Mary Brian, who lives next door to him, in the Toluca Lake district of North Hollywood. "He's just the neatest bachelor you can imagine. And he never has noisy parties."

The lawn at the back of Fields' house slopes down to the lake, where Fields keeps a canoe which he uses to ferry himself across to the Lake Side Golf Club, of which he is a charter member.

And he takes sun baths on his lawn, in a sumptuous sun-bath cabinet.

His servants say that the comedian is so neat that, if he owned goldfish he would probably take them out every Saturday and give them a bath.

And he demands the utmost orderliness in his servants.

Onslow Stevens Describes His Housekeeping

"My housekeeping is extremely extemporaneous," declared Onslow Stevens.

"I thought it was going to be just swell to keep house. Now, I know what a task it is. I never do anything I should do, until finally the house is such a wreck I almost have to be shovelled out.

"But when I can't get in or out, and there isn't a clean dish to eat from, or a clean cooking utensil, I am forced to clean up and wash dishes.

"Also my cooking is not all that it should be.

"Say, know what I'm going to do? I'm going to give up housekeeping, and go back and live with mother and dad. After this my housekeeping will be done by proxy!"

Ned Sparks Lays Responsibility on His Dog

Ned Sparks with his man Friday, his personal servant, keeps bachelor quarters in a smart apartment house. And of course there is Betsy, his bull dog.

Ned does most of his own marketing and cooking, which he loves doing.

Betsy is his alibi when he wants to refuse an invitation.

"Oh, I don't know what Betsy will think of me—I was out last night," Ned will say, when he wishes to decline an invitation.

Or, when he wants to leave a party early, he will explain, "Don't know what Betsy will say to me, I'm so late!"

His House Just Grows and Grows

Edward Everett Horton is the country gentleman incarnate, dwelling in a beautiful old rambling farm house in San Fernando Valley, a house surrounded by wide acres of orchard and garden.

"I just wanted a fireplace with a room around it," said Eddie whimsically, "when I first went out there—just a place to go and rest."

"And my housekeeping was primitive then. That was real 'baching.' I took my two dogs out with me, and we shared the one room. We ate when we were hungry, and if I didn't feel like washing the dishes I sent a servant out from home in town to clean up after I was gone. The dogs and I lived in the open anyway."

And now Eddie doesn't know at any given moment—since the house has grown into a mansion—just how many servants he has out there!

"I keep only two servants as a rule," said Eddie. "Mother keeps a watchful eye on things, and she is a New England housekeeper. But sometimes there is extra work to do, and when there is, one of the brothers or sisters of my two Mexican servants—sometimes more than one—come in and work a day or two.

How Hollywood Men Keep House

"You see for a while every time I played in a picture I used the money to build another room onto the house.

"I consider home a place to be happy in, and I am really interested in every detail of housekeeping. And I believe in regularity. So far as possible I arise every morning at the same hour."

Eddie has two English sheep dogs and two collies, to which he is devoted.

And in order to talk to them from the house, he has a loud speaker in his own suite of rooms extending to the kennels! But the dogs aren't confined to the kennels all the time, but roam about the grounds and come into the house at will.

Eddie has some beautiful tables and cabinets, being a great collector of art objects. And these he likes to care for himself when possible, cataloguing and arranging and even dusting them.

"I'm one of those housekeepers who likes to change things around," said Eddie. "I place furniture and other belongings where I think they will look best, and then leave them there a little while, but pretty soon I imagine them looking better some other place, and wham! away I go, changing everything about. Except for very unwieldy things. I like to do all the changing myself.

The house is kept in the immaculate old New England way, and when Eddie and his mother leave for their summer home at Lake George, New York, all the furniture is covered with slip covers, and the rugs are cleaned and rolled up and stored until their return.

"Mother sees to the paying of bills and the ordering of supplies," said Eddie. "I never worry about these things.

"She often bakes bread for me, too. I like home made bread, and indeed I like very simple food."

Eddie Horton is famous for his Sunday morning breakfasts, at which champagne is invariably served! It begins at nine and ends any time early in the afternoon. At these breakfasts guests include playwrights, actors, authors of noted books—but mostly actors. Eddie loves his own kind.

Having attended some of these breakfasts, I know how delightful they are.

Francis Lederer's House

Francis Lederer lives in Beverly Crest, a suburb of Beverly Hills, in a big, hillside house that is absolutely without a feminine touch, even though his cook and one of his secretaries are women.

Lederer also has a man servant and a man secretary.

When the brilliant young Czecho-Slovakian came here he searched everywhere for a house with a masculine atmosphere—and found it eventually.

But there were a few feminine reminders, such as a gorgeous Spanish shawl on the grand piano, which was stoically removed and put away. His living room looks sparsely furnished, but is brightened by a fire which seems always to be burning in a big corner fire-place. A hospitable touch is given this room, too, by the low, round table where coffee, tea, liqueurs and cigarettes are served.

(*Please turn to page* 94)



be truly Irresistible

Why stand aside while some lovely girl attracts all the men. You, too, can become irresistible and find yourself in that very girl's place. Just learn her secret of using the correct beauty aids.

Irresistible Beauty Aids are both correct and irresistible. Beauty experts recommend them for their purity and quality, comparing them favorably with $1 and $2 preparations, yet they are only 10 cents at your 5 and 10 cent store. Try them and see for yourself what marvelous results you will achieve through the daily use of Irresistible Beauty Aids.



Irresistible Beauty Aids

THUMBS DOWN on her!



"NO, Jim, I'll take your Great Aunt Susie to the party, but I won't take *that girl*. I spent one miserable evening with her and hanged if I'll let myself in for another endurance test. Thumbs down on her!" . . .

There is no quicker way for a girl to kill her chances of popularity and good times than to have the offensive odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

It's doubly hard to excuse when Mum makes it so easy to avoid.

A quick fingertipful of Mum to each underarm, and you're safe for all day. And the instant it's on—*that's all!*

You can use Mum *after* you're dressed just as well as *before*. It's perfectly harmless to clothing. It's so soothing to the skin—even a sensitive skin—you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Remember, Mum does not prevent perspiration itself—just destroys its ugly odor. Use Mum regularly and be safe. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



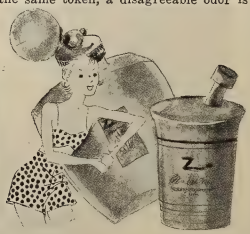
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

LET MUM DO THIS FOR YOU, TOO. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and be sure of freedom from all traces of unpleasantness in this way.

NRA WE DO OUR PART

The MAKE-UP BOX

PSYCHOLOGISTS tell us that a pleasant odor makes us remember pleasant experiences which have been associated with it and therefore puts us in a receptive frame of mind. By the same token, a disagreeable odor is



a powerful reminder of disagreeable experiences whose repetition we are anxious to avoid. If this be true, can any one of us afford to run the slightest risk of ugly perspiration odors? Many deodorants today have an ingratiatingly faint perfume. A new spray deodorant which is sketched is delicately scented and packaged in a frosted bottle with an atomizer attachment. Cream deodorants are now preferred by many as they skilfully neutralize offensive odors. The novelty cream deodorant sketched comes in a wood container resembling the druggist's mortar and pestle.

ALL the smart young things are "skin brushing" this summer and here's how it's done. Rub the soft-bristled brush a few times over a cake of your favorite toilet soap. Instantly, a myriad of tiny feathery bubbles forms. Now, with the complexion brush, made of the finest white bristles, stroke briskly from the chin upward and out, around the cheeks and over the forehead. Then with the edge of the brush, whisk away the lather and rinse. Instantly your skin will be glowing with renewed health, pores will be cleansed completely, and the skin will be left clear and fresh.



BEACH fashions are bright, vivid and exciting and one enterprising miss created quite a stir at a fashionable beach club last week. She had acquired an early tan and appeared in a dazzling white silk bathing suit. In contrast to her blond hair and berry-brown skin, she had mahogany polish on both finger and toenails! We did a little detective work on returning to the office and found that this shade is decidedly new . . . an opaque polish with a mahogany cast. You've heard, of course, that many society women as well as screen stars are covering the entire nail, including the moon, with polish in startling colors.

And here's another thought to keep in mind, you simply must have a pedicure . . . for whether you swim or not, the vogue for sandals allows many a glimpse of beautifully pedicured toes. So whether you affect a shell-pink polish, garnet red, or the new mahogany lacquer, be sure that your toenails are as well groomed and dainty as your fingertips.



THERE were so many interesting and delightful products that came to our attention it seems too bad we haven't room enough to describe them fully . . . a newly blended lipstick which adds only color, but no bulk, to the lips and imparts a fresh, dewy charm to the mouth of the user . . . a new polish remover containing oil which will prove a boon to dry, brittle nails . . . a bleaching cream which does a praiseworthy job on dull, sallow, freckled complexions.

If you would like further information about the articles described and other beauty news, write to the Beauty Editor, Make-up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page* 15)

them at the table, chatted a few minutes and gave the lady tourist a generous sample of his lovely smile to remember him by.

•

Lupe Velez says she has painters and carpenters in her hair. This time Lupe is building an extensive addition to her Beverly Hills home, including a complete apartment for her husband, Johnny Weissmuller.

"Men like to have a place they can feel is their own," she explained.

It would seem to an onlooker that the carpenters would be getting in Johnny's hair, it is that long. His friends, who have to look at him, were hoping for the best when he finished "Tarzan and His Mate," after eleven months, but he was immediately assigned another Tarzan opus. From all indications the barber may expect a visit from Johnny about 1936.

•

George Brent has a valet who is devoted to him and, according to George he is a perfect servant except about once every six or eight weeks when he fails to show up.

"I don't worry," George said. "I wait, knowing that sooner or later I'll get a telephone call to come down and bail him out."

•

Cecil B. DeMille is never one to let down an audience. There were several visitors on the set watching him make scenes for "Cleopatra" when he suddenly summoned one of his assistants.

"What are those people over there supposed to be?" he shouted, pointing to a group of extras. "Are they supposed to be young women or old women? If they were hired for young women I've been cheated!" And waving his hands over his head he repeated: "I've been cheated! They're not young women!"

•

When Katharine Hepburn arrived in Hollywood to make a try at pictures she went every day for a tennis lesson. She and her friend, Laura Harding, would drive up to the courts in a large car of expensive make. After her first picture made a hit Katharine continued her tennis lessons but thereafter she always arrived at the courts driving a dilapidated old wreck of a car and wearing her now famous blue denim pants!

Said pants were a great handicap to her game, onlookers report, for they required the exclusive attention of one hand to hold them up.

As she reached for the high ones with her racquet in one hand, the other hand invariably clutched at the ever-descending pants as she muttered under her breath: "These doggone pants!"

•

Sitting at a table next to mine at the Russian Eagle were Marlene Dietrich, her husband, Rudolf Sieber and their daughter, Maria. General Lodijinsky, the proprietor, as an especial courtesy, invited Marlene to inspect the kitchen and she arose and followed him gravely. Presently they returned and, in answer to her husband's query, she said: "The vodka was very good."

•

When George Raft was visiting in

(*Please turn to page* 78)

Miraculous! You shake up this Mayonnaise!



Eagle Brand

MAGIC MAYONNAISE

¼ cup vinegar or lemon juice
⅓ cup salad oil or melted butter
⅔ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
1 egg yolk (unbeaten)
½ teaspoon salt
Few grains Cayenne
1 teasp. dry mustard

Place ingredients in pint jar in order listed. Fasten top on jar tightly and shake vigorously for 2 minutes. The mixture will blend perfectly. If thicker consistency is desired, chill before serving.

● Imagine! Deliciously smooth, home-made mayonnaise in 5 minutes! No tedious stirring. No failures! And it costs less! ● *But remember*—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.



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Contains dozens of short-cuts to caramel, chocolate and lemon good things—also magic tricks with candies, cookies, ice cream, salad dressings!

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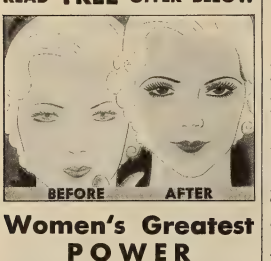
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Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page 77*)

New York recently, the electric refrigerator in his hotel room got out of order and the management sent a man up to fix it. George was very interested in watching the chap work and they began to talk. The electrician told George how much he admired and envied him and George, in turn, told the workman that he would gladly exchange places with him. "You are getting a lot more out of life than I am," George said. "You can enjoy life and the money you make. I'm not allowed to."

•

If anyone thinks Mary Pickford is losing her drawing power he should have been with me in Detroit recently. At eight o'clock in the morning there was a line four abreast more than a block long waiting for the theater where Mary was to appear to open its doors. At the end of her week's engagement there Mary's share of the box office receipts was $13,000.

•

It seems as if some of Hollywood's married couples have to get divorced before they can get on a friendly basis. Marian Nixon telephoned her ex-home, which now belongs to her ex-husband, Eddie Hillman, and asked the butler to prepare some refreshments for the party of friends she was bringing out to swim in her ex-swimming pool.

"I don't think you'd better come, Mrs. Hillman," the butler said politely. "The first Mrs. Hillman is here swimming with a party of her friends."

And Mr. Hillman, while this was going on, was out with Toby Wing!

•

John Mack Brown, after spending a lot of time and money in an effort to lose his rich southern accent, had to have it for his role in the Mae West picture. And John says that Garbo and Mae West have the same quality of mystery, but I didn't know there was any mystery about Mae. . . . A student priest in Scotland has written William Janney a weekly letter each week for two years and William answers them. . . . Barbara Stanwyck is now Queen of the Warner Brothers Studio. That is, she dresses in the only bungalow dressing room on the lot, which was formerly occupied by Corinne Griffith and more recently by Ruth Chatterton . . . but I don't think it will affect Barbara's acting. . . . Joan Crawford is spending her vacation at home because she says that is the only place she can really rest and not have to autograph things and besides she likes her home the best of any place. . . . And Myrna Loy says that home is a perfect hideout for an actress. . . . Lewis Stone is going to get away from it all this Summer when he cruises on his new yacht in South American waters for weeks and weeks. . . . Ralph Morgan thought being vice-president of a corporation would be fine until he had to rush to New York to attend a board meeting and missed a good role in a picture. . . . Because one of his ancestors was one of the early Provincial Governors of California and because he has one of the finest and most beautiful real Spanish homes in California, Leo Carrillo was asked by Wm. Wrigley, Junior, to supervise the reconstruction of Catalina Island architecture. The town is to be made over into a Spanish village. Carrillo accepted the job. . . . Drue Layton changed her name from Freya Leigh, which I think is charming, to please Fox officials. . . . Ida Lupino has such a gang of friends around her swimming pool all the time that she hired a life guard by the month. . . . Alice White was asked to endorse a brand of hosiery and explained she couldn't because she has not worn stockings for six years.

•

James Cagney is to do a blackface sequence in his new picture. . . . It looks as if there is gold in that agency business when Zeppo Marx pays $75,000 for a one-third interest in the Brenn-Orsatti Agency. Now the Four Marx Brothers are only three, which doesn't sound nearly as funny. . . . And "they say" that Ruth Chatterton sleeps between crepe de chine sheets. . . . Sally Rand says she is returning to the Chicago Fair and will again be seen in her famous fan dance for $6,000 a week to show her appreciation. I wouldn't consider it a sacrifice to show appreciation for $6,000 a week. . . . Al Jolson made a bad shot on the golf course. "That's terrible!" criticized the "pro." Al turned on him and said: "All right, that's terrible. Now let's hear you sing 'Sonny Boy'." . . . Eddie Robinson admitted with a wide grin that he made a recent trip East just to show his mother how much the baby had grown. . . . Dolores Del Rio made everyone on the set turn his back while she made a scene from "DuBarry" recently because she was nervous. She had her dressing room at the studio decorated just like her modernistic home.

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ZaSu Pitts is so modest she even puts an apron on over an old-fashioned long-skirted bathing suit around the studio.

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In the recent Wampas Baby Star contest, the least known of any of the contestants was Hazel Hayes and she garnered more votes than any of the other girls. Hazel is from Kansas and has been studying the past three years for an operatic career. Her first and only appearance in a picture was when she warbled in Ruth Chatterton's last picture, "Journal of Crime". Although she has been in Hollywood three years, the village still amazes her. She was invited on a week-end party "and just imagine," she exclaimed, "the chaperones weren't married!" Hazel graduated from University of Kansas and attended the Ward Belmont School for Girls.

•

A good story teller recounts how a famous star won her estranged husband back after a long marital separation. Realizing the only way she could win him was by appealing to his sympathies, she decided to be sick. She followed the prescription of a friend and ate a half broiled lobster and drank a pint of cream. She almost died from the effects of her dinner but her husband came rushing to her side and all was well.

•

Carl Brisson presented Mae West with a duck. She takes the duck to the studio every day and lets him swim in the fish pond. She calls him "Scram" because whenever she says "scram!" to him he hides under the sofa. . . . Sidney Blackmer is continually playing pranks on his best girl, Mae Clerke. In retaliation, following a

Hollywood Day by Day

long period of persecution, Mae sent him a big hat box tied up with pink satin ribbon. Inside, resting on a bed of tissue paper, was a live lobster. . . . Heather Angel's mother turned journalist and interviewed Leslie Howard for an English newspaper. . . . Kay Francis was once social secretary to Mrs. Dwight Morrow. . . . A mean old cop tried to give Muriel Kirkland a ticket as a hit and run driver, when Muriel's coupe was hit by another car and completely demolished. "I didn't hit and I couldn't possibly run," Muriel said, as she painfully rubbed her bruised spots.

•

Patsy Ruth Miller, former star, attributes her newly discovered writing talent to the fact that she reads Ernest Hemingway and Dorothy Parker. And I've always heard that a writer is a person who reads a lot, remembers what he reads but forgets where he read it.

•

Most of the motion picture stars have secret ambitions to write and, many of them are selling their product more or less successfully.

Homer Croy, author of dozens of books, always advises young writers to "write." And, listening to him talk of his business, for he considers it a business, writing seems like the easiest job in the world. And he tells of one period in his life when his wife always hid his shoes until after his day's quota of work was finished so he wouldn't be tempted to go out and leave it undone.

Durante Goes Loopy

(*Continued from page 43*)

up all night, waitin' for da mailman, wit' my heart full-a compensation for her predicability?

NA-AA-AH . . . she ups and says: "Ay tank ay go home"—dat's what she says! An' den she goes, without foider ado about nuttin'. I'm busted wide open wit angwich. My goil walks out on me, an' it's all my own respirability. On account of I won't play cro-kett!

"Jimmy," I says to myself, "ya buttered your bread—now lie in it." Tryin' ta be psychological, see? But, I can't take it. I jus' can't take it. So, what does I do? After a mont' of not eatin' more dan t'ree meals a day an' sleepin' less dan eight hours a night, I breaks. Bruised an' bleedin' under da burnin' injustice of da ting, I gives in an' cables her. Collect.

"Come home," I says in-a cable. "All is forgiven. P. S.—I'll play cro-kett."

Da magnitude of it should-a touched a heart of amalgamated steel. But, does she answer?? Ha-aa-a-ah . . . not a woid! Not a woid ta soothe da irrigation of my desecrated poisonality!

An' den all of a sudden Loopy comes inta my life.

Funny, how her an' me happened ta get "that way" about each other. Here we was, workin' on-a same lot . . . prac-

(*Please turn to page 80*)



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Durante Goes Loopy

(*Continued from page 79*)

tically eatin' off-a da same plate, without realizin' dat a Big Moment was about ta sneak up on us . . . see?

It was when we worked in-a same show, in Noo Yawk, that da dam busted. Honest, I get all over gooseberry pimples when I think of it.

There was a scene when I comes out on-a stage in a bathin' suit, see? That was what done it. Da bathin' suit. Wit me hangin' outa da open spaces.

Little did my Public suspect what was goin' on underneat' my Beau Broomel exterior. It was a shock, see? Even da audience didn't know whether to laugh or cry. So, dey laughed.

DERE I stood in all my masculine platitude. Justa massa-a muscle. What did Loopy do? What did she do? Ha-a-aa-ah? She'd been kickin' me in-a . . . well, in-a first act, when I had my clothes on, see? But what does she do when she sees me in da bathin' suit? Oh, Boy! Fer a minute, she jus' stan's dere, gaspin'. Den she hops over to where I'm standin' an' plants da kick of da season right in my . . . well, anyhow, in-a second act. An'—dere it was! Love at foist sight!

It wasn't no ordinary kick, see? It was different. Fulla meanin' an' sediment. A beautiful t'ought, boy. A beautiful t'ought!

Dere I stand, see? Overcome wit emulsion. My heart playin' a xylophone solo on my ribs. I couldn't help it. De emulsion was too great. I hadda show my feelin's, audience or no audience. So I picked 'er up an' tru 'er in-a orchestra pit.

Dat excruciatin' kick had brought out da Tarzan in me, an' Nature—an' us Durantes—in da raw, is never mild.

WELL, dey pried Loopy outa da bass vile an' she scrams back up on-a stage. Her beautiful brown orbits is shinin' with love-lights, or somethin', an' I stands dere, kinda relapsed, see? Waitin' for Nature to take its course.

I don't have ta wait long, either. Wit a whoop dat would make Tarzan look like a dummy, she does a "flyin' Dutchman" an' makes a poifect t'ree point landin' . . . right in my top-hair! Boy, what a night! What a night!! Hotcha-aa-cha-a-aa-a!

Loopy bites my ears, kicks me in-a shins, an' kisses me . . . Ha-aa-ah! Dem kisses!! I looks in-a mirror an' yells for a doctor, t'inkin' I'm bleedin', see? But it's lipstick. Da prevalent kind dat don't come off easy. I gotta go t'rough da rest of da show wit da mark on my pan.

Da audience tinks it's all in-a act, see? An' dey roll in-a aisle, little suspectin' dat me . . . da Casanova of da Pacific Coast . . . has just been caught on-a rebounce.

After da foist shock, I tries to get hold-a myself. Da show must go on, see? Besides, da repoignance of love in-a bud should be confiscated to da privacy of a guy's sanctum sanatorium, an' not tossed like a silk poise before swines' ears.

So I tries to be nonplussed. "She's nuts!" I tells da audience. But Loopy ain't got no control a-tall. She ain't got no control.

"Oo-o-oo-o, thees Jee-mee!" she yells, sinkin' her teeth inta my schnozzle. "I love heem! . . . He eees so bee-u-ti-fool!"

After da peace an' quiet of my romance wit Garbo, it was like takin' a vacation in-a rivetin' department of a boiler factory. Noisy, but different.

By the time we gets back to Hollywood, I'm losin' weight steady, besides takin' all my meals off-a da mantel, on accounten de ultra-violent a la mode of Loopy's technicality. I ain't complainin', see? Love has me in it's powerhouse an' I kin take it witout gripin'. But, not witout a struggle, see? If she wants-a make a wrassle out-a da Great Emulsion, I says to myself, I'll drag my juiy jitsoo out-a da moth-balls . . . winner take all.

SO I does. An' what happens? Da humiliatin' morbidity of da ting practically grinds my spirit inta da asphalt! Loopy knows more holds dan Gus Sonnenberg. An' what does she do? She gets me in-a compromisin' position, an' den she goes out wit Johnny Weissmuller, just-a make me good an' jealous, see?

Da next day, I reads in-a paper where Garbo's comin' back to Hollywood. It' jus' like I t'ought . . . she can't forget me. My poisonality has got under her skin, an' she's comin' back to pick up da busted t'reads of our immoral romance. I'm on-a spot an' I gotta tink fast. Two wimmen crazy about me—an' what wimmen! Dere's only one answer . . I should-a been twins. Boy! I should-a been twins!

Wit Loopy runnin' around wit Tarzan—just-a make me jealous—I figures I gotta right to precipitate. What's sauce for da goose is applesauce fer Gandhi I says. So I goes down to da boat to meet Garbo. I ain't one to hold-a grudge, see? If she's sorry fer walkin' out on me like she went an' done, who am I ta be obdurante about it?

I'm standin' on-a dock, ready ta let by-gones be by-gones, when da boat pulls into da parkin' place an' . . . dere stands Garbo, lookin' more glorified dan ever.

She ain't got no disguise on. No colored glasses . . . no collar turned up. Nuttin'. I'm dumfloundered! My heart's thumpin' like a rivetin' machine. An' den . . . what does she do? She talks! Garbo . . . what I been dependin' on ta kep da peace, like she got me used to . . . opens her mout' an' what does she say?

Ha-aa-ah . . . da disilluminatin' superacidity of da whole ting!

She says, "One never knows what tomorrow will bring, does one?" Dat's what she says!

Da bitter injustice of it cuts me to da quits. Stealin' my stuff! My physiology! My very voids!! I'm overcome wit da ungratitude of it. . . . da ungratitude of it.

I can forgive her fer talkin'. But, she betrayed me . . . Ha-aa-a-ah I wants to drop da asbestos on-a whole humiliatin' episode.

Like a whipped dog I slinks back to Hollywood . . . an' Loopy. Dere's a woman! Haa-a-ah! She might go out wit Tarzan now an' den, just-a make me jealous, see? She might bite my schnozzle an' out-smart me at juiy jitsoo. But, she wouldn't betray me. Not Loopy! No . . . not Loopy! Not much!

Hotcha-aa-cha-a-aa-a!

Helen Mack's Diary

(*Continued from page 8*)

December 27th, 1926—I'm tired tonight. Tired of the whole darned show business and everybody in it. Chester brought a girl in tonight. He's married to her. They eloped. Sue is her name. They went up to Greenwich and got married. He introduced us and I nearly died. Wish I had. What's the use of keeping an old diary anyway?

January 1st, 1927—I never heard so much noise in my life as there was on Times Square last night with everybody yelling and blowing horns and whistles. We could hardly get into the subway. It was awful. I hate noisy crowds. Mr. Meehan is swell. He's been terribly nice and when I sit on the fire stairs going to the dressing rooms he sometimes stops to talk to me a minute. His eyes crinkle at you when he smiles. He calls me a "little trouper" sometimes.

January 2nd, 1927—They put up the two weeks' notice tonight! And everything was going so well, too, but the lease is up and another show is coming in and Mr. Cohan can't get another house big enough so we'll just have to close. I think it's terrible. But we *do* need a big stage for the sets.

January 15th, 1927—No more "YELLOW." I can't seem to realize that I don't have to be in the theater at 8:00 any more—it's a sort of gone feeling. It's been a funny show; Chester married Sue, Harry Bannister married Ann Harding a couple of weeks ago and there were three other marriages in the company, too. Wonder if *I'll* ever grow up? . . . There is nothing much doing and nobody knows what they are going into—especially us; Hale Hamilton is going back out to pictures and Chester has something coming up with Al Woods. Oh, well! he's still on Broadway, anyway. —Wish "YELLOW" could have run forever like "ABIE'S IRISH ROSE."

February 6th, 1927—Just heard today that Woods' show is "CRIME" and Chester Morris has the lead. A girl from the Theater Guild School, Sylvia Sidney, has the ingenue and it's the only part for a girl. Isn't that awful? Mother and I are going down to try and get the understudy—maybe I'll have a chance to play in the company after all! Chester will be at the rehearsals and he's sure to put in a good word for me.

February 7th, 1927—The rottenest luck! We went down to the Republic and Chester was home sick for the first time in years and, of course, they turned me down flat for the understudy. If Chester had only been there!

March 15th, 1929—Blackstone Hotel, Chicago. It doesn't seem possible that we've been on the road now for nearly two years, but, as Mr. Hodge said tonight, it's been a grand run going "STRAIGHT THROUGH THE DOOR" of nearly every theater in the country from New York to San Francisco. He was very sweet to me. We all sat around after the curtain reminiscing. Suppose we all feel a little sad at the thought of closing after such a long time together and having to look for other jobs and maybe not seeing any of the old company again for Heaven knows how long. The William Hodge Company splitting into dozens of little ones. Wonder how the Helen Mack

(*Please turn to page 82*)

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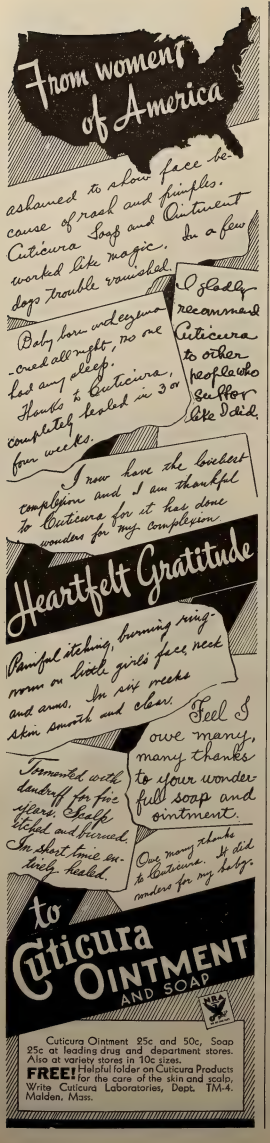
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Helen Mack's Diary

(*Continued from page* 81)

Company will get by, now? He said that I'd really learned more about acting on this tour than ever before; said I'd started to think instead of just parroting. I'll always remember that idea of his that if you *think* your part it's impossible to read the lines wrong. The more you mull over that, the more you realize that that is about ninety per cent of acting. Well, we'll see if I can convince Broadway of that in a couple more weeks.

April 10th, 1929—New York again! Hasn't changed much. Wonder if I have? Seems to be a good season. Mother and I are going to catch a couple of shows and see what all the talking is about. . . . Gee! I didn't realize how much talkies would change Broadway; and in just two years! They're all over the place, even in some of the old legitimate theaters.

June 5th, 1929—Off on the road again. Everybody says we got back to town too late in the season to do much on B'way and here it is Summer again and getting sticky hot. We signed for sixteen weeks of vaudeville. All I need now is a season of Opera and I'll have covered the works—all but the talkies. Don't know if I'd like them after the old silents. Work is work, though, and more stage people seem to be going to Hollywood all the time . . .

January 17th, 1931—Saw Dave again today. He's the sweetest thing in the world; brought me a gardenia even though he can't afford it. Although that vaudeville tour didn't get me anything else, it was worth all the work just to meet him. Nothing much doing around town. The depression has certainly hit Broadway! More than half the houses are dark and the others aren't making much money.

February 21st, 1931—Lunch with Dave. Guess I'm crazy about him, all right. We talked of the silliest things. Mother would die if she knew all we said. We talked about marriage and having our two careers together—maybe even starring together in the same show some day.

April 9th, 1931—Saw Dave again today. He's that excited about something and wouldn't tell me what. I was perfectly furious. He's a lamb—the way his eyes light up when he's excited about something or saying sweet things. He's going to tell me tomorrow "one way or the other." I'm consumed with curiosity. Maybe it's the break!

April 10th, 1931—I should feel glad for Dave's sake, but I'm really wretched. He's going to Hollywood! . . . That's the theater for you; guess I'll just have to take it and like it. He was darling and we were silly. Guess we acted as though he were going to Baffinland forever. . . . I'm going to get to Hollywood, too, if it kills me. They certainly must need experienced players.

April 20th, 1931—The town is awful without Dave. There's just nothing to write. Still trying all the agents and casting directors for picture work. No luck.

July 27th, 1931—It's happened! With Fox. I leave in a week with a year's contract and options. They finally heard from the coast about the test and liked it and we're off! No time to write—too much to do. I can't wait!

August 8th, 1931—En route to Hollywood. What a hectic time this has been. Got some gorgeous clothes and saw everybody and said good-bye as I sallied forth to conquer the great new world. It's a relief to relax. We couldn't on the Century with the change in Chicago hanging over us. Had an awful time with the baggage in the van and it was so hot!

August 9th, 1931—En route to Hollywood. Tomorrow we get to Hollywood. It doesn't seem real. I wired Dave to meet us. I really feel pretty swell about it all. It should be a cinch for me to make a hit out there with all my experience—silent pictures and years on the stage. After all, sound pictures are just a sort of combination of the two. I hope the company starts me off in a good vehicle. I'm sure I have the ability and I don't want to be killed by bad handling, but I guess they wouldn't sign me unless they were really going to put me over.

September 11th, 1931—Big dinner tonight at the studio. Linda Watkins, Conchita Montenegro and myself are being ballyhoo-ed as Baby Stars. Not bad in one month! Had a fine time. I start work soon so won't have much time to write.

November 20th, 1931—It's been an awful night. Mother and Dave and I went to the preview of my first picture. The audience nearly slept, too. I've never been so mortified. I was terrible. What in the world can have happened to me? The rushes weren't anything to brag about, but I thought I was better than this. I practically had to slink out of the theater so no one would see me and lie about it to make me feel good. 'I know when I'm bad. I don't want to write any more. It's too terrible!

November 25th, 1931—Had to work late tonight on retakes. Dave had left when I got home, though he waited and talked to mother for hours.

December 10th, 1931—No word from Dave in two weeks. He doesn't even answer my calls. I'm terribly bothered. No more work in sight yet at the studio, either. Hope they're not off me on account of that awful first picture.

December 19th, 1931—It never rains but it pours. A note from Dave came saying he'd better not see me any more. Sounded very cool and strange; said he wouldn't think of interfering with my career. Everything is going all wrong—even Dave. Can't imagine what happened, it's all upside-down.

August 2nd, 1932—They sent me over to Radio today to see about a part in "THIRTEEN WOMEN." It's been awful! A year nearly and no work. I was waiting in the outer office for three solid hours without anyone even looking at me. It was awful! Finally an agent I knew, came through the office and spoke to me. It was swell to talk to somebody and he was very nice; said to see him when I needed an agent if Fox didn't re-sign me. I have a hunch he spoke about me because they saw me right afterwards. Nothing in it for me though. Gosh, it's discouraging!

August 10th, 1932—Cancellation day. No more pay, no more Dave, no more work, no more car, no more nothing. Going in to see that agent (Dick Polimer) tomorrow.

Helen Mack's Diary

December 1st, 1932—Nothing yet. There's a chance, though, at the Pasadena Community Playhouse to do a show with Victor Jory. Dick thinks it's smart and got some people to come over to see me work.

December 11th, 1932—"LOUDER PLEASE" opened tonight and Schuessler was over to see the show. Dick introduced us and he promised to call me if anything came.

January 19th, 1933 — Schuessler called me from Radio today for a part with Barrymore in "SWEEPINGS." I've just got to get it. If I don't we'll have to go back East as the money is running out. They're going to make a test of me.

January 22nd, 1933—Still no word on the way the test came out. They've tested ten other girls, too, so I guess that means I'm washed up in Hollywood.

February 2nd, 1933—"The darkest hour—" sure is true. Selznick came back to town and ran all the "SWEEPINGS" tests and picked me out of the lot. This is my chance to really make good at last. Lord, when I think of the cocky young lady who arrived in Hollywood a year and a half ago, I squirm inside. From now on, I work more and talk less until after it's done. Maybe I'm getting superstitious about telling everybody everything! . . . I understand John Cromwell will direct —which is swell!

February 23rd, 1933—I'm exhausted! . . . but I'm tickled silly, too! This Cromwell is a slave driver, but the way he handles his people is marvelous! I've never had a director work me like this before; he gets every bit of emotion I've got or he won't print it. I *know* I'm better than ever!

March 20th, 1933—Well, we saw it previewed and I really think they liked it, I know the studio did, and I know it's the best work I've done so far. If I can only keep it up! . . . I'm out of the fog in one sense and in it in another. Just been cast opposite Roland Young in "IN THE FOG."

May 3rd, 1933—More fun! Just reminded Roland that he carried me on the stage in my first part about sixteen years ago in "POMEROY'S PAST" with Laura Hope Crews and now he's making love to me as his romantic interest. It's a funny business that way. Don't think he liked realizing how many years ago it really was.

June 15th, 1933—Getting a few days' rest, but I'm not really resting much. . . . I've met Him! At least, I think so, but I'm so scared of having anything happen to it that I won't put His name down even here, much less talk about it to anyone. He's not an actor, looks marvelous and is sweet and dependable and rides as though He were part of the horse.

June 16th, 1933—Yes, He is the One, I'm sure. We had a long ride across the desert and talked interminably. He thinks my career is swell and that if you have any real ability you should work at it or never be really happy. He's so grand in those ways!

June 21st, 1933—Even Mother thinks He's grand. He came up tonight to meet her and we had a swell time. Afterwards mother and I talked for hours and she's just gone to bed—nearly two in the morning. As soon

(*Please turn to page* 84)



THE SMART *MOST SATISFACTORY* WAY TO AVOID UNSIGHTLY HAIR ON ARMS & LEGS

. . . Make it **INVISIBLE** With **MARCHAND'S**

That's the best way to banish ugly dark hair on arms and legs. MAKE IT INVISIBLE with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. That's what smart women are doing. It's daintier, safer—results are MORE SATISFACTORY.

Remember this. Hair growth on limbs is natural. To shave it off or rub it off or to try to affect the hair roots, goes against nature. And nature hits back by making hair grow back thicker and blacker.

So don't touch the hair, advise Marchand's hair experts—take the blackness out of it. MAKE IT INVISIBLE. One or two treatments with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash makes it so light and unnoticeable, no one sees it. Then you can wear all the short-sleeved frocks and sheer stockings you want. No worries about coarse regrowth or irritating the skin. Arms and legs look smooth, dainty, attractive always.

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Blondes Use Marchand's To Keep Hair Beautifully Golden

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is used by thousands of attractive blondes. It restores youthful color and luster to darkened hair—brings a new loveliness of lights and glints to dull hair. Keeps blonde hair from darkening. Used safely, successfully at home. Not a dye. Economical—be sure to get genuine.

MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

Ask Your Druggist Or Get By Mail

Use Coupon

MARCHAND'S HAIR EXPERTS DEVELOP MARVELOUS NEW CASTILE SHAMPOO—FOR ALL SHADES OF HAIR

Now—a shampoo that brings out the hidden innate beauty of the hair—natural, rich color—soft, silken texture—free of soap film because it rinses completely. Does not change color of hair. Ask your druggist for Marchand's Castile Shampoo or write us.

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251 W. 19th St., N. Y. C.

45c enclosed (send coins or stamps). Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Name .....

Address .....



ALL you need is boiling water and White Rit—then simply *swish* the color out of your dress!—leave the fabric as white as when it left the loom—dissolve spots and stains at the same time—and make re-tinting or dyeing easier because *all* the old color is removed and even the lightest shade "takes" easily.

White Rit affects only the dye, not the cloth—leaves the material soft and pliable as new—never harsh, brittle or rotted. It is harmless as boiling water. Millions of women now use White Rit in the laundry for the *family washing*—to make white goods *really white*, to take out mildew, grass or fruit stains, ink spots or rust marks. White Rit is the *original* color remover that cannot be successfully imitated because it is protected by 5 separate patents. *Insist* on White Rit.

WHITE RIT SAFELY REMOVES ALL COLOR EVEN BLACK

Remember: White Rit takes old color *out*—Instant Rit puts new color *in*. 33 Rit Colors—clear, sparkling, professional. So easy, so sure, you'll have perfect results every time.

✓ **REMOVE COLOR, SPOTS AND STAINS FROM:**
Draperies Lingerie Slip Covers Dresses
Table Linen Stockings Bed Spreads

YOU'LL HAVE "BETTER LUCK" WITH WHITE RIT



Harmless as Boiling Water

Helen Mack's Diary

(*Continued from page* 83)

as she realized that there was no idea of giving up my work, she was all for Him. After He left she confessed something to me in a timid sort of way that really amuses me. Shows how I've changed I guess. It was about Dave and his mysterious disappearance that night. She'd been worried that we were getting too serious so she went to work on him and told him all sorts of horrid things about me and literally scared him off. But now she feels it's different and I'm older and better able to know my own mind.

August 9th, 1933—We danced at the Grove tonight. We practically live there—it's such fun dancing with Him.

October 10th, 1933—We're both thrilled to the bone! So is mother. Today Paramount tested me for a loan out in "ALL OF ME" and are arranging to get me next month playing with Freddy March. Maybe I'm getting somewhere at last. When I told Him, He was as thrilled as I was, God love him!

November 6th, 1933—We started work today with Jimmy Flood directing. He's grand to me and treats me with the same respect and consideration and everything as he does the really big players on the set—and he works me the way Cromwell used to. It's a grand lot to work on. Everyone is swell!

November 15th, 1933—They seem to like me over here. Want me for another part with George Raft. Gee, it's grand for people to want you after all I've been through in this town. I really feel that I'm getting somewhere and have confidence in myself at last —not cocky the way I used to be, but just sort of *sure*.

January 3rd, 1934—Well, I guess I'm at the real big beginning at last. Dick Polimer arranged things so that Radio let me off my contract and I'm signing a long termer at Paramount to play leads—especially with George Raft. I go to work next March; meanwhile a lot of rest.

March 1st, 1934—Tonight was the most beautiful I've ever experienced. We went dancing together to celebrate the first day of the new contract and had a perfect time—one of those you read about but think could only happen in fiction. Everything is so marvelous and we understand each other so perfectly it hurts. As a climax, on the way home He slipped the most beautiful solitaire on my engagement finger I've ever seen. Maybe everyone feels that way about their engagement ring, but I *know* no one ever had a stone as gorgeous. They just don't come any better—for me.

Of course, we won't marry for some time yet—not until I'm really established on the screen. We both feel that I've worked too hard and for too many years to jeopardize the final success by trying two careers at once too soon—but some day! . . . Oh! I *do* love him!

Pioneering in the Movies

(*Continued from page* 45)

effort to convince the audience that he was indeed an individual upon whom sorrow had laid its heavy hand.

JACK COHN gradually turned his attention toward production. Again his services were welcomed because there were always duties for eager hands to do. The bright star of those days was Maurice Costello, still remembered by old time fans as a dashing, romantic and colorful figure. Costello, whose daughters Helen and Dolores subsequently won fame on their own account, struck Cohn as being a desirable acquisition for IMP. Costello was employed by the old Vitagraph Company which had its studios in what was then known as Midwood, now part of the Flatbush section of Brooklyn. Cohn suggested to Carl Laemmle, the head of IMP, that Costello would make a valuable addition to the company's roster and promptly was ordered to see what could be done about getting Costello. A salary of $150.00 a week was considered enormous in those days and when Cohn left his company's offices with the authorization to offer Costello that amount, there was no doubt in his mind but that the star would capitulate.

However, wanting to see Costello was one thing and actually getting to him was another, and it was only after several weary trips to the Vitagraph studio, via trolley, that Jack was able finally to get to the star one evening. Careful questioning revealed the information that Costello was getting $75.00 a week and the star's eyes popped when he was informed that IMP was ready to pay him double that amount. The offer sounded too good to be true and so Maurice told Cohn that he wanted a few days to think it over. His answer, when it finally came, was a flat rejection.

"It's like this," Costello said, in explaining his refusal. "Everybody tells me that the Patents Company is after you independents and that they will have you licked and out of business in less than a year. What's the use of my going to work for you for $150.00 a week when I would only be out of work and looking for a job in less than a year? I would sooner take what I'm getting, and know that I'll keep on getting it from now on, than work for twice as much and then lose my job."

Nor was Costello's line of reasoning faulty. The Motion Picture Patents Company, more popularly known as the "Trust," controlled almost every phase of the business. Not only did it own patents on the cameras with which films were shot, it also owned the patents on the projection machines in the theaters through which these same films had to be run. At the time of Costello's rejection of Cohn's offer, a fight had been started by some of the leading independents of whom Carl Laemmle was one, and the validity of the patents controlled by the Motion

Pioneering in the Movies

Picture Patents Company was then being argued in the courts.

Back of the Motion Picture Patents Company were all of the old line producers who released their pictures through an organization which was known as the General Film Company. In view of the strength of that organization, people within the industry could not be blamed for ridiculing the thought that the Patents Company could ever be defeated.

To Cohn's duties as editor of all of IMP'S pictures had been added those of production manager of the studio. Word came through various channels that the Patents representatives were about to make a raid upon the IMP plant. Forthwith, Mr. Laemmle told his production manager to get his troupe of actors and directors out of harm's way. "If necessary, take them out of the country," Mr. Laemmle declared. Literally fulfilling this injunction, Jack Cohn herded the entire outfit onto an outgoing boat and eventually they wound up in Cuba, where, for the sake of keeping down overhead and at the same time providing IMP with an uninterrupted flow of releases, the first American pictures made on foreign soil were produced.

"Talk about marathons," Cohn declared in relating this incident, "I told them to start running and they didn't stop till they got to Havana."

BEING production manager entailed many responsibilities. Before a picture could be filmed, actors and actresses had to be obtained and this was frequently a problem. For the sake of the experience they had, the young executive preferred to obtain the services of people who had worked on the legitimate stage. They, however, were not at all eager to venture into the new field, feeling that it would hurt their prestige. Frequently they had to be cajoled into a corner and argued with, and it was fortunate that salesmanship was one of Jack Cohn's strong points. The old Bartholdi Inn, located at Broadway and 45th Street, was a great gathering place for members of the legitimate stage. Cohn made the Inn a stopping point because it afforded the readiest contact with the people he so sorely needed. The usual salary for work in motion pictures was $10.00 a day and even though the great majority of the people he contacted were out of work and needed this money, they were chary of accepting film work. Those he did land invariably tried to work in the background where they could not be so easily seen and recognized and tried hard to keep out of the director's sight lest they be called upon to enact a more important role.

Those early days of the movies proved a tremendously valuable training ground for stars and directors of later years, and particularly was this true of those players who worked in the IMP studio. It was there such stars as Mary Pickford, Florence Lawrence, Mary Fuller, Owen Moore, King Baggot, Herbert Brenon, Tom Ince and George Loane Tucker were employed. It was there they gained the experience which ultimately enabled them to climb the heights.

About this time a juvenile was brought to Jack Cohn by Herbert Brenon. "I think he has great possibilities," Brenon told the production manager, "and I would like to give him a screen test." The test was made under bad conditions, and the aspirant for screen honors was turned down in spite of his fine stage background. How unfortunate this was for the company was later revealed, because the candidate was Douglas Fairbanks.

Sometimes a shortage of talent made it necessary for Jack Cohn to step out of his role as production manager to become an actor and once he was called upon to fill in in the part of a clergyman. Because of his extreme youth, it was necessary for the young executive to wear a false mustache that he might have the appearance of maturity required by the role.

This was before the advent of one reel subjects in the movies. It was then customary for as many as three or four subjects to be included in a one-thousand-foot reel, and when the progress of the industry eventually brought the number down to two per reel. This made it possible for more intelligent—although the "intelligent" angle was frequently derided by critics—stories to be told.

Among the IMP directors during the Cohn regime were George Loane Tucker, Tom Ince, Joseph Smiley, W. V. Ranous, Otis Turner and Francis J. Powers. Of Powers, more will be told later. It was Ranous who directed one of the first full reel stories ever produced. This was a picturization of Longfellow's immortal "Hiawatha." There was much debating on the part of the IMP executives as to the advisability of making so long a picture but when exhibitors reported uniform satisfaction with this subject, the IMP policy was changed so that all of its pictures were thereafter produced as one reelers.

According to Cohn, none of these was ever allowed to cost more than one thousand dollars. If it was believed that the cost might run higher, the idea of producing it was abandoned. As a matter of fact, many of these epics never exceeded a negative cost of $500. This was possible because stage sets were all of the sketchiest variety, with props frequently painted on the scenery rather than existing in physical fact. It was not unusual to paint a clock on the wall because a real clock would have cost money, even if only rented.

While mention has been made of the IMP studio on 56th Street, this studio was not obtained until after prosperity had come to the organization. Before that the studio used was an open-air affair at Consumers Park in Brooklyn. This property was rented from a brewing company. The sun provided the only light and on cloudy or rainy days, production was halted. Later on there was devised the idea of muslin screens to modify the sun's rays, but even that primitive prop had not been thought of when Jack Cohn first went to work for the company.

The popularity of the new entertainment medium grew by leaps and bounds. Unfortunately, however, the majority of people who then controlled the destiny of the various producing organizations, refused to believe that any demand existed for subjects longer

(*Please turn to page* 86)



as ordinary "surface dyes never can!

WHERE ordinary dyes just give "color wash" to clothes—Rit soaks into every fibre and every thread—through-and-through—*instantly*. Rit contains one remarkable new chemical (registered in the U. S. Patent Office) that no other tint or dye can have for 17 years—that makes Rit quicker, easier and surer than any product you have ever used!

Rit in its new form (*not a soap!*) is a quick-dissolving tablet for convenience—won't leave streaks and spots of undissolved dye as powders often do. Color won't rub off—not affected by perspiration—won't look "dyed". Try this *new* Rit—and you'll be lastingly grateful to the scientist who discovered it!

NEW RIT LASTS LONGER BECAUSE IT SOAKS IN DEEPER

Your choice of 33 colors! Rit's complete color range meets every need. *And every color is clear, sparkling, professional.* Rit leaves the material soft and pliable as new. You'll have perfect results the *first* time and *every* time with new Instant Rit.

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Lingerie	Bridge Sets	Table Cloths	Children's
Sweaters	Men's Shirts	Stockings	Clothes

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NEW! No longer a soap! Dissolves instantly.



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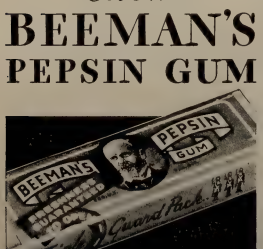
GAY! CAREFREE! Bubbling over with enthusiasm! Life's worth living when digestion is good, when annoying little irritations aren't gnawing at your disposition.

To help keep digestion in trim, chew Beeman's. Chew it often. Chew it after meals. It is pure, wholesome, helpful — it aids digestion.

And its flavor is delicious—smooth, cool, and refreshing. And *kept* fresh, too — for the new Triple Guard Pack guarantees Beeman's fragrant freshness until *you* puncture the air-tight wrap. Try Beeman's now!

Chew

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM



Pioneering in the Movies

(*Continued from page* 85)

than one thousand feet. According to these executives the public was satisfied with the existing type of entertainment and that it was foolish to adopt new ideas and unnecessarily risk their money on so ridiculous a departure as films longer than one reel.

Jack Cohn was not among these conservatives. He found a story subsequently called "From the Bottom of the Sea" and his enthusiasm for it was so infectious that his company decided to produce it. It was made under the young executive's supervision and by the time the film was edited and titled, it required the unprecedented length of two thousand feet to tell the story properly in film form. The buyers who controlled the independently owned exchanges told the IMP executives they were crazy to make a picture that long because nobody could possibly care to sit through it. Carl Laemmle, however, with characteristic courage, ignored these critics and ordered a strong advertising and publicity campaign back of the picture. Much to the surprise of the operators of the film exchange, it proved to be a huge success. Laemmle laughed last. This paved the way for other pictures equally long so that the two reeler "From the Bottom of the Sea" can be said to have paved the way for the present type of motion picture entertainment.

Strangely enough, it was not the veterans in the motion picture business in those days who had the greatest amount of confidence in its future, but those daring and venturesome newcomers to its ranks who refused to believe that picture work would injure their stage prestige. Francis Powers, David Belasco's stage director, became associated with Jack Cohn at the IMP studios, and during a luncheon one day ventured the prediction that the time would come when Broadway would be lined with great motion picture theaters and that films would be the foremost entertainment medium for the public. Inasmuch as Powers voiced the opinion long held by Jack Cohn, the two became close friends and Powers produced many pictures for the company.

If the critics of the day were inclined to mock Powers and Cohn, and the few who believed with them in the screen's future, they were not to be blamed. Atrocious photography and equally bad acting were the order of the day. In fact, the motion picture of 1909 bore about as much resemblance to the motion picture of 1934 as the Wright Brothers plane flown at Kitty Hawk resembles the modern transcontinental plane. Films were so flickery that it was not surprising the average patron found sitting through more than a half hour of entertainment a trying ordeal on the eyes. Angle shots were unknown, and the close-up was yet to be used by D. W. Griffith.

It was Cohn's firm belief that if pictures of better quality could be made, it would not be necessary to confine them to shooting galleries on the Bowery or converted stores in Keokuk. When used in music halls or vaudeville theaters which pursued a continuous policy, it was only for one reason—that of emptying the house to make possible the admission of more paying customers. These theaters frankly bought the films of that day as "chasers" and they were known as such because vaudeville addicts liked their vaudeville straight and the showing of one of the early flicker films usually brought about a hasty exodus. If, however, too many members of the audience sat through the film, it was promptly reversed and run backwards —a procedure which seldom failed to bring the desired results.

From "chasers" to silent feature pictures, and then to talkies, travels Jack Cohn in the concluding instalment of this story, appearing in our next issue.

Music in the Movies

(*Continued from page* 54)

there is a good vocal chorus. "Poppin' the Cork" is the number on the other side. This is also from "Carolina" and is more spirited than the former. It's still Mike Doty and his orchestra. This is a Bluebird record.

"MARIE" the Irving Berlin opus that was popular some years back has been revived in a grand fashion by Claude Hopkins and his orchestra. This was a waltz at the time it was so popular but Mr. Hopkins presents it to us in fox trot form and played to a fairly good bounce tempo. This tune features a vocal refrain by Orlando Robeson, who has a really remarkable voice, to say the least. I think you will agree that this is good all the way through.

The other side is called "Minor Mania" and is a typical Claude Hopkins tune. Lots of swing and licks in this one. You'll like it. This is a Columbia record.

"THE HOUSE IS HAUNTED" another tune from the current "Follies," is played by Al Mitchell and his orchestra. This is a tune that is just a little out of the ordinary and the band gives a very good account of itself. The vocal chorus is swell.

"I'm Lookin' Forward to Going Back Home" is the tune on the other side, also played by Al Mitchell and his orchestra. This is a Bluebird record.

"CUBA" played by Frankie Trumbauer and his orchestra is a sophisticated melody very well presented by Mr. Trumbauer and his teammates. Very good arrangement.

"Break it Down" is on the other side and is also played by Frank Trumbauer and his orchestra. Trumbauer seems to take credit for composing this piece, but I notice on the record made by Mill's Blue Rhythm Band of the same tune, some one else makes the same claim of authorship. It's a pleasant enough hit. (Brunswick record.)

What to Expect in the New Films

(*Continued from page* 17)

LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?
•
Universal

AND so to Germany . . . locale of Hans Fallada's popular story, "Little Man, What Now?"

If you read the book, you know the story, for director Frank Borzage is shooting the tale, as is, even to the unwed expectant mother in the first sequence. Ah, there, Mister Hays!

The youngsters, Douglass Montgomery and Margaret Sullavan, love each other devotedly, but Doug's meager salary has put the Indian sign on wedding bells.

However, with ten baby fingers in the immediate offing, there's nothing for it but to go on a diet and pay the piper . . . which is about two bucks in American money.

Safely married, Doug loses his job because the boss's daughter had him all picked out for her own trip to Niagara Falls. So, what now?

So the persecuted pair are obliged to go and live with Doug's step-mama, Catherine Doucet, who is, strangely enough, supporting her boy friend, Alan Hale.

Naturally, such goings on make life well nigh impossible for the peace-and-quiet-loving Pinnebergs, so, after Hale gets Douglass another small-salaried job, they move into an old loft over a downtown second-hand furniture store.

But, because he hasn't enough high-pressure to make customers buy, Doug is fired once more and Baby Pinneberg is born without benefit of finances. And you just know that, with such a bundle of cherubic sweetness to brighten their lives, Mama and Papa are too happy to give a care whether school keeps or not.

And so . . . Life goes on. More jobs, won and lost. And, after each unhappy episode, the author wonders:

"Little Man, What Now?"

THE LAST GENTLEMAN
•
20th Century

GEORGE ARLISS in "The Last Gentleman" is a crochety old grandfather who knows that his family kowtows to him because of the money he may leave them, Mr. Arliss proves once more that he can handle subtle comedy with as much enviable finesse as he does heavy drama.

With all of his descendants under one roof, he has more "yes-men" than C. B. DeMille. One slightly psychopathic son hopes to inherit the bulk of the Arliss fortune by proving that his father is mentally unbalanced.

How George outwits the whole bunch is, undoubtedly, the highlight of the picture and so refreshingly novel that even ye worlde wearye reporter doffed the chapeau to author Katherine Clugston for thinking it up.

Charlotte Henry, as the granddaughter, is the only one of the crowd who bravely speaks her mind to the irascible gentleman. And Arliss loves it.

Sidney Lanfield directs the amusing going-ons, and the supporting cast includes Edna May Oliver, Janet Beech-

(*Please turn to page* 88)



HOW THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER CAN MAKE YOU LOOK YEARS OLDER

Pavlova's Experience

ANNA PAVLOVA, the great dancer, was giving two concerts in a distant city. The first night she looked gloriously young and vibrant. But the second night she was another woman altogether—she looked old and haggard. Something terrible had happened to cause the transformation. What was it?

Just this: By mistake the wrong colored spotlight was thrown on her. And the effect was that she appeared twenty years older. The audience whispered—"My, how old Pavlova looks." The right light was immediately switched on. But the damage was done! No one in the audience could be convinced that Pavlova hadn't grown old.

Your Face Powder Shade—Aging or Youthifying?

What holds for lighting holds for face powder shades, too. The wrong shade can make you look five to ten years older. Many women, choosing their face powder shade on the wrong basis, are victims of a decidedly aging effect. Could it be possible that *you*, too, are paying the penalty of the wrong shade of face powder? Look at the above illustration. It gives you some idea of the difference the right and wrong shade of face powder makes.

One Way to Tell

There is one way to tell which is the right shade of face powder for you—which shade makes you look young rather than old—and that is to try all the five basic shades. As Lady Esther has demonstrated and, as color specialists confirm, there are five basic shades which supply the needs of all types of women. One of these will prove the most flattering and—*youthifying*—for you. And Lady Esther offers you the opportunity of finding out that shade at her expense.

At Lady Esther's Expense!

Simply mail your name and address and you will receive a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them all on your face before your mirror and instantly one of these shades will prove *the* one for you. Mail coupon now for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

(You Can Paste This on Penny Postcard) **FREE**

LADY ESTHER, 2020 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

I want to find the right shade of face powder for my type. Please send liberal supply of all 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder free and postpaid.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

This offer not good in Canada. (4)



Pretty As a Picture...

But This Fault Made Her Seem COMMON!

THE first man who ever really attracted her—and she knew she had lost him. She never dreamed of blaming her "eternal powder puff." She never realized it made him think her cheap, and gave him the impression she had a coarse, greasy skin that was —well, not well cared for!

Wonderful New Makeup Secret

But how lucky she was! She finally met him again—after she tried a wonderful new triple-fine powder a friend told her about. It was called Golden Peacock *Tonic* Face Powder. And it had two other amazing features. Instead of mixing with skin oils, it repelled moisture. It refused to clog pores; instead, by a certain secret ingredient, it actually worked to tone and refine the skin. It mantled the tiny blemishes, caused by ordinary, coarser make-up, as if they had never existed. And on their second date she hardly had to reach for her powder puff all evening. Her skin glowed with a fresh, natural peach-bloom softness that never betrayed a hint of shine. It entranced him!

Try this powder now! Get a box at any drug store—only 50c; or the purse-size package at any 10-cent store. See now how evenly it looks on your skin. If your dealer cannot supply you, just write, and get a generous sample—free. Specify your-shade—whether White, Flesh, Light Brunette or Dark Brunette. Address Golden Peacock, Inc., Dept. K-212 Paris Tenn,.



Golden Peacock
Face Powder

What to Expect in the New Films

(*Continued from page* 87)

er, Ralph Morgan, Frank Albertson, and others.

DAMES
•
Warners

WARNER BROTHERS go to town once more with the Dick Powell-Ruby Keeler combination. And, if the story is more or less nonsensical, you have Joan Blondell, ZaSu Pitts, Hugh Herbert and Guy Kibbee to keep you from minding too much.

Hugh is a multi-millionaire, and is a bit fanatical in his ideas. His one ambition is to clean up the morals of the world and he offers Kibbee $10,000,-000.00 in cold cash if he can prove that his morals are above reproach.

Guy's daughter, Ruby Keeler, is in love with Dick Powell and, right there, the morals of the Kibbee family hit a snag, because Dick . . . horror of horrors! . . . is in the show business!

It's no snap, earning that ten million, and life for poor Guy is just one complication after another. But Hugh finally gets almost human on a quantity of highly alcoholized cough syrup and everything ends happily for all concerned.

It's Robert Lord's story, and Busby Berkeley directs the dance routines while Ray Enright handles the swell cast.

TREASURE ISLAND
•
M-G-M

M-G-M is shooting that grand old classic of our youth, "Treasure Island," with Jackie Cooper taking an important part in the thrilling hunt for pirate gold.

Wallace Beery, as "Long John Silver," pirate de luxe, roars, snorts, and hobbles through the picture on a peg leg. Lionel Barrymore, as "Billy Bones," leers, sneers, and "yo-ho-ho's," right along with him.

Otto Kruger, Lewis Stone, Dorothy Peterson, and Cora Sue Collins are the "nice" folks in the blood-and-thunder plot, and Robert Louis Stevenson, the author (need we remind you?) should be pretty well pleased with Victor Fleming's direction of his immortal tale.

The kids are going to eat this up.

PRIVATE SCANDAL
•
Paramount

IF we ever hit a month in which there are no murder mysteries, well . . . we'll rub out somebody ourselves, just to keep the studios' record clean!

Lew Cody, head of a real estate firm, has unwisely invested the money entrusted to him, in floppy stocks.

When said stocks hit bottom, Cody confesses to his junior partner, Phillips Holmes, and calmly announces his intention to commit suicide, so that the howling customers may collect on his insurance.

That night, Holmes is out dancing with Lew's daughter, Mary Brian. Worried about his depressed partner, he leaves and dashes to the office, only to find that the deed has already been done.

The janitor sees him leave the building (and, why the guy wasn't sound asleep, like all good janitors, is one of the big mysteries) and naturally the finger of suspicion is pointed in that direction.

It's a shambles. Did Lew really commit suicide? Or was he murdered? . . . Aw, *shucks* . . . we already told you it was a murder mystery. Well, anyhow . . . that's all you'll get out of *us*.

ZaSu Pitts, as Lew's secretary, injects a bit of her priceless humor into the gory details.

The story is by Vera Caspary and Bruce Manning, with Ralph Murphy directing.

HALF A SINNER
•
Universal

REMEMBER the grand old stage play, "Alias the Deacon," by John B. Hymer and LeRoy Clemens?

You ought to. I'll bet Mama remembers. Maybe she even saw Berton Churchill in that grand old play, years ago? Universal is making it under the title of "Half a Sinner."

Bumming his way cross country, via freight cars, Joel McCrea meets up with Sally Blane, who, dressed as a boy, is doing a little bumming of her own.

Joel takes her under his wing and, at their first stop, Sally gets herself a job as cashier and general helper in the local hotel.

They are just nicely settled when the Deacon, with whom Joel has shared many a freight car, strolls in.

Pretending he has never seen the kids in his life, Churchill proceeds to deftly straighten out the tangled affairs of everybody in the cast, setting the stage comfortably for the two kids, who have fallen in love by this time, and bowing genially out of the picture with his boy scout work well done.

Director Kirt Neuman remains reasonably true to the original version.

COCK-EYED CAVALIERS
•
RKO

WHEELER and Woolsey are at it again, as two vagabond knights of the "middlin' evil" days when knighthood was in flower.

Bert has itchy fingers (kleptomania, to you) and, as they beat their way cross country, he picks up everything from a nobleman's watch to the local curfew bell.

Of course, there's no sense to any of it, but, what did you expect, anyhow?

Dorothy Lee comes in for her share of cuteness, along with Thelma Todd and Noah Beery.

Director Mark Sandrich manipulates the chuckles.

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE
•
Columbia

GRACE MOORE, delightfully slender, brings her lovely voice to the screen in this story, taken from the play by Charles Beahan and Dorothy Speare.

After winning a radio voice contest, Grace takes the money and goes to Italy, there to study under the old maestros (*not* Ben Bernie).

What to Expect in the New Films

Getting in with the wrong crowd, Grace is nicked for all she's worth and, to make both ends meet (or even *one* end vegetable!) the gal takes a job singing in a cheap cellar cafe for "coffee-and."

Lyle Talbot, an easy-going, lovable American lad, falls in love with her, but, by this time, Grace has met up with Tullio Carminati, the greatest voice teacher in Europe, who promises to make her the most famous soprano in the world if she will do as he says.

So, for a career, Grace refuses Lyle's honest affection and cuts for the mazdas and fame.

The romantic Tullio, although honestly trying to dodge Cupid's poison arrows, falls for Grace in spite of himself and the finale finds Grace headlining at the Metropolitan Opera House with wedding bells clanging, offstage, for her and Tullio.

Victor Schertzinger directs.

IT AIN'T NO SIN

•

Paramount

MAYBE it's just a California custom, but whenever a Mae West picture is shown, in conjunction with another feature, at the neighborhood houses, the management runs a slide to the effect that 'the P.T.A. requests that the children leave the theater' prior to the West fireworks.

And do the little rascals obligingly fold up their peanut brittle bags and go away from there? Heh . . . like fun, they do! They sit tighter than a Scotchman at a free lunch counter!

Which proves that as long as Mae can dish it out, every one of us, from eight to eighty, can take it.

The latest West opus, written by herself, has to do with the life of a burlesque queen in the Gay Nineties.

Adored by all the men (as usual), Mae gives her trusting heart to a young prize fighter, played by Roger Pryor.

Roger reciprocates (and who wouldn't?) until his manager, fearing for his career, frames a telephone call that puts Mae on the spot.

Believing that Mae has double-crossed his honest affections, Roger walks out of her life, leaving our "little Nell" crushed and broken, but still able to get to New Orleans in time for the opening of a right sinful gambling house, run by that swell bad mans, John Miljan.

To discourage Miljan's amorous advances, Mae takes up with a wealthy southern gentleman . . . Johnny Mack Brown, suh, who isn't a bit stingy when it comes to handing out diamonds.

There is a hold-up, reminiscent of Mae's recent tangle with gangsters; an exciting prizefight, and the eventual reconciliation between Mae and Roger.

Leo McCarey directs. And nicely, too.

MAN WITH TWO FACES

•

Warners

ANOTHER murder mystery formerly called "The Dark Tower" and written by those old maestros, George Kaufman and Alexander Woollcott.

(*Please turn to page* 90)

RADIO ANN—*She Gets Her Man!*



WHAT Yeast Foam Tablets did for Ann's skin, they should do for yours. These delicious tablets of pasteurized yeast strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs, give tone to the nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation and nervousness all go. All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. Get a bottle today!

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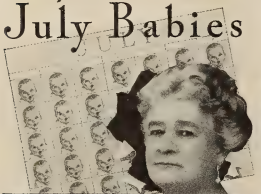
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See the first inside cover and page 3 of this magazine . . . and share in $1,000.00 in prizes.



"To Your Health"..

July Babies



Schumann-Heink on the air!
World's best-loved mother; world's best-loved singer! Every Sunday, NBC Blue Network. See local papers for time.

—*AND DID YOU KNOW*

Your Birthstone is . . . . . THE RUBY
Your Birth Flower is . . . . . THE WATER LILY
. . . *and these other famous people were born in July, too*—
NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE • STEPHEN C. FOSTER • ADMIRAL DAVID G. FARRAGUT • JOHN PAUL JONES • JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER • CALVIN COOLIDGE • GEORGE M. COHAN • BOOTH TARKINGTON • JOHN QUINCY ADAMS • MARY BAKER EDDY ELIAS HOWE • GEORGE SAND *and* CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN

WHAT an imposing list of famous birthfellows you July babies have! Maybe some day you'll be just as famous as they are—even more famous!

But that's in the future. First, you've got to get big and strong and learn to walk and talk.

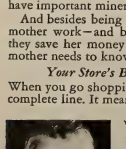
And getting big and strong is where Gerber's come in.

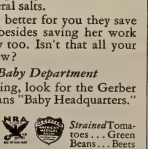
For in just a few months you'll be demanding, yes, actually demanding, your quota of good, healthful, full-of-vitamins strained vegetables.

And listen, July Babies, when that time comes, whisper "Gerber's" in mother's ear. Because they're the best you can possibly get. On account of special Gerber processing—cooking with oxygen excluded—valuable vitamins are retained in high degree. Gerber's also have important mineral salts.

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What to Expect in the New Films

(*Continued from page* 89)

Eddie Robinson (not to keep you in suspense) rubs out Louis Calhern. But, Louis is such a death-deserving old baddie that we, and the police force, are glad enough to forgive and forget the whole matter.

Mary Astor is Eddie's sister, a popular stage idol who has just recovered from a nervous breakdown and threatened insanity as a result of husband Louis' malign, almost hypnotical influence over her.

Realizing that his sister is powerless to break the evil spell, Eddie disguises himself as a French business man, lures Louis to an out-of-the-way hotel, and kills him. Just like that.

Of course, because the script says so, director Archie Mayo has Eddie drop his trick moustache, right where you and I and the whole police force can see it without even squinting.

But, lucky for Mister Robinson, David Landau, a kindhearted detective (you heard me) who "understands," finds the tea strainer and returns it to the perturbed Eddie, advising him to be more careful next time.

Isn't that just peachy?

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS
•
Universal

HERE is a swell dig at the practical jokers in our midst.

Chester Morris, just a gay play boy, has more darn fun pulling chairs out from under old ladies, telephoning busy executives and making them "guess who," and stuff.

But, when Walter Woolf and Marian Nixon turn the tables on him by promoting a synthetic murder, well . . . Chester is scared to death and cuts for the State line without even stopping to pick up his tooth brush!

Which makes Chet just another disher-outer who can't 'take it.'

It's a lot of fun and, under the genial Eddie Laemmle's pleasant direction, should deliver a few laughs.

The author, William Anthony McGuire, must have had a lot of experience with these Public Enemies, to give such a concise description of Life among the Practical Jokers . . . darn 'em!

SOUR GRAPES
•
RKO

AFTER ten years of married life, Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook come to the foolish conclusion that they no longer love each other.

Because she feels that she's missing something, Diana hies herself out under the moon and promptly falls in love with Ted Newton, her niece's fiance.

And, does Clive give a care?? Not him . . . believe it or don't, he thinks it's a pretty smart idea. So, out he goes (under the same moon, mind you!) and takes unto himself Steffi Duna, a beautiful dancer whom he has cured of lameness (or didn't I tell you he was a doctor?).

It's some fun, until Irene Hervey, Ted's erstwhile g.f., discovers that she is in an 'interesting condition' (don't blame me . . . I'm practically copying it, word for word!) and that sort of takes Ted off the eternal triangle in order to make an honest woman of Irene.

Together again, their brainstorm over, Diana and Clive decide that real love is the calm and settled thing they were about to pitch overboard.

Worthington Miner directs the story, an original play by Vincent Lawrence.

LITTLE MISS MARKER
•
Paramount

LITTLE MISS MARKER," a story by Damon Runyon, is all about a cute little kiddie with a "King Arthur" complex, and how she inspires big, bad gamblers and race track touts to desist from their evil ways and lead bigger and better lives.

Little Shirley Temple plays the 'guiding light' of the story and Adolphe Menjou plays a sad-faced 'book-maker' who makes a neat living off of 'fixed' races and doped ponies.

Charles Bickford is the "brains" of this crooked racket and, also, owner of a night club in which his lady friend, Dorothy Dell, entertains.

One day at the track, a stranger leaves little Shirley with Menjou as security for his I.O.U. on a twenty dollar bet. And here's where your credulity, if any, should be taxed plenty.

After the race, the stranger fails to show up. Not one single harassed parent, searching frantically for the little cutie, puts in an appearance. Alas, it would seem that the child, like Topsy, "jes' growed." So-oo-o, the more or less bewildered Adolphe takes her home with him, not thinking to notify police, orphan asylums, S.P.C.A., or anything???

It was really necessary that the kid be foot-loose and fancy free, else who would be responsible for the regeneration of the whole bad gang . . . Bickford included??

The tough mugs of the gang forsake their evil ways to play "Little Red Riding Hood," and stuff, with baby; Menjou throws away the "speed balls" with which they had planned to dope the horse "Baby" loves, in order to win the race; even Bickford goes soft and donates a quart of his own blood to save "Baby's" life . . . Aw, it's wonderful! Baby fingers . . . oh-h-h Boy!

MANHATTAN MELODRAMA
•
M-G-M

CLARK GABLE again . . . and in a gangster role, the like of which won his first laurels and started the masculine half of the American public to slapping down their wives and sweethearts.

The story opens with the sinking of the excursion steamer, Slocum, that national catastrophe that took so many lives in 1904.

Orphaned by the disaster, two small boys are adopted by Leo Carrillo, who has lost his own son on the sinking boat, and the two are raised like brothers.

Growing to manhood, Clark becomes

What to Expect in the New Films

a racketeer, while his little pal (now William Powell) turned to the finer things of life and learns to be a lawyer.

Anyhow, right here, the author, Arthur Caesar, has fixed himself up with an angle that gives melodrama, up to the hub-caps and over.

Gable's girl friend, Myrna Loy, after vainly trying to persuade him to give up this life of crime, falls in love with Powell and marries him.

Bill is headed for the governorship. An ambitious mug, knowing of Myrna's past association with Clark, tries a bit of blackmail on District-Attorney Powell.

Clark hears about it, kills the rat to death, is caught (after all these years!) and sentenced to the hot seat.

Does Bill, now governor, exercise his right to pardon the self-sacrificing pal of his boyhood days? Or does he stand with bowed head and clenched hands, true to his oath of office?

Nobody knows but director W. S. VanDyke . . . and he won't tell.

THE CRIME OF HELEN STANLEY

•

Columbia

MORE murder! Goody! . . . And what a plot, from the mysterious pen of Charles R. Condon.

Gail Patrick, a statuesque movie star, is disliked by so many people that, when she finally bites the dust, it's a rare gamble as to just who did the dastardly deed.

Ralph Bellamy, as Inspector Trent, has the ticklish job of rounding up all suspects and picking the guilty person from the ensemble.

There is a trick ending that may, or may not, surprise you, depending on how easy you surprise. Personally, we thought it was kinda cute.

D. Ross Lederman directs.

MIDNIGHT ALIBI

•

Warners

BEFORE leaving the Warner lot forever (?) Richard Barthelmess left that studio one final grand performance to remember him by.

Beginning in the 19th Century with the tragic love affair of Helen Chandler, the story brings us up to the present, with Dick the head of a powerful gang and in one heck of a mess, because he wants to marry the sister (Ann Dvorak) of one of his gang lieutenants (Robert Barrat).

In the tangle, Barrat is shot and Dick is up for the job. Everything points to the chair, until Helen Lowell (the Helen Chandler of the 19th Century) swears that Dick was with her when the murder was committed.

Damon Runyon, the boy who knocked 'em over with "Lady for a Day," wrote the story, which Alan Crosland directs.

THE DEVIL'S PAY DAY

•

Universal

WANT a thrill? All right . . . look in them there baby blue eyes of Nils Asther. Knees getting wobbly? Well, you're being hypnotized, you are. And you'd better stay away from there

(*Please turn to page* 92)



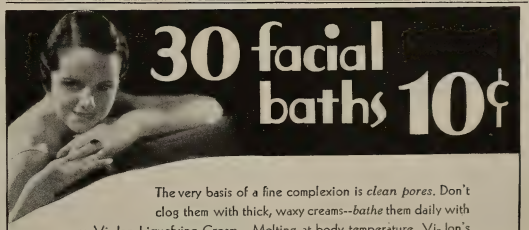


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Test your own skin. Get your own answer—a mighty important answer when you realize that sub-surface skin dirt (caused by make-up, atmosphere and traffic dust, alkali in soap and water) is the greatest cause of enlarged pores, blackheads, dry skin and other blemishes.

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What to Expect in the New Films

(*Continued from page 91*)

before you go home and murder the wife and kiddies!

Dr. Nils goes around overpowering people's minds and making them do anything he happens to think up, at the moment. And what he doesn't think of . . . tck, tck!

Gloria Stuart, Paul Kelly, and Alan Dinehart fall under his evil spell. Homes are broken up and happily married women walk out on loving husbands, all because Nils looks 'em in the eye and mutters; "Hokus pokus alla-gazam!"

Max Marcin wrote the story and directed it as well.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS

● **Paramount**

BURNS AND ALLEN are at it again, with a hey, nonny-nonny, and a ha-ha-ha!

Lady Mary Cameron . . . is responsible for the original story, with J. P. McEvoy and Claude Binyon doing the adaptation. So, you might as well know that you're in for a flock of tummy laughs.

Gracie's Papa owns a department store and, with Papa away on business, Gracie runs the place in such a way that about the only thing Papa has when he returns is apoplexy.

To save his sanity, he offers George Burns, his pet radio announcer, ten dollars a mile to marry Gracie and take her on a long honeymoon.

So, Gracie puts on her little blue hat, and after the ceremony, she and George hop a train for the Coast.

On the same train, Joan Marsh (Gracie's sister) is eloping to California with Ray Milland, a crooner, whom she intends to marry as soon as she has become a great screen star.

Papa is frantic when he hears of this. Hiring two thugs, he orders them to fly to the Coast, kidnap Joan and Ray, and keep them away from the studio until he can get there himself.

Consequently, when George and Gracie step off the train, they are grabbed by enthusiastic studio officials who believe them to be the other pair they have been expecting.

On the set, it's a mess. Gracie is slowly driving everybody mad.

After a lot of amusing complications, Papa finally arrives to straighten things out.

Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians, Franklyn Pangborn, George Barbier, and William Demarest supplement the cast, with Norman McLeod directing the insane proceedings.

AFFAIRS OF A GENTLEMAN

● **Universal**

JUST to be different, this one starts out with the star (Paul Lukas) cold dead. And right in the first reel, too!

Paul is an author whose fictional themes are drawn from his amorous experiences in real life. And the boy certainly managed to get around!

His last night on earth is the scene of a dinner party that is attended only by his ex-girl friends, and, if you don't think it's a shambles, you don't know your jealous Janes.

Patricia Ellis loves him, in a pure, sweet way, but when she unexpectedly drops in and finds Dorothy Burgess sleepy-eyed and wearing a suit of Paul's pajamas . . . well, all you have to do is figure out which one of the affectionate ladies did him in. And, according to director Edward L. Marin, you'd be surprised!

A nice cast, including Leila Hyams, Onslow Stevens, Phillip Reed, Lillian Bond, Joyce Compton and others.

MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE

● **Columbia**

DONALD COOK, a football hero of 1909, marries Jean Arthur, a college waitress, much to the chagrin of his wealthy family.

With not enough back-bone to stick up for his own rights, Don allows the family to separate him from his young wife. They also take the baby son she has borne and raise him to be like his spoiled papa.

Twenty years later, Jean is charwoman and general cleaner-upper at the very college where she met her Waterloo.

The boy, Dick Cromwell, spoiled as they come, has one of the rooms which his unrecognized mother cleans daily.

Amused by the interest she displays in him, Dick encourages the little old lady, who is supremely happy just to shine his boots.

Little by little, she breaks down his colossal fatuity and, in the last reel, sends him out to win the football game for dear old something-or-other.

Travis Ingham concocted this pure and simple melo-drammer and you'll probably like Lambert Hillyer's directorial soft pedal on the hokum.

THIRTY DAY PRINCESS

● **Paramount**

SYLVIA SIDNEY finds out how it feels to "stooge" for yourself, in this Clarence Budington Kelland tale about a princess who settled down to a plebeian case of mumps, just when her country needed her most.

With a fifty million dollar loan under way and the real princess (Sylvia Sidney) sick in bed, what do the frantic foreign dignitaries do but drop in at the Automat and pick up an unemployed actress (Sylvia Sidney) who is (believe it or don't) the image of the mumpy lady!

For $10,000,000, she agrees to stand in for the royal representative until the loan has been swung.

From here on, you know what happens, don't you? Come now . . . think hard! Why, of *course!* . . . there's nothing to be done but let the poor, but proud, newspaper man (Cary Grant) fall stem over stern in love with the synthetic princess and make him suffer through thousands of celluloid feet until the denouement, when he discovers that little Sylvia is no more a princess than I am, and he can marry her and live any way he wants ever after!

Marion Gering does the directorial work on this nice little fairy tale.



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THINK of the thrill of replacing *all* your old, dingy shades with new Clopays at 15c each! Yes, they're full size shades that won't crack, fray, or pinhole. Recently vastly improved, too—made heavier, stronger. Wooden slat included. And you need trim only *one* side to fit narrow windows. Clopays easily attach to old rollers without tacks or tools. Plain colors and chintz effects! Perfect, too, for summer camps and cottages. Send 3c stamp for color samples to Clopay Corp., 1308 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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THE HUBINGER CO., No. 792, Keokuk, Ia.
Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

.....

George Arliss—Mystic

(*Continued from page* 64)

golf and the one who plays bridge and the one who can go "mad," as he puts it, watching a horse race. He loves the uncertainty of living which perhaps accounts for his saying that he is not a fatalist. Certainly it accounts for the joy in his eyes when a horse on which he has put a half dollar shows signs of coming in first. Whether or not the horse wins is of secondary importance; it's the race itself which brings the thrill to him.

His golf score he will not talk about, although under pressure he will admit that once he made the first hole in fourteen.

Sadly he confesses that he is certain he was never meant to be a golf player. The reason is rather amusing considering who he is and what he is. People on the links make him self-conscious. He feels he is holding them back, that he is gumming up the works for real players.

Of golf which he plays badly he will speak, sparing himself not at all, but of bridge which he plays well, he is reticent.

Many things George Arliss dislikes and among them are teas, public speeches, boresome dinners, airplanes, special delivery letters, racing automobiles. When he speaks of disliking teas, he makes it clear that he really enjoys a good cup of tea properly brewed by Mrs. Arliss, but his dislikes of other things are tied up with his conviction that the present generation lost much when it entered the era of speed.

He believes deeply that there can be no charm in living, no contentment and no real culture unless there is leisureliness as well as leisure. Filling free time with speed is to him a form of insanity.

"When it comes to airplanes and fast cars," he says, "I am like the old lady in Punch who preferred to travel by rail as God intended we should."

FOR SMARTER TABLES

New styles in furniture and other decorations bring about new styles in table linen. From among the many charming types of doilies and spreads for your breakfast, luncheon or dinner table we have chosen a number that can be reproduced by the average home needlewoman. Here they are:

Jy313—Smart modern crochet designs for a bridge or luncheon cloth. Full crochet directions that you can easily follow.

Jy314—Coarse linen table doilies with bright stripes made from colored seam binding.

Jy315—Inexpensive luncheon or bridge set made from plain material decorated with bands and appliqués of checked gingham and gingham napkins.

Jy316—Designs and diagrams for making cross-stitch designs for peasant table covers, including man, woman, flowers and animals.

Jy317—Six new and effective crochet edges made from crochet cotton and applied to the edge of linen or cotton table covers.

Jy318—Six fruit appliqué designs, made from colored linen or cotton for table spreads or doilies.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles, care of this magazine, enclosing 4 cents for one circular, 10 cents for three circulars, or 15 cents for all six. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.



GRIFFIN ALLWITE

makes it easy to

PUT YOUR BEST FOOT FORWARD

For only ALLWITE *will clean, whiten and give that "new shoe" finish.*

ALLWITE actually removes spots instead of covering them with a chalky coating that soon wears away. ALLWITE won't cake, crack or rub off on clothes or upholstery . . . and you can use it on all white shoes, leather or fabric.



This famous GRIFFIN quality is available in the convenient ready-mixed bottle or the economical tube for as little as 10c.

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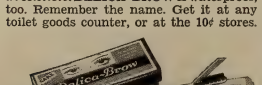
JANE GETS "LURE" WITH MOVIE EYES





Have the Witching Eyes of the Movie Stars Tonight

You can have exactly the same *"eye-appeal"* movie and stage stars do...instantly ...by darkening the brows and lashes with the wonderful make-up discovery they use. With DELICA-BROW! Let DELICA-BROW make *your* eyes literally wells of *allure tonight*—bigger, brighter... *irresistible*. DELICA-BROW is waterproof, too. Remember the name. Get it at any toilet goods counter, or at the 10¢ stores.





How Hollywood Men Keep House

(*Continued from page 75*)

The little barroom in the basement was changed into a fully equipped gymnasium, and there Lederer, following his breakfast or before, each day exercises strenuously.

Lederer has one very eccentric gymnastic exercise. Every night he climbs up to his room from the first floor veranda by a rope, and he lowers himself the same way, his valet having hung the rope from a big beam of timber jutting out above his bedroom window!

The actor likes his house run without friction. He prefers a little dust here and there to a loud word within his hearing.

But he seems to have a way with his subordinates, so that his household never knows a jar.

He likes simple food, and of course likes the food of his country, which his cook is learning to prepare. He leaves all ordering of food to her. And only once a week he holds an account-ing with her of money spent. He does not leave that to his secretary.

And he doesn't mind how much money is spent for good, wholesome food, but he resents one penny wasted. And his servants know it.

Jack LaRue's Homekeeping

Jack LaRue is in his seventh heaven, these days—keeping house in sunny Southern California, with his mother, Mrs. Josephine LaRue, and his four sisters.

"I kept house by myself in a little apartment," Jack explained, "before I had saved money to send for them. I did all my own work—cooking, washing, ironing, marketing and all the rest of it. I really enjoyed it. It was fun taking home a nice, juicy steak and cooking it, and can I make a tasty salad! And of course 'da spaghett'! But I'll confess something. I hated washing dishes. And I used to stack them and pretend they weren't there by putting a big red tablecloth over them. But the day always came when I had no more clean dishes, and then they had to be 'done'. Once I told a little boy that I'd give him a dime to wash my dishes. You should have seen the look of reproach he gave me when he saw the stack. I weakened and gave him a quarter.

"Then mother and my sisters came, and we took a good-sized house in Hollywood. I hired a cook. I was so happy. But mother seemed to be pining away. She wouldn't eat, went sad-eyed about the house. Finally I got it out of her. She was unhappy because she wanted to do the housework herself, just as she had always done. So I let the girl go, and mother brightened right up.

"She cooks what she thinks is best for us, and we eat it. What mother says goes. When I am not working, I help her, and I love it. I sweep the rooms and dust and help with the cooking. But I won't wash any more dishes!

"On Sundays I always make mother stay out of the kitchen and I cook dinner. We have Italian soup, spaghetti, a steak, fowl, or maybe lamb chops or roast, and of course there is wine.

"I like to arrange flowers all over the house, too, and I give a whole hour at least once a week to the process. I think certain flowers go fittingly in a dining-room—roses and old-fashioned flowers such as daffodils, geraniums, marigolds, while stately chrysanthemums belong in a parlor or drawing-room.

"Yes, I get a kick out of keeping house. My sisters take sun baths and go to the movies. There wouldn't be enough for mother and me to do if they helped keep house."

Tom Brown Throws Things Around

Tom Brown is the worst housekeeper in Hollywood. He says so himself.

"I leave my shoes in the sink, my hat on the frigidaire, and everything else scattered hither and yon," he said.

"No, he doesn't do quite that badly," Mrs. Marie Brown, his mother, explained indulgently. "He just leaves his clothes on the floor where he steps out of them, and nothing is ever hung up until he leaves, and I go in and put them in place. I am always scared to death to have any one come to the house while I am away, for fear Tom has been home during my absence, because the house is always a sight afterwards."

"Of course, you see," Tom broke in, "I have to go home and make some quick changes sometimes—"

"Quick or slow—it's all the same," Mrs. Brown demurred. But with a fond smile.

The Browns keep one servant in their eight-room Spanish hillside house in Hollywood.

Tom is crazy about onion soup and always wants it for dinner.

When Tom gives a party, it's always a can-opener party.

"Because that's fun and no trouble," said Tom. "I don't know how to cook, and I never intend to learn. No, sir-ee! I'm not going to have any girl rope me in for cooking and washing dishes!"

"Not even Anita Louise?" we tease.

"Oh, well—" says Tom, feigning bashfulness.

Douglass Montgomery Lives in a Villa

Douglass Montgomery says his housekeeping is terribly complicated by his ownership of dogs. And now he has the dog of all dogs—that huge Irish wolf-hound, which already, though a mere pup, measures about eight feet from tip to tip.

"I did live in my own little bungalow near the family home on my mother's Pasadena estate," he said, "but that isn't really near enough to my work. And besides the dog seems to get into everybody's way out there.

"So I've taken a house in the heart of Hollywood."

Douglass frequently cooks his own food, which he likes to do. Even when living on his mother's estate, if he wanted his meals at irregular hours, he cooked them himself.

NO MORE FRECKLES, WEATHER-BEATEN SKIN



No matter how dull and dark your complexion, how freckled and coarsened by sun and wind, Nadinola Bleaching Cream, tested and trusted for over a generation, will whiten, clear and smooth your skin to new beauty. Just apply tonight; no massaging, no rubbing: Nadinola begins its beautifying work while you sleep. Then you see day-by-day improvement until your complexion is all you long for; creamy white, satin-smooth, lovely. No disappointments; no long waiting; money back guarantee in every package. Get a large box of Nadinola Bleaching Cream at toilet counters, or by mail postpaid, only 50c. Nadinola, Box T-10, Paris, Tenn. *Generous 10c sizes Nadinola Beauty aids at many 5c and 10c stores.*

Nadinola Bleaching Cream

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Rest Tired Arms
Same Good Quality

Today's Big Value 5¢

At Most Stores of F. W. Woolworth & Co.

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SHOPPING BAGS

Garfield Park, Indianapolis, Ind.

WELCOME

The next time you come to New York plan to stop at a hotel where "Welcome" means something more than a word on the door mat.

If you stop at the Hotel Knickerbocker you will be guaranteed a warm, friendly welcome. Every courtesy will be yours. This is a fine new 400-room hotel and every room has its own private bath and radio. Write for booklet T.

Rates from $2.50 Single
$3.50 Double

HOTEL KNICKERBOCKER
Carl F. Johnson, Manager
120 West 45th Street
New York

The People's Academy

(*Continued from page* 53)

More of Buster, Please

WHY can't we see Buster Phelps, the little boy who played Billy in "Broken Dreams" so lovingly, oftener, and in bigger parts?

After his marvelous performances in this picture, in "Little Orphan Annie," and "Handle With Care," it is a wonder some producer does not foresee a big future for this youngster and give him a real chance.

He is the outstanding child actor on the screen today.—*Georgia Eustice, 1337½ N. Alexandria Ave., Hollywood, California.*

The appeal of the child star is universal. However, too much work might endanger their naturalness.

Always a Leader

HE is an actor radiating personality and charm, very handsome and possesses the great gift of natural expression. He puts his whole soul into a characterization, actually living the part no matter how trivial.

That is my analysis of Clark Gable. I have had the privilege of seeing him in person and can only state he is my choice for the screen's ideal leading man. He is a modest man, in no respect has he "gone Hollywood."

Count his laurels, M-G-M!—*Emma Easterla, 6238 E. 16th St., Terr., Kansas City, Missouri.*

After "Men in White," M-G-M will be obliged to order a new consignment of laurels.

Mis-Casts

WHY "Riptide?" Such an excellent cast deserves a play suited to their talents.

It actually hurt to see the beautiful and accomplished Norma Shearer in such a role. And after just witnessing the fine performance of Robert Montgomery in "When Ladies Meet"—it's just too bad.—*Florence German, 1175 West Wayne St., Lima, Ohio.*

When stars seem superior to their material, it is true proof of their greatness. You have paid Miss Shearer and Mr. Montgomery the highest compliment.

Suggested Team

HOW about making a team of Robert Young and Mary Carlisle? We fans think they would be great together. At the same time why not give "Bob" Young more roles like the one in "Carolina"?

Mary Carlisle has everything that a real star needs, plays piano, good looks, and a charming personality. Give her a chance. She's an actress, not just a plain movie star.—*M. Conklin, 403 N. 40th Ave., W., Duluth, Minn.*

Unfortunately, their paths divide. Mr. Young seems destined for dramatic roles —Miss Carlisle for light comedy.

(*Please turn to page* 96)

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES



SOMETHING TO CELEBRATE

When will you, too, sign this declaration of smoking comfort? *"Down with cigarettes that dry our throats. We want a refreshing smoke. We want Kools"....* (signed) *"A nation of contented Kool smokers."* KOOLS are mentholated, mildly. The smoke is cooler, but the fine tobacco flavor is fully preserved. Cork tips protect lips. Finally, FREE coupons packed with KOOLS bring gilt-edged Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards and other merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for illustrated list.

FREE HANDSOME GIFTS...

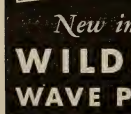


Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.



MAKE YOUR PERMANENT LAST 3 TIMES AS LONG

WOMEN everywhere are finding that the secret of keeping a permanent wave is to reset it regularly with the new Wildroot Wave Powder. Naturally curly and straight hair are also easy to set with this inexpensive home-made wave set. Just buy Wildroot Wave Powder, mix with water, and follow simple directions in package. Never leaves white flakes, dries quickly, keeps indefinitely. Used by hairdressers. At all drug and 5 and 10 cent stores.



10c
MAKES 1 PINT

New improved
WILDROOT
WAVE POWDER



The People's Academy

(*Continued from page* 95)

Loveless Films

ALTHOUGH I have been away from the States nearly two years, I receive film magazines. I remember well —I have not seen or heard of any film without love. In my estimation the ordinary man does not fight for love. So it is very tiresome to see one begging for love in the films. My word of advice is that the producers should wake up and make a loveless film.—*Louis J. Gluckstein, Leningrad 108, Uyborski Rayon Laboratornaya Ul., Donne 11 17 K. B. 9, U.S.S.R.*

Some loveless films have made a hit, as witness "The Lost Patrol."

Smoky the Magnificent

JUST when I was beginning to get "fed up" on the seemingly endless chain of so-called musical extravaganzas and wondering if producers would ever cease making them came a picture that is beautiful beyond description and so different.

"Smoky" was just a horse. But the story of his life, punctuated with gorgeous scenery, pathos and comedy makes a never-to-be-forgotten picture. —*Mary Lou Zebroe, 315 E. Del Mar Ave., Pasadena, California.*

And yet you wouldn't want to see a procession of animal pictures, would you?

A Tribute to Mr. Van de Water

YOUR invitation to express opinions of Mr. Van de Water's reviews of current productions is a pleasure second only to the privilege of reading his comments, and speaking for myself and others, I wish to say:

First, we like them because he is sport enough not to assume a dogmatic, superior attitude which precludes a difference of opinion.

Second, he is intelligent enough to give the public credit for the same quality, and voices the splendid truth that entertainment (pictures especially) should play up and not down to audiences.

Third, he has a friendly way of mentioning the good points of both actors and productions even when the results are not all he would like to see.

Fourth, because he is not afraid to praise when occasion deserves, thereby making his criticism constructive; not merely an effort to pick flaws, which convinces his reader of his sincerity.—*Annie Campbell Jones, 220 North Mount Vernon Street, Prescott, Arizona.*

Mr. Van de Water realizes that movie audiences not only see and hear, but also think.

Laurels To:

Fredric March—For his fine performance in: "Death Takes a Holiday." It was a role that could have easily been over-done!

Mae West—For her outstanding personality. Whether you approve of her, or not, you simply cannot ignore her.

Ralph Bellamy—For his convincing manner in "Once to Every Woman." He has the kind of voice a doctor should have.

Elissa Landi—For staying different despite criticism from those who do not appreciate intellectuals.

Marian Nixon—Whose performance in "Pilgrimage" still haunts me. Why isn't she appreciated more?

Pat O'Brien, Allen Jenkins, Ned Sparks, Mary Boland, Edna May Oliver; for just existing! We don't see half enough of them!—*Ruth King, 2 Hamilton Ave., Cranford, N. J.*

You've certainly picked a galaxy of winners, Miss King! The Order of Merit well becomes them all.

Motion Pictures vs. Drama

I AM glad to see that efforts are being made to include a course in photoplay appreciation in our schools. The drama has had its place in the curriculum for years, but there are many moving pictures of merit which never saw, or will see, the legitimate stage. The educational move is a sincere compliment to the great influence of the movies. On the other hand Hollywood must turn out better pictures in the future to meet the more cultivated taste of the public.—*Holly English, 262 South Street, Utica, N. Y.*

We agree that education and entertainment need not necessarily be strange bedfellows.

An Aid to Science

THERE is a lot of chatter nowadays about the improvement of motion pictures. The public blames the local distributor, who blames the producer, who lays the responsibility back on the public, where it rightly belongs, if motion pictures need improvement.

Be that as it may, we must not forget that motion pictures have been and are an outstanding aid to science in presenting the latest achievements in this field in a visual way, that is understandable by people in all walks of life.

This has led to a great interest on the part of the general public in the study of science, as indicated by the large number of books borrowed and read from the various public and private libraries all over the country. Science did not have such an educational ally before the advent of moving pictures.—*Bert Morehouse, 238 S. Hudson Ave., Pasadena, California.*

Science created its own ally.

Paul Kelly—Trouper

IT is not often that one finds an individual with sufficient strength in his own convictions to brave heartaches, tragedy and gossip, and still come out ahead. An unfortunate past will not hinder the future of Paul Kelly. He has proved his mettle; established his worth. Good luck to a real trouper.—He deserves it!—*A. Travis, 1627 South Carson, Tulsa, Oklahoma.*



Have You a Baby in Your Home?

Here are 7 Diagram Patterns for baby things . . 10 cents complete

One of the joys of a baby is sewing for him—or her. Diagram patterns are an easy new way to sew from patterns you make yourself. Complete directions and instructions are given for the following baby things:

★ The newest thing in knitted rompers with bunny decorations.

★ Diagram pattern and embroidery design for short-sleeved jacket.

★ Diagram pattern and embroidery design for baby bonnet.

★ Bear floor pad covered with glazed chintz.

★ Bird and animal appliques.

★ Pads for nursery chair made from scraps of colored cotton.

★ Small coat hanger and cap stand covered with satin ribbon.

Send 10 cents For a Complete set "BABY PATTERNS" to

Frances Cowles

TOWER MAGAZINES
(INCORPORATED)
55 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

The People's Academy

Paul Kelly's friends are all with you. His courage equals his ability as an actor.

Another Team?

WHO'S the most fascinating man on the screen? Good looking, well dressed and a great actor? Of course, it's Franchot Tone. But why isn't he cast as a star in more pictures? He has wonderful dramatic ability and played so well opposite Joan Crawford. They both played superbly in "Dancing Lady." Why aren't they starred together in more pictures? If you take my advice you'll be organizing a great team for the screen.

I hope this is published in your NEW MOVIE Magazine, of which I am a steady reader.—*Margaret C. Rothermel, 209 E. Pine Street, Goldsboro, North Carolina.*

They will be teamed again in "Sadie McKee." And later perhaps in other pictures.

Boosting Bellamy and Sullavan

I HAVE been a silent reader of "The People's Academy" for a long time, but I can no longer be silent—and I hope this misses the waste-paper basket.

First, I want to say how much I enjoyed "Only Yesterday." I think it was by far the outstanding picture of 1933. Words can't express how marvelous Margaret Sullavan was. I hope (and so do many others' that we shall see her many more times.

And one more thing—Ralph Bellamy, that wonderful actor you hear so little about. Why not a Janet Gaynor-Ralph Bellamy team? They would make an ideal couple.

In the future I hope to see Ralph Bellamy play the lead in some very good pictures—and with Janet Gaynor.—*Hazel Lasater, 502 West Lamone, Bozeman, Montana.*

Have you seen Ralph Bellamy in "Spitfire," or Margaret Sullavan in "Little Man, What Now?" They improve with each performance.

COOKING ON THE ICE

This month's recipes tell how to make a wide variety of dishes with the aid of the modern refrigerator. Here are the circulars:

1. Modern mousses and parfaits
2. Refrigerator ice creams and ices
3. Chilled desserts
4. Ice Box cakes
5. Frozen and chilled salads
6. Chilled meats and vegetable dishes
7. Beverages
8. Refrigerator pastry and rolls

If you would like copies of these circulars, send 10 cents to Food Editor, care of this magazine, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Don't be an AIREDALE



IN the merciless slang of Hollywood, a girl with hair on arms or legs is "an Airedale." That's why film stars take hair off and keep it off with X-Bazin, the safe, efficient, and reliable hair remover.

Spread mild, creamy X-Bazin over your limbs and under arms. With beautiful certainty it destroys the hair swiftly, completely, avoiding the blue look — and the irritation — that comes from shaving. X-Bazin leaves your skin virginally white, smooth and hair-free — and definitely discourages re-growth.

Be sure to get genuine X-Bazin today at drug or department stores — 50c for the new Giant Size tube; 10c for good-sized tubes at five-and-ten cent stores. X-Bazin also comes in powder form.

HALL & RUCKEL, Inc., Est. 1848, Brooklyn, N.Y.

X-BAZIN
removes hair

FREE CHARACTER READING CHART

• A "get acquainted" gift from REJUVIA, the favorite lipstick of more than a million women. A complete 17 x 22" scientific character reading chart absolutely FREE to you.
Study your sweetheart's character • Analyze your friends • Learn what you are, and why you are • You will be amazed with the mysteries that this chart will reveal to you.
Mail your name and address on penny post card. No cost. No obligation. SEND NOW TO Rejuvia Beauty Labs., Inc., Dept. G-40 395 Broadway, N. Y.

Try REJUVIA Lipstick today, velvet smooth, permanent waterproof, indelible, in correct shade for your individual complexion. A tested quality full size lipstick for only . . . 10 cents at most F. W. WOOLWORTH Co Stores. . . .

POISON IVY Conquered!

Colloidal Solution Sets Records For Drying Up Blisters, Relieving Itch

ARTICLES in medical journals and text-books praise a poison-ivy treatment to which doctors have been giving more and more attention. This treatment, using "colloidal aluminum compound" (or CAC) soothes itching like magic; marvelous for quick drying of blisters, prevents suggested infection and giving relief for burning and pain.

You can now use this "CAC" treatment yourself! Ask your druggist for it by the name HYDROSAL. In either liquid or ointment form, HYDROSAL is highly effective and amazingly quick. Excellent for such skin disorders as eczema, boils, burns, sunburn, etc.

Be sure to get the right name however—HYDROSAL.

Hydrosal

Enjoy Skin Comfort From Head to Foot



Relieve Complexion Blemishes

Allay Bodily Skin Irritations

WHAT is more aggravating and distracting than a mean pimple, a patch of itching rash or roughness, or a bit of chafing, in some spot where contact with your clothing creates a nagging discomfort? But it doesn't have to be endured, for Resinol Ointment and Soap give amazing relief from such conditions.

Perhaps you have considered the Resinol treatment for complexion faults only, because it so successfully helps to clear up clogged facial pores, blackheads and pimples, and to make ugly complexions clearer, smoother, lovelier. Yet it does even more—it soothes and promotes healing of skin irritation anywhere on the body.

Your druggist sells Resinol Ointment and Soap. Have them on hand for quick treatment of every-day skin ills or hurts.

Would you like a free sample of each? Write Resinol, Dept. 4-J, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol
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WON'T RUB OFF!

REALSHINE SHOE DRESSING

is the perfect finish for shoes, purses, gloves, belts and all summer accessories and sportswear. Regular Realshining every week saves money—keeps shoes new.



10¢ AT YOUR 5 AND 10 CENT STORE

Realshine WHITE
SHOE CLEANER & DRESSING

REALSHINE CO., INC. • GALVESTON, TEXAS

Junior Hollywood Gossip

(*Continued from page 6*)

Mae West's picture, "It Ain't No Sin," Katherine arrived on the set only to see the director go into spasms and tell Katherine she was too terribly thin for the part. Miss DeMille was sent to the Wardrobe Department immediately and padded from head to foot (so to speak), before being permitted to appear before the cameras.

* * *

What, with all this run-around, Rochelle Hudson's been giving the press on her marriage plans—I packed my pencil behind the left ear, struck out for the Fox lot, determined to get the low-down on the goil's love life. Here she comes now.

"Rochelle, what's this I hear—"

"Oh,—oh,—I know what you're here for—and I'm telling you I'm not married—but I have hopes. There's your answer before you start. Say,—do you want to know something funny? I just finished a picture with Warner Baxter, and the stand-ins for Warner and me are so sore they won't even speak to us, because we refused to let them work for us in the big love scenes. You see, the fellow who has been standing in for Warner for five years (while the camera men and electricians make the necessary adjustments) has quite a crush on the girl who does that job for me. We had lots of fun and had to take the scene over about twenty times. Say, you know what? . . ."

"No, I don't know what. What?"

"The old meanies wouldn't let me wear my engagement ring in the picture. It was heart-breaking."

"Which reminds me—about the marriage question—"

"Oh, did I tell you? I just found my dog after a whole year. Can you beat it?"

"What? The dog?"

"No, silly."

"O. K. But, what about this? Who is the lucky guy?"

"I was just going to tell you about something else. I'm going to be a gold-digger this Summer."

"This Summer?"

"Yes—my father has an eight thousand acre ranch in Kansas, and he just found gold on it, so I'm going back home to help him dig. By the way, how do you like my sun-tan? I've been down at Palm Springs and got so brown that the camera men had a terrific time photographing me for the end of the picture. I sort-a thought I could just do a natural fade-out at the end. Cute, eh? S' long."

So, you see, fellow reporters, that's how I found out *all* about Rochelle's marriage plans.

* * *

NO—Tom Brown is not ready to be married. No—Tom Brown has not thrown over Anita Louise for Ida Lupino or any one else. NO—Tom is not engaged to Anita—although they are in love with each other, but both realize they are very young in pictures as well as real life, and have much ground to cover before they can think seriously of being engaged or married.

Ida Lupino's friends call her "Lupy." You can call her what you like, but first let me tell you about this new club she started. It is tagged "Lupy's Lousy Lot"—and the members meet around Lupy's swimming pool every Sunday afternoon and have much fun, and stuff. Of course, it's not a real organization and doesn't interfere at all with the Puppets, but is merely an informal sort of thing, with Ida Lupino, running around pushing people into the pool. Ducky—what?

* * *

Following the refusal of the Wampas to pick 1934 baby stars from among girls under contract to studios, Paramount announces its six "protegées"—a sextette of beauties in whom the studio sees possibility of future stardom. These girls were selected from a group of twenty prospects by the vote of all executives, writers, directors and players in the studio. Paramount will give these girls especially written roles in the strongest possible vehicles, so they will have every opportunity to prove themselves. The six protegées are: Evelyn Venable, Frances Drake, Dorothy Dell, Helen Mack, Elizabeth Young and Ida Lupino.

* * *

While on the subject of young stars, there are few people who really know the reason for the Wampas selection—or even where the name originates. "Wampas" is a coined catch-word, derived from the initials of its more dignified and official name—"Western Associated Motion Picture Advertisers Society." Made legal by its constitution and made famous by its activities, the word "Wampas" has become so well established that many of its members have forgotten where it originated. Wampas girls selected for 1934 include: Judith Arlen, Hollywood; Betty Bryson, Los Angeles—niece of Warner Baxter; Jean Carmen, Portland, Oregon; Helen Cohan—daughter of George M. Cohan, famous New York stage star; Dorothy Drake, Santa Monica, California; Jean Gale, San Francisco; Hazel Hayes, La Crosse, Kansas; Ann Hovey, Mount Vernon, Indiana; Lucille Lund, Buckley, Washington; Lu Anne Meredith, Dallas Texas; Gigi Parrish, Cambridge, Mass; Jacqueline Wells, Dallas, Texas, and Kathryn Williams, Seattle, Wash.

* * *

"Mother, let's sell this house and move," said Patricia Ellis a few days ago, when her mother returned from New York. "There's something queer going on and I can't make it out. Several times after you left I heard my name distinctly called, first 'Patricia' —then 'Pat, Pat'—and when I answered, there was no one there. Then, I heard Bob's name called and he hadn't been here all day. Let's get out of here—let's move!" But Pat's mother was calm, though admittedly puzzled. "Well, dear," said Mrs. Ellis, "we'll wait and see if it happens again." It wasn't long. Out of the blue, came the voice—'Pat, Pat—Patricia,—Hey Bob' —but at the same time, a neighbor's voice was heard to say, "Polly, keep quiet, you'll disturb the whole neighborhood with your squawking." So the mystery is solved—Pat's nerves are settled, and Mrs. Ellis won't move.

* * *

William Janney's pals have started calling him 'Dagwood'—you know, the funny paper guy—because he's getting so absent-minded. But don't blame Billy.

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Junior Hollywood Gossip

That Jacqueline Wells is beautiful enough to make anyone slightly vacant. . . . Joan Marsh wins the brass shoe-lace for having the smallest feet of any actress her age in motion pictures. . . . One of Paramount's young ingenues has finally decided the only way she can keep from eating those chocolate sundaes and things that put on pounds, is to leave her purse home every morning. But the little gal has too many boy friends who are anxious to take her ice-creaming. . . . The new talent in Hollywood is going to have its chance, so keep your eyes open for the new names on the younger set roll call in pictures next year. You'll be hearing from Barbara Pepper, Cynthia Lawton, Frank Tennil, Sydney Kent, Grace Durkin, Mary Blackford, Marie Wilson, Robin Ainsley and Dawn O'Day. They may change their names, but I'll let you know. . . .

All of which reminds me that seventeen thousand extras are struggling for existence in Hollywood. Each undoubtedly started with the thought, "if I don't succeed in a year, I'll try something else." But as each has discovered—once the motion picture business gets you, you can never tear yourself away. Eighteen-year-old Pancho Lucas gave up acting three months ago to take a law course at the University of Southern California. Last week, however, Pancho was found talking with the casting director of Warner Brothers, whom he contacted between college classes. There was a chance Pancho would make another picture and all the law books since Blackstone couldn't keep Jean Parker's good-looking boy friend from answering the call.

The guests at Pat Ellis' party are: Top row, left to right: Jean Muir, Miss Ellis, Dorothy Burgess, Muriel Kirkland, Mary Carlisle, Anita Louise and Grace Durkin. Bottom row, left to right: Henry Wadsworth, Dick Cromwell, Philip Reed, Tom Brown and Paul Kay.

Cleopatra Was No Different

(*Continued from page* 29)

collected would make a modern woman green with envy. Her evening gowns were countless and glittered with precious stones which were used in bands of trimming. Diaphanous materials, fashioned in slinky lines, frequently had flowing or trailing scarfs, even as the 1934 evening gowns.

She also had quite a collection of sports clothes, for Cleopatra was no clinging vine. She played at games with Caesar and Antony, and she went to war with them.

But in the evening, presiding over great feasts and entertainments, she was at her best. Then she made an elaborate and careful toilet. She started with a milk bath, followed by a massage with scented oils and lotions, until her body was aglow with youth and fragrance.

(*Please turn to page* 100)

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"It's very mysterious," she said. "My skin positively *blooms* with beauty when I use that face-powder!"

We gave her a glass of water, and she found the secret! Poured Luxor into the glass. Saw it *float*. Pressed it down with her finger. Her finger stayed dry! "Why, it's *moisture-proof!*" she said.

That means Luxor is shine-proof for hours; won't clog pores or enlarge them.

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Hear June Meredith in "Talkie Picture Time", *NBC Sunday afternoon. See local papers.*



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Cleopatra Was No Different

(*Continued from page* 99)

On her body went a gown of costly fabric, encrusted with precious gems. On her feet went tiny bejewelled sandals. And in her hair were placed jewelled pins and hair ornaments. Powder, rouge and eye-shadow beautified her face.

Her toenails and fingernails glittered with a fresh manicure. An aroma of seductive perfume wafted from her. In short she was a perfect specimen of the carefully groomed woman of 1934.

Cleopatra was beautiful, after a fashion. But her beauty was not so striking as to dazzle men by any means. That is why she employed so many beauty aids. Of course she had sex appeal and was a master in the art of love. But you can find many women today who equal her combination of beauty and sex appeal.

HOWEVER, beauty and sex appeal cannot fascinate men any more than beauty and sex appeal can make stars in motion pictures. Success comes only when beauty and sex appeal are combined with brains.

You may rest assured that Cleopatra had extraordinary brains. When she set out to charm a man she used every ounce of brain power at her command. She worked continually to amuse the man she loved, and she developed great knowledge of every topic that interested him.

Peggy Hopkins Joyce, who has had four husbands to Cleopatra's two, understands this same secret for attracting men. When an interviewer asked Peggy her technique in attracting men, she said, "Be a pal." And that is exactly the technique that Cleopatra used. Plutarch, the historian, says of her:

"She had at any moment some new delight or charm to meet his (Caesar's) wishes. She played at dice with him, drank with him, hunted and fished with him, and when he exercised in arms she was there to see . . . she also fascinated him by the art of love."

To attract a man is one thing. But modern women have come to realize that it is more difficult to hold a man once they have attracted him. And the woman who can be an unfailing pal to a man will have no difficulty holding his love.

MAN'S life, you know, is divided into three different parts. First there is his everyday business life, then his sports life and finally his love life.

Cleopatra, by using her brains and natural charms, became a perfect pal in all three of these divisions. She made love a business, and eventually she succeeded at it. She never acted spoiled, petulant or out-of-sorts. No matter what her inner feelings might be, she always appeared affable around the man she loved.

However, Cleopatra was not always victorious over the men of her affections. She loved Caesar passionately, but he never returned her love with the same ardor.

Caesar, you see, had been married four times when he met Cleopatra, who was then an unplucked rose. Caesar taught her the ways of love, but he did not return her love. He merely pretended to be fascinated by her charms because he saw that through Cleopatra he could obtain the vast wealth and territory of Egypt for the Roman Empire.

Cleopatra, on the other hand, was flattered by the attention of Caesar. He was a fine gentleman, a great warrior and a famous statesman. And he probably was not loath to accept her love, but he never lost sight of his goal to control the vast wealth of Egypt.

So, you see, Cleopatra was not infallible with men. She was deceived by Caesar even as women before and since have been deceived by men.

THE manner in which Cleopatra managed to meet Caesar is amusing. Ptolemy, her brother, was in command of Alexandria when Caesar conquered the city. Cleopatra had been driven from the palace by her brother, but when she heard that the great Caesar had captured the city, she determined to visit him.

To escape discovery, she had herself concealed in a roll of bedding and carried into the city on the back of a faithful servant. The servant placed the bedding before Caesar, and out sprang Cleopatra. There she was, a fugitive at Caesar's mercy. And what happened?

One historian says: "They talked all night that night and before the sun rose Caesar had decided to put Cleopatra back on the throne."

You might guess that their talk covered a lot of territory!

The Romans were very bitter against Caesar because he tarried so long in Egypt with Cleopatra. And after Caesar was assassinated, his successor, Marc Antony, ordered Cleopatra to come before him. Antony intended to put her in chains and lead her through the city as a disgraced captive.

But here's what happened. Cleopatra "came sailing up the river Cyndus, in a barge with gilded stern and outspread sails of purple, while oars of silver beat time to the music of flutes and fifes and harps. She herself lay under a canopy of cloth of gold, dressed as Venus in a picture, and beautiful young boys, like painted Cupids, stood on each side to fan her. Her maids were dressed like sea nymphs and Graces."

Antony immediately fell in love with her. Instead of taking Cleopatra to Rome as his prisoner, Cleopatra took Antony to Egypt as her captive of love. And he lingered so long in loving her and feasting with her that the Romans finally overthrew him.

ALTHOUGH she lived 2,000 years ago, Cleopatra really wasn't much different from the women of today. She employed much the same beauty aids and love technique.

She loved but two men and married both. And she had children by them and was loyal to them even unto death. She was not ravishingly beautiful, but she learned to make the most of what nature had given her.

Alexandria, where Cleopatra lived, is described as a city of sun, cool ocean breezes and white buildings. There was always a blaze of flowers, so we are told. English hollyhocks, fox gloves and stock grew side by side with plants of southern Europe.

Why, ancient Alexandria might have been modern Hollywood and Cleopatra might easily have been a movie star!

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Garbo's Destiny

(*Continued from page* 37)

found that the less people could find out about Garbo, the more they wanted to know, and the studio proceeded to spin a web of mystery around her.

"Duse and Bernhardt were constantly in personal contact with the public; and they were as dazzling off-stage as they were behind the footlights. They were truly great. On the other hand, Garbo would probably faint if she had to attend a reception for the newspaper and magazine writers.

"By saying she is not great, I do not mean that she isn't a fine actress and a charming woman. She is just a wholesome, natural person. For instance, it's difficult to think of the 'mysterious' Garbo as the giggly sort, isn't it? But it's a fact. On the "Inspiration" set, Bob Montgomery's customary banter and ribbing among his fellow actors had Garbo in continual spasms of giggling —as much at home and having as good a time as any of the others on the set.

"Garbo herself doesn't think she's great; that's why her fellow actors do not feel that she's being high-hat when the prop boy places a black screen back of her during the shooting of a scene. They understand that she is shy, and they realize that she can do her best work if a gang of extras, technicians, and actors aren't watching her. And so they respect her and leave her alone as much as possible.

"She is almost as diffident today as she was five years ago. A suave, well-poised actor like Lewis Stone scares her to death. As far as I can see, Greta Garbo differs from any shy girl with an ability to act, only in that she has the gift of shaking off this shyness while being photographed."

JOHN GILBERT says, "I played opposite Garbo at practically the beginning of her career . . . 'A Woman of Affairs,' you remember. And now I have just finished playing opposite her in 'Queen Christina' her most recent picture. In the latter picture, I was aware, of course, that her screen technique had improved immensely. That is natural; she has become confident of her English and of her growing knowledge of American customs.

"What is generally called *genius* is not as mysterious as it is claimed to be. Every great person is *great* because he or she appeals to a large number of people through a remarkable ability to understand humanity. Greta is great, because shy as she is, she understands and deeply sympathizes with a wide range of human problems. Her ability to give understanding interpretation to her roles is not due to a self-imposed divine inspiration, but to the ease with which she can project herself in the part she is portraying. Her imagination is so limitless that she can—on the screen—be a disillusioned circus performer or a queen trapped by her own regal power and laugh or weep in either role with equal sincerity.

"When Garbo says to a camera 'all this great joy I feel now, Antonio' she means it from the bottom of her heart. As she develops as a woman, so Garbo's technique in interpreting the vast scope of her imagination will grow. To that extent, a thing which only the future can divulge, Greta Garbo will become a screen immortal."

(*Please turn to page* 102)

Here's That Amazing New Discovery For BLONDES!



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An almost magical way has been found to *increase* and *intensify* the special allure of the Blonde Girl. To enable you to attract as never before, if you're blonde . . . *with the golden shimmer of your hair!*

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STA-RITE HAIR PINS WAVE SET

Garbo's Destiny

(*Continued from page* 101)

CLARK GABLE pulled in his belt a notch and leaned back reflectively against the sound stage. "East is East, and West is West, and ne'er the twain shall meet," he said. "—And neither shall the stage and screen. Miss Garbo is a screen actress; I can only talk about her in that light.

"When you think of the screen's most enduring personalities, the people who have survived the years and all the changes, you think only of a small handful of men and women. And I sincerely believe that Greta Garbo will always be numbered among them. Each one of these so-called immortals has offered to the world something new and different, something which cannot be duplicated. That I believe, is the fundamental truth upon which her amazing success has been built."

At this point Clark lighted a cigarette and puffed at it dreamily in silence. I began to think that in humpty-dumpty fashion he had finished with the interview, but suddenly he continued, frowning, as though arguing something out with himself, "She possesses something more than beauty and acting ability . . . I can't name or define it . . . The word *personality* does not cover it—" Suddenly returning to earth and smiling his good-natured smile "—But everyone feels it, the people with whom she works as well as the audiences who see her on the screen. I don't think that Miss Garbo, herself, is aware of it. As a co-worker she is always cooperative and cordial. She has a thoroughly human sense of humor and understanding. She has the strength of will to live her own life her own way. But, in spite of this humanness and this cordiality, she has Something—which must be spelled with a capital 'S'."

"It's that capital 'S' that makes you repeatedly refer to her as 'Miss' Garbo," I interrupted.

Clark grinned and nodded his head. "She's an individual," he concluded. No one else is, or can be, like her. And all immortals are individuals."

CHARLES BICKFORD, Hollywood's red-headed, two-fisted, he-man, who in "Anna Christie" played opposite Garbo at the most crucial moment of her career—her talkie debut—believes that the famed Swedish star has genius.

"Her power comes from within," Bickford says. "She doesn't know what her power is any more than she knows what makes her eyelashes so long—they're the real thing, by the way. She only knows what I do, that when she goes before the cameras she is able to project herself into her role—forget shyness—live the role. That's genius.

"Genius isn't discovered. Genius just *is*. Stiller didn't think he was bringing a genius to America. He had a good job in America; he was in love with Garbo; so he did what any man in love would have done. He said, 'I have an actress friend; she's good. If you want me, you'll have to take her too.' And so M-G-M took Garbo, and no one was more surprised, when the box office recorded her a smash hit, than Stiller, Garbo, and M-G-M!

"As for her immortality, I don't believe that Garbo will ever rest in a niche beside Bernhardt and Duse unless she follows her screen career with a stage career. An in-the-flesh role, uninterrupted by repeated mechanical changes of scene, or breaks in continuity, such as is only possible behind the footlights, is the only medium by which an immortal characterization can be performed. If in the future, Garbo overcomes her dread of public contact—which I doubt greatly she will do—and gets a few good stage roles, I would be the first to predict her immortal triumph.

"Garbo's present hold on her public isn't all due to the 'mystery woman' publicity which has been built up around her. Other screen actresses have tried to be retiring and silent, but in no case have they succeeded in mystifying the public, for the obvious reason that they weren't altogether sincere. Garbo is shy from the very bottom of her heart. She dreads and dislikes to be noticed or touched by strangers. She is simple and honest and direct with her friends and associates on the set. And through the medium of the silver screen she brings a lot of pleasure and fine interpretation to the movie-going public. With these things in her favor, I can't understand an attitude that begrudges her the right to be shy and retiring off-screen, if it so happens that it isn't in her nature to be otherwise.

"Garbo is an artist. She isn't waiting to amass a great fortune and then scuttle back to Sweden with her American dollars. She loves every minute on the set. She was born with that love of acting, seldom so pronounced in women of this age—I mean acting, not just showing off—which enables her to give the inspired performance you see on the screen. What she is off-screen is of no importance—a mystery woman—a myth created by writers for the sake of sensationalism—in reality, a natural girl who wants to be let alone."

ROBERT MONTGOMERY'S ten-league legs had carried him half-way across the M-G-M lot before I caught up with him. "Aw, for the love of Mike!" he puffed. "Why don't you ask me something easy—I don't understand the woman—I was so nervous and excited when I was assigned that role with Greta Garbo in "Inspiration" that I was practically inarticulate. And I still don't know what there is about her . . . I don't know what to say!"

"She affects me that way too," I encouraged. "What *is* it Garbo has that other actresses lack?"

"Well," Bob resumed, "I don't know what I expected Garbo to be, certainly not just an ordinary woman, or, comparatively new in pictures though I was, I wouldn't have been quite so jittery. And what did I find?—" lifting his eyebrows in one of his arch smiles "—A gal who did everything in her power to make it pleasant and easy for me, and a swell actress to get along with! Needless to say, I soon got over the jitters, and in fact had a lot of fun kidding with her. Nothing gets by Garbo—she has a great sense of humor!

"About this immortality business, I believe that my first feeling, that strange mixture of awe and excitement, that belief that she is more than an

Garbo's Destiny

ordinary woman, is the secret of Garbo's hold on the publics of the world. She has built about herself a wall of mystery and inaccessibility, People, watching her on the screen, feel that. While other actresses are warm, flesh and blood women with human feelings and frailties, Greta Garbo seems made of different clay.

"Of course she's shy and justifiably silent about her private affairs—but that isn't what I mean by calling her 'mysterious.' I mean that certain something that makes Garbo an enigma even to herself. Bernhardt and Duse were open books, compared with Garbo! Yes indeed! . . . Garbo will rank with the immortals, with Bernhardt and Duse of the stage, not because she is a greater actress than many other women of motion pictures, but because she has this personality that is so outstandingly unique and undefinable."

And thus the men in her American picture career predict the stellar destiny of the one and only Garbo. "To live in hearts we leave behind, is not to die," said some scribe. And with that the case, whether or not we ascribe greatness to Garbo's repeated screen triumphs, it is safe to say that her destiny lies the way of the Immortals.

Having Fun in Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 53)

Jack LaRue fetched Bobbie LaBranch. By the way, that valentining of Jack and Ida Lupino seems to be all off.

Hollywood birthday cakes are proverbially large, but Sari's was just about the biggest any little girl has had to cut. Alison Skipworth helped her serve that and the turkey sandwiches. And Alison also handed out some funny wise-cracks at the same time.

Sari started to eat her piece of cake, and Alison glanced at the huge pile still remaining after everybody was served.

"That's what I call eating your cake and having it too!" she remarked.

The only hot-cha happening at the party occurred when Jack LaRue and Bobbie LaBranch knocked over a table while doing imitations of Bing Crosby.

Jimmy Durante is on the spot. He admits it, and it's all the fault of his talents.

"All the big song writers are ganging against me since the composer in me started coming out," said Schnozzle. "Since I wrote a coupla songs for my new picture, RKO has been hot to have me do some more. The other studios are after me, too, and I'm expecting a call from grand opera. The other composers are after my scalp. But, shucks, a guy can't help it if he's talented."

John Miljan and John Mack Brown were arguing next summer's bathing suit trend for women, when Mae West glided in.

"What do girls do with their bath-

(*Please turn to page* 104)

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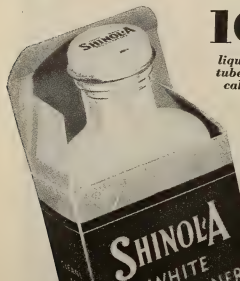
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Having Fun in Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 103)

ing suits in the Winter?" queried Brown.

"Use 'em for book-marks," cracked Mae.

Speaking of surprise parties, Joe Cawthorne was given a nice one on his birthday by Queenie Vassar Cawthorne, his wife.

John Barrymore goes almost nowhere to parties, but he and the Cawthornes are old friends, so he was present.

And John is always good for a lot of laughs.

We were discussing a very old book, printed in the early eighteen hundreds, concerning one Lord Barrymore, patron of the theater, which John possesses.

"The Lord Chamberlain or somebody was talking about a certain person," said John, "whose escapades are related in the book. Said the L. C.: 'Yes, he associates with drunkards and such like folk. And now he's got so low that he's associating with the Barrymores!' "

Queenie Vassar, once the toast of New York, has a voice that still is lovely. She with many others at the party, including Otto Kruger, Bobby North, Adele Rowland, Joe Cawthorne, gathered 'round the piano and sang the old songs, which Conway Tearle played, all from memory.

And Joe danced a hornpipe. Good jigging, too!

John Barrymore was standing near the telephone, rustling the leaves of the telephone directory, when Maria Alba came within his line of vision. She was looking lovely in a black gown.

"Charming! Charming! Stand still!" exclaimed John, as he continued to turn the leaves of the telephone book, trying to divide his attention between practical and aesthetic subjects.

And Maria stood still until John finally abandoned the telephone book to talk to her.

Louise Dresser and Jack Gardner aren't going to leave their old Glendale home. Though they own a gorgeous Spanish house in Beverly, they prefer the old-fashioned home in Glendale.

"I doubt if we'll ever live again in Beverly," said Louise, at the party that night. "We love that old-fashioned house so much. And mother loves it. It have a wonderful garden there, you know, and I love working in it. It's all right, out in Glendale, for me to go around in khaki short skirt and soiled gloves, with my hair not done in the latest fashion. In Beverly everybody would be shocked to see me in my garden looking like that."

Richard Dix is very devoted to his little daughter, Mary Ellen.

She is with him two or three times a week, when he takes her out in his big automobiles and then home to dinner at his house. There they play games, and Richard is teaching her the alphabet. She loves to toddle beside him on his ranch, too, and there is a pony there for her to learn to ride some day.

And if Richard is devoted to any lady except Mary Ellen, nobody has found it out to date.

Dorothea Wieck's husband has returned to Germany, but Dorothea is a devoted wife, and writes him every day, composing long letters when she is not working in a picture.

Virginia Bruce is not letting her divorce from Jack Gilbert make quite a recluse of her. She is going to the Cocoanut Grove and other pleasure spots to dine and dance. But never with an escort—always with groups of married friends. She looked very pretty the other night when we saw her at the Cocoanut Grove with Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw.

William Janney had his fortune told the other day, and the fortune teller told him he would soon be married, describing Jacqueline Wells to perfection as the lady in the case. Whereupon William admitted to us—we were with him at the fortune telling—that she is wearing the Janney family signet ring now, but he hopes to exchange it for a diamond in the near future.

There's one baby star that the Wampas stork wasn't allowed to deliver.

She is Mary Rogers, daughter of the famous Will. The Wampas boys—members of the publicity organization which elects baby stars every year—wanted to put Mary on the list. But Will Rogers put his foot down.

"Not that I object to Mary's having a career, nor that I have anything against the Wampas," said Will, "but if Mary does have a career, I want her to work up to it without any outside help."

Neither divorces nor broken love affairs seem to put a crimp in the serenity of social groups in Hollywood.

Take an incident that left outsiders gasping, last week, when Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller, and Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw were sitting together at a table at the Cocoanut Grove, all having a grand time.

And ever since Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes were divorced, they have continued members of the same group which included George Brent, Ruth's second husband. And now that Ruth and George are being divorced, may we not expect to see Ruth at parties attended also by both her ex's?

"Main event in the big tent!" exclaimed Joe E. Brown, as he met us at the front door of his Beverly home.

That meant that his party was being held in the huge marquee that had been erected in his rear garden.

Dick Powell had flown all the way up from Caliente to take Mary Brian to the party.

Mary told us a funny story about herself. She said she had been erecting a summer house near her home in Toluca Lake district.

"But some of the neighbors took it for a wayside beer stall or something of the sort," related Mary. "They sent word to me that I would have to get a special permit to sell beer there!"

There is one dad who isn't going to be sore if his son adopts the circus



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DE WANS *Special Facial* **HAIR REMOVER**

Having Fun in Hollywood

as a profession, and that's Joe E. Brown. It seems that his son Joe rather fancies the profession.

"If a son of mine wants to go out as a circus performer it's all right with me. Of course I wouldn't want him to have the hard knocks I had, but he probably wouldn't have. Circus life isn't as strenuous as it used to be, and it is a wholesome life."

And one of Joe's sons is now working his way around the world on a boat as a sailor.

Ever since his wildly hectic time with the dear public, back in New York, during his personal appearance tour, Clark Gable has longed for a quiet little hide-away, far from the madding throng, and now he has it.

Clark has bought a funny little cabin on the edge of the desert, near Victorville, California, where he spends quiet week-ends. The cabin has no telephone, and the nearest telegraph station is fifteen miles away, down a rutty road.

You are really not in the Hollywood swim, unless you go from party to party.

So many Saturday night affairs are held that progressive partying is coming to be the rule on that gay night in movieland.

So it was that many guests from David Selznick's big party at the Venetian Room in the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel went on to Winfield Sheehan's big party at his home.

Leis and Hawaiian dolls gave color to the David Selznick party, so that everybody arriving at the Sheehan party from the other one wore the Honolulu emblem about his or her neck.

THERE was a lot of dancing at the Sheehan party, but Norma Shearer, who looked lovely in a powder blue evening gown, though besought by many partners, elected not to dance, but to chat with the guests instead, especially with the other young mamas present.

Irving Thalberg, Miss Shearer's husband, however, danced once with the guest of honor, the lovely Madeleine Carroll; Ketti Gallian stepped a fox trot with Winfield Sheehan, and Ronald Colman waltzed with Heather Angel.

Madeleine Carroll is not unmarried, as so many admiring males wish she were. She is the wife of Capt. Philip Astley.

Mr. and Mrs. Warner Baxter were among the guests.

The Sheehan party became an almost from dusk-to-dawn party, with some of the later guests including Richard Barthelmess and his wife, Charlie Farrell and Virginia Valli, Janet Gaynor, Maurice Chevalier, and Kay Francis.

MAKE LOVELY LINGERIE . . . from diagram patterns. Form-fitting slip, negligee jacket, shorts, nightgown, tailored combination. Ten cents will bring you diagram patterns for all this lingerie. Address Frances Cowles, Tower Magazines, Inc., 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.



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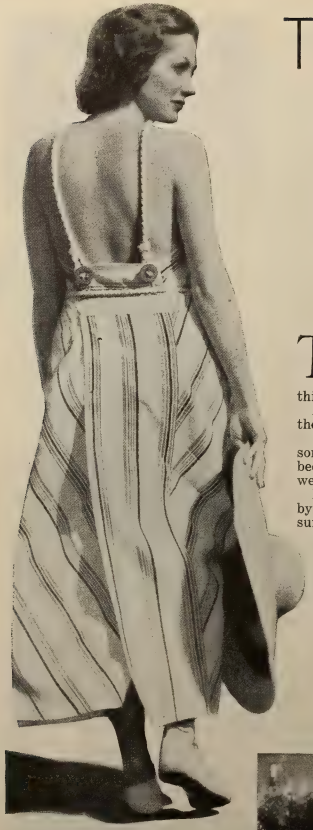
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BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

Taking the SUN in Hollywood

Adrienne Ames, the most thoroughly sun-tanned woman in Hollywood, avoids over exposure by the regular use of sunburn oil

By ANN BOYD



Paramount Photos

Here is the newest fashion in bathing frocks of white and red stripes with shoulder straps of white rope, as worn by Adrienne Ames, Paramount player.

•

Adrienne Ames has chosen a new red, white and blue striped sweater and white jersey slacks which she slips on over her low-backed bathing suit after her daily sun bath



TO tan or not to tan? That is the burning question in Hollywood today, what with Winter far behind us and Summer in full swing.

As in everything else, there are extremes among the stars on this particular subject.

Adrienne Ames is probably the most thoroughly tanned woman in these parts.

From an erstwhile "white sister," the lovely Adrienne slowly blossomed into a perfect shade of buttered toast brown. I say slowly because, realizing the drastic effects of over-exposure, Miss Ames went into the thing wisely and without haste.

Rubbing her entire body, face and all, with a sunburn oil, she began by spending but five minutes a day (back and front) in the bright sunshine.

Little by little, she increased this time limit until the desired shade of tan had been acquired. Then, the treatment was reduced to keep that particular tone, as is.

The eyes must have it, too, although in a much less degree than the rest of the body. The delicate optic tissues should at no time be subjected to the penetrating rays of the sun, but in order to obtain an even tone of tan around the eyes Miss Ames does not start out her tanning treatment with dark glasses. To start with, she sits in the sun for five minutes a day without the glasses and after that wears them until the treatment is finished.

To remove any excess oil after a daily tanning process of this sort is completed, Miss Ames finds it best to rub the body briskly with a turkish towel wrung out of warm water. Then hop under the shower, and . . . there you are.

Then there are other girls who, like Sidney Fox, present the other extreme in summer complexions. While Sidney is naturally as white as a lily her greatest difficulty is the fact that instead of tanning nicely, only a little exposure to the direct rays of the sun turns her skin a painful shade of pink.

The best plan for girls of this type to follow is to remain in the shade as much as possible. If exposure is unavoidable, a liberal use of oils and creams especially designed for protection against sunburn is the surest prevention against injurious and painful results.

Once the skin has become tan or freckled there are mild bleaches that may be used to advantage.

Lily white, untanned skins, or evenly brown skins—both are favored by Hollywood stars during the summer months. Make up your mind which suits your type and complexion best, but remember that no one admires a burned skin nor the rough blotched appearance that comes after the skin has once blistered. With a little patience and the use of specially prepared cosmetics, summer sunshine will offer no obstacle to your year round quest for beauty.

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a new and utterly ravishing transparent-colored lipstick



Called "SAVAGE," because its maddening hues and the completely seductive softness it imparts to lips, found their inspiration in primitive, savage love. Also, because its extreme indelibility permits Savage to cling as lip color has never clung before . . . *savagely!* Of course, it is different from ordinary lipstick. Put it on—rub it in—then, delight in finding that nothing remains on your lips but ravishing, transparent color. Four really exciting shades; and you are invited to actually test them all at the Savage Shade Selector prominently displayed wherever Savage is sold.



SAVAGE SHADE SELECTOR

In addition to providing you with a practical means of trying Savage before buying, the Savage Shade Selector supplies the means of removing the highly indelible Savage stains from your wrist. A bottle of Savage Lipstick Stain Remover and a dispenser of felt removal pads are provided. SAVAGE . . CHICAGO

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AUGUST

SEPTEMBER

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DECEMBER



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■ Miss Anne Gould spent much of her early girlhood in the Hawaiian Islands. Her adventurous spirit not only made her an expert surf rider, but she went to the bottom of the ocean herself to secure certain rare shells and corals for her collection, the finest private collection in America. She studied in Paris under two famous French masters and her paintings are exceptionally fine. She is a proficient horsewoman and loves the open country. She always smokes Camel cigarettes.



CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

Why Miss Anne Gould, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gould, prefers Camels

"Why do I smoke Camels? Because I honestly like their taste better than any of the other cigarettes," says Miss Gould. "Like most of the girls I know, I prefer a mild cigarette—that's another reason I am devoted to Camels. Besides, I see no reason for letting cigarettes make you nervous—Camels never make me edgy or jumpy. And I really believe you could smoke Camels forever and ever and not get tired of their fine, smooth flavor."

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y ELSIE JANIS
RALPH BELLAMY'S SECRET DAUGHTER
he authentic story of my life
Jean Harlow
SEPTEMBER
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If Robert Louis Stevenson had traded his pen for a camera..





Little did he know that one day his immortal story of "Treasure Island" would come to life... just as his other thrill-novel "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" captivated the world. Two million copies of "Treasure Island" have quickened the heart-beat of men, women and children.

Glorious news that each exciting moment has been recaptured to stir your soul! Wallace Beery is Long John Silver, and Jackie Cooper is the adventurous youth Jim Hawkins, whose boyish loyalty will grip your emotions, as he did before when he adored his "Champ" with tear-dimmed eyes. Lionel Barrymore too, gives his most thrilling performance. See the cast of all-stars!

It is a great picture and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is proud to have devoted its vast resources to the production of this, the year's important entertainment!

WALLACE BEERY *as Long John Silver*
JACKIE COOPER *as Jim Hawkins*
LIONEL BARRYMORE *as Billy Bones*
OTTO KRUGER - - - - - *as Dr. Livesey*
LEWIS STONE - - - - *as Captain Smollett*
"CHIC" SALE - - - - - - *as Ben Gunn*
WILLIAM V. MONG - - - - *as Old Pew*
DOROTHY PETERSON - - - - *as Mrs. Hawkins*

Directed by Victor Fleming • *Produced by* Hunt Stromberg

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Isn't It A Shame!

SHE HAS A BIG HOUSE . . . A SUCCESSFUL HUSBAND . . . BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



Emily's house is a show-place—the finest house in town. And Emily is as gracious and lovely as her house is grand! But—there's a "but" about Emily!



Emily's successful young husband would send to the ends of the earth to grant her smallest wish! But—the "but" about Emily gives her many bad moments!



When Emily goes to parties in other people's houses, she doesn't seem to "click." She feels left out of it all. For the "but" about Emily is her teeth!



Emily's husband should tell her what people notice about her teeth—that they look dingy and ugly. If only she'd go to her dentist . . .



He'd explain that it's "pink tooth brush" which is responsible—that she should clean her teeth with Ipana—and massage Ipana into her gums.



By the time Emily's gums were firm, her teeth would be good-looking again. She'd be attractive again! And she'd get plenty of compliments!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

YOU, like Emily, should examine your teeth in a mirror, by bright daylight. If your teeth look dingy and ugly, "pink tooth brush" may be at the root of the trouble.

To be sure that your teeth are brilliantly clean and good-looking—do as many dentists suggest: clean them with Ipana Tooth Paste, and each time, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it directly into your tender gums.

The foods of today are not coarse enough to stimulate the gums and keep them hard. Inactive gums often become tender, and sometimes bleed. This is "pink tooth brush."

Stimulate your gums and keep them firm with a twice-daily massage with Ipana. The ziratol in Ipana aids the massage in toning them. In protecting them against "pink tooth brush," you are safer from gum troubles like gingivitis and Vincent's disease. You can feel safer, too, about your teeth. Remember: Ipana for tender gums, and Ipana for *clean* teeth.

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The Girl on the Cover

Jeanette MacDonald

The lovely red-haired girl whose name has come to spell musicals. Having gone to school with the Shuberts, and been given her diploma by Ernst Lubitsch, Jeanette is the mythical princess of the mythical kingdom of musical comedy, always beautiful, always gay—always the *least* bit naughty —L. A. Gimpel painted her for you.



THE New Movie MAGAZINE

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher*

VOL. X, No. 2 | ONE OF THE TOWER MAGAZINES | AUGUST 1934

THE BEST OF THIS MONTH'S STORIES OF THE STARS

Hollywood Day by Day....Nemo 6
No Cinderella Romance in Hollywood . Eleanor Griffin 16
The Authentic Story of My Life....Jean Harlow 26
Films Across the Sea....Elsie Janis 30
The Real Mae West....Aileen St. John Brenon 32
My Screen Sweethearts....Benjamin De Casseres 34
Ralph Bellamy's Secret Daughter...Dorothy Manners 36
The People's Academy Prize Awards.... 40
Strictly Modern....Julie Lang 43
Hollywood Give and Take....Herb Howe 44
George Raft Talks....Nan Campbell 50
No More Fights....Pauline Robbins 52
Pioneering in the Movies....George Gerry 58
The Return of the Matinee Idol....Harry N. Blair 59

News of the Films That Brings You Up to Date

First Nights on Broadway....Frederic F. Van de Water 48
What to Expect in the New Films....Barbara Barry 56

New Movie's Outstanding Special Departments

Junior Hollywood Gossip....Henry Willson 8
Close-Ups of Hollywood Personalities.... 18
New Movie's Hollywood Fashions.... 37
Hollywood Goes A-Partying....Grace Kingsley 46
There She Goes with a Needle....Frances Cowles 51
Music in the Movies....John Edgar Weir 53
You Tell Us.... 54
A New Theory of Beauty from Gloria Swanson —Ann Boyd 60
That Hollywood Flavor in Salads....Nancy James 62
The Make-Up Box.... 94

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HOLLYWOOD DAY by DAY

By NEMO

EVEN Mae West has her worries. Since going to town with the nasty gangsters, she's taking no chances on getting herself spotted for a "ride," even around the Paramount lot.



Everyone working on her set was obliged to sign an identification card, and, if even a prop boy left the set for a split second, he had to sign his name again upon returning. This was compared with the original, and, woe betide the wretch who dotted an "i" the first time and failed to do so the second!

Not scared, understand, but just determined to be careful, Mae flatly refused to do her stuff on Stage 13.

Consequently, the cast was moved, bag and baggage, on Stage 4, where, just as they were ready to shoot, the roof cracked (Von Sternberg having just finished work on "Catherine the Great," no doubt)!

So what? So Mae's party shoved over to Stage 1, and, if anything goes wrong there (and it might . . . Mae being the fire hazard she is) Paramount will just have to lease the Hollywood Bowl for further operations.

•

IN her next picture, Adrienne Ames, Stephen's former wife, is to play opposite her new husband, Bruce Cabot. And unlike Joel McCrea, Bruce is delighted at the prospect of making screen love to the Little Woman.

"It will be an inspiration!" he says proudly. While Joel shakes a doleful head and insists: "It's death to Romance!"

Deaf to RKO pleas, Joe almost sulkily refused to play opposite, or even work on the same lot with, his missus, Frances Dee.

Ah, well . . . every man for himself. . . .

•

A local snoop reports that Joan Crawford has given up lugging a gardenia between her teeth since meeting up with Francis Lederer!

And for why? For because when the dashing Czech is within ogling distance, her breath becomes so warm that the poor little gol-darn-ia just withers up and dies. That's why.

Mebbe so. But Franchot Tone seems to be sticking pretty close to the home plate, and, while he never withered a gardenia, still, the Tone idea looks pretty permanent as yet.

•

C. B. DeMille has at last found somebody who dares to "NO!" him. And, right in his own family, too!

His niece, Agnes DeMille, came clear from London for the express purpose of doing a dance number on the back of a white bull, in her uncle's forthcoming opus, "Cleopatra."

But, when Uncle Cecil told her to do so-and-so, when she felt it would be better to do such-and-such, little Agnes shouted "NO!", packed up her G-string and went away from there, for keeps.

(*Please turn to page* 12)







Boy, here's where Joe could have some real competition. But then if the lion did open his mouth, do you think Joe E. would stay long enough to compete? At the right: Alice Faye and Hobart Cavanaugh show us what might happen if the police start measuring the swim suits again this Summer.

NEWS ABOUT THE MOVIE FOLK YOU KNOW











A SUAVE VILLAIN—
A DEEP MYSTERY—
A STUNNING GIRL—

» » » That's all Bulldog Drummond wanted! And Scotland Yard spent the unhappiest hours of its life learning that Drummond . . . as usual . . . "got" his villain . . . and got his girl!

•

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK
presents



•Ronald Colman•



" in

Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back"

with LORETTA YOUNG
WARNER OLAND • UNA MERKEL
• CHARLES BUTTERWORTH •
Directed by ROY DEL RUTH • *Released thru* UNITED ARTISTS
a DARRYL F. ZANUCK production

20th CENTURY PICTURE

Junior Hollywood Gossip

Child stars of former years return to the movies; news and comment about the younger movie set

By
HENRY WILLSON



Photos by Wide World

Gawsh and golly! Johnny Downs and Mary Kornman are saying — could those mere infants be *us*? skip-p-p it! (Below, left) the picture they're looking at, when they were kids, in an "Our Gang" comedy not so many, many years ago.

IT seems to be "All Home" month in Hollywood—because the town's flooded with the return of former "child prodigies," who have all grown up, and are resuming their careers in pictures. Remember Wesley Barry, the freckle-faced, red-headed youngster who blazed into prominence in the old Kalem productions? Well—he's back in the movies, and you'll see him after four years absence, in the RKO film "The Life of Virgie Winters." Another famous boy star of the silent days, Ben Alexander, a few years Barry's junior, will appear in the same production. At the height of their fame as boy stars, Barry and Alexander appeared in some of the same characterizations. Wesley starred as "Penrod," and a little later, Ben played that role—also doing "Penrod and Sam."

Johnny Downs is back in town—and we find him greeting his sweetheart of childhood days, Mary Kornman, in his dressing room at the Mayan Theatre in Los Angeles, where Johnny is playing the young leading man in the stage musical "Take a Chance." We remember this good-looking boy as the child sheik of the "Our Gang" Comedies. Mary, who is now a married lady of eighteen. had come to witness the opening night of Johnny's show:

"Gee, how you've changed—Gosh! I can't believe it," cried Johnny and Mary simultaneously, when they got together in John's dressing room. In fact, Johnny didn't realize that his former leading lady was now Mrs. Lou Tover—and he greeted her with open arms and a big kiss, as she entered his dressing room followed by friend husband. A bit embarrassing for the moment—but Mr. Tover is a good sport.

Mitzi Green is back in the fold, too—all grown up. It (*Please turn to page* 70)





(Above): Wesley Barry, once a child actor, who rose to stardom on his freckles, chatting with Betty Furness on the RKO lot.



Clarence Sinclair Bull

UNA MERKEL—A real comedienne need not be fat nor funny-looking. Una has undeniable loveliness, yet she chooses to arouse laughter rather than sighs of admiration for her lips and golden hair. She will appear soon in "The Merry Widow" and later in Harold Lloyd's "The Cat's Paw."

SEPTEMBER
OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER

Tell us.. ANOTHER

What Grocery Store salesperson has been most HELPFUL *to you?*

HOW? WHEN? WHERE?

A TWO-WAY OPPORTUNITY:

(1) To earn easy, quick cash, yourself

(2) To help a Grocery Store salesperson win local and national FAME.

Pick from behind the counter of any *grocery* store in which you trade, the *one* salesperson from whom you have received the most *helpful* service. Put that salesperson's name on the official ballot on the right hand page of this announcement (or facsimile thereof). Then submit to TOWER MAGAZINES, New York, a letter of 50 words or less describing this enjoyable *grocery* shopping experience. Tell *what* you bought —*how* you were helped in making your purchase —*when* and *where* the incident occurred.

Help *yourself* to earn part of this $1,000 which is available only to *August* readers of TOWER MAGAZINES. Help that neighborhood grocery store salesperson who has given you *friendly, helpful service,* win FAME in the 1934 Retail Sales HONOR ROLL sponsored by TOWER MAGAZINES!

Courtesy—enthusiasm—knowledge of goods on display—honest desire to *help* you—these are the qualifications of the ideal Grocery Store salesperson.

You need not buy anything to compete. Letters will be judged on their merits: value of the salesperson's service to *you*—manner in which you tell of the grocery buying incident, etc. Keep your letter within the 50 word limit. Have both it and your ballot in the mail before midnight, September 15, 1934. Address Shopping Editor, TOWER MAGAZINES, 55 Fifth Ave., New York City.

(Entries may be used by publisher in any manner desired and will not be returned.)

Duplicate awards will be paid in case of tie. Decision of judges final. Only *one* statement per person for each of the monthly Cash Offers in this series. Tower employees and their families are excluded.

A Program to Improve Relations Between Store Salespeople and Their Customers

TOWER MAGAZINES believe that in these three words—*Friendly, Helpful* Service—lies a basis for finer understanding between store salespeople and their customers. It is the basis upon which we want *you* to help us pick the 1934 Retail Sales Honor Roll.

Not only may you win an award yourself, but you may help bring *fame* to a grocery store salesperson in *your* community.

To All Grocery Store Salespeople:

Be courteous—*helpful*—always. The receipt in our office of 5 ballots bearing *your* name, admits you to membership in the 1934 TOWER Retail Sales HONOR Roll. You will be presented with an attractive *bronze* honor badge of identification. 10 ballots, similarly received, entitle you to membership and a *silver* HONOR badge. 25 ballots, similarly received, give you membership and a *gold* HONOR badge—highest recognition of all.

$1,000 IN CASH!

Help TOWER MAGAZINES Choose the 1934 RETAIL SALES HONOR ROLL

Cash for TOWER READERS— FAME for Store Salespeople

Sit down immediately after reading this announcement over carefully and compose your letter of 50 words or less. Get it in the mail *today*—in plenty of time to be an August winner!

82 CASH AWARDS:

(1) First Prize for the *best* 50-word letter.....$250.00
(1) Second Prize for the 2nd *best* 50-word letter.....100.00
(1) Third Prize for the 3rd *best* 50-word letter.....50.00
(4) Fourth Prizes for the (4) *next best* 50-word letters..25.00 ea.
(25) Fifth Prizes for the (25) *next best* 50-word letters..10.00 ea.
(50) Sixth Prizes for the (50) *next best* 50-word letters...5.00 ea.

(Awards given ONLY in accordance with rules stated in this announcement)

HOME • SERENADE

Tower

enjoyable shopping experience



By Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

$1,000 IN CASH
for August TOWER Readers!

FAME for Grocery Store Salespeople

Write about an enjoyable experience in which you received *helpful* service from a Grocery Store Salesperson. Follow suggestions on opposite page. Watch September issues of TOWER MAGAZINES, too . . . $1,000 more in awards for buying experiences in a Department Store. You may try for each month's awards.

DEALERS: Beautiful two-color *Friendly*, Helpful Service Window Seals are yours for the asking. They will identify *you* as co-operating in this tremendous nation-wide movement to improve store SALES and SERVICE. Write Ben Irvin Butler, TOWER MAGAZINES, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Friendly HELPFUL Service
TOWER MAGAZINES HONOR ROLL

10 FREE TRIPS TO NEW YORK

Each 1934 TOWER Retail Sales Honor Roll winner will be provided an opportunity to obtain still greater reward. A FREE trip to America's retail capital—New York—FAME as one of the nation's best ten retail store salespersons—This is the final goal for each of those best ten retail Salesmen or Saleswomen who write the best ten (50-word) statements on WHAT CONSTITUTES FRIENDLY, HELPFUL SERVICE. Be the Grocery Store salesperson from *your* city to earn this glorious visit to the center of retail activities! Civic and merchandising leaders will be here to acclaim you for your achievement!

MAIL THIS OFFICIAL BALLOT TO SHOPPING EDITOR, TOWER MAGAZINES, 55 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Write, clearly, in this space, name of your most *helpful* Grocery Store Salesman or Saleswoman, together with name of store in which *he* or *she* is employed. Mail this official ballot (or facsimile) completely filled, to Shopping Editor, TOWER MAGAZINES, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

OFFICIAL

.....CHECK
(Grocery Store Salesperson's name) (Man?) (Woman?) WHICH

.....
(Name of Store in which employed) (Department of Store)

.....CHECK
(Your Name) (Married?) (Single?) WHICH

.....
(Your Address—Street, City, State)

.....
(No. of children in your family) (Occupation of head of family)

Do you OWN?....or RENT?....(apartment?)....(house?).....
CHECK WHICH

NEW MOVIE • TOWER RADIO MYSTERY

Magazines

NEMO KNOWS—DAY BY DAY—AND NEMO TELLS



(*Continued from page* 6)

SAY-YY-Y! . . . maybe the Gable-Roland fracas started when Gil made some crack about Clark's recent operation?

It has just come to our shell-pink ears that, during his time out in a local hospital for an operation, our Clark fought like mad against being tied into the regulation bob-tailed nightie.

Whether or not it was true, you must admit that we Great Lovers have a right to protect our reputations as such.

And, if the man *does* have knobby knees (which is just a vague guess, so help me!) we're sure that you worshipping females would prefer to carry on in blissful ignorance.

Life, as is, presents enough difficulties.

•

Jan Rubini, whose sweet music has been heard all too seldom of late, was guest of honor at a cocktail party attended by the cream of Beverly Hills music lovers.

There was a wail of disappointment when it was discovered that the modest Jan had left his violin at home, but his charming wife, Adele Crane, graciously lifted her sweet voice in several choice selections, and capably oiled the troubled waters.

Harold Lloyd's mother and brother, Gaylord, were among those present.

•

Our "grape-vine" mail-box turns in the information that Dick Powell is staging a one-man revolution at Warners.

No raisee . . . no singee!" says Dick determinedly. And it looks as if he means it.

Furthermore, Dick has been going places with Ginger Rogers.

Looks like the wailing wall for Lew Ayres?

A gentle-looking, gray-haired man stopped Gary Cooper as he was leaving the Ambassador, extended a card and politely asked Gary for an autograph.

Graciously, as always, Gary took the card, asking if the old fellow had a pencil.

"A *pencil?*" growled the autograph-seeker. "Whadda ya mean? . . . Don't you carry your own equipment?"

•

The Dick Arlens have returned from Europe, and Joby's biggest problem is how to break Dick of the French accent he picked up in Paris!

She says he can out-parlez the natives, besides singing "Mademoiselle from Armentieres" front, back, and side-ways, with no encouragement!



EDDIE CANTOR TELLS THIS ONE

Our last child, the fifth to be born, was a girl. We had envisioned it as a boy and rather counted on it being a boy. But it arrived, the prettiest bit of femininity you ever saw. Then I got a wire from Will Rogers and what do you think his message said? "When you want a boy, call Western Union."

AFTER nearly mowing down Danny Danker for escorting Alice Faye to a night club, Lyle Talbot ups and changes his mind (which should be pretty tidy, on account of he changes it so often) and starts getting palpitations over Irene Colman.

That lad's affections should be filed under: Subject to Change Without Notice.

Gene Towne and Graham Baker wrote a swell yarn about a Chinese lighthouse, strictly Chinese.

Warners bought the tale, and, when it hit the screen the boys could barely recognize their brain child.

The title had been changed from "Chinese Light" to "One Man's Woman," and it was about a strictly American prizefighter!



Many of the movie folk have hobbies. Ida Lupino's is sketching. This photograph was taken while she was working busily away during a leisure moment on the set.



The hands have it, and Hugh Herbert and ZaSu Pitts have it too, or them! Here we see the two famous comedians comparing notes, or would say hands?



"Spanky" McFarland, five-year-old Hal Roach star, has the right idea. If you want to enjoy your reading get up where no one can bother you. "Spanky" picked a high camera.

Stza

GABLE'S BOB-TAILED NIGHTY . . . GINGER'S BEAU

THE LATEST NEWS OF STARS AND PLAYERS

The beautiful girl who was Mrs. John Gilbert (Virginia Bruce) has returned to Hollywood's social life, now that her decree has been granted.

Billy Bakewell was pretty attentive to her at Ann Sothern's cocktail party, the other P. M. But then . . . what man in the place wasn't?

Virginia's M-G-M prospects look great at the moment. Gallantly putting unhappy memories behind her, there is a wistfulness about her, a gentle sadness in her eyes, that only serves to enhance her beauty and charm. Perhaps it is motherhood which has brought about this remarkable change in her.

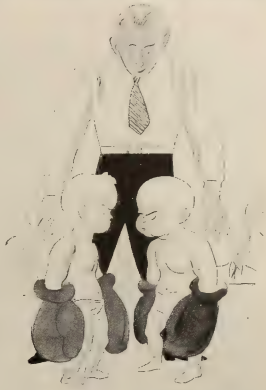
JOAN BLONDELL is tickled to death over the prospect of her coming baby. Although her marriage to George Barnes has been one to which we point with pride, out here, Joan says the little fellow will make it just that much more binding.

•

It's getting harder and harder to figure things out these hot days . . .

Ann Harding showed up at the Beverly Derby the other afternoon with a swagger stick in one hand and an old-fashioned folding fan in the other.

Furthermore, the fan was unfurled and beating up a stiff breeze for who-tied-it!



INCIDENTALLY, the Bing Crosby offspring is in training getting all set to polish off the bouncing Arlen buster, upon the latter's return to Hollywood.

The feud started several months ago when "Elmer" Arlen made some disparaging remarks about "Gunder" Crosby's crooning papa.

"Don't you call my Pop a crooner!" Gunder bristled. "Ga-ga blub-blub-blub to you!"

"Yah-hh-h . . ." Elmer cracked snappily, "and bo-bo-bo bope to you!"

And the fight was on. Or something.

•

An eye-witness reports that Director William Dieterle suddenly went hysterical, while at work on the "Du Barry" picture, and had to be taken off the set to recuperate from a bona-fide nervous breakdown!

(*Please turn to page* 14)

Two old-time prospectors were working a mining claim. At breakfast one remarked:

"Looks like rain today."

Along about noon, the other replied: "No, I don't think so."

Dusk was falling when the first prospector started packing his belongings.

"I'm getting out," he said. "Too much argument here."

CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD TOLD THIS ONE



STOPPING over in New York, on his return from Europe, Richard Arlen reports that the very latest in modern Greenwich Village furniture is upholstered in burlap and trimmed with common ordinary rope!

Cute, no less.

Papa Stork has a busy season ahead of him, what with the Bing Crosbys scheduled for twins. Dixie and Bing always wanted three kiddies, anyhow, and we think it's right smart of 'em . . . doubling up on the second order.

Wide World



Just a few of the boys cuttin' up. (Left to right) Bert Wheeler, Charlie Murray, Woolsey, George Sidney, and in the back row, Olsen, Johnson and a waiter. It was at Olsen and Johnson's party at Sardi's in Hollywood.

Miss June Grabiner of Chicago had a chance to go into the movies, but refused. "I'm afraid," was her only word of explanation.



MORE BABIES . . . AND THE CROSBY-ARLEN BOUT

NEMO KNOWS—DAY BY DAY—AND NEMO TELLS

(*Continued from page* 13)

THIS is no fib. Carole Lombard is probably the one woman in all the world to declare that she hates to have Bing Crosby sing a love song in her ear!

During the making of "We're Not Dressing," Bing had to croon a sentimental ditty to the "girl friend" (pictorially speaking). Now, you'd love that, wouldn't you? But, not Carole. She couldn't stand it! So they let her sit down to it. And, even then, she hated it!

"There is nothing in the world more difficult than to just *sit* and try to look interestingly romantic," Carole wailed. "I felt like a ventriloquist's dummy, and probably looked half as intelligent. Even chewing scenery is preferable, because there's some action to that. And I'm crazy about Bing's singing, too. But . . . I can't take this inanimate business!"



•

M-G-M chartered a yacht and invited a few select(?) members of the Fourth Estate on a location trip to Catalina, where "TREASURE ISLAND" was in the making.

The take-off was swell. It was a beautiful day, and dat ol' davil sea was smooth as glass.

But, the return trip, late at night, convinced us that it would be a swell idea to stick to our car.

If any acrobatic dancer can get himself into any more crazy shapes than that rolling, pitching, leaping boat did . . . we'll pay good money to see it!

Furthermore, there was downright mutiny on board. For, while we huddled, mal-de-mer-ishly, in one corner of the card room, the first mate (a Public Enemy, if there ever was one!) braced himself precariously in the door-way and munched, alternately, on a ham sandwich and a dill pickle!

•

IN the afternoon, we boarded the old pirate galleon for a tour of inspection.

Jackie Cooper and his little stand-in, Johnny Dunsmuir, leaped about shinnying up the mizzenmast, straddling the heavy pirate guns, and playing catch with cannon balls . . . some synthetic and some real. Stand clear there!

Wally Beery leaned disconsolately against the rail of the forward deck, gloomily contemplating the sun-swept water. At that time, Wally's wife was desperately ill in a Hollywood hospital and the man was working under a mental strain that made things difficult as well as pathetic.

Every evening, when the rest of the company had repaired to their individual cottages in the cove, Wally hopped into his plane and flew back to Hollywood to be with his wife as much as possible.

At present, Mrs. Beery has recovered sufficiently from her heart ailment to be home once more. And, is Wally happy?



LIONEL BARRRYMORE, who definitely refuses to work under press inspection, hid out somewhere until we gathered up our pencils and went away from there.

•

LEWIS STONE, usually reticent toward outsiders on the set, seemed to have got into the spirit of his pirate role and was as charmingly swashbuckling as any pirate that yo-ho-ho-ed over a bottle of rum.

•

CALL it a paradox, or just plain silly . . . but, M-G-M spent (or so they say) $40,000.00 to have the galleon reconditioned so it would be seaworthy.

Then, to *save* the $15.00 they would have been obliged to pay an extra man for speaking one line, the director, Victor Fleming, read the line himself, out of camera range. And you'll be fooled into thinking you're hearing the big bad pirate's vocal equipment.

$40,000.00 for exploitation, but not one cent for the extra man. . . .





(Above) Gene Markey and his lovely wife, Joan Bennett, photographed as they left for an extended vacation.

(At left) Walt Disney (center) and assistants study the penguins' reaction when confronted with Mr. Michael Mouse. Looks like fun, too.

CAROLE CAN'T SIT . . . . "TREASURE ISLAND."

THE LATEST NEWS OF STARS AND PLAYERS



A Scotchman went to consult a local doctor. As he was leaving, the doctor remarked:

"You have forgotten something. My fee for the advice I have given you is four dollars."

"Aye," answered the patient, "but I'm not ga'ng to take your advice."

ZEPPO MARX TELLS THIS ONE

AND, while we're on "pet peeves," it would seem that Margaret Sullavan's strenuous objection to "prying newspaper people" had the desired effect on local scribes. Because, when Margaret and Patsy Ruth Miller took off for New York, via plane, the send-off party consisted of one solitary sepia maid!

•

The newspaper boys are cracking down on that "distant" attitude.

•

HERE'S some more for the "Too Bad" department:

Just a dream or two ago, the Herbert Marshall-Edna Best marriage was one of the happiest and most idyllic within our range of vision.

Tempted by a juicy contract, Edna reluctantly came to Hollywood, only to break her contract and go rushing back to the man of her heart . . . all for Love, and the world well lost.

Then Bert (as Edna calls him) came to Hollywood . . . alone. And, in the process of carving out a niche for himself, something happened to the Perfect Romance.

When Edna, induced by another contract with Warners, hurried to join her man . . . it was too late.

NEMO Confucius, he say: Hollywood bad place in which to leave handsome husband to own devices. N'est-ce pas?

•

THE late George Billings, famed for his one great role of "Abraham Lincoln," is reported to have had such a deep passion for the role that, ever after, he affected the characteristics and mannerisms of our dearly beloved president.

Button-holing a publicity man in a studio cafe, Billings went into his act, expounding his Lincolnian theories until the weary p.m. was bored stiff.

Finally tearing himself away, the p.m. joined his friends at a nearby table, remarking:

"That guy'll never be satisfied until he gets himself assassinated!"

•



FROM Palm Springs comes the rumor that your old favorITe, Clara Bow, and hubby Rex Bell have placed an order with that well-known long-legged bird.

•

When the Motion Picture Theater Owners of America held their convention in our fair city, Mae West talked to them over a phone from her sick bed, rather than disappoint the gentlemen.

Eddie Cantor (the extra man's friend) is having a swell time these last few weeks.

As president of the Actors' Guild, Eddie swears that he will not work in a picture where fake extras are employed to replace the bona fide old-timers.



SID GRAUMAN'S stunt of footprinting our current celebs in the fore-court of his famous theater is small stuff compared with an idea promoted by ye olde maestro, Ben Bernie.

Little Bennie thinks it would be much cuter if Garbo and a few of those folks SAT in the wet cement . . . for Posterity!

That's all well and good, but . . . how about Tom Mix's Tony? After all, you can lead a horse to wet cement, but . . . why go on?

(Please turn to page 95)





(Above) Harold Lloyd, famous movie comedian, is one of the happiest married men in Hollywood. Shown with him are Peggy (left), Mrs. Lloyd and Jean Lloyd. (At the right): Ann Harding, RKO star, enjoys the view from the porch of her mountain-top home.

CLARA BOW'S STORK . . . SEX APPEAL BY PHONE

SEPTEMBER
OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER

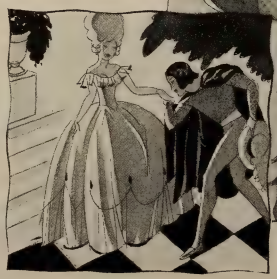
NO CINDERELLA

This movie writer declares, "Of course Hollywood is full of Cinderellas—but the Cinderellas must have 'arrived' before the Prince Charming will give them a tumble." Diamond slippers are wanted on the Boulevard today, not glass ones

BY

ELEANOR GRIFFIN





Drawings by ELDON KELLEY

"As shines the moon in clouded skies,
She in her poor attire was seen.
One praised her ankles, one her eyes,
One her dark hair and lovesome mien.
So sweet a face, such angel grace,
In all that land had never been.
Cophetua swore a royal oath:
'This beggar maid shall be my queen.'"

ALL day long in Hollywood and far into the night motion picture cameras grind out new versions of the Cinderella tale, and scenario writers tear their hair and smoke package after package of cigarettes as they puzzle out new twists for the old, old story.

Yet in Hollywood where the handsomest young men live, and with charm a necessity, earn the largest salaries ever paid to young men from the beginning of time, there really is no Cinderella romance.

A congressman weds his secretary; a duke makes a duchess of a chorus girl with buck teeth; a maharajah marries a mannequin; but the pretty little extra girl, rushing by with the mob, has not once married the leading man. The blond waitress with the lovely eyes and exquisite ankles, who caters so devotedly to the gastronomic peculiarities of the star considers herself well rewarded if on a day when everything is going smoothly on the set he beams, "Thank you, dear," or "How about some mustard, honey?"

In some cases the high note of romance has been reached with a photograph inscribed: "To Hattie, who always remembers, 'Goose liver on Russian rye and no butter.' Sincerely, Lionel Lovelace." And even the girl with a degree from Vassar, typing away in the stenographic department as she plans for a writing career, would be considered quite a success by her contemporaries should she appear at the Friday night fights squired by Gary Cooper.

Romance runs rampant in Hollywood. The very air is laden with it. It shrieks at you from newspaper headlines two and three times a week.

The call of Hollywood is strong. Who *wouldn't* like to ride around in a limousine, collect a huge salary, and have thousands of people writing in to ask for her picture? And somehow the legend persists that anybody from Gross Gulch can hitch-hike out to California and land a job the next day with a studio at six thousand dollars a week. All you need is pearly teeth. How did that tale ever start, anyhow? Perhaps it started just *because* Hollywood puts out so many Cinderella pictures with happy, happy endings.

"Tomorrow I can quit my job slinging hash and go out and get a job slinging hash—fancier hash—at the Brown Derby," many a gal sings to herself in her dreams. "And the second day I'm there Gary Cooper and Clark Gable and Jimmy Cagney will rush up to me yelling, 'Here's the girl we want for our pictures!'" Or sometimes it goes that, on her second day in Hollywood, a multi-millionaire producer will

ROMANCE in Films



All over the country thousands of girls sigh, "Why couldn't this happen to me?"

stroll in, swoon in delirium as she hands him his soup, and exclaim in throaty tones, "Young lady, do me the honor of becoming my bride!" . . . But Cinderella needs diamond slippers to get along the Boulevard today, not glass ones!

Romance? Sure there's Romance! But Hollywood romance runs in its own peculiar channels. It's fun while it lasts, and perhaps its ephemeral quality is half the charm, but flitting as it may be it doesn't descend on every little girl with big eyes and a cute little figure.

Of course, Hollywood is full of Cinderellas . . . girls in rags one day and in silver foxes and town cars the next, or, at least, figuratively speaking; for silver foxes and town cars aren't considered the smartest thing right now and salaries are by no means what they once were. The thing is that the little Cinderellas must have arrived, to have proved themselves worthy of notice, before the Prince Charming will give them a tumble.

And in the length and breadth of the land no greater or more flamboyant untruths are uttered than those flashed to a palpitating world when the Hollywood young man of the moment describes the girl of his dreams, the (*Please turn to page* 73)



Scenario writers tear their hair as they puzzle out new twists for the old, old story to which they wish to give the happy ending.

CLOSE-UPS

INTERESTING PEOPLE OF THE MOVIES

AND WHAT THEY DO . . .



PEACE AND UNREALITIES

FRANCES DEANER

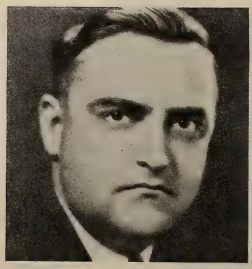
SHE has interviewed ex-presidents, piloted half-mad, shell-shocked soldiers through the noisy maze of city streets; done duty at Washington's Walter Reed Hospital (they specialize in amputation, shell-shock cases); canteen work in France; post-war relief work at the nation's capital; and, after grappling with life's grimmest realities she finds calm, even peace, in the unrealities of Hollywood.

Life did not beckon to "Bobby" Deaner. Rather, she had to make her own eventful career. It led from her native San Francisco to an emotional high peak of eleven months in the busy Hades of war-torn France where she danced with furloughed soldiers until her feet ached, helped doomed men write last letters to loved ones and broke her heart daily at the pitiful waste of human life and emerged sadder, wiser, and more firmly than ever convinced that war is the world's most pitiless and most barbaric pastime.

"People often think I am cold and unfeeling." she says. "But I'm not. It's because I have seen so much suffering. A little more doesn't give me an emotional upset."

Today, Frances Deaner, blond, dainty, standing five feet one-half inch in her size two and a half pumps, writes on everything from cookery and metaphysics for national publications to jade and old prints.

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY



AN IOWA BOY MAKES GOOD

W. RAY JOHNSTON

EVEN in that rendezvous of striking characters—the movies—he stands out. That he happens to be president of Monogram Pictures is irrelevant; leadership asserts itself in any field.

Had W. Ray Johnston gone in for lumberjacking he would now be camp boss; or had he decided on railroading, you would find him in the front office. Look at his picture and you will understand his unchecked rise. That thing they call determination is written strongly in his face.

An Iowa boy, he learned to fend for himself early. He was already a seasoned campaigner when most men are just beginning. Now, at forty-two, he is a veteran. Twenty years ago, by way of hauling himself up by his bootstraps—seven league boots they were—he became actor, secretary, film salesman, even theater manager. And now the President has elevated him to the Code Authority.

He likes to entertain. He has turned his cellar into a "Monogram Club" for his friends and there he gives his parties. On these occasions a yellow parrot rides on his shoulder, a cat sprawls in his lap and a collie lies at his feet—just a few of the numerous animals he loves and keeps about his house. If O. O. McIntyre wrote this he would say, "Ray Johnston, an Iowa boy who made good." Since he didn't write it Ray Johnston's record says it for him.

By GEORGE HARRIS

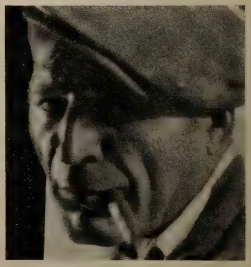
IVAN KOVACEVIC, certainly the strongest and perhaps the most remarkable man in Hollywood, is known as John Northpole to the stars.

Kovacevic, after adventures as circus strong man, prizefighter and explorer, was working as an extra in Hollywood. One scene was being shot over and over. Eight miner-extras pushed a cart, weighing 1,100 pounds and carrying a ton of ore to a turntable. Then an engine turned the table. Then the men pushed the cart back to the camera—and the process was repeated.

John became bored with all the pushing, so while the company was having lunch he turned the car himself. The car was turned half way around when the director saw him. "Hold it!" he shouted, and returned with practically all the stars, executives, directors — and the studio doctor.

"Now," said the director, "continue with what I *think* you were doing."

Ivan lifted the end of the car and got it back on the tracks.



A HERCULES IN HOLLYWOOD

IVAN KOVACEVIC

The amazed onlookers could not believe what they had seen. The doctor stepped forward to examine him but could give no satisfactory version of the feat. "There's no scientific explanation," he finally announced. "The story that such men come from the North Pole is as good as any."

"North Pole," repeated Ivan. "That's me. That will be my new name."

The group, however, insisted that he get another name instead of Ivan, and the name John was unanimously agreed on. A wag suggested that inasmuch as John Barrymore was the most distinguished film bearer of that name, his permission be first secured. Mr. Barrymore was called and he graciously consented, and Ivan Kovacevic became John Northpole. And John Northpole he is.

By RALPH PARKER



Little Shirley Temple says, "Hello! I hope you like me!" She's new, sweet, unspoiled, and a real actress.

Otto Dyar

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S

GALLERY of STARS

SEPTEMBER

OCTOBER

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER



Manatt

In the Civil War days, boys wore uniforms and girls wore ruffles. Gary Cooper and Marion Davies are gallant in their love, in "Operator 13," the story of spies and treachery behind the lines in the '60's. Those were the times when ladies swooned gracefully if a dashing gentleman said, "Cusses, Ma'am!" But now if you'll glance over to the right—please—



Eugene Robert Richee

You'll see here an ultra-modern boy and girl who have said farewell to the past and farewell to crinolines. Don't they look like brothers? The big fellow is Bing Crosby and the li'l fellow is Miriam Hopkins, in tweeds, and with her hair cut, for "She Loves Me Not." Just think what her grandma would have said if she'd seen Miriam togged out like this.



John Miehle

Possessor of one of the finest singing voices in all Hollywood, John Boles seems destined to appear more often in dramatic parts. You will see him next as the husband in an unhappy marriage in RKO's "The Life of Virgie Winters." Ann Harding plays the title role. Poor Ann will never have a happy screen marriage in her life, apparently.



NORMA SHEARER may give you the biggest surprise of her career in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." As Elizabeth Barrett, the invalid poetess, the part made famous on the stage by Katharine Cornell, Norma will test her dramatic talents to the full. And opposite her, in the romantic role of Robert Browning, will be Fredric March.

SEPTEMBER
OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER



Clarence Sinclair Bull



Clarence Sinclair Bull

They curled Bob Young's hair when he played the dashing cavalryman in "The House of Rothschild," but all he has to do is to wet it and slick it down to be the clean-cut boy we all know. He celebrates his first wedding anniversary soon. And M-G-M is celebrating the day he signed his name on the dotted line, because Bob, besides being handsome, has a future.

Mae Clarke's career is as changeable as her interesting face. The producers did not know what to do with her for a time, but continued good work in both comedy and serious roles is helping her to forge ahead.



John Michle



Clarence Sinclair Bull

This peppy young redhead, Ginger Rogers, has been building quite a reputation as a picture "stealer" these last few months. And she goes merrily along, dancing and singing her way to ever-increasing popularity.

Here's a gentleman who needs no introduction. They said Clark was a flash in the pan, that his popularity would never last. Clark thought so himself. Well—fate had it otherwise. He is turning in one excellent performance after another. You saw him in "Men in White" and "Manhattan Melodrama." You'll see him next with Joan Crawford in "Sacred and Profane Love."



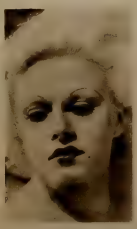
Home, Jean smiles at the sea.



Wide World

With Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer at the Geraghty wedding, where news of her separation from Hal Rosson first was made public.

The authentic story



You will want to read this unusual story of the gorgeous and glamorous platinum blond star as told by her to

Elinor Packer

TODAY I am facing another complete change in my life.

Only a few months ago I thought that at last, I had found peace and contentment. I was, perhaps, too happy. It seemed to me that I had everything which any girl could want. A husband whom I loved deeply and sincerely and who was that rarest of all people, a friend. My family. My work. A few close friends. And my new home, which I had planned for so long a time.

It was probably too perfect. No human being can have everything which he desires in this world. For a short time I did. And I am grateful for that.

No one can understand with what regret and heartbreaking disappointment I separated from Hal.

When Hal Rosson and I were married, I thought that I had found the sympathetic understanding, the peace and security which I wanted more than anything else



In serious mood, Jean reveals a totally different personality; thoughtful and grave.







Right, top of page: With Ben Lyon. Her first success in "Hell's Angels." Center: With Clark Gable in "Red Dust," and at right, with Lee Tracy in "The Blonde Bombshell."

of my life.

Jean Harlow

in the world. We had known each other for so long a time, first as studio acquaintances, then as away-from-business friends. Hal had stood staunchly beside me through my sorrow and tragedy. We had worked together in the studio where he had photographed all my pictures. We had played together, golfing, dining, dancing, going to theaters. I believed that I had found the perfect companionship of which every girl dreams.

Please understand, Hal did not fail me. I like him, respect him and admire him as much today as I did on that morning in Yuma, Arizona, when we were married. It is hard to explain. All I can say is that our marriage

simply did not work out as we had hoped and expected.

Nothing would have made me happier than a happy marriage. Work and careers are wonderful. They can fill a large part of a woman's life. But they can't fill it entirely. Every normal woman, no matter how vigorously she may deny it, needs the security and peace of marriage to complete the fullness of her life.

In deciding upon a separation and divorce, I feel that we are doing the wisest thing for Hal's future happiness, as well as for mine. We agreed that it was better to end our marriage now than to wait until it was too late, until it might be impossible to salvage our friendship from the wreckage.

There will, no doubt, be unkind gossip. I expect that. Rumors and innuendoes spread like forest fires in and about Hollywood. The day after Hal and I separated, several newspapers printed the story that I was interested in another man, a man whom I had met only once or twice at large parties. I don't know where the story started. It doesn't matter. All I could do, when I was asked about it, was to deny it with as much dignity as possible.

Such stories and gossip are so ridiculous. When I first worked in motion pictures and read or heard unkind, unfair stories about myself, I was heartsick and worried. Now I realize that it is only a part of the price which Hollywood people have to pay.

I am not asking for sympathy. Heaven forbid that. If there is one person in this world for whom I have no respect, it is the man or woman who whines about his troubles and his unhappiness. Hal and I made a mistake. We are ready to suffer the consequences.

I am sorry that the news of our separation became known when it did, on the day when I served as matron of honor at the wedding of one of my closest friends, Carmelita Geraghty. Hal and I had planned to say nothing about it for a few days. But Hal was seen at the club to which he had moved. The rumor spread that we were separated. Newspaper reporters telephoned both of us. We talked it over and decided that the sensible course of action was to admit it.

At the present moment I have no definite plans for the future. I can't even think about the future. Naturally, I am confused and uncertain. When I finish the picture upon which I am now working, "One Hundred Per Cent Pure," I shall probably go away somewhere to secure a quiet divorce. Then, if I have time before my next picture, Mother and I may go to Honolulu for a short time.

After that, I hope that the studio keeps me busy. I want to work and work hard. That is the one cure for heartache, work which interests and absorbs you. If you are busy, you don't have so much time to think about your own troubles and unhappiness.

SOMETIMES, when I look back at the years which have passed, I wonder how so much could have happened to me in such a comparatively short time. Some girls seem destined to move serenely and happily from the day of their birth to old age. But my life has been made up of constantly changing pictures, some happy and others tragically unhappy, with scarcely breathing space between.

In a way I am glad that this has been my destiny. I don't claim to have a definite philosophy or creed of living or anything like that, (*Please turn to page* 76)

Hal Rosson, Jean, her mother and step-father, Mr. and Mrs. Marino Bello, as they appeared shortly after Jean's runaway marriage to Rosson.

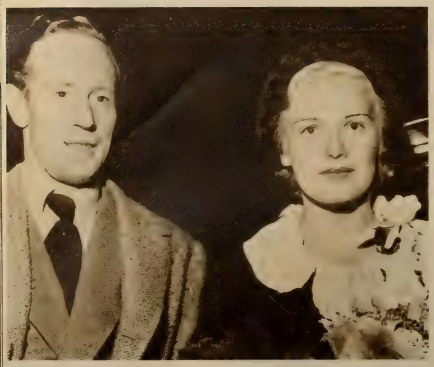
Wide World





KAREN MORLEY'S suave society roles won her high acclaim in the past, but she can act with equal ease in a real down-to-nature part. You will see her next in "Our Daily Bread," a saga of the farming country. Tom Keene, late of the Westerns, plays his first feature picture role as the romantic lover. Tom has longed to be a leading man for years.

FILMS ACROSS



Wide World

Madeleine Carroll, the Ann Harding of England, goes home —with Leslie Howard to see her off at the train.

I'm all for our Transatlantic stars, says Elsie. Opposition is stimulating and, personally, I expect to see a great exchange of artists, writers and directors in the next few years

JOHN BULL is wearing his top hat at a more rakish angle these days. Uncle Sam definitely doffed his lid with the advent of England's film masterpiece "The Private Life of Henry VIII." Perhaps he only took his hat off to scratch his head and ponder. How come! A real box office smash made by the British? Then along came "Catherine the Great." Now the question is not how many payments on the debt will England make this year. It's how many films like those two can we expect. It having been so thoroughly understood that J. Bull would just amble along making a few mediocre pictures which our exhibitors wouldn't even book, the royal riots, Henry and Catherine, came as a stimulating surprise, and just when stimulation was needed.

America has had the talking picture world on a string and the string tied around so many fingers that no other country has been able to loosen the knots which have held their own markets. An occasional picture from Germany like "Maedchen in Uniform" reminds us that before talking pictures we used to look for German pictures. We didn't have to listen to them.

An exquisite contribution from France like Rene Clare's "Roofs of Paris" draws crowds to some small arty theater and reminds several executives in Hollywood that they want to "get that fellow Rene Clare to come over," but otherwise France might as well be making hooked rugs as far as the average American picture fan is concerned.

Russia slips in with some frighteningly realistic drama now and then, but we still don't quite agree that actions speak louder than words. At least, we can understand what the Big Bad Wolf says, in fact



(Above) It was in England that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., made "Catherine the Great" with Elizabeth Bergner. Will he stay there? Will she stay here?

●

(Right) Hollywood's 1934 baby stars "prettying themselves up." They include: Hazel Hayes, Jacqueline Wells, Ann Hovey, Judith Arlen, Dorothy Drake, Betty Bryson, Helen Cohan, Katharine Williams, Lucille Lund, GiGi Parrish, Jean Gale, Lu Ann Meredith, Jean Carmen.



THE SEA BY ELSIE JANIS

he has been a house guest with most of us lately, so the Russian Bear is out of luck in the first run theaters.

American pictures flood the screens of every corner of the globe. The only rivals who have a chance even to loiter on America's corner of the picture market are our English cousins. Until lately they did loiter to such an extent that, when a splendid British film called "Rome Express" choo-chooed into American approval last year, most people thought it must be Italian, not only because of its title but on account of the speed, direction, acting and photography which we have been led not to expect from England.

J. Bull is a slow starter. He is inclined to say, "If those chaps can do it, we jolly well ought to be able to in time," instead of "It's a cinch! If those mugs can do it, we can do it better." Now, after years of welcoming American songs, American bands, American styles, American cars, American stars, American improvements and American complaints about the weather over there, England decides to get into the picture game seriously.

THE only way to get into any sort of profitable game is with money, and so we read that twenty million dollars will be spent this year by England to "sit in." No more watching the play. They are anteing up. If "Henry VIII" and "Catherine the Great" might be called "openers," it will be interesting to see what else they are holding. Personally I wish them beginners' luck.

There was such a fuss made when the Fairbankses Senior and Junior went over there to play golf and make a few pictures that I, for one, wanted to hire a hall and remind the critics that for the last six years we have been grabbing every screen possibility from England. A potential star no sooner appears in London than one of our scouts is on the job. The player hardly has time to read his or her press notices before an offer of three or four times the salary they are receiving is forthcoming from Hollywood. It seems only fair that we should lend them a Fairbanks or so, especially if they are going to send them back to our screens accompanied by such delectable ladies as Elizabeth Bergner.

I don't doubt that the (*Please turn to page* 86)



Wide World

(Above) Charles Laughton returns to Hollywood with his striking wife, Elsa Lanchester who appeared with him in Henry VIII.



(Right) Charles in "Henry VIII" the picture which started the recent trend toward costume films.

(Below) Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and Alexander Korda, director. They are making a picture in France for American release.



(Below) Some of the English baby stars: Diana Cotton, Peggy Simpson, Grethe Hanson, Wendy Barrie, Jane Cornell, Joyce Kirby and Gwyneth Lloyd.





In the costume she wears in her latest Paramount picture, "It Ain't No Sin."

Concluding the life story of the astonishing Lady of Glamour

The Real MAE WEST

By AILEEN ST. JOHN BRENON

POPULAR as Mae West has always been with men—both on and off the stage—Miss West's audiences, strange as it may seem, have been composed for a large part of staid, kindly, middle-aged ladies. You know the sort—solid, shrewd homebodies who have devoted their lives to making their menfolks comfortable throughout the years, humoring their foibles and idiosyncracies, closing their eyes to their faults and shortcomings. These wise ladies, who have more worldly wisdom in their little fingers than their restrained exteriors admit, thoroughly appreciate and enjoy the jokes and sallies of *la* West, at the expense of the *genus homo.*

Mae West explains that the reason people enjoy her rowdy fun is that she makes sex something to laugh about and enjoy, not to cry or wail about, whereas your lachrymose heroine suffers at the expense of, rather than outwits her man.

Women, Mae West believes, have all situations well in hand. She believes with Thackeray that any woman can have any man she wants, provided she hasn't a squint in her eye; but Miss West puts it in her own language, vintage 1934:

"Any woman, no matter how dumb she is, can outsmart any man no matter how brilliant he thinks he is. It's been her job for years. Woman has had to fight her battle throughout the ages with only one weapon—her intuition—and it's become so sharp no man worthy of the name is proof against it.

"This is the greatest age for women. They no longer have to sit primly on a straight-backed chair with hands folded, waiting for some guy to come and make a pass at them.

"She's got her own money, her time's her own, and she goes out and grabs a man for herself—not any man, but the one she wants. If she doesn't like him when she gets him, all she has to do is to go out and take another pick."

Miss West herself prefers ugly men. "The ugly ones," she says, "and the guys with busted noses and cauliflower ears and scrambled pans, especially, you know what I mean—guys with faces not handsome, but strong, like Louis Wolheim. Other women aren't so apt to cast sheep's eyes at them."

With all the slings and arrows she has hurled at convention, Mae West has her own integrities. For example, despite her free

(*Please turn to page* 89)

GOOD OR BAD INFLUENCE?



Grandma, Mom, Pop, the Kids—Letters by the hundreds poured in to attack or defend Mae's influence! It seems everybody in the country has his own idea about her. Here are the two prize winners, chosen from hundreds. Do you agree?



"BAD INFLUENCE"

The letter chosen as best

Mae West is decidedly a bad influence in the movies! Not on the box-office, not on the older people who attend shows. But on the children of adolescent age who comprise a huge part of movie audiences everywhere. We older ones laugh at her innuendoes, applaud her honesty and come away having thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, where the younger ones take up her attitudes, remarks, and rowdy philosophy as being the nth degree of sexy smartness (which possibly they are, but that fact makes them no more desirable for adoption by fourteen-year-olds!)

They are unable to enjoy her shows and leave them - the effects reach over into their personal lives, coloring their thoughts and perhaps their actions too decidedly.

Mae West is lauded for her unconventionality, and while we take her pictures with a wink, knowing them for what they are - good entertainment for adults - I think our younger people are prone to take them literally.

MRS. D. WHEATLEY, JR., COMMERCE, TEXAS.

Mae balances public opinion neatly in her two hands.

"GOOD INFLUENCE"

The letter chosen as best

Mae West has enriched the screen in many ways. Like an invigorating tonic, she has given a worried world a hearty, rollicking laugh at a time when they needed it most. Not even the most sour-faced, hardened cynic can resist Mae West's clever mannerisms and spontaneous wit and nothing is better for the soul and body than a good, side-splitting, roaring laugh with all the works.

In spite of her vulgar characterizations, she is a good influence because her brazen portrayals hold a revealing mirror up to the young, showing them better than a thousand lectures, how common it looks to be cheap and vulgar.

If Mae West had done nothing else with her buxom, feminine curves, but made scrawny women conscious of their emaciated, unhealthy figures, and put the brakes on this dangerous, dieting craze, she has rendered a great and timely service to the screen and public in general.

And so I say, more power to Mae West. She is an asset to the screen; a gallant pioneer who has blazed a golden trail to exhilarating and unfailing entertainment, which, after all is what the public wants and pays for.

REBA LONDON, ATLANTA, GEORGIA.



Lively letters condemning Mae's influence

Mrs. Joe Miller, Charlotte, N. C.—Children and youth by nature are imitators. Every girl from six to sixteen in my staid Southern village struts a Mae West swagger.

Mrs. Mabel Hewes, Biloxi, Miss.—Someone has written that if a writer, by his writings, cannot make the world one whit better by doing so, he had better lay down his pen. So it is with an actor or actress.

F. J. Bendik, New York City—I consider the salacious Mae West motion pictures the most demoralizing influence of the present day.

Phylis Adato, New Brunswick, N. J.—Mae West could only keep repeating her vulgar roles, which soon enough will disgust

(Please turn to page 90)

These people have nothing but praise to offer

Mrs. T. E. Carpenter, Jr., Durham, N. C.—If she chooses to commercialize this "certain something" she has, why shouldn't she? Others do!

Mrs. Mary Alice Lallande, Hollywood, Cal.—Born in the early Seventies, I do not recall ever hearing the word "sex" mentioned in conversation. But Time Marches On! Decades progress, grandmothers too.

Jane E. Burtis, Globe, Ariz.—After all the namby-pamby stars who have been dished out, the last few years, she comes as invigorating as a salty sea breeze.

Mrs. R. Skulnick, Brooklyn, N. Y.—Through her hips and curves she has delivered a burning message to the feminine world. It is, in short, "Stay Feminine—First and Always!"

(Please turn to page 91)

SEPTEMBER
OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER



Marlene Dietrich . . . "she is sophisticated fantasy."

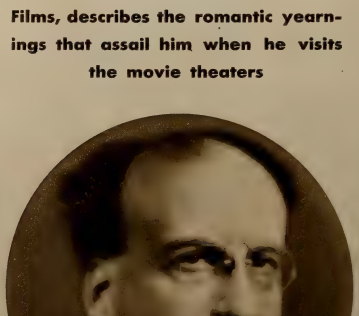


Miriam Hopkins . . . "a beautiful blond orchid."

My Screen Sweethearts

. . . AND WHY

BENJAMIN DE CASSERES, who styles himself The Roving Romeo of the Films, describes the romantic yearnings that assail him when he visits the movie theaters



Benjamin De Casseres, distinguished reviewer and film critic.

I AM the Roving Romeo of the films, and this is the story of my screen Juliets.

I have a somewhat far-and-wide reputation as an Intellectual. But hath not an Intellectual an It-receiver?

Hath not an Intellectual blood, bone and marrow? If alluring eyes from the screen neck him will he not silently cry out with glee?

Hath not an Intellectual senses, affections, passions? Just as sure as it's the Skirt that makes the world go 'round!

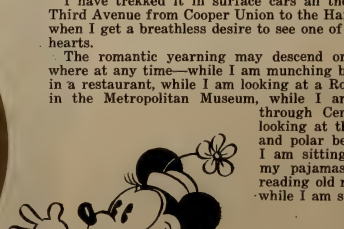
Yes, I confess. Now, it can be told. I give up, my Juliets, Isoldes, Dianas, Thaises and Venuses of the Screen. It is you I pursue from neighborhood playhouse to neighborhood playhouse, from the Battery to the Bronx, from First Avenue to Fort George.

As a critic, I make believe I am interested in pictures. Well, so I am. I like pictures in which I can see and hear Adolph Menjou, Roland Young, Lionel Barrymore, Edward Robinson, Wallace Beery and James Cagney. But I take them on only casually, when they happen to be around.

But to see one of my screen sweethearts and make love to her mentally from my seat in the darkened auditorium I have been known suddenly to hop a Lexington Avenue car at Twenty-third Street and go up to Fifty-ninth, peering out of the windows for a name on a poster of one for whom I had conceived a sudden yen.

I have trekked it in surface cars all they way up Third Avenue from Cooper Union to the Harlem River when I get a breathless desire to see one of my sweethearts.

The romantic yearning may descend on me anywhere at any time—while I am munching buttercakes in a restaurant, while I am looking at a Rodin statue in the Metropolitan Museum, while I am walking through Central Park looking at the gazelles and polar bears, while I am sitting cozily in my pajamas at home reading old man Ibsen, while I am standing at



Minnie Mouse, whom De Casseres calls "The Sweetheart of the World."



Janet Gaynor . . . "makes me ten years old again."



Greta Garbo "has the mystery of carnivals."

a bar sipping the beer that is legal. Bang! I'm hit!

It's the real love-stuff. Millions of men are thus, no doubt, in the toils of these lovely creatures of the screen. But none of them will confess. They pretend they are "sophisticated" and otherwise than sexily interested in the picture. All of which is bull-la-la, or, as they say in the Spanish, bull-la-lo!

Now I shall reveal to an expectant world in quite a shameless, and, in fact, a grand cock-a-doodle-doo manner, the names of my screen sweethearts and why I am in love with them as a poet, as an Intellectual and just as a plain It-chaser.

MARLENE DIETRICH. In the harem of my head, Frau Dietrich is the Queen of my screen sweethearts. She creates in me both a cerebral and a vascular delight. She pulls both at my brain and at my emotional nature.

Dietrich is Sophisticated Fantasy. She has the mystery of the "Mona Lisa," the incomprehensible smile, the same reposeful, mysterious hands whose fingers have grown tired reaching out for impossible lovers in impossible worlds.

She has the forehead of a Minerva chiseled by a Rodin, and her eyes mirror the pursuit of a million lost lovers. She is as tired as the world and as somnolently beautiful as the ethereally evil dreams of an Edgar Allan Poe.

Her voice is tired, reticent, serpentine. It is the voice of an always dying soul which expresses the desire for just one more throw of the dice in the Kingdom of Eros.

Her every movement fascinates me, appeals to all that is perverse and coldly beautiful in my being.

She is the Edelweiss of the screen, a Mont Blanc that no man has climbed, the Last Woman who is through with all lovers.

Marlene Dietrich is my intellectual-artistic sweetheart.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT. Here is the It that teases—teases superlatively. She is Lure, Promise, Midnight, Moons, Roses.

I always take her by the hand and run away with her to warm, summery climes. For her face is Summer, late June in all its voluptuous fullness.

The Mediterranean is in this woman—masks and carnivals and tragic jealousies. She is heavy with the earth, and her eyes are mirrors misted with the sighs of many secret lovers hidden in their sixty-five cent seats.

Her face is mobile, plastic. There is always a storm of passion brewing there. I always wait with bated breath to see her let loose, to become a Beautiful Fury.

She rouses what is sentimental, foolish, tender in me. She could make a vast fool of me if she wished. And any man who does not desire to be made a fool of by a beautiful woman is a fluke as a man.

I dream back to my early youth and Claudette Colbert is the girl that caused me to float in an "ether of sighs," as Poe says of one of his sweethearts.

JANET GAYNOR. Janet awakens the father-love in me. She is innocence. She is a bath for the eyes, for the brain, and for the heart. (*Please turn to page* 68)



Claudette Colbert "is lure—promise."



Marie Dressler . . . "sets me all a-bubble."

New Movie Magazine presents one of the most unusual stories of the year

RALPH BELLAMY'S SECRET DAUGHTER



Schaefer

Somewhere in the United States a little blond girl writes letters to her daddy—but she doesn't know that the letters are delivered to Ralph Bellamy famous Hollywood screen star



WHEN Ralph Bellamy reluctantly consented to reveal the story of his youthful first marriage, and of the child who does not know he is her father to NEW MOVIE, he said:

"This is the first time I have ever told this story . . . and it will be the last!

"I had hoped never to tell this story of my daughter in print because I wanted to protect her privacy and keep her uninfluenced by the Hollywood angle.

"But lately I have suspected I can no longer keep the story. Everything in the past of a Hollywood actor is eventually brought to light, and I do not want it to break either upon the public, or upon the blond head of my little girl, as sensationalism.

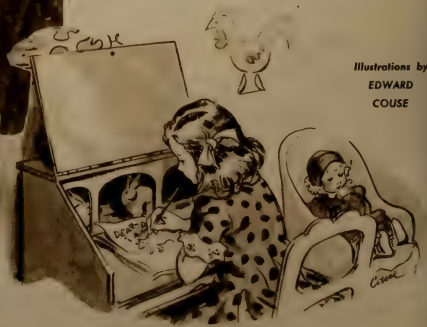
"For this reason alone I am telling the story frankly *this one time*, without revealing the name of either my former wife, or child. And then I hope it will be allowed to slip back into a closed chapter of my private life unmolested by publicity and conjecture. Because that is where it belongs . . . a purely personal thing between my little girl and me."

And now we offer it to you . . . an amazing true-life-Daddy-Long-Legs story . . . come out of Hollywood!

SOMEWHERE in a large city in the United States a little five-year-old girl writes letters to Ralph Bellamy every week. In that same city, and probably in the same block, older girls are writing Ralph Bellamy, too, asking for autographed pictures to add to their collection of famous movie stars. Only this child does not know her letters are going to Ralph Bellamy, actor. Her mother always addresses the envelope and as far as the child is concerned they are merely painstakingly printed messages to *"Dear Daddy."* . . .

They are funny little letters, almost Daddy-Long-Legs letters, for the little blond girl has never seen her father. She has been told he is "away," but not so far that she cannot write *him* on her own (*Please turn to page* 64)

By DOROTHY MANNERS



Illustrations by EDWARD COUSE

NEW MOVIE'S
Hollywood Fashions

Clarence Sinclair Bull



Costumes from I. Magnin & Co., throughout California

For summer sports, Madge Evans, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer featured player, wears a white matelasse frock trimmed with Chinese red and chalk white clips and buckle, which add a smart and striking style note.

The beautiful and talented Madge Evans wears to excellent advantage a charming frock of navy blue and white printed organza, trimmed with a blue ciré belt and bow. The rhinestone and sapphire buttons add a gay touch to an otherwise simple dress.

Red, yellow, black and white are combined in the short, plaid blister silk sports coat worn by Madge Evans, over a matelasse sports frock. The criss-cross belt is of particular style interest.

SEPTEMBER
OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER





In the photograph above you see Fay Wray in a dark crepe dress chosen for spectator sports wear. The spaghetti fringe collar is something to talk about.

When Fay Wray plays tennis with her husband, John Monk Saunders, she wears a smart two-piece suit of navy blue and white polka dotted cotton, white tennis shoes, wool socks and a blue hair ribbon.



This white silk lace dinner gown, worn by Fay Wray, Columbia star, is made in princess style with neither belt nor seam at the waistline. The neckline, which is square and fairly high at the front, sweeps off to a low V at the back. Miss Wray wears satin pumps to match the green satin slip under the gown, and a real gardenia at the left side of her smooth, dark hair.

• FAY WRAY'S



Starched mousseline de soie and hand-made Irish crochet are cleverly combined in this evening gown designed by Dot Gregson of Los Angeles for Fay Wray, Columbia star. Notice the fishtail train that starts at the waistline and the slashed effect of the underskirt at the right side. To match the Irish lace on the bodice Miss Wray wears white Irish crochet gloves.



Here is the new black and white dinner gown, made for beautiful Fay Wray, by Dot Gregson of Los Angeles. Noteworthy features of this dress, which is made of stiffened black chiffon dotted with white velvet, are the square cut decollete and the short puffed sleeves attached only at the shoulder line. To make the costume complete Miss Wray wears black satin pumps and a large hat of black horsehair, tilted up at the left side, and gloves made of white-dotted black chiffon to match the dress. The square neckline which is so becoming to Miss Wray is predicted as one of the new style notes for Autumn.

NEW CLOTHES

THE PEOPLE'S ACADEMY Selects GOLD



Fredric March wins acclaim for the best performance of the entire year.



And Katharine Hepburn takes honors among the actresses. Three guesses what picture won it for her?

Motion Picture achievements of 1933, as chosen by The People's Academy, composed of theater-goers of the nation, are recognized in this presentation of awards to performers and producers.

RESPONDING to the invitation of the People's Academy of Motion Pictures, sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE, readers from all parts of the country have joined in naming, from the theater-goers' viewpoint, the twelve outstanding achievements for the year 1933.

The many nominations, which have been months in the making, have been carefully tabulated and are announced on this page. Gold medals will be awarded, by this magazine, to the winners in each classification, in recognition of excellence.

The letters upon which these awards are based reflect the opinion of men, women and children who comprise the daily parades to the box-offices of theaters across and up and down the nation. They reveal a cross-section of mass reaction to film entertainment which makes their (*Please turn to page* 92)

New letters from New Movie's readers containing crisp comment on current films will be found on Page 54 of this issue.



"Forty-second Street" wins first place among the musicals.



The mad Marxes walk away with top honors for the comedies.



And "Only Yesterday" is the best romance.

MEDAL WINNERS



The climax scene of "Dinner at Eight,"—best all-around picture of the year!



Frank Capra, who did "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," wins well deserved laurels for his able direction.

GOLD MEDAL WINNERS

1. Best All-Around Feature . . Dinner at Eight, *M-G-M*
2. Best Performance (Actress) . . . Katharine Hepburn
3. Best Performance (Actor) . . . . . Fredric March
4. Best Musical . . . . . Forty-second Street, *Warners'*
5. Best Human-Interest Film . . . . Little Women, *RKO*
6. Best Mystery . . The Kennel Murder Case, *Warners'*
7. Best Romance . . . . . Only Yesterday, *Universal*
8. Best Comedy . . . . . Duck Soup, *Paramount*
9. Best Short Film . . . . . The Three Little Pigs
10. Best News Reels (all year) . . . . . *Paramount*
11. Best Direction . . . . . Frank Capra
12. Best Story . . . . . Little Women, *RKO*



Below: And "Little Women" takes TWO prizes, one as the best human interest film, one as the year's best story.

Below: William Powell's "The Kennel Murder Case," tops the mysteries by a thrilling margin.



Above: You all knew this one would take the grand prize for short subjects—the famed "Three Little Pigs."





WALLACE BEERY: A new photograph of the finest character actor in all Hollywood. Fresh from his tremendous success in "Viva Villa," Wally goes into the role of Long John Silver, one-legged sea ruffian in "Treasure Island," the Robert Louis Stevenson classic which M-G-M is screening. Jackie Cooper takes the part of Jim Hawkins in this popular adventure story.

Strictly Modern

Soft-voiced, shy, quiet, Evelyn Venable typifies the new screen generation



Eugene Robert Richee

EVELYN VENABLE was born in the wrong generation! Fifty years from now there will be regiments of young girls like her, but today she is a phenomenon. A very beautiful and talented phenomenon, to be sure.

At nineteen this girl has accomplishments to her credit that would look roseate on the scroll of a woman three times her age.

Just a few of her laurels include a scholarship to Vassar; a close acquaintance with all the works of Shakespeare at the age of eleven; columns of plaudits in the Cincinnati papers for her rendition of Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet" at the age of fourteen; leading lady in Walter Hampden's Shakespearean company at the age of sixteen.

During the gruelling first weeks of her initial Hollywood picture, "Cradle Song," she spent the long hot summer nights working with her father, Professor Emerson Venable, on a Shakespearean text book. Her name follows her father's on the volume now in use in the classrooms of many universities.

Somewhere in her crowded young life, Evelyn found time to develop a social grace and a poised charm that is startling in one of her years. Even two years on the stage are not sufficient to give her that priceless quality of unobtrusive self-assurance.

Somewhere Evelyn learned that no situation, person or set of circumstances can defeat her.

At sixteen it did not disturb her to leave a sheltered home for an unknown future among theatrical people in New York, without the comforting nearness of her parents. Lonely she was, but not afraid.

At nineteen she has arranged for herself a pleasant life in Hollywood, and although she is separated from her father nine months of the year, has made up her mind to be happy. She has also made up her mind to save money and within five years start her own Shakespearean company.

When I first met Evelyn I was prepared to dislike her. I had heard that she was a superb scholar, (*Please turn to page* 85)

By JULIE LANG





(Above): Evelyn in her costume for "Death Takes a Holiday," and a close-up of her—sweet nineteen and perfectly poised. She HAS been kissed, but "never willingly," she says. (Right): Kent Taylor kissed her in "Cradle Song."

HOLLYWOOD GIVE and TAKE

The Boulevardier, New Movie's gallant war correspondent, flashes latest news of Cupid's victories and defeats straight from the western front

By HERB HOWE



"Big Chief Big-Ears" wants to be an Indian, but Mrs. Gable says, "No!"

SPRINGTIME IN HOLLYWOOD: Everyone busily divorcing. Just the usual spring housecleaning, husbands being changed with the drapes and homes freshened up generally. As an index of business conditions the marital turnover in Hollywood is as encouraging as carloadings in the auto industry. More husbands have been turned in this Spring than during all four years of the depression.

Seems the first step of a star in staging a come-back is to divorce papa. It's about the only way, short of shooting, that a lady can get banner lines since the press has become space-stingy.

Our little Mary unseated big Sister Aimee from her front page perch. And did it single-handed. Doug wouldn't cooperate emotionally as Dave Hutton did. Response to Mary came close to "She Done Him Wrong" in some box-offices. Mary may yet grab back the title of America's Sweetheart from Mae West.

FOLLOWING Mary's trial on a come-back tour, Gloria Swanson swiftly uncoupled Mike Farmer. There seems to be a resentful feeling among females that Gloria has had her share of marital changes. After my salute to her last month I had to lam for the hideout. Local ladies were ganging on her, claiming she has put the evil eye on the Herbert Marshall household. My goodness, in Hollywood's rugged days husband-snatching was just good-natured give-and-take. Now matrons are talking of organizing vigilantes. Some want a code of fair competition that would prohibit a lady from becoming engaged to another lady's husband until after divorce papers had been filed. Of course there are still rugged individualists who view this as unwarranted meddling with private enterprise.

I THOUGHT Gloria might be following my altruistic suggestion. Noting the spirit of brotherly love existing among her ex-husbands—all for one and one for all—I felt Gloria could do a lot toward promoting world peace by marrying every man into the fraternity. I'm sure men would welcome the Utopia. Gloria paints a picture of peaceful old age surrounded by her former husbands, all friends, laughing and joking of old times. By then there ought to be enough to make quite a showing in the Hollywood Bowl. I certainly would like to pledge Gloria's fraternity. She marries a swell crowd.

ANOTHER of the Boulevardier's dream girls, Jean Harlow, is likewise converting husband into friend. Jean doesn't seem quite clear about grounds for complaint. Maybe just spring restiveness, though since hearing about Jean's house with everything white including rugs I've had an uncomfortable feeling for husband. (Go right back and scrape your feet again.)

AND my favorite beauty of all time, Corinne Griffith, packed her Walter flying off to Mexico to get her a divorce. Walter got back with it amid orchids in time for dinner. I'm glad to hear that Corinne and



The Tarzan Family, Mr. and Mrs., are spending quiet, cosy evenings at home.



If you were organizing a picture company for your own amusement which players would you contract? Subject to change any second, here's my choice, says Herb.

Illustrated by D. B. Holcomb

Walter have never seemed happier going places together. The years have been kind to Corinne. She was acclaimed the most beautiful girl in the world at the height of her movie career and is still quite as ravishing as ever. Is it any wonder that Walter returned with tokens of esteem for her?

THE Tarzans, Johnee and Lupee, are liable to be the last exhibit of model matrimony in Hollywood. The cannonading is terrifying at times but when reporters ring the bell to ask if there will be a divorce Lupe emerges disheveled to shout that there will be no divorce in her household—not if she has to kill heem. *Bang, Bang!* A widow perhaps but never a divorcee!

A BACHELOR'S club composed of Randy Scott, Jack Oakie, Lyle Talbot, Phil Reed, Phil Regan, Donald Woods and Franchot Tone has been organized by Dick Powell, long divorced. In Hollywood a bachelor is a man who has been married only once. Baby LeRoy won't be eligible probably for several years to say nothing of Jackie Cooper, and by that time the Hollywood Bachelor's Club will probably be out of existence!

SIGHT for a Sultan: Louis B. Mayer entertained the Sultan of Johore at a studio luncheon. Banked amid M-G-M houris, the Sultan yet had an unappeased expression in a roving eye. Mr. Mayer solicitously asked if there was anything more he would like to see. The Sultan nodded. "Mae West," he said. "Of all the insultin' sultans!" screamed the little ladies, above the boom of "Aye tank Aye go hum."

Mae seems to be every sultan's idea of a harem.

SINCE the appearance in NEW MOVIE of Jimmy Wong Howe, the celestial cinematographer, there have been queries as to whether all the Howes are Chinese. No—soree—not that clever.

"Well, boys," said a passé old star as he lilted out of the publicity office. "I'm going to the mountains where you can't annoy me . . . going to be the hermit, you know."

"He's already a hermit," muttered a p. a. to 40,000 exhibitors."

IF you were organizing a picture company for your own amusement which players would you contract? Here's my list (subject to change any second).

Stars: Wally Beery, Jean Harlow, Paul Muni, Mae West, James Cagney, (*Please turn to page* 91)

Hollywood Goes A-PARTYING

GRACE KINGSLEY, New Movie's society reporter takes you with her to the Harold Lloyd Greenwich Village party, Anita Page's tea, and other movie-town social events

SO many costume parties in the movie colony are given without rhyme or reason. Mrs. Movie City, who has never been in Hawaii, nevertheless feels a Hawaiian party coming on, and gives one, with everybody cavorting in grass skirts, while the Hawaiian orchestra grins derisively at the synthetic hulas. Or somebody gives a Gay Nineties party without in the least knowing what they did in the Gay Nineties, or in fact whether the Nineties were so very gay after all.

But Harold Lloyd's Greenwich Village party had a real *raison d'etre.* Harold, you see, is quite an artist.

Nevertheless, Harold himself is much too modest to have arranged such a party, since he will tell you with a blush that he really hasn't much talent. It was his wife who fixed everything up, and surprised Harold. And the Lloyd estate is such a big one that it would be possible to arrange several affairs of this kind for the same evening without the persons to be surprised finding it out.

The Greenwich Village party was given down at the swimming pool, in the logia.

Harold exhibited his talents by making sketches of everybody, including Colleen Moore, who looked very fetching as Boy Blue, with all the guests complimenting him on the portrait.

"Well, look what a subject I had!" Harold parried gallantly.

After supper everybody drew sketches of everybody else, and as nobody except Harold was particularly good at it, some of the results were very funny.

In particular Charlie Farrell's face was red when they laughed at his sketch of his wife, Virginia, since Charlie wore an artist's costume.

Theodore Von Eltz, who came dressed as a tailor's dummy, stayed in character all evening, shaking hands stiffly but never smiling, when anybody spoke to him. He won first prize.

Of all things to wear over one's heart—a hairpin! Of course hairpins are scarce now-a-days, but that doesn't account for the one which "Cotton" Warburton, of the all-American, is carrying.

But when you find out to whom it last belonged, maybe you'll see the light. Myrna Loy, no less.

In a friendly scuffle at the University of Southern California, where Cotton is quarterback, the hairpin dropped out of his pocket. As he picked it up he mentioned casually that Myrna Loy had given it to him.



(Right) Leila Hyams and Carmelita Geraghty at Carmelita's charming wedding.

•

(Below) Find Betty Furness, John Darrow, Anita Louise and Tom Brown at Betty's gay party for Mary Jane Moore.



(Below) Dolores Del Rio and Norma Shearer, stunningly gowned, chat with Ernst Lubitsch at the Wilson-Geraghty wedding reception.





The current weekly carried a quizzical story on Cotton's crush, and the athlete didn't bother to deny it, but only blushed.

But the sad truth is that Warburton merely picked the hairpin up from a set where Miss Loy was working. Or rather a script girl picked it up and handed it to Warburton, who happened to be the nearest person. And that's the real tale of the hairpin, let the chips fall where they may.

Ted Healy told this one on a fellow actor. He says that the actor, who has a liveried chauffeur, approached him, Healy, and asked to borrow two dollars.

"I don't want it so much for myself," said the actor, "but my chauffeur hasn't eaten for two days!"

LYLE TALBOT has been to see "The Drunkard," which has been running nearly a year, four times lately, taking a different girl every time. Last time it was Millie Seward.

Lyle is furious at the way the chatter writers write about his friendship with women.

"I went with Patricia Ellis to the Cocoanut Grove to judge a dancing contest one night, we both having been asked to do it," said Lyle, "and then, waiting for the photographers, we danced a bit. Some of the papers had us engaged next day.

Richard Cromwell and Mary Carlisle are going about to parties together. What has become of the Cromwell-Katherine DeMille set-up? Katherine's pictures are all (*Please turn to page* 105)



(Above) June Clyde and Wallace Ford attend Anita Page's "Four O'Clock Tea" at the Ambassador Hotel.

•

(Left) Costume parties bring out a variety of costumes. The girl apache is Esther Ralston.

•

(Below) More people dress up. Harold Lloyd, Una Merkel, Mrs. Lloyd and Ronald Burla, Una's husband.

Photos by Wide World



FIRST NIGHTS ON

UNSTARRED EXCELLENCE

(Citation of Unfeatured Players Who This Month Gave Outstanding Performances)

LOUIS CALHERN, for his villainous noble in "The Affairs of Cellini."

ALAN MOWBRAY, for his fed-up eloper in "Where Sinners Meet."

ONSLOW STEVENS, for his Prince Michael in "I'll Tell the World."

RUBY, for her perfect performance as a bear in "We're Not Dressing."

GENEVIEVE TOBIN, for her nitwit woman in "Success at Any Price."

ETIENNE GIRARDOT, for his little maniac in "Twentieth Century."

ANNE REVERE, for her abused relative in "Double Door."

SARAH PADDEN, for her Portuguese mother in "He Was Her Man."

ZELDA SEARS, for her hard-boiled landlady in "Sadie McKee."

SHIRLEY TEMPLE, for her gifted child in "Stand Up and Cheer."

NAT PENDLETON, for his fat-headed gunman in "Manhattan Melodrama."

MAYBE there's nothing the matter with the movies and the trouble is all with me. This is a diagnosis already announced by a number of indignant readers.

And yet, with a last ditch of obstinacy, I don't concede that it's entirely my wrongheadedness which makes current releases seem so dismal an assemblage, with three excellent films balanced by five times that number, ranging from just pretty good to simply terrible.

The worst thing about pictures is their dishonesty. I do not mean the bare-faced plagiarism, but I mean the scripts that apparently are written by mental unfortunates wearing boxing gloves and the subsequent films that are directed by men who should gag over the job of thrusting fine actors into such phony nonsense.

I don't see how William Powell, Myrna Loy and Clark Gable, intelligent artists, can keep their faces straight in a film so untrue to human conduct as "Manhattan Melodrama." I'm at a loss to understand how such arch idiocy as "Sadie McKee" could have been created for Joan Crawford, Gene Raymond and Franchot Tone or why Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor should be forced into anything so marshmallow as "Change of Heart" or Irene Dunne should be afflicted with "Stingaree."

Before this bewildered reviewer is led gently away to what his more charitable friends will call "a rest



Franchot Tone, Joan Crawford and Edward Arnold in the cafe scene in "Sadie McKee." Arnold gave one of the best performances of his career as the tipsy Brennan.



Colleen Moore and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in the RKO picture, "Success at Any Price." This is Doug's finest portrayal to date.



Imagine Bing crooning love songs in your ears. That's the role Carole Lombard has in this Paramount production, "We're Not Dressing."



Fredric March as the amorous goldsmith Cellini and Constance Bennett as the erotic Duchess of Florence in Twentieth Century's "The Affairs of Cellini." Mr. Van de Water rates this as the best picture of the month.

BROADWAY WITH THE NEW PICTURES



John Barrymore as Jaffe, wizard of the Broadway stage, and Carole Lombard as the great star-to-be, Lily Garland, in one of the funniest sequences from Columbia's production, "Twentieth Century."

By FREDERIC F. VAN DE WATER

FILM RATINGS

(AAA, This Month's Best; AA, Outstanding; A, Good; B, Fair; C, Poor)

AAA *The Affairs of Cellini*

AA *20th Century*
He Was Her Man

A *Where Sinners Meet*
We're Not Dressing
Success At Any Price
Double Door

B *Stand Up and Cheer*
I'll Tell the World
Wharf Angel
Manhattan Melodrama
Thirty-Day Princess
She Made Her Bed
Change of Heart

C *Sadie McKee*
Stingaree
The Witching Hour
Beggars in Ermine
Unknown Blonde

EARLIER BUT WORTH WHILE: Viva Villa, Tarzan and His Mate, Men in White, Twenty Million Sweethearts, The Constant Nymph, The House of Rothschild, The Show Off, It Happened One Night, The Cat and the Fiddle, This Side of Heaven, Catherine the Great, Hi, Nellie!, Counsellor at Law, Dancing Lady, His Double Life.



Robert McWade, Cary Grant, Sylvia Sidney and Ray Walker in a scene from Paramount's "Thirty-Day Princess."



Gloria Stuart and Lee Tracy take a tumble in the bicycle sequence of the Universal production, "I'll Tell the World."

cure," I should like to see one month of photoplays as good as the people who appear in them.

And they can be. Look at "The Affairs of Cellini," a brilliant achievement of this month, and "20th Century" and "He Was Her Man," also excellent in story and direction, as well as acting.

And speaking of brilliance, let me direct your attention to a young woman who makes her debut in a semi-misfortune called "Stand Up and Cheer." She has poise and charm and beauty. She can sing, too, with surprising accuracy. Her name is Shirley Temple and press agents say she is only four years old, which makes her probably, as ordinary mortals gauge time, about six. If you forget her name, I have a feeling that you'll hear it again.

What motion pictures need is similar prodigies among directors and script writers and if you think the old crab is just having a tantrum, take a look at the record appended below:

The Affairs of Cellini—AAA
Directed by Gregory La Cava
Released by United Artists

EVEN if Sixteenth Century Italy means little in your life you'll find this photoplay has both pull and punch. It might have been just another costume drama but it happens to be crammed with such allurements as murder, torture, treachery, swashbuckling fights and enough illicit love to fill a couple of tabloids.

These matters are handled by a more than competent cast in which Constance Bennett and Fredric March are listed as the stars, with Fay Wray and Frank Morgan as their first assistants. They and a director who is sensitive to all the glow and savagery of a brilliant era have (*Please turn to page* 98)



Menace? George Raft's face show-suffering as well.

(Right) With Jean Acker, once the wife of his good friend, Rudolph Valentino.



GEORGE RAFT TALKS

And here you have the answers to the questions all Hollywood wanted to ask

By NAN CAMPBELL



George once earned a living dancing the "Texas Tommy." Here he is pictured with Sally Rand, the fan dancer, in a scene from the picture, "Bolero."

WHEN George Raft was questioned by reporters concerning reports that as soon as the Chicago beauty, Mrs. Virginia Peine Lehmann, got her divorce she would become his bride he said, "She's a lovely girl, but the rumors are ridiculous. I have a wife."

And that was the first time that he had actually admitted the existence of the girl he married ten years ago. It is true that a few people knew that he was married but Raft, himself, had not revealed the fact. His admission at last cleared up a lot of questions about which Hollywood had been worrying. It explained why, when he and Marjorie King were seen dining and dancing in the smart Hollywood restaurants, Marjorie ducked at the approach of news photographers. It explained why—although George seemed to like the ladies and the ladies all liked George—there had been no engagement announcements. But it still left unanswered questions.

Why had he kept (*Please turn to page* 66)

There She Goes with a NEEDLE

GRACIE ALLEN,
popular Paramount star, tries her hand at making an apron

By
FRANCES
COWLES



The worst thing about sewing, according to Gracie Allen, is stopping to thread the needle. So she decided to use a thread two yards long.

WHAT the world needs, according to Gracie Allen of Paramount Pictures, is a needle that doesn't have to be threaded, and when you think of all the things that people have invented it seems funny that no one has ever done anything bright about needles. As it is, after you've spent a lot of time figuring out what kind of stitches you ought to take and where you ought to take them and you're all set to spend a quiet afternoon making something, why then the first thing you know the thread in your needle gets so short that you can't take any more stitches and you have to drop your things and start all over again. Gracie hit on the bright idea of starting off with a thread two yards long and all went well while she posed for the cameraman, but after that the thread tangled and broke and Gracie decided she had done enough sewing for one day.

Well, even if Gracie didn't make the apron all herself, she took some of the stitches and was perfectly delighted to have someone else take the rest.

The interesting thing about this dainty little apron is that it didn't cost thirty cents. It is one of a wide variety of attractive little home-made accessories of one sort or another that can, each one, be made for less than three dimes.

It is really amazing to see what a number of charming things can be made from well chosen but inexpensive materials and it's wise to devote some of your vacation leisure to making a number of these attractive gadgets to use later for birthday gifts or card party prizes.

Please turn to page 84 for directions for making attractive gifts.



Here's Gracie Allen wearing her new apron and showing the world that she knows all about housework.

SEPTEMBER
OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER



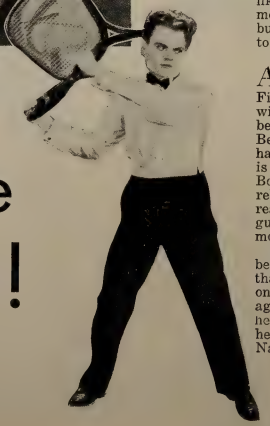
Bert Longworth

(Above): A good director, two good actors, and three good guys. Mervyn LeRoy, Jimmy, and Allen Jenkins in their own special, private chain-gang on the lot.



(Above): Jimmy with his proudest possession. (Look just under his nose.)

(Right): in "Blonde Crazy" he was fighting, as usual.



No More FIGHTS!

By
PAULINE ROBBINS

Here Jim tells you why he fights —and the one and only thing he fights for

JIMMY CAGNEY arrived recently in New York surrounded by as much mystery as a Boris Karloff movie.

Nobody would even have known he was in town had he not appeared one evening at the prizefights and been called to the microphone to say a few words. The New York office of his studio was amazed that he had come to town and not notified them and immediately the word went 'round, "Cagney is fighting with First National again. Is there no handling that lad?"

By a circuitous and intricate method too long to tell here, I discovered Jimmy at an expensive but fairly obscure hotel, registered under the name of Mr. Vernon. And I must admit that I felt rather foolish when I asked for him under that name. Once I got to him I knew he would talk frankly to me. Jimmy has always been a swell gent, so I asked him immediately, "What's all this I hear about you fighting with the company?"

"Listen," said Jimmy, "I'd like to know where that rumor started. Listen. See if you can get my point of view. I'm on my lay-off—those twelve weeks a year when the company doesn't pay me. Now I wanted to come to New York purely on a vacation—to see some shows, hear some music, look at a few art galleries. The studio isn't paying me—so can you figure out any reason why they have any claim on my time?

"I know perfectly well what would happen if I got in touch with my New York office. They'd take over my time completely—I'd be having a dozen interviews a day, and I'd be rushed from the top of the Empire State Building to the lowest point in the subway tunnel having my picture taken. They're swell guys in the publicity department and I know that's their job—but what sort of a vacation would that be for me? I don't like all this mystery. It makes me feel like Garbo or somebody—but what else can I do if I want to have a little fun for myself?"

AND that's how the rumor of more trouble for Cagney and First National started. And it will probably be several months before Jimmy can live it down. Because everybody in the world has gotten the idea that Jimmy is hard to handle—the Peck's Bad Boy of Hollywood—the red-haired rebel of the sound stages. It really isn't that he's such a tough guy—it's just that he has gotten more publicity, that's all.

Before the two prolonged rows began, Jack Warner himself said that he wouldn't know Jimmy was on the lot—he was so quiet and agreeable. Then Jimmy thought he deserved more money and said he had been promised it—First National disagreed and the fight was on, with Jimmy getting all the "hard guy" publicity.

He rather lived up to his role, (*Please turn to page* 75)

MUSIC IN THE MOVIES

The talkies continue to bring many of our best tunes. This month's collection runs all the way from sweet to hot

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

WITH Fall on its way—and we hope it'll get cooler—the Hollywood studios are cutting down on musicals, but a good one soon to be released is "She Loves Me Not" with Bing Crosby and Miriam Hopkins. "Dames" with Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell is another that will please you. Until you see these the list below of current recordings ought to keep you full of rhythm for the time being.

"THE Grasshopper and the Ants" from Walt Disney's Silly Symphony of the same name is about the most pleasing bit of recorded nonsense since the Big Bad Wolf. Although this may not equal the phenomenal popularity of the latter song, it is every bit as good, and the record made by Raymond Paige and his orchestra is excellent. Paige is the boy who does all of the musical work for Disney, and is responsible in no small way for the popularity of Mickey Mouse and the Silly Symphonies. The vocals are sung by the original voices used in the flicker. You'll get a good laugh out of this one.

The other side is from another Silly Symphony and this time it's the "Wise Little Hen." It is right on a par with the preceding tune, as is recorded by the same artists. You can't go wrong on this, and the kids will eat it up. (This is a Victor record.)

"I'LL STRING ALONG WITH YOU" from the film, "Twenty Million Sweethearts" is a smooth bit of work, put out by that old smoothie, Ted Fiorito and his orchestra. Fiorito has a very distinctive style, and it is well applied in the recording. You'll hear Muzzy Marcellino doing the vocal work.

"Fair and Warmer" from the same picture is on the other side, and is also played by Ted Fiorito and his orchestra. I don't care much for the tune, but the vocal work is done by Dick Powell, and that's something. Or is it? (This is a Brunswick record.)

FROM the film "Murder at the Vanities" we get "Cocktails for Two" played by Duke Ellington and his orchestra. The Duke very seldom turns to this type of work, but when he does, you can rest assured the results are pleasing. This is an excellent tune, and the Duke uses admirable restraint, with just enough push to put things over in great shape. No vocal.

"Live and Love Tonight" is on the other side and is also from "Murder at the Vanities" another good example of what the Duke can do with a smooth selection. (This is a Victor record.)



"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR" from Bing Crosby's picture, "We're Not Dressing" is played by Richard Himber and his orchestra. If you saw the picture, you will remember the tune, and will surely enjoy this record. Himber seems to have a very versatile group of musicians, and his arrangements are far from tedious. Joey Nash does the singing in great style.

"May I?" is the tune on the other side, and is another tune from the same picture. Richard Himber does the recording, and Joey Nash the vocal work. Very good. (This is a Bluebird record.)

PAUL WHITEMAN presents Ramona and the Park Avenue Boys, in the tune "Broadway's Gone Hill Billy" from the film, "Stand Up and Cheer." I find that the recordings featuring these artists are very good as a rule and this one is no exception. Ramona is swell and the Park Avenue Boys give her great instrumental backing, without having to resort to the heavy effects so dear to the heart of Mr. Whiteman. In other words, everything is very informal and everyone has a great time.

"We're Out of the Red" is on the reverse side and is from the same picture. We have the same artists in this one, and they are keeping up the good work. (This is a Victor record.)

"GOODNIGHT, LOVELY LITTLE LADY" from the film "We're Not Dressing" is played by Hal Kemp and his orchestra. Kemp has an excellent band, and although I think his style gets monotonous after a time, this record has enough variations to keep it from lagging. The vocal work is done by Bob Allen.

"She Reminds Me of You" is on the other side and this is from the same picture. I think Kemp overdoes it this time. (This is a Brunswick record.)

BIGGEST HITS

"THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANTS," played by Raymond Paige and his orchestra. (Victor)

"I'LL STRING ALONG WITH YOU," played by Ted Fiorito and his orchestra. (Brunswick)

"COCKTAILS FOR TWO," played by Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Victor)

"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR," played by Richard Himber and his orchestra. (Bluebird)

Music? Samoan Maidens Dance, even the Island dances, in RKO's "Down to Their Last Yacht."

YOU TELL US

This section is the People's Academy, where the best friends and severest critics of the stars tell us this and that about players and films

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Overworked?

I'M simply bored. What's the meaning of this? Since "Little Women," in which Jean Parker made a great debut I've seen her continually. Of course she's a great little star; give her a chance in leading parts as often as you wish, but for goodness' sake don't have her in every picture with a small part.

"Whirlpool," "Three on a Honeymoon," "You Can't Buy Everything," and "Lazy River," Isn't that once too often? I hope Evelyn Venable, Pat Paterson and Mary Carlisle won't start off with so many.

Eleanor H. Kubiak,
4025 E. 144th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Jean seems to thrive on work, doesn't she? She's being starred soon by M-G-M.

A Dell Fan Speaks

I WAS very fortunate in catching the preview of "Little Miss Marker" with that marvelous "find"—Dorothy Dell. Those who liked her in her first picture "Wharf Angel" will adore her in this more up-to-date setting. Although she has been compared to Mae West, I think she is more like Joan Crawford, and will climb to the very top of the cinematic ladder very soon.

Tiny Shirley Temple as the adorable little "Marky" proved herself a swell little actress, but, in my opinion, Miss Dell just wrapped the picture up and strolled off with it tucked under one arm.

Hannah Shepard,
840 N. LaJolla Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Miss Dell is turning out to be quite an old picture-wrapper-upper, in fact.

Rave & Rave

I'M aggravated at those fans who continually rave and rave over Hepburn, Dietrich, Crawford and Harlow, when there are so many good troupers, consistent and dependable, holding their own without the support of "press-agent-pillars."

There's—

Edna May Oliver—If she were my aunt, I'd love her to death!

Guy Kibbee—The best "all-around" character actor on the screen!

John Halliday—Always the "perfect gentleman!"

Helen Twelvetrees—Angelic, wholesome, talented.

Barbara Stanwyck—Genuine, a gallant trouper of troupers, and a "regular fellow!"

Mrs. Edward Franzeen,
Rural Route, No. 2, Ursa, Ill.

It isn't all press-agentry, it's glamour, Mrs. Franzeen. Some just have it.

Dick Scores Again

I, AS a humble movie fan, desire to pay tribute to one of—Dick Powell. He has done some really excellent

Madge Evans. "There is no actress more charming, more convincing, more modest."







Above, right: "I hope Pat Paterson won't start off with so many." A friend of Pat's fears that too many pictures cut down a player's popularity and appeal. Jean Parker is appearing in far too many films, too.

●

"Tom Brown has greater ability than most of the older stars," an ardent fan swears. "There is scarcely an actor on the screen who can put over an emotional scene so effectively." High praise, Tom!

work in all the pictures in which I have seen him.

He is one person who has made fame but is still the same smiling boy who used to be M. C. at the Stanley Theater in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. And all his Pittsburgh fans will agree with me and help to give Dick a big hand in all his work.

He was wonderful in the "Wonder Bar." You just can't help but like it.

Margaret Prentice,
Box 258, Twin Branch, W. Va.

And his performance in "Twenty Million Sweethearts" surpasses anything he's ever done!

Flowers to Madge

I SHOULD like to say a few words in praise of a very lovely lady—namely Madge Evans. I believe that Miss Evans should be properly classed with the best players of today. There is no actress more charming, more convincing, and more modest than Miss Evans. She is more than sweetly charming—she is a rare combination of youth and talent, and one of the really sincere artists of the screen. Even when a picture is not so good she always strives to do her best. This can't be said of every player. Not once since she has been on the screen has she disappointed fans with an indifferent performance.

Let us hope that 1934 will be a banner year for a lovely actress and one of the screen's real beauties.

Connie M. Joffre,
3636 E. 144 St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Let's hope 1934 and every year!

Youth vs. Age

IN recent months it seems that most of the critics are taking for granted the fine work of the screen's outstanding juvenile, Tom Brown. In my opinion, this boy has far more innate acting ability than most of the older stars. He has proved his versatility in a long line of widely different roles, and his forthcoming performance in "The Witching Hour" will undoubtedly bear watching. There is scarcely an actor on the screen who can put over an emotional scene as effectively as young Mr. Brown, and his comedy is equally brilliant.

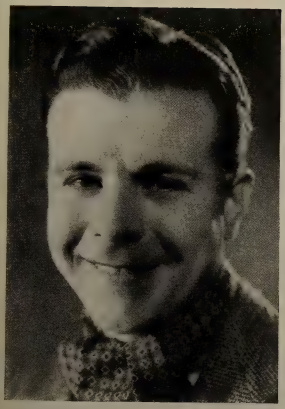
Emily Richards,
4598 Glen Albyn Drive, Los Angeles, Cal.

Tom Brown promises a fine future. The road is a long one, you know.

(*Please turn to page* 101)

ON PAGES 92 and 93
you will find the winners of the People's Academy Gold Medal Awards, for the twelve outstanding cinema achievements.







Above: Dorothy Dell. "I think she is more like Joan Crawford, and will climb to the very top of the cinematic ladder."

Left: Edna May Oliver. "If she were my Aunt I'd love her to death." And what a trouper she is, too, ever dependable.

Far left: "The same smiling boy who used to be M. C. at the Stanley Theater in Pittsburgh," is what they call Dick Powell.



(Below) Cary Grant, as the beauty doctor, talks to the scheming Genevieve Tobin, while a jealous lover, Edward Everett Horton, looks on. It's from Paramount's "Kiss and Make Up."



A tender scene from "The Life of Virgie Winters," which stars Ann Harding and John Boles. (Right.)

WHAT TO EXPECT

BARBARA BARRY, New Movie's studio reporter, gives you the latest news about the pictures now in preparation and the stars who appear in them

HAROLD LLOYD has returned to the fold after an absence that was much too long, and, from what we've seen of his newest vehicle, the combination of the one and only Lloyd and a swell story should be greeted with shouts and cheers from the gallery.

It's Clarence Buddington Kelland's tale of the shy and studious son of an American missionary in China, who returns to the United States for the purpose of acquiring a wife to assist him in carrying on Papa's religious orders:

Innocent as a three-day-old baby, Harold becomes entangled in a comical intrigue.

THE CAT'S-PAW

•

Harold Lloyd Company

A bunch of smart political pirates wrap him up in red tape and see to it that he's elected mayor of a town that they are trying to run.

Poor Harold, all unsuspecting, handles the nasty baddies as his father taught him to handle obstreperous Chinese, and the ensuing action is some fun!

Una Merkel and Grace Bradley put up a royal struggle for our hero's shy affections, with Una winning, hands down.

Sam Taylor directs, and . . . aren't you glad Harold's back?

THE GREAT FLIRTATION

•

Paramount

GREGORY RATOFF, not satisfied with being a top-notch actor, has written this three-cornered romance of stage love.

In the picture Adolphe Menjou, a great matinee idol of Budapest, loves Elissa Landi, Hungarian actress, who, although plenty capable, has not reached the pinnacle of Fame occupied by the man who loves her.

Menjou begs her to marry him, and she does so upon his promise to take her to America, where she meets and falls in love with David Manners, her leading man.

Always the actor, Menjou steps dramatically out of the picture, hieing himself, with his faithful valet, to South Dakota (of all places!), where they do some plain and fancy starving.



Here they are as you will see them—Chester Morris and Mae Clarke in a dramatic scene from the Universal production, "Let's Talk It Over."

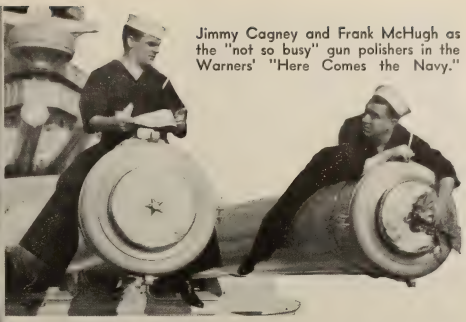


In the foreground, Tammany Young, Judith Allen and W. C. Fields in Fields' own story of the gay nineties, "The Old-Fashioned Way."



In his last picture before an extended vacation, Richard Dix plays the title role in RKO's "Family Man." The girl is Dorothy Wilson.





Jimmy Cagney and Frank McHugh as the "not so busy" gun polishers in the Warners' "Here Comes the Navy."

(Left) Jack Holt, little Cora Sue Collins and Dorothy Burgess in Columbia's "Black Moon," an exposé of voodooism.

in the NEW FILMS

Elissa becomes a famous actress, and one day David discovers Menjou and valet hungrily watching her performance from the cheapest seat in the house, and drags him back stage. Elissa pretends to love him still.

But Adolphe makes a final curtain speech, saying she has always been a bad actress, and again walks out of her life and back to the good old South . . . South Dakota!

Rumor has it that this is a true story, but Gregory says: "Not at all!" and, with director Ralph Murphy backing him up . . . well, we're inclined to believe the gentleman.

THE LIFE OF VIRGIE WINTERS

•

RKO

A SMALL-TOWN milliner, Ann Harding, falls in love with John Boles, lawyer and brilliant politician, who is engaged to Helen Vinson.

John is all for breaking the engagement, until Helen convinces him that Ann has married someone else. By the time he discovers the truth, it is "too late," divorce being out of the question. So, when Ann's child is born, John adopts it.

The years roll along, giving John a chance to become famous and attractively gray at the temples, and Ann's fortunes fail.

After Ann's baby grows up to be Betty Furness and happily married, John decides to divorce the missus and make an honest woman of his long-time sweetheart.

But, rather than give him up, Helen shoots him and allows Ann (who ought to be used to it now) to take the blame for his untimely demise.

There is a death-bed confession, and a more or less satisfactory ending to the Louis Bromfield tale of tragedy, but . . . even with Alfred Santell directing the tear-jerking, we think we'll drop in on the Marx brothers . . . run-proof mascara being what it is.

HOUSEWIFE

•

Warners'

THE current movie cycle has got us going around in triangles, and this tale, by Lord and Hayward, is no exception.

This time, Bette Davis, George Brent and Ann Dvorak play puss-in-the-corner, with Ann married to George, and Bette as the interfering third person.

Bette has been in love with George ever since he made touchdowns and kicked goals in high school. The fact that he's a husband and father doesn't put any wrinkles in her conscience, and, after (*Please turn to page* 81)



Lionel Barrymore and Jean Harlow in "One Hundred Per Cent Pure," Jean's newest staring vehicle for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.



Adolphe Menjou and Elissa Landi play the leading roles in "The Great Flirtation," an original story written by Gregory Ratoff.



Doris Kenyon, Robert Young and Walter Connolly in a tense scene from the Columbia production, "Whom the Gods Destroy."



The old days. Elaine Hammerstein and a now forgotten villain emote for the camera.

Pioneering in the Movies

Down the movie cycle from the days of "chasers" to silent feature pictures and the modern "talkies"

By GEORGE GERRY

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Jack Cohn started as an IMP laboratory boy at $7 a week in 1909. He then went into production and editorial work, helping to bring the lowly movie from the "chaser" stage (it was shown in vaudeville theaters to "chase out" the audience at the close) to the point where legitimate actors and stage directors were engaged, and authors paid in real money for their stories—provided the length didn't exceed one reel. Now go on with the story:*

QUICK to adapt the ideas he considered good, Jack Cohn watched with interest the work of a new director employed by one of the old line companies. This director, a young man named D. W. Griffith, conceived the idea of bringing the artists on the screen into more intimate contact with the audience and so created the first close-up. The majority of the old line producers laughed at the thought of showing players without legs and feet. Cohn quickly adopted the Griffith technic, and found his chief, Carl Laemmle, in complete approval of this break with precedent. Incidentally, it wasn't very long before every director in the business not only imitated the Griffith picture technic, but went so far as to slavishly ape his every personal mannerism. Mr. Cohn relates that when Griffith, who had a heavy head of hair, decided to have this crop shaved close, forty-eight hours later found practically every director in (*Please turn to page* 102)



(First row, left to right): Isabel Rae, Jack Pickford, Lottie Pickford. (Second row, left to right): Thomas Ince, Owen Moore, Mary Pickford, King Baggott, Joe Smiley. (Third row, left to right): William Shay, Mrs. David Miles, Joe MacDonald, Hayward Mack, Mrs. Joe MacDonald, John Harvey. (Fourth row, left to right): George Loane Tucker, David Miles, Mrs. Pickford, Robert Daley, Tony Gaudio.

(Below) New Movie's own Elsie Janis with Owen Moore, (Mary Pickford's first husband) in "Betty in Search of a Thrill," a big romantic hit of 1914. Exactly twenty years ago!

Jack Fuld collection



SURPRISING COLORS HIDDEN IN HUMAN SKIN PRODUCE

Remarkable Change in Powder Shades



OPTICAL MACHINE FINDS

Bright Blue IN BLONDE SKIN

Grass Green IN BRUNETTE

NEW SHADES GIVE "LIFE" TO ALL SKINS . . .

(from left) Mrs. William T. Wetmore uses Brunette. Miss Charlotte Young and Mrs. Hal Fitzhugh Lee use Pond's Rose Cream.

DO YOU KNOW that there is now a face powder that actually contains the hidden colors in human skin?

A delicate machine has made this possible!

A machine that discovered bright blue in blonde skin . . . vivid green in brunette. Hidden shades that give transparency to blonde skin . . . creamy charm to brunette.

Pond's tested over two hundred girls' skins with this scientific machine. Dazzling complexions to wan, dull skins . . . we tested every one.

New shades freshen skin

From all of this study we evolved the six perfect powder shades that will enhance —enliven—any coloring.

NATURAL . . . perfect for very fair blondes. Brightens the face . . . ROSE CREAM is for most blondes and for fair-skinned brunettes. Adds fresh luminous quality to the skin.

LIGHT CREAM for ivory-skinned blondes and brunettes. Adds a velvety radiance to skin . . . BRUNETTE (Rachel) for brunette and "creamy" skins. Gives them life!

ROSE BRUNETTE, a warmer shade . . . gives sparkle to sallow skins and tones down ruddiness . . . DARK BRUNETTE is for brunettes of pronounced coloring. And for sun-tanned skins.

And Pond's—in these heavenly new shades—spreads with such marvelous smoothness that you *stay* powdered all day long. The perfume is very French—very expensive! Yet Pond's is amazingly reasonably priced. A glass jar for only





Made of the finest ingredients

ONLY 55¢

10¢

55¢ contains as much as many $1.00 boxes. The extra-big jar is $1.10. Five-and-tens and Variety Stores carry 10¢ and 25¢ sizes.

★ ***Send 5¢ for Two Special Boxes*** of Pond's Face Powder and an extra sample . . . three different Light or three different Dark Shades, with directions for choosing *your* shade.

Pond's Extract Co., Dept. H, 92 Hudson St., New York
I enclose 5¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for Two Special Boxes of Pond's *new* Face Powder and an extra sample—three different shades in all.
I prefer 3 different *Light* Shades ☐
I prefer 3 different *Dark* Shades ☐

Name_____

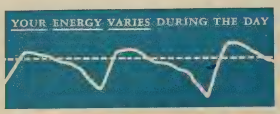
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A FACT!

SCIENCE ADVANCES NEW DATA THAT MAY COMPLETELY CHANGE YOUR IDEAS OF CIGARETTES!



Experience of Camel Smokers Confirmed

Here's a basic discovery that throws new light on our past knowledge about cigarettes. It embodies an "energizing effect"...a quick restoration of the flow of natural body energy. .a delightful relief from fatigue and irritability. You do "get a lift with a Camel," and it is a pleasure that you can repeat as often as you like.

CAMELS can literally relieve fatigue and irritability

Are you irritable...cross and fussy when tired? Then light a Camel. As you enjoy its cool, rich flavor, you will quickly feel your flow of natural energy being restored. That "done-in" feeling drops away. Your pep and cheerfulness come flooding back.

EFFECT IS NATURAL

The effect is produced by Camels in a wholly natural and utterly delightful way. So, whenever you feel run-down, tired and irritable, just light a Camel.

You can smoke just as many of these delightful Camels as you want. You can increase your flow of energy over and over again. And you need *never* worry about your nerves. For remember: *Camel's costlier tobaccos never get on your nerves.*



TOO TIRED FOR FUN... and then she smoked a Camel!

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES!



Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — Turkish and Domestic — than any other popular brand.

KNOW THIS FEELING? The feeling of being too "all in" to respond to the gaiety of the crowd? That's one of the many times to light a Camel and enjoy its rich flavor while your flow of healthful energy is restored. You will *like* Camels—a matchless blend of costlier tobaccos!

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

"Get a LIFT with a Camel!"

ROBERT DONAT TYPIFIES THE LATEST FASHION IN MOVIE HEROES

The Return of the

MATINEE IDOL

By HARRY N. BLAIR

HAIL the return of the matinee idol! The good old days when maids and matrons sighed over the romantic spell created by such screen figures as Rudolph Valentino, William Farnum and a more youthful Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., are once more upon us.

Handsome young actors, who wear costumes with the proper zest and flair, who can with grace make a courtly bow, or kiss the hand of my lady fair before dashing off to match points with a rival cavalier, are once more riding their snow-white chargers to the acclaim of the multitude.

Such a figure is the brown-haired, six-foot young Englishman, Robert Donat, who demonstrated his swash-buckling and romantic appeal as Thomas Culpeper, lover of Kathryn Howard, in "The Private Life of Henry VIII." So great an impression did young Mr. Donat (pronounced dough-nat) make that he was brought to Hollywood for one of the greatest roles ever given to any newcomer. This much-sought-after part, the title role in "The Count of Monte Cristo" is of the type which can lift an actor to the heights in one breath-taking sweep.

Ten years ago, John Gilbert was struggling along in indifferent roles as a leading man for Fox Films. Discouraged at his failure to get anywhere, he was almost on the point of quitting. Then came the chance to play "Monte Cristo" and overnight, he became a star! It was the turning point in a career which later made him the most popular male attraction in pictures.

More than likely, Robert Donat will also find himself propelled into stardom. Only a few months ago the chance of a career in American films seemed as remote as Mars. Then, like a message from that planet, came a cable summoning him to Hollywood.

Comfortably seated in his hotel suite, just after his arrival, he related the circumstances in a deep, vibrant voice, as he gazed out of the window at the New York which had so bewildered him with its vastness. He was glad that his suite was on the seventh floor and no higher. He likes looking at tall buildings but not living in them. The English do not build high but their foundations are solid. As solid as the wealth of acting experience which fortifies the career of England's latest gift to America.

"I'm thrilled about it, of course," he said, in reply to my question. "Although I can't honestly say that it has been a life-long dream of mine to play 'Monte Cristo.' After all, it's a part which is considered next in importance to 'Hamlet' and 'Romeo' and it (*Please turn to page* 71)



On the strength of his excellent performance as Thomas Culpeper in the British production, "The Private Life of Henry VIII," Robert Donat was selected to play the title role in United Artists' forthcoming picture, "The Count of Monte Cristo." He is six feet tall, with brown hair and eyes.



Facing the battery of cameras and reporters was Robert Donat's first experience when entering America. He will face more in Hollywood.

SEPTEMBER
OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER

A New Theory of Beauty

FROM GLORIA SWANSON

Unseen forces in the space about us may contain our greatest source of charm and beauty

By ANN BOYD



Clarence Sinclair Bull

The photograph above shows Gloria Swanson as she is today, more beautiful than ever, with a new depth and charm of expression.

•

At right you have another recent view of Gloria's lovely face, registering a fleeting expression of tense anxiety.



BEAUTY comes from within.

That is what, up to date, most of the really beautiful screen and stage stars had told us when we summoned up courage to ask them point blank how come they are so beautiful. It is an innate endowment, they say, something that lies deep within, something that will shine through your eyes, make your skin clear and velvety and your hair soft and brilliant if you only give it a chance. We had heard that not-so-helpful theory so often that it was a real event when the glamorously beautiful Gloria Swanson, appearing in M-G-M's version of Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks," told us that in her opinion beauty comes from without. It is a conviction with her—something she honestly believes without knowing at first how to explain it.

"Everyone knows that our bodies are supplied with what they need from outside elements—the food we eat, the water we drink, and the air we breathe. But we know that we need many things besides food and drink, and that there are many other forces in the space about us besides oxygen—forces that have always existed but that scientists are only beginning to understand. It is from these outside sources that we can obtain fresh strength and beauty and inspiration."

And that is why, in Miss Swanson's opinion, massage of the right sort can be one of the most helpful of all beauty treatments and why she herself makes use of massage to offset the devastating effects of fatigue, anxiety, overwork, winter's cold or summer's heat.

Naturally Miss Swanson approves of any cosmetics that will really contribute to a woman's good looks, but in her opinion those are most valuable that break nervous tension and produce real relaxation. To some women facial massage may prove most beneficial; to others, like herself, scalp massage especially about the temples. Regular and careful brushing of the hair may also serve the purpose. Facial creams and lotions of various sorts, oils for the scalp and other cosmetics not only help directly because of their cleansing, healing properties but because they contribute to this desirable sense of relaxation that favors our receptiveness to beautifying forces from without.

Your Dentist's Detective



"It's a good thing we made these X-ray pictures. Here's a small hidden cavity which I could not discover without my X-ray detective."

POSTPONING a visit to your dentist is not postponing trouble. It is bringing it closer. Time and money will be saved by a visit to your dentist every six months. It is impossible to have good health if the teeth, gums and soft tissues of your mouth are not kept in good condition.

If your dentist advises X-ray pictures of your teeth, take his advice. With the X-ray to inform him, he knows the condition of the deeper structures, the roots and the tooth sockets. In many cases early cavities can be found only by X-rays. If you have pyorrhea he may discover it at a stage in which it can be successfully treated.

Because an aching tooth demands prompt attention it is usually far less dangerous to health than the undiscovered trouble-maker. A tooth may seem to be sound and healthy and yet hidden trouble may be brewing. Infection may exist at the root of a guilty tooth long before it is suspected that anything is wrong. Meanwhile, the surrounding bony structure is being broken down and destroyed, while infection may be absorbed into the system through the blood stream. Such infection may damage the heart and other vital organs, may cause eye, ear, sinus, nerve, joint or digestive trouble.



When a firmly rooted tooth is to be extracted an X-ray picture may be needed to assist the dentist. Sometimes the roots are hooked or teeth may have failed to come through the gums. In such cases damage to the jaw-bone may result from a "blind" extraction.

If you have sound teeth and gums, then a correct diet, including some hard and "crunchy" food, will help to keep them healthy. Teeth, living parts of the body, are built by food. They need the minerals contained in eggs, milk, vegetables, fruits and cereals.

Send for the Metropolitan's free booklet, "Good Teeth." Address Booklet Dept. 834-B.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

© 1934 M. L. I. CO.

SEPTEMBER

OCTOBER

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER



Here is Janet Gaynor, charming Fox Film star, who will next be seen in "Servants' Entrance," sitting under the trees in the corner of her garden where on warm summer days she and a friend or two sit down to a simple salad luncheon.

For information concerning this month's food circulars please turn to page 72

That Hollywood Flavor in

SALADS

Janet Gaynor chooses a vegetable combination—Warner Baxter goes for pickled peaches and cheese

By NANCY JAMES

EXTRA! Extra! Here's the latest salad news from Hollywood!

Ralph Bellamy, sitting by himself in a booth at Sardi's, munching happily away at corn on the cob and a verdant salad made of endive, romaine, tomato and grated carrot. And Ann Sothern giving sound advice about the superiority of uncooked salads. "After a hard day's work," she says, "food doesn't always tempt me. But hungry or not a colorful green salad invariably gives me an appetite for the rest of the meal." That's why Ann, and a lot of other people in Hollywood, take their salad as a first course, instead of wedged in between the main course of the meal and dessert. The greener the salad the better Ann likes it. Give her lettuce, romaine, endive, watercress and dandelion greens if you want to make her happy.

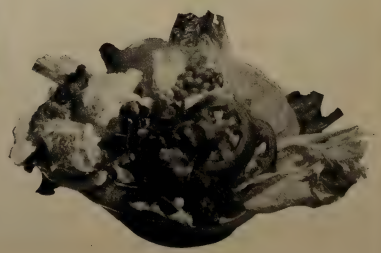
Janet Gaynor is another salad enthusiast and on a warm summer's day there is nothing she likes better than to sit down with a friend or two in a secluded nook of her garden and enjoy a carefully made salad. Well-chilled cooked vegetables hobnob with raw vegetables in her favorite combination salad. You will find raw tomatoes, and radishes side by side with cold cooked broccoli, cauliflower, beets, carrots and peas.

Here's the recipe for another of Janet Gaynor's favorite salads. For six portions allow 6 slices of canned pineapple, 6 thick slices of orange, 1 pint strawberries and enough lettuce hearts to make six good size nests. Arrange 1 slice of pineapple on each nest, then 1 slice of orange, and top with strawberries. Serve with any desired dressing.

Warner Baxter's recipes for tasty foods have given him quite a reputation as a connoisseur. His favorite salad is truly fit for a king. Here it is:

(*Continued on page* 72)

The secret of success in Janet Gaynor's favorite combination salad is in having well chilled vegetables neatly arranged in separate groups.





Dr. Latzel is Physician-in-Chief of Internal Clinic, in Vienna's largest free hospital; author of "Symptoms of Gastric Cancer."

"All three of his ailments disappeared... *quickly*"

says DR. ROBERT LATZEL, clinic head in Vienna's largest free hospital

***Read Dr. Latzel's complete explanation of this case . . . it may be similar in many ways to* yours!**

"MR. H. B.," Dr. Latzel reports, "was a civil engineer. He had become chronically tired out, with boils, a very poor appetite and the usual distressing stomach symptoms.

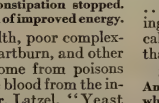
"His abdomen was flabby, large. Intestines were weak, clogged. He was nearly always constipated.

"I put him on a Yeast diet—asked him to report back in a week. By that time, one of his boils was gone, another had started to dry up. In 3 weeks, his skin was entirely clear, he had good color, healthy appetite. Constipation stopped. He showed every sign of improved energy.

"Run-down health, poor complexion, indigestion, heartburn, and other troubles usually come from poisons carried through the blood from the intestines," states Dr. Latzel. "Yeast *softens* the clogging waste in the body so you can clear it out . . . regularly."

Why not go to your grocer, or a restaurant or soda fountain and get some Fleischmann's Yeast right now . . . then eat 3 cakes every day, following the directions on the label? Each cake is rich in vitamins B, D and G that every one of us needs.

Start to eat Fleischmann's Yeast *today!* And keep it up for 30 days at least! See what it's like to feel *real well!*



Fleischmann's Yeast Does 3 Things for You—It (1) stimulates your stomach juices (2) strengthens the muscles of your stomach and intestines (3) softens waste so it passes easily from the body.

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Smartly designed in metal and enamels—as trim as a lady's compact. The Jiffy comes in two sizes . . . for 2½ x 4¼ inch pictures, $9 . . . for 2¼ x 3¼ inch pictures, $8. *If it-isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.*



YOU'LL get better pictures with Verichrome Film. In the glaring sun or the porch's shade—this film gets the picture. The cheaper the camera . . . the slower the lens—the more the need for Verichrome. Load your camera with Verichrome for better pictures. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, New York.

Ralph Bellamy's Secret Daughter

(*Continued from page* 38)

stationery and draw pictures of her dog and cat and the doll she got for Christmas, and of how much better she likes the even bigger doll he sent her on her birthday.

This Far-Away Father sends letters to her, too, and sometimes he encloses pictures of himself. Just kodak pictures, informal things snapped after a game of tennis, or on his own front porch with his dog . . . pictures that are nothing like the world sees of him with the lovely stars of Hollywood . . . but merely those carelessly posed "snaps" of a tall, blond man who seems to be smiling right at her.

It is the same smile that has earned him featured roles opposite such famous stars as Katharine Hepburn and Irene Dunne. It is the same smile that has inspired thousands of women to write him "mash" love notes. It is the same ingratiating grin that has led many critics to single him out as a leading cinematic bet for male stardom in 1934. But in one thing the little girl is right. That particular smile in those kodak pictures that seems to be looking right at her . . . is for her alone! Once he asked her in one of his letters if she ever went to moving picture shows.

The answer came in crooked scrawl: *I go to movies to see Mickey Mouse. I like him best. But we always go home before the long picture.*

Right now, perhaps, the little girl is too young to know just why they always go home before the long picture.

The blond man who sat across from me in an office in Hollywood knew why.

He said: "She is too young to see the average problem picture that comes out of Hollywood, and then there is always the chance, now that she is growing older, that she might recognize that man in the 'long picture' as the one she knows as 'Daddy' from the kodak snaps.

"Of course, eventually, she will know who I am and what my work is. There is no reason why she should not. But right now, when she has reached kindergarten age, with school coming up in the next year or so, her mother and I have agreed her life would be happier if it were not complicated by Hollywood at this particular stage. It isn't that *her* knowledge would make so much difference, it is the reaction upon other older children. There would be too many questions she couldn't answer.

"As soon as it can possibly be arranged, I want her to come to Hollywood to visit me. The knowledge of my profession and even the knowledge of her parents' separation and divorce will then come to her gradually."

IT is impossible to convey the reluctance with which Ralph Bellamy speaks of his daughter. Off screen he is naturally reserved, fitting easily into that category of gentlemen which includes Fredric March, Chester Morris and several others. Several times in the past reporters have tried to pry from him the details of his first marriage. He has never denied the fact. He merely admitted that he has been married twice and then asked the reporter to forget it. . . .

"It seems that almost everyone in Hollywood has been connected with divorce stories in some way," he said slowly. "I had hoped I might dodge it.

"We met when we were both playing in stock. She was nineteen . . . the ingenue in the company. I was twenty-two. Our season had been particularly successful. We were constantly together at the theater and soon the love scenes we played behind the footlights became very real to us. We fell head over heels, unreasoningly in love. We didn't stop to consider that our tastes were not the same . . . that we seldom liked the same things or the same people. We knew only that blinding attraction of youth to youth. On the eve of an event that had been heralded in all the newspapers as my 500th consecutive performance, we eloped."

FOR a little while they were happy. Then many things began to take their toll of that marriage. With the waning of the honeymoon their divergent tastes became more and more apparent.

"I received an offer to come to Broadway for a show," explained Ralph, "and as soon as I was able I sent for my wife. But even the birth of our daughter could not erase our knowledge that our marriage was a failure. For the baby's sake we tried to make the best of it for another year . . . and then without any hard feelings on either side, we separated.

"Not long after I came to Hollywood our divorce became final. Some time later I married the girl who is my present wife and to say we have been exceptionally happy is to put it mildly.

"Of course, my wife knows about my daughter, and she is looking forward as eagerly as I am to the time when the little girl will visit us.

"You know," he said with that engaging honesty that is part of his make-up, "I find myself thinking of her more and more frequently. She has become such a real person to me through her funny little letters. I find myself wondering what she will be when she grows up.

"But whatever it happens to be, I have established a trust fund that will insure her education and a certain amount of money to take care of her the rest of her life. I want to insure her living comfort, her education, enough money for her to travel and perhaps study abroad, when she is old enough to take advantage of it.

"More than anything else, I want to be a friend to her always. I want to be so close to her that even miles cannot separate us. I want to earn her confidence so she will share her problems with me as they come up.

"The other day I received a new photograph of her. No new movie contract ever gave me the thrill I got from that picture. Call it parent, or even downright male pride, if you want to, but that little kid of mine looks like me with her blond hair and blue eyes!"

I said: "Would you object a great deal if she wanted to be an actress, a movie actress, when she grows up?"

"Would I object?" He laughed. "I should say not! I'd be *flattered!* . . ."



He'll carry it and look at it and show it until it's worn dog-eared—this square of paper. Because it's a snapshot of *the* girl. Her smile. Her sweetness. Put down on paper, by some magic, so he can carry it around with him, and feel always that she's near. Now pictures like this are easier to make than ever. *Kodak Verichrome Film* extends snapshot possibilities amazingly. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, New York.

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THE vacation rush is on! Packing left for the last minute! When you check up, be sure that you've taken along one of the most important things of all—a good supply of Ex-Lax!

A change of cooking, different water, staying up late nights—all these things are apt to throw you off-schedule.

And when you're off-schedule—even temporarily—you can't get the full fun out of your vacation. So if you're looking forward to happy vacation days—take this extra precaution: Take along a liberal supply of Ex-Lax.

Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative, works over-night without over-action. It doesn't cause stomach pains. It doesn't form a habit. You don't have to take Ex-Lax every day of your vacation, like some laxatives. And Ex-Lax is good for every member of the family.

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THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

George Raft Talks

(*Continued from page* 50)

marriage a secret all these years? If they were separated—as they seemed to be—why didn't they get a divorce? Was keeping this mysterious wife George's way of side-stepping matrimony with girls who would have welcomed the chance of becoming George's bride.

But at last these questions are answered. At long last George has talked for NEW MOVIE readers.

"WE married when we were both quite young," he said. "At the time she wanted it kept a secret. I didn't. I was proud to be married to such a swell girl. I had a job, but I wasn't making much money. I couldn't buy her grand clothes and take her to grand places. I thought she wanted those things—and I wanted to give them to her. But I couldn't.

"She didn't like the business I was in and wanted me to get out of it, but there was nothing I could do besides what I knew. And—well, we had been married just a year when we decided to separate. I don't know all of the trouble now.

"Well, we didn't get a divorce when we first separated. We're not even legally separated, but when I signed my contract at Paramount the first thing they asked me was, 'Are you married?'

"I told them sure I was, but that I was separated. They asked me if there was a chance of our going back together again and I told them absolutely not, so they said, 'Okay, then; we just won't mention it.'

"At that time whatever the studio decided was great with me. I had nearly starved before I got that job. There were times in California when I didn't have enough to eat—but I was too proud to tell anybody or to borrow money, so I went right on starving until I got a job.

"The studio wasn't paying me much money at first, which was right because it was up to me to make good. A couple of people knew about my marriage and begged me to talk about it—but I wouldn't.

"Then Virginia Peine Lehman went back to Chicago to get a divorce and it happened that we were on the same train together and I had taken her out a few times in California—so you know how those reporters are—they asked me point blank if she and I weren't going to get married. There was nothing to do then but admit I was already married—was there?"

I admitted that there wasn't. "But why?" I asked, "now that it has all been admitted, don't you get a divorce?"

"I'm going to talk to my wife about that," he said. "I spoke to her on the telephone as soon as I got to New York. We're neither of us getting any younger. It seems a shame that she has to be tied to me when she might want to marry somebody else."

And that brings up the question, which I asked: "But don't you want to get married, yourself?"

"Listen," George said earnestly, his face full of concentration and sincerity, "I wouldn't take a chance on marriage.

"Let me tell you why. I'd like people to know. I'd like others to see my position in that special matter.

"Right now I'm on top of the world. They tell me my new picture is going over great at the box office. Well, that's fine. But how long will it last? How long can I stick at the top? All you have to do is to look around you and see guys who were once big shots in pictures who haven't a dime today. Maybe I'm good for five years more—maybe three, maybe two. I might flop after my next picture.

"For myself I don't care. As long as I have my health and two arms and two legs and two eyes I'll get by. I haven't any pride about what I do. I'd just as soon shovel snow for a living—and let anybody say, 'Why, there's George Raft, shoveling snow.' That wouldn't worry me. But suppose I was married. Suppose I married one of the girls I know now. I'm making some money now. I could buy her swell clothes and a good car and give her a nice house to live in. But what would happen if I couldn't keep it up?

"Look at Mrs. Virginia Peine Lehman. Look what she's used to—jewels and clothes and cars. Do you think I'd ask a girl like that to stick to me if I didn't have a dime? You bet I wouldn't.

"As for me—I've known poverty and I'm not afraid of it. One person can always get along. When I was in California—starving almost—the person I loved better than anything in the world next to my mother—that was my father—died. I managed to get together $180. I could have gone home on that but I figured, 'What would be the use of all of us starving? My mother can use that hundred and eighty better than having me come home.' So I didn't get to see my father before he was buried. I've never gotten over that.

"Now it would have been different if you married before you made a lot of money and went through all those things together.

"I know I'm not a great actor. I try to be natural and sincere on the screen and I think about my part so hard that lots of times I don't speak to people I pass on the lot because I've got my mind on my work and don't see them. So, if I'm anything on the screen I'm a personality. The personalities are the ones who don't last forever. The great actors go on and on. So I've got to think about the future."

AND there you have, from George's own lips, the answer to all the questions that Hollywood has wanted answered. The mystery is cleared up.

Raft is an "on the level guy"—to use his own expression to describe a friend of his. I believe that he would always do what he considered fair. And you mustn't blame him for worrying too much. You need only look in his face to know that there is a man—still young—who has been through enough poverty and suffering to suffice as penance for a lifetime of even contemplated mis-deeds. With success coming to him, as it did, so rapidly, so unexpectedly, you must not wonder that he doubts its reality.

Unless some girl is able to convince George that she would stick by him no matter what happened, I'm afraid he is going to continue on—just as he is—for a long, long time!

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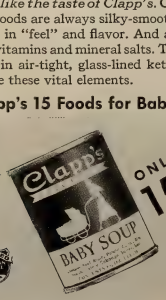
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My Screen Sweethearts

(*Continued from page* 35)

I always see her in a fairy garden of children. I see her in Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird."

She is my sweetheart that never grew up. She is Pathos and Baby-Memory. She is Woman before the Fall—if she is a woman and not some gnome, some elf, some straying born of the moon and sea-shimmer.

Her tiny features were sculpt by some Rodin of the fabled Lilliputians. They pluck at my heartstrings like far-away music from a harp.

Janet Gaynor makes me ten years old again. She is my Mimsi in the Dream Garden of "Peter Ibbetson."

ELISSA LANDI. She inspires in me grave and serious thoughts. She evokes the mature lover. No lallygagging thoughts here. She is the sort of woman one wants to marry.

She is the kind of woman that one pursues to Europe. The kind of woman for whom one throws up a twenty-thousand a year job merely to touch her hand in Biskra, that gorgeous city hidden in the Sahara.

She is the kind of sweetheart to whom I can read Swinburne and Shelley in a chalet on Lake Como.

She is the kind of woman with whom to discuss the music of "Tristan and Isolde" in Bayreuth.

She is so beautifully serious, so beautifully melancholy, so beautifully aloof that from my sixty-five-cent seat she drifts away before me into infinite distances, and I pursue, keeping my infinite distance also.

Her name is the most musical and aristocratic of any on the screen.

Elissa glides over my tongue like some rare and immaterial wine and enters into my ear like the frou-frou of silken dresses in some stately minuet of the eighteenth century.

Among my screen sweethearts Elissa Landi is Antigone.

MARIE DRESSLER. My laughing, romping, crying, singing, high-jinks sweetheart.

She sets me all a-bubble. She lifts and carries. I'm a boy again with her. And she can play on the heartstrings, too, splicing Laughter and Tears.

I am no longer Romeo or Tristan with Marie Dressler. I am Tyl Eulenspiegel, the little Dutch country-boy, of a thousand and one tricks and fantasies.

I never make love to Marie Dressler from my sixty-five-cent seat. I chuckle with her over great seidels of beer in Munich.

Marie Dressler is the Emotional Play-Girl of the screen. Prosit, Marie!

MIRIAM HOPKINS. A beautiful blond orchid. Wherever Miriam Hopkins is showing, there will I be found.

Her beauty is wild, unconventional, audacious. When I retreat in front of her I am advancing toward her. When I advance toward her I am really retreating.

But she is good for the Sons of Men to look upon, for she always seems to have just strolled out of the Garden of Eden.

But between Miriam Hopkins and myself there stands Saint Michael with his sword.

GRETA GARBO. I became enamored of the hidden and recondite Greta in "Grand Hotel." Before that she left me cold, and if she sometimes intoxicated me it was with the bloodless stream that runs through the veins of the gods and which is called ichor. If she warmed me, it was the warmth of a snow-pack.

But like a javelin she sent me a chunk of the eternal. It came right out of the screen in "The Grand Hotel." I rose to her tears and gayety—but felt that this strange woman was no man's sweetheart. She is Balzac's Seraphita.

Greta Garbo has the beauty of masks, the mystery of carnivals, the splendor of Greenland nights.

I follow her from my sixty-five-cent seat as one follows the movements of a beautiful leopardess or a ghost that may become movingly human at any moment.

Greta Garbo and I have much to say to each other, but it is not for the public ear. The subject is metaphysics, Seraphita and Spengler's "Decline of the West."

GENEVIEVE TOBIN. She is my Ritzy-complex sweetheart. When she comes on the screen I am transported to the Kingdom of Fine Linen and Deep Purple. I walk on carpets that softly enmesh my feet up to the ankles. I surround myself with the most expensive head-waiters. And I enter the banquet-room of the Billion-Rich and Ultra-Refined with Genevieve on my arm while the nightingales and bul-buls throstle in my ear.

When she treads with that exquisitely lilting and aristocratic tread of hers, the polished floor of the picture that encloses her adorable form, all the other persons on the screen melt away, and my eyes follow her as the eyes of the lark rise to the piercing and fulgurant dawn.

What Praxiteles chiseled those exquisite features? What Celestial Potter molded that chin? What Swan-God curved that neck? From what Asiatic dawn was there plucked by what serene Ariel that smile?—a smile that wilts me, that caresses me, that inundates me in my sixty-five-cent seat with the ecstasy of music welling from a hidden star?

Genevieve Tobin is my sweetheart of drowsy dreams in magic mansions at Narragansett Pier.

MINNIE MOUSE. Dear, sweet, hugable little Minnie Mouse!—sweetheart of the world, really.

Minnie Mouse, you will some day grow up into a big girl, a beautiful girl, like Nancy Carroll, Sylvia Sidney, Una Merkel, Anna May Wong and Helen Chandler, some of my other screen sweethearts.

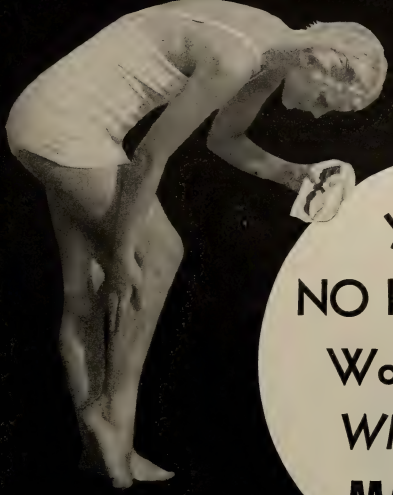
And then, Minnie, we'll marry off Mickey (after you've divorced him) to—well, why name her? She's not a sweetheart of mine, anyhow.

After I had finished this confession to the wide, wide world I read it to my wife.

She gasped, looked at me severely, and said:

"Hereafter your amusements will be strictly limited to listening to the radio and attending the flea-circus on Forty-second street."

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You Have NO RE-GROWTH Worries at All When You Use MARCHAND'S

MAKE EXCESS HAIR INVISIBLE—with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash—that's the way to make limbs attractive—yet avoid bristly re-growth and skin troubles.

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Junior Hollywood Gossip

(*Continued from page* 8)

seems swell, really, to see these former starlets come back and prove that they were not just momentary fads—but truly actors and actresses, with a talent that carries on through the years. Mitzi has been in New York doing radio and stage work. She's quite grown up now—with high heels, rouge —an' everything. RKO plans to feature her in their next William Seiter production.

Arthur Lake and Jackie Coogan are also back again. Jackie expects to finish his series of two-reel "shorts" for an independent producer, while Arthur is spending much of his time with Betty Furness.

SPEAKING of Betty Furness, you know several years ago, when Betty attended Miss Bennett's school at Millbrook, New Jersey, she and her room-mate, Mary Jane Moore, vowed that when either was married she would invite the other to act as maid of honor. No — Betty's not getting married—but a week or so ago, when she learned that the script of her new RKO picture called for her to say the sacred vows to Frank Albertson, Betty immediately wired Mary Jane at New York, reminding her of their pledge. Miss Moore hurried to Hollywood to carry out the promise in the screen wedding, and now she likes pictures so well she may decide to stay a while and become a star.

Phillip Reid, young Warner Brothers player, was much—a—taken—aback—the other day, when his chauffeur approached and said:

"Mr. Reid—I guess I'm goin' to have to quit drivin' for you. Ya see, I just won that $5,000 damage suit, so I'm goin' to kinda take it easy for a while."

Phil was more amused, for a moment, than surprised:

"That's pretty fine, Lawrence," he said. "You don't happen to need a chauffeur, do you? Maybe Warner Brothers would loan me out."

BILL HENRY has signed a contract with M-G-M, and has just finished his first role—a fairly important one in "Thin Man." Bill was under Fox contract for six months, where he was known as William Lawrence. . . . Speaking of Fox, Rochelle Hudson thinks it would be "a swell idea" if the Fox Company would build elevated trains from one end of their spacious lot to the other. "It's so darn big here," says Rochelle, "and, besides, I love elevated trains." . . . Bill Stanton, New York prep school boy, arrived in Hollywood with his mother, Fay Pulsifer, who is here to write for pictures, and Bill wants a screen career. . . . James Ellison has been signed by M-G-M. . . . Hal Brazeal, another likely juvenile, is showing his talents in a play at the local Hollytown theater, which is owned, operated and directed capably by Mrs. Lela Rogers, mother of the famed Ginger Rogers. . . . Patricia Ellis, Tom Brown and Billy Janney, sitting next to me, are trying to repeat rapidly, those tongue-twisting phrases:

"A box of biscuits,"
"A box of mixed biscuits," and
"A biscuit mixer."

The Return of the Matinee Idol

(*Continued from page 59*)

seems a rare stroke of good fortune to make my American debut in such a role."

On a nearby table rested a volume of the Dumas masterpiece which showed evidence of much handling. Donat settled himself and stretched out his long straight legs.

"I was on vacation in a little country place, 300 miles from London when I was handed a telegram reading, simply: 'New York wants you.' Well, I was very tired. I had just arrived after playing seven months straight in 'The Sleeping Clergyman,' a London stage production which I had accepted when no other good film role appeared after 'Henry VIII.' So I wired back, asking if the matter couldn't wait until I returned. Immediately came a second wire reading: 'United Artists have great part for you in Hollywood production.' I then decided it was time for me to get busy. When I returned to London and found that it was for 'Monte Cristo' and that I would have Rowland Lee, for whom I had worked in 'Henry,' as director, I would have taken the next boat."

As a matter of fact, that is almost what he did. It was a late afternoon when the boat docked in New York.

His first night was spent seeing Helen Hayes in the stage production, "Mary of Scotland."

Early the next morning he visited his mother and father and an older brother, who have lived in a small Connecticut town for the past ten years.

Frequently an actor who can affect doublet and hose with perfect grace seems ill-fitted to modern garb, yet Donat wore his perfectly tailored suit with all the nonchalance which has come to be associated with the typical English gentleman.

Despite his British speech and manner, he is a mixture of Italian, French, German, Polish and then English, in the order named. Originally the family was called Donatello in Italy. Later his forbears moved into France and settled for several centuries in a town called St. Donat. We next hear of them in Germany where, through distinction, the name became von Dona. It was from here that Robert's grandfather fled with his young bride, following a duel fought for her love.

To Poland sped the couple where the young actor's father was born. Reaching manhood, the latter went to Manchester, England, where he became engaged in the shipping business. He also fell in love with and married a pretty English girl. To them, on March 18, 1905, was born the son whom they christened Robert. This background of romance and color may help explain his affinity for classic roles.

Young Robert showed an inclination toward the stage from childhood by giving recitations at church functions and other local activities. Meeting a seasoned actor named James Bernard, the two often appeared together while the older man coached him in the fine arts of his chosen profession.

Following various stock engagements including one in Liverpool where he played opposite a young actress named Diana Wynyard who was likewise oblivious to the fame which was later

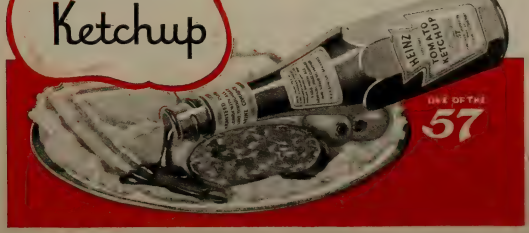
(*Please turn to page 72*)

"Thanks...and here's a tip on flavor"

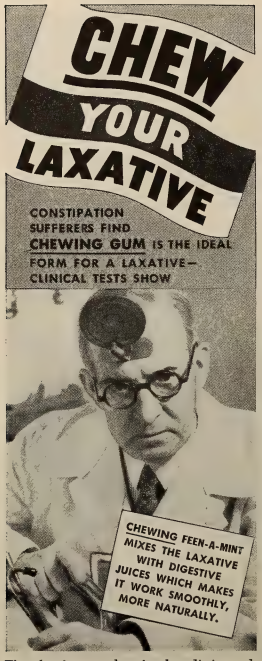


"FLAVOR makes the meal go"—especially when cold cuts are the order of the day. Along with those tempting slices of cold meats and cheese, serve a big red bottle of Heinz Tomato Ketchup and watch the menfolk smile. Heinz Ketchup is the *simmered-down* essence of red-ripe tomatoes carefully cultivated from Heinz-grown seed. Slow cooking evaporates excess moisture. Pure granulated sugar, finest vinegar and rare spices are added. Then the ketchup is sealed *hot* to retain that delicious "fresh from the field" flavor. Serve this delicious condiment tonight and win masculine acclaim.

Heinz TOMATO Ketchup



H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, U. S. A. · TORONTO, CANADA
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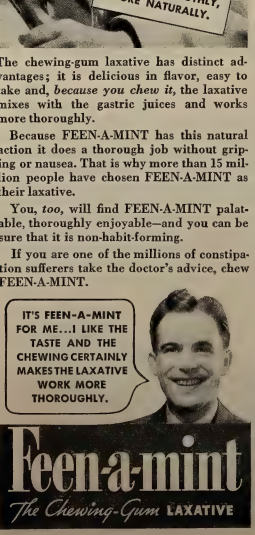


The chewing-gum laxative has distinct advantages; it is delicious in flavor, easy to take and, *because you chew it,* the laxative mixes with the gastric juices and works more thoroughly.

Because FEEN-A-MINT has this natural action it does a thorough job without griping or nausea. That is why more than 15 million people have chosen FEEN-A-MINT as their laxative.

You, *too,* will find FEEN-A-MINT palatable, thoroughly enjoyable—and you can be sure that it is non-habit-forming.

If you are one of the millions of constipation sufferers take the doctor's advice, chew FEEN-A-MINT.



The Return of the Matinee Idol

(*Continued from page* 71)

to overtake her. By slow degrees, he finally reached the goal of all English actors—London's West End. This led to picture engagements, four in number, the most important of which was his role in "Henry VIII."

In the Fall Robert Donat must return to England to complete his stage contract before resuming his American screen career.

Meanwhile, armed with letters to Clive Brook and Ronald Colman, he has become a popular member of the ever-increasing English set now a permanent part of the Hollywood social swirl. True to tradition, he spends his leisure moments in riding, fencing and walking. A modern D'Artagnan, breathing the very spirit of romance into a workaday world, he typifies the latest fashion in movie heroes. When he comes galloping across the screen straight into your heart, don't say that we didn't warn you!

Hollywood Salads

(*Continued from page* 62)

6 spiced or pickled peaches
2 rolls neufchatel cheese
Chopped walnut meats

Remove stones from peaches and fill each half with a ball of cheese, moistened with cream. Garnish with nut meats and any desired dressing.

"Pat" Paterson, Fox's newest bride, tried the following salad on her brand new husband:

1 can shrimp
French dressing
1 small bottle stuffed olives
12 tiny sweet pickles
2 tablespoons pickled white pearl onions
6 green peppers
Lettuce
Mayonnaise
Whipped cream

Drain the shrimp and rinse with cold water. Break in good-sized pieces and dress with French dressing. Chill for two hours, add olives and sweet pickles, sliced, and the onions. Hollow out the green peppers to form cups, and stuff with this mixture. Serve, garnished with lettuce and mayonnaise, diluted with a little whipped, or sour, cream.

Rosemary Ames submits this one:

4 cups lemon jelly
8 slices canned pineapple
4 red apples
3 bananas

Prepare lemon jelly and set in pan of cracked ice. While it is cooling dice the pineapple, apples and bananas. Combine and arrange in a ring mold, or individual molds. When the lemon jelly begins to thicken, pour it over the fruit in the mold. Chill until firm. Serves 15.

In our opinion, salads really are bigger and better in Hollywood than they are in most parts of the world, and anywhere from Sardi's and the Brown Derby to the little coffee shop where you casually stop to satisfy your midday appetite you will find salads of amazingly generous proportions. In any complete record of the history of American cookery and food, credit would have to be given to California, especially to southern California, for the development of the fruit salad. There's not a fruit that grows in the sunny valleys around Hollywood but is used in dozens of interesting ways to add flavor and food value to the luncheon or dinner salad.

If you like a rather complicated mixed fruit salad try this:

2 thoroughly ripe bananas cut in slices
Sections from two large firm oranges and one grapefruit freed from connecting skin
6 walnuts, broken into small pieces
½ cup crushed pineapple
5 fresh ripe figs cut or broken into bits

Mix thoroughly and serve on lettuce with any desired dressing.

Here is another favorite:

6 dates or figs, either fresh or dried
2 slices canned pineapple
½ cup canned or fresh ripe apricots
Sections from 1 orange or two tangerines, freed from connecting skin
1 apple, pared and cut into small pieces

Combine the fruit, sprinkle lightly with powdered sugar and the juice of one lemon and serve on crisp lettuce or romaine and serve with any preferred salad dressing.

FAVORITE SALADS

This month's food circulars have been designed to help you plan and serve delicious salads of every description. Here they are:

1. Salad greens
2. Salad dressings
3. Simple salads
4. Fish salads and cheese
5. Meat salads and egg salads
6. Cheese and egg salads
7. Fruit salads
8. Dessert salads

If you would like copies of these circulars, send ten cents to Rita Calhoun, care of NEW MOVIE Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Remember they are printed on loose leaves, so that you can keep them in a loose-leaf binder.

No Cinderella Romance in Films

(*Continued from page* 17)

girl whom he intends one day to cherish as his bride.

Long may he discourse on the impossibility of two careers flourishing companionably under one roof, the beauty of home and hearth and a tender little woman who waits to comfort him if he is sad and the day has been difficult or to laugh with him if he feels gay; he may wax lyrical as he paints a picture of babies, books and a pipe before an open fire; but he doesn't mean a word of it.

The girl he really falls for is the girl who is doing something . . . the thing he is doing; a girl who is going some-place . . . along the same path he is traveling.

He wants a girl autograph seekers instinctively pursue as she leaves the Brown Derby . . . a girl after whom every head turns as she enters a cafe and there is a quick buzz of "There's so-and-so! Isn't she gorgeous tonight!"

And in the morning some columnist will observe that he and so and so are AFLAME with an intimation that one of so-and-so's former admirers still carries the torch PLENTY.

Of course, John Gilbert, formerly one of the biggest stars and still one of the wealthiest men in the movies, who was married to Leatrice Joy at the height of her fame and later to the scintillating Ina Claire, did marry Virginia Briggs of Fargo, North Dakota . . . . but not until she had been glorified by Ziegfeld, had posed for famous artists, and had been signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and now the two have broken.

And Joel McCrea confided to his public that he would never marry an actress. No, when Joel married it would be a girl happy to stay out of the limelight and just be Mrs. McCrea. And now there is a Mrs. Joel McCrea in the person of charming, ambitious little Frances Dee.

Maybe, Joel did mean what he said at the time and Frances changed his mind, but there were many daughters of Los Angeles' old first families who had gone to school with Joel and would have been quite interested in his plans for the retiring Mrs. McCrea, but long before he met Frances, Joel was not annoying them with telephone calls, and his name was mentioned in connection with Constance and Joan Bennett, Dorothy Mackaill and others.

Richard Dix, never very much a part of Hollywood's social scheme, made the experiment. He married a girl completely out of the profession . . . a girl who clerked in a department store in San Francisco. It came very near to being a Cinderella romance, but it didn't last long. Both admitted that their interests lay too far apart, though they insist that their baby daughter will be the bond for a life-long friendship.

One night at the Little Club one of the young blue-bloods of the town appeared with Peggy Joyce on his arm to the great consternation of a group of formidable dowagers. Whispered consultations were held as to whether or not the young man should be recognized.

(*Please turn to page* 74)

FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS at 10¢

prove that Loveliness is no longer a matter of Price



Science shows they equal $1 to $3 brands in Quality

America's loveliest women have come to depend on Faoen Beauty Aids. For no smart woman pays $1 to $3 for face creams, powder, lipsticks or other cosmetics when for 10¢ she can buy Faoen products—scientifically proven to be of the exact same purity and quality. Read the report of a famous testing laboratory:

"every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for $1, $2 and $3."

Be satisfied with nothing but the best—your loveliness demands the best. You can have it, now, for 10¢ in Faoen Beauty Aids—the very finest science can produce.

PARK & TILFORD'S

FAOEN

(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids

• CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM
FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES

10¢ each at
F. W. Woolworth Co Stores

SEPTEMBER
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NOVEMBER
DECEMBER

A good habit made Easy



● How perfectly simple to prevent underarm odor when you use Perstik, the lipstick deodorant. Just lift off the cap, touch the cream stick to the armpits—that's all. Your fingers stay clean because they touch only the lipstick case. You can depend on Perstik to give you unfailing protection against odor for the day—without stopping the natural flow of perspiration. Perstik is recommended by the beauty advisers to over ten million women.

● Perstik does not stain, does not irritate skin or harm fabric. Use it before or after dressing—before or after shaving. Perstik is dainty to use—easy to carry in your purse. And it is endorsed by Good Housekeeping Bureau. Obtainable at all stores from coast to coast.



PERSTIK
469 Fifth Ave., New York City

Perstik
THE ORIGINAL "LIPSTICK" DEODORANT

No Cinderella Romance in Films

(*Continued from page 73*)

Finally out of deference to his mother they agreed to bestow on him a modicum of discreet little bows. The mother of the young man, learning of the furore her son's appearance with the famous siren created, took to her bed for two days.

Yet Jimmy Dunn, Jack La Rue and particularly Jack Oakie loved parading Peggy from night club to night club. Now no son means more to his mother than does Jack Oakie, yet Jack's mother bore up bravely, though with Jack the affair assumed such serious proportions that he went so far as to deck himself out in conservative evening attire.

Peggy was a grand girl to take out. Everyone stared at her. Of course, every variety of stare was exercised, but people knew she was there, and that is what the young men of Hollywood appreciate.

Now and then a young man of the movies will cross the line for a time to pay his respects to a young lady of the social elite. Buddy Rogers, it was, who in an interview was much impressed by a girl whom he described as "real society."

Dick Powell, Gene Raymond, Phillips Holmes and others of the younger set have made similar excursions only to hurry back to Mary Brian. The movie girls never worry. They have their own particular brand of glamour and it nearly always works.

A girl's family may be in the Blue Book, she may have graduated from Spence and have learned to say "It's been gr-ah-and meeting you," and she may have taken the hurdles in the horse show like a young Diana, but let a platinum blonde, whose latest picture is playing down town that week, with diamond bracelets from wrist to elbow weighing down her arms and blue mascara her eye lashes, drawl a few words about what she said to the director about not feeling her part, and the young lady from Spence all at once seems sort of washed out and ineffectual. It may sound ridiculous, but it's a fact.

Even the Hollywood wives who have gone in for babies and domesticity are different from other wives. For instance, take Jobyna Ralston. When she married Richard Arlen she was a much more important figure in Hollywood than he was. Then there are the Fredric Marches who have gone in for the adoption of babies in a big way.

Any time Florence Eldridge gets tired of just being Mrs. Fredric March she can give a stage performance that keeps Hollywood dazzled for many a day. The camera isn't particularly kind to her, but on the stage she is one of the most fascinating women in Hollywood.

Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn as Frances Howard was one of the sensations of the New York stage not many seasons ago. Mrs. Darryl Zanuck was Virgina Fox, a clever little comedienne, and Mrs. Harold Lloyd was Mildred Davis, the cutest leading lady Harold ever had. Already they were little princesses secure and serene only waiting to be helped to their thrones by the Prince Charmings they smiled upon.

Here is a typical story of Hollywood to illustrate my point. Not long ago a young man with some stage experience in the east arrived unheralded in Hollywood and placed his career in the hands of one of Hollywood's biggest agents. The agent, with plenty of important players to worry about, wasn't much interested in him.

His secretary, however, not only saw in him great picture possibilities, but on her part it was love at first sight. The boy had little money, few friends, and no car. The secretary had a little car which she placed at his disposal. Riding in buses is bad for the disposition in Hollywood and the studios are so far apart. The secretary was pretty, efficient and popular. She took the boy around; she introduced him to the right people; she gave him valuable advice; and she pestered every director in Hollywood to make a test of him and assured every producer with whom she had as much as a speaking acquaintance that here was the biggest bet in years.

Her persistence in his behalf became a joke, but the girl didn't care. Every night she and the boy were together. For hours she listened as he told of the things he was going to do for her when he got his big break which she assured him was inevitable.

Time proved the secretary was right. The boy received a long term contract at one of the major studios. On the same day they signed a young actress. Publicity pictures were taken of the two . . . and they made a charming pair. The agent's secretary never heard from the boy again except on the most perfunctory matters of business, but he and the young actress are seen together constantly.

The boy isn't a cad. He's a nice boy . . . a little selfish, perhaps, but that's Hollywood. His is the most natural yet unexplicable behavior in the world. He and the young actress will climb together toward glamour, fame and fortune. They may temporarily break each other's hearts some time during their association, but they speak the same language.

The little secretary is far above the average in beauty and intelligence, but she and the boy traveled widely different paths. She is deeply hurt, but not terribly surprised at the outcome of her little romance. She's seen it happen so often, but there's always the time in every phase of life that one expects to be different.

So if you have a boy friend with a perfect profile and a physique like Johnny Weissmuller's, think twice before you promise to wait while he goes to Hollywood in search of fame and fortune. And if you are one to cherish a nebulous dream of being held tight in the arms of your favorite screen hero and of hearing him murmur, "This is the golden moment I've waited for all the years of my life," I'm not one to say, you can't have your moment, but you'll have to work up to it.

No More Fights

(*Continued from page 52*)

too. That is what Hollywood thought. He had said that he didn't like the complicated social system of the town and would not be dragged into it. What's more, he did keep aloof and assiduously avoided all large dinners, premieres, cocktail parties and teas. This gesture alone was enough to make a rebel out of him, in the eyes of Hollywood. They said he hated pictures. They said he hated Hollywood and everything it stood for. They said . . .

But since, except for this recent rumor for which there is no foundation, there have been no real rows, it might be fun to see what Jimmy thinks of Hollywood, now that all is peace, love and affection. And it was to discover this that I trailed the poor man, who wanted a vacation in New York, to his luxurious lair.

"I like Hollywood," he told me, "I've always liked it. Yes, honestly, I mean that. Swell climate. Swell people, if you hunt around and pick them out of all the fourflushers and show-offs. I live just the same sort of life in Hollywood that I would in New York. I like the town. What I don't like—at least not for me—is all that social folderol.

"You see, I live by my own rules. I think they're okay for me. Somebody else might have different ideas. That's all right for him. When I first went to Hollywood, a lad who was doing very well in pictures gave me what he thought was good advice. He said: 'You've got to play the social game. You've got to have contacts, mix with the big shots, go to their parties. That's more important than being a good actor—take my tip.'

"I didn't believe it. I don't play the social game because I haven't any talent for it, in the first place, and secondly I don't like it. So I didn't take the well-meant advice. It wouldn't be right to tell you that lad's name, but it's interesting to see that he had only a couple of years' success in Hollywood and is now completely out of the pictures. I've often wondered where he would be if he had spent less time 'making contacts' and more time learning to act.

"In Hollywood or anywhere else I'm sufficient unto myself. First of all I want to see what this acting business is all about. Maybe, when you see my pictures, it looks to you as if I just walk on. I assure you that I don't. I try to figure out what I'm doing, to study my trade.

"I'm never bored in my spare time. All Winter I've been studying music—piano and music theory. I like it and, then, it may come in handy some day. I've always liked to draw. A few weeks ago I bought a wood-carving outfit. I'm going to see if I can't have some fun with that. There is, honestly, nothing connected with the arts and sciences that doesn't interest me—that I wouldn't like to study and know more about. Isn't that more important than spending your time with a lot of people who don't mean anything to you?

"You know, when these Hollywood folks tell me it's good business to play the social game—that they really don't like it themselves but think they'll get good jobs if they do, I wonder. I be-

(*Please turn to page 76*)

OLD AS ANCIENT EGYPT

New as Modern Paris..

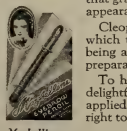


-Allering Eye Make-up

SINCE the time of Cleopatra, clever women have known that gracefully formed eyebrows, delicately shaded lids, and the appearance of long, dark, lustrous lashes add much to beauty.

Cleopatra, for all her wealth, had only crude materials with which to attempt this effect. How she would have revelled in being able to obtain smooth, harmless, and easy-to-apply preparations like Maybelline eye beauty aids!

To have formed beautiful, expressive eyebrows with the delightful, clean-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil — to have applied the pure, creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow for just the right touch of colorful shadow — and, to have had the appearance of long, dark lashes instantly with Maybelline mascara—truly she would have acclaimed these beauty aids fit for a queen!



Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil smoothly forms the eyebrows into graceful, expressive lines, giving a perfect, natural effect. Of highest quality, it is entirely harmless, and is clean to use and to carry. Black and Brown.



Maybelline Eyelash Grower A pure and harmless tonic cream, helpful in keeping the eyelashes and eyebrows in good condition. Colorless.

Nothing from modern Paris can rival Maybelline preparations. Their use by millions of women for over sixteen years commends them to YOU! Then . . there is the highly beneficial Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream for preserving soft, silky lashes . . . and a dainty Maybelline Eyebrow Brush for brushing and massaging the brows and lashes. All Maybelline eye beauty aids may be had in purse sizes, 10c each at all 10c stores.

MAYBELLINE CO. CHICAGO



Maybelline Eye Shadow delicately shades the eyelids, adding depth, color and sparkle to the eyes. Smooth and creamy, absolutely pure. Blue, Brown, Blue-Grey, Violet and Green.



Maybelline Eyebrow Brush Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.



The Approved Mascara — *Black, Brown, and the New Blue*

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

MAKE MEN WANT YOUR KISSES!



Give your lips alluring natural color . . . without a trace of paint

AFTER That First Kiss, a man likes you more than ever . . . unless, of course, your lips are coated with paint. For paint makes him think of *lipstick*, not of lips!

So to keep your lips alluring, use the lipstick which colors lips . . . *without painting them.* Tangee isn't paint. Instead it contains a color-change principle that makes it intensify your natural color and become a very part of your lips!

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

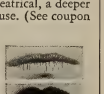
In the stick Tangee looks orange. On your lips it changes to the one shade of blush-rose most becoming to your type! Thus, Tangee keeps your lips youthful-looking with natural color. Moreover, its special cream base is soothing to dry, summer lips. Get Tangee today—39¢ and $1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. (See coupon offer below.)

NRA

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look...make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.





Tangee Creme Rouge makes cheeks glow with natural rose color, even in swimming. Waterproof. Greaseless. Cannot clog pores. Its vanishing cream base *protects* skin.

Don't be switched! Insist upon Tangee. And patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ **4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET**

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY TG84
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature **Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder.** I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin).

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

*Name*_____
(Please Print)

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*City*_____ *State*_____

No More Fights

(*Continued from page* 75)

lieve we do pretty much what we want to do. And I've noticed that the ones who 'make contacts' keep right on being social after they're the big shots. Then others 'make contacts'—and they're the contact. If they didn't like it would they do it, when they don't have to any more? I doubt it.

"Don't get the idea that I'm lonely and aloof. I've got some swell friends in Hollywood—Frank McHugh and his wife, Albert Hackett, Francis Goodrich, Pat O'Brien, Ivan Simpson—to name a few. They feel about Hollywood pretty much as I do and we have grand times together talking about what interests us, getting together and sitting around quietly for hours and hours.

"I take workouts in a gymnasium, play some baseball with friends, do what I like. It seems to me that I lead a pretty normal, average life. I'm amazed at my attitude—an attitude toward living that I'd take, no matter where I lived, is called rebellious. I suppose as soon as I get back to Hollywood now I'll be called a rebel, again, just because, on my vacation without pay, I wanted to do what I wanted to do and didn't report to the New York office. Funny! I can't figure it out.

"The other night I went to the stage production of 'Tobacco Road,' in which Henry Hull gives a magnificent performance. I have never in my life gone back stage to see anybody I didn't know. But this was different. I felt that I simply had to tell Hull how great I thought he was.

"I turned to my wife and said, 'Bill, I'm going to break a hard and fast rule. I'm going back to see Hull.'

"When I was admitted into his dressing room I just stuck out my hand and said, 'Thanks for the lesson.' He grinned. 'Do you do that, too?' he asked. 'Keep on taking lessons?'

"Now maybe I've got it figured out all wrong—but it seems to me that getting a lesson in acting, as I did from Hull, is one of the best things I could do while in New York. And I couldn't be seeing all the shows, etc., unless I was here more or less incognito.

"I don't want to fight with anybody. I was amazed that my two fights with the studio got so much publicity. I live by my own rules. They satisfy me—and anybody else can do what he pleases, if he'll let me take my life the only way I know how to take it."

And here you have the way Jimmy Cagney feels about Hollywood now. But the funny part is that I've got a sneaking hunch that's the way he's going to feel about Hollywood ten years from now, too. Under that mop of red hair is a real brain—a brain that is alive and active. All of his life Jimmy Cagney has known what he wanted and set out to get it. I've got a hunch that nobody stands a chance of changing Jimmy's rules for living.

The Authentic Story of My Life

(*Continued from page* 28)

but I am, in a way, a fatalist. Many of the most important events through which I have lived have been beyond my control. I have had no active part in their happening. My going into motion pictures is an illustration. I had not planned such a career. In fact, I hadn't even dreamed of the screen. And if, one afternoon, I had not driven a girl friend of mine to the Fox Studio, I probably never would have been a motion picture actress.

When I was asked to write the story of my life, I hesitated for a few minutes. I don't like to look back. I much prefer to look forward. As Marie Dressler, that grand old philosopher, often says, "What's past is past. Forget it. You can't do anything about it, anyhow." That's the way I feel.

But there are many things which I do like to think about and remember—my childhood, for instance. No girl ever had a happier childhood than mine. That is one of the greatest blessings which any parent can bequeath to his child, happy memories of a carefree gay boyhood or girlhood.

My happiness and welfare were planned long before I was born. My mother, Jean Harlow Carpentier, was serious about motherhood. Mother was only nineteen when I was born and to her bringing a girl into the world was the greatest event of a woman's life, not merely a responsibility which must be shouldered without complaint. Mother, too, is an only daughter and she and my father lived at that time in the home of my grandparents, a gray stone house on Olive Street in Kansas City.

There were long discussions about my name. If I had been a boy, they would have named me Harlow Carpentier. But Mother didn't hope for a boy. She didn't even consider the possibility of having one. She knew that I was going to be a girl. And she wanted to name me Shirley Jean. But the family over-ruled her on that. One Jean was enough in the house, they said. So they compromised on Harlean, which, they all agreed, had the double value of being unusual and of being a feminine version of Mother's maiden name. So the fat, little baby who arrived on March the third, was christened Harlean.

THE main worry which I caused the family during the first months of my life, so they tell me, was that I never cried and that I slept all day and stayed awake all night. Other than that, from all reports, I must have been a model child until I reached the walking and talking age.

The Authentic Story of My Life

Then I began to take advantage of the devotion of my four elders. When I didn't receive the attention which I thought was due me, I demanded it in no uncertain terms. My grandfather was my absolute slave. He even came home from his real estate brokerage office once, and sometimes twice, a day to "see how the baby is getting along."

Suddenly Mother realized what was happening to me. She knew that, if I remained there in that doting atmosphere, I would become hopelessly spoiled. So she and my father found a smaller house on Gillam Road, facing a park which made an ideal playground for a growing youngster. It was only a short distance away from my grandparents' home and I saw them every day. They understood the wisdom of the move because they knew that one child should have only one set of parents.

Emma went with us, brown-skinned Emma Foster, who has been nurse, playmate and friend to me all my life. She had come to my grandmother's house as cook shortly after I was born and she moved with us to our new home as housekeeper. Emma and I were never separated until I came to California. Then she stayed in Kansas City with her family.

My first memories and impressions are naturally a vague blur. There was my grandfather, tall and dignified with a deep voice and kind eyes. Never in all my life did he scold me. Except once. And then I was a grown-up girl in California and the scolding was given over the long-distance telephone after he had seen me in my first Hal Roach comedy when I wore only a pair of black lace underthings.

My grandmother, the only dark haired member of the family, with her soft voice and her white, slim hands, moves through that haze of memories like a graceful shadow. Grandmother, Ellen Williams Harlow, sang and painted and wrote lovely verses. I can still remember opening the front door of the house on Olive Street and standing still to listen to her sweet voice, singing somewhere in another room. One of her paintings, which she named "Echo," was exhibited in the Kansas City Art Gallery. Grandmother was one of four sisters who were famous for their beauty and who were nicknamed "The Four Graces."

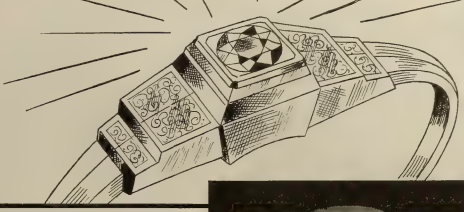
My father has an important role in those childhood memories. Each morning he departed for his office. Each evening I watched for his return. As a child I liked his quiet gentleness, his punctiliousness, his poise and his strength when he lifted me high in the air.

But most vivid of all is the memory of my Mother, golden-haired and blue-eyed, laughing, romping, always playing with me and cuddling me.

I was about three years old when I had my first experience with the results of disobedience. Razors and knives always held a strange fascination for me. I liked to watch Emma cutting things with the long, shiny kitchen knives. I loved to peek into the bathroom closet where my father kept his razors. I had been warned again and again about touching them.

(*Please turn to page* 78)

WIN A GENUINE DIAMOND RING!



Its brilliance is the nearest thing to Diamond Nail Enamel



Write the Best Last Line for a Simple Limerick

Here's your chance to win a valuable Diamond Ring! . . . A beautiful blue-white stone . . . nearly half a carat in size . . . set in 18-carat white gold.

To be eligible for this wonderful prize, just write the last line of a simple limerick. Anybody can do it!

You get the limerick, rules and entry blank *free*—at the better ten-cent stores, where Diamond Nail Enamel is sold.

And the *best* last line written and submitted by August 1, 1934, wins the Diamond Ring Prize!

Try your hand at it! Everybody will . . . it's a lot of fun!

Diamond Nail Enamel comes in both Creme and Transparent form. In 4 smart shades:—Crimson, Cherry, Medium and Natural. Only 10¢ for generous-sized bottle, including metal-shaft brush that can't come loose from cap.

Get one or more bottles tomorrow. Ask for limerick, rules and entry blank, and enter this thrilling contest immediately!

Diamond Creme Polish will not dry the nails. It goes on evenly, without streaking. Covers nail blemishes. Gives brighter lustre and longer wear.



HERE'S A SAMPLE LIMERICK!

Diamond Nail Enamel turned a Miss Bright
To a raving success overnight—
Her nail tips were glorious
They made her so victorious,
That she quickly roped in "Mr. Right."

Dr. J. Parker Pray, Inc., New York City, N. Y.



SHE never made dates to go places during the day. She let him see her only at night. The darkness was romantic, she said; its soft lights intrigued her. Others believed it, but in her own heart she knew the truth. She was sun-shy . . . and for a good reason! The ruthless, revealing light of day told the truth about her skin. It was sallow, coarse, pimply—embarrassing.

• • • •

Cosmetics and shadows may conceal complexion faults for a while—but sooner or later the humiliating truth will out. And it's all so unnecessary. You can have a smooth, radiant complexion like the others—and just as many friends and good times. If you don't, it's nobody's fault but your own.

For there is one time-tried aid to skin health and beauty that has proved its value to literally millions of people the world over—Cuticura Soap used along with Cuticura Ointment. Stubborn, seemingly hopeless cases of pimples, eczema and other skin troubles yield to these soothing, gentle, yet highly effective emollients.

Start today with this simple, economical Cuticura treatment—and note how your skin begins to look clearer and fresher.

Cuticura Ointment 25c and 50c. Soap 25c at leading Drug and Department Stores. Also at variety stores in 10c size.

FREE! Helpful folder on Cuticura Products for the care of the skin and scalp. Write Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. TM-5, Malden, Mass.

NRA

Cuticura OINTMENT AND SOAP

. . . Over half a century of success in controlling and healing skin troubles.

The Authentic Story of My Life

(*Continued from page* 77)

But one day the temptation was too great. I picked up a razor to examine the glitter of the blade, and I slashed my fingers. Then I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to cry. In my baby way I realized that I had suffered only what I deserved. In the medicine closet I found a bottle of clear, white, liquid—it happened to be turpentine—filled a glass with it and sat down on the bathroom floor to soak my injured fingers. There the family found me. Even now, after all these years, I am rather proud of the fact that I didn't scream and cry. I have always tried to take my punishment without whimpering, when I knew that it was deserved. I have no respect for welchers or bad losers.

SHORTLY after we moved into our new home, Mother began to grow weaker and developed a constant pain in her side. The doctors diagnosed it as a tumor and said that an operation was necessary. But Mother had a horror of operations of any kind. Finally she became so weak that, even if she had been willing, an operation was out of the question until she could be built back into greater strength. So Mother and Emma and I went to Excelsior Springs in Missouri, not far from home.

It was at Excelsior Springs that we met Dr. Herbert Lippman to whom both Mother and I owe our lives. Mother was so weak and ill that she had finally almost resigned herself to the belief that she was going to die. One evening, when she was talking to some of the other guests at the hotel, she said with a strange vehemence, "I will not die and leave my baby."

Dr. Lippmann, who was one of the vacationers, overheard her statement and the next morning he called upon Mother. He said that he was interested in the case because of the amazing devotion between Mother and me and he asked Mother to allow him to try to help her. Mother was desperate. She grabbed at any possible hope of recovery. So Dr. Lippman borrowed a resident physician's office and, after a thorough examination, found that Mother's illness was caused by a nervous pressure and not by a tumor. The doctor volunteered his services and Mother put herself under his care.

Within six months, Mother was entirely well. Several times Dr. Lippman came to Kansas City to continue his treatments and, on each visit, Mother asked him to call upon some friend of the family. His reputation grew until he was persuaded to open offices there. So he was close at hand when I needed him so desperately.

I was not quite five years old when I suddenly developed a severe sore throat. An epidemic of flu was raging in Kansas City at the time and the family thought that I had contracted the disease. Then, one night, my body began the convulsive twisting which spells that most dreaded of all diseases, spinal meningitis. For eight days and eight nights Mother and Dr. Lippman never left the side of my little bed. Because of the siege of flu it was impossible to get a nurse, so Mother, Grandmother and Emma worked over me, depending upon love rather than trained skill to save my life. My father and grandfather did not leave the house for one hour during that fight against death and disfigurement. Steadily, long hour after long hour, the doctor manipulated my spine. When his strong fingers became so weary that they could no longer move, he rested his hands in bowls of warm water while Mother continued the manipulations under his direction.

And, when at the end of the eighth night the fever died and the crisis was passed, my body was whole and there was not even a slight sign of the ravages of the disease. So the Jean Harlow of today owes not only her life but her physical well-being to two people, her Mother and Doctor Lippman, who labored for those desperate hours over the small unconscious, fever-ridden Harlean.

A few days after the crisis when I was growing well as rapidly as I had grown ill, Mother gave me as a plaything the cured and lacquered wings of a mallard duck. A friend of the family had sent the ducks after he returned from a hunting trip and, because the wings were so beautifully colored, Mother had saved them for me. The first thing I did with them was to put one on each shoulder and say, "Look, Mother, I'm your little angel now." And I wondered why Mother grew so suddenly white and crumpled to the floor.

We spent the Winters in the house on Gillham Road but, when Summer time arrived, we moved to my grandparents' country house, "Red Gables," which stood on a bluff overlooking the Missouri River. That house was a magic castle to me. I loved its red roof and its gables, its wide rooms with the high ceilings where even the heat of a Missouri July and August could not penetrate, its orchards where I could climb into the low branches of the old apple trees and pretend that I was one of the princesses whom Emma used to talk about when she rocked me to sleep at afternoon nap time.

It was in that orchard at Red Gables that I wrote my first bit of poetry. I must have been about nine years old at the time and, even now when I read it it brings back memories of those happy days.

MY first day at school is another vivid memory. I was terribly excited when Mother and I drove down to Miss Barstow's School for Girls. The sight of all those children with their scrubbed faces was thrilling to me. When Mother was ready to leave, I told her, "I think I'm going to be very happy. But please come after me at one o'clock."

For four years I attended Miss Barstow's school. The hours were from nine until one. Mother always called for me at the end of the school day and took me home to a hot lunch. During all those years Mother never made a luncheon engagement. Always we had our noon meal together.

The Authentic Story of My Life

Usually we ate luncheon in the Muelbach Hotel. The head waiter and the chef became interested in the little girl who sat so demurely on telephone books, scorning a high chair even when she was so small that she was practically lost in a regular chair. Usually the chef prepared some special treat for me. One Hallowe'en Saturday the chef, Charlie Fry, came in from the kitchen, bringing me a small basket containing a candy witch with a smoking cauldron in her hands.

A few years ago, when I was in Kansas City, some friends gave a party for me at the Muelbach. I went back into the kitchen and discovered Charlie, still at his post and still remembering little Harlean. For a half hour I sat on a table in his scrubbed and shining kitchen, telling him stories of Hollywood. And, on my last visit to Kansas City, Charlie Fry and the head waiter sent me a horseshoe of spun sugar candy with "We love you" spelled across it. In a world which forgets so easily it is wonderful to find people who remember.

AS a child I cared no more for clothes than I do now. All my life I have wondered how other girls can get such a thrill from new dresses, how they can so thoroughly enjoy tiresome shopping trips. Maybe it is because I'm lazy. But I think that it is more because I don't find any pleasure in selecting new things to wear.

Until I was six years old I wore nothing except white dresses. Then when my school days began, I was graduated into little jersey dresses of green, beige, brown and burgundy. Each year I liked one dress better than the others and insisted on wearing it, because I felt comfortable in it, until Mother or Emma spirited it away.

When I was ten years old the first important change came in my happy, exciting life. Mother and Father separated and Mother and I went to California to spend the Winter. We stayed three years, going to Colorado and back to Kansas City for a few months each Summer. Young as I was, I sensed my Mother's unhappiness and I can still remember my childish efforts to make her laugh. I was enrolled at the Hollywood School for Girls but, just as I did at Miss Barstow's school, I left my little school playmates behind me with the closing bell and spent the rest of the time with Mother.

It was during those three years that Mother and I became more than mother and daughter. We grew to be real friends. Perhaps it was because I was rather mature for my age and Mother knew that I understood the unhappiness which she was feeling. Whatever the case, the difference in our ages became unimportant and we began the understanding companionship which is ours today. My mother has always been, and always will be, the best friend I have.

At the end of that third California Winter, we were so homesick that we decided to go back to Kansas City. We found a small apartment near my grandparents' home and Mother enrolled me in a French Catholic Convent, the Sisters of the Scion of Notre Dame.

(Please turn to page 80)



Why the Writer *of this ad suddenly took a New Interest in his wife!*

BEING MARRIED to an ad-writer sometimes makes a woman skeptical about certain advertised products and their merits. I found this to be true in my case for my wife did not usually believe in the things I advocated.

But, she DID try the famous LINIT Beauty Bath, and she DID send in the LINIT package top (and 10¢) for an attractive lipstick, 50¢ value.

I know she enjoyed the LINIT Baths because her skin is more soft and smooth than ever before. I also know she was delighted with the lipstick because of my comments on how it improved her appearance. And naturally, she is pleased at the new interest and attention I have shown in her *since* then.

Signed Geo. H. Gunder

NRA WE DO OUR PART

Try LINIT—the Bathway to a Soft, Smooth Skin—and send in the top of a LINIT package and 10¢ (wrapping and postage costs) for EACH lipstick desired. See convenient coupon below.



LINIT *is sold by grocers and department stores.*



CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY, Dept. TM-8, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York City

Please send me.....lipstick(s). Shade(s) as checked below. I enclose.....¢ and.....LINIT package tops.

☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

THIS OFFER good in U.S.A. only and expires Sept. 1, 1934

KOOL
MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES



A MOST REFRESHING SMOKE

like a downstream paddle . . .
like a breeze from the sea . . .
like a shower on a dusty day . . .
like a tall, tinkling drink . . .

KOOLS are definitely refreshing. They're mildly mentholated to cool the smoke, save your throat, and to bring out the full flavor of the choice tobaccos used. Cork tips—easy on lips. Coupons packed with KOOLS good for gilt-edged Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards; other nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good in U.S.A. only.) Send for illustrated list.

FREE HANDSOME GIFTS...



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

The Authentic Story of My Life

(*Continued from page 79*)

I didn't stay there long. Mother was so lonely and I was so unhappy away from her that I left the school and became a pupil in Miss Bigelow's School where I was able to go home every afternoon. I'll never forget the kindness and the wise saneness of Miss Bigelow. There were only seven pupils in the school and we enjoyed every minute of the studying and the play.

AT the end of that school year, when I was just fifteen, I suffered one of the greatest humiliations of my life. I had the measles. I had not been feeling well but never dreamed that a young lady of fifteen could have anything so childishly simple as the measles. Emma was the only person who suspected it. One afternoon she gave me a hot drink, put me to bed and by evening I was thoroughly bemeasled. I pledged the entire family to secrecy, fearing that the other girls at school would find out what was the matter with me.

When the siege of measles was finished, the doctor advised Mother to send me to a girls' camp for the Summer, so that I would have systematic exercise and the competitive friendship of girls of my own age. So Mother took me up to northern Michigan to a camp which was well-known for its almost military regime. And, now, after all this time, that camp still remains in my mind as one of the worst nightmares through which I have lived.

Three days after Mother left, one other girl and I displayed symptoms of scarlet fever. They isolated us immediately. We were put in a small tent house away from the main camp and there they left us. I shall never be able to understand how we lived through the next few days. Everyone was afraid to come near us except a country doctor. And there we lay, two sick, lonely children, crying for our mothers.

The manager of the camp wired Mother that I had a throat infection. The telegram reached her as she got off the train on her return from taking me to camp. Without unpacking her bags, Mother turned around and travelled back to Michigan. The manager of the camp met her at the little town on the other side of the lake and told her that the camp was in quarantine and that it would be impossible for her to go to me.

But no manager of any camp and no quarantine in the world could have kept Mother from me. She completely ignored the woman and rowed herself across the lake to camp. There she found the two of us, burning with fever. For three weeks Mother nursed us both. As soon as we were able to move Mother took me back to Kansas City.

It was on that trip home that Mother met Marino Bello, whom she married the following year and who has been friend and adviser to me throughout my entire life since that time. While we were waiting between trains in Chicago, we called at the office of a friend of ours who had sent us boxes and baskets and delicacies during my illness at the camp. Marino was in the office and he was introduced to us. The following week-end he came to Kansas City to visit us. And that was the beginning of Mother's romance.

It is a strange and beautiful thing that, as close as Mother and I have always been, neither has ever felt the slightest jealousy of the men whom the other has loved. We seem to feel, unconsciously or subconsciously, that nothing could affect the depth of our feeling for each other.

THE following Fall Mother again decided that I should go away to school where I could learn to stand on my own feet away from the protection of my family. So I went to Chicago and became a pupil at Ferry Hall in Lake Forest. Mother took an apartment at the Highland Park Inn so that I could be with her on week-ends when I was permitted to leave school. She made a solemn vow, when I entered school, that we would see each other only on week-ends. I agreed to pretend that I was really far away from my family where I had to make my own decisions and settle my own problems.

But our every-other-day telephone calls soon developed into daily chats. And one afternoon Mother appeared at two o'clock, loaded down with good things to eat. The girls all gathered in my room to share the feast. Gradually it became a daily habit during our regular afternoon recess.

I liked Ferry Hall. On week-ends when we were not allowed to leave the school we were permitted to cook little meals on the small electric grills and stoves which were a part of our boarding school equipment. And we all passed through the romantic novel period, where we draped the transoms and stuffed the keyholes with dark cloth so that we could sit up and read long past the lights-out bell.

Mother and Marino were married that Winter. And, because I had a cold and the weather had turned into a veritable blizzard, the school physician would not consent to my leaving my room. It was one of the greatest disappointments of my life that I could not be present at my mother's wedding. They were married on Thursday but they waited until the following Sunday to have the wedding dinner so that I could be with them.

All during these school-girl years I had one romance in my life. I thought that he was the perfect man. He was a friend of the family and I had known him always in Kansas City. He was my hero. Whenever I read a story of thrilling romance, I always picture Rod Adams as the stalwart hero. The fact that he was a grown man, well over thirty, and that I was a little girl didn't make any difference. When I was fourteen I had secretly promised myself that some day I would marry Rod.

Then I met Charles McGrew and Rod faded away into my childhood dreams.

Next month Jean tells of her marriage to Charles McGrew and of her first motion picture experiences.

New Films

(*Continued from page* 57)

Ann has gently but firmly pushed him to the top of the heap, financially, Bette begins to play her cards.

It looks like defeat for the home team, until Ann takes her wandering husband home . . . for keeps.

John Halliday catches Bette on the first bounce and everybody's happy. Al Green directed.

HERE COMES THE NAVY

•

Warners

BEN MARKSON must have written this story especially for Warners' bad boy, because it certainly is right for Cagney treatment.

Jimmy is leading a merry life as a riotous riveter until he tangles with Pat O'Brien, chief petty officer on a warship, and joins the Navy for the sole purpose of chucking Pat through a port-hole.

Once aboard the ship, however, imagine his chagrin when he finds out that it's "no fair" to hit your superior officer. And does Pat chuckle when Jimmy is obliged to salute and "Yes, sir!" him!!

There's plenty of action, with the cocky Cagney fighting all the way.

He falls in love with Gloria Stuart, Pat's sister, but she holds out on the "I do!" until Jimmy has soaked up enough discipline to make a good husband.

The tragic incident of the Akron dirigible, in which three men, holding the landing wires, were hauled into the air, two of them dropping to their death, is woven into the story.

Frank McHugh grabs off his usual share of comedy honors, and Lloyd Bacon turns in a fine job of direction.

FAMILY MAN

•

RKO

STARS may come and stars may go, but it would seem that our old friend Richard Dix goes on forever!

This is a very entertaining story of a happy-go-lucky gambler who kidnaps his little daughter from an unhappy existence with her cold, calculating mother, and flees to Italy, there to teach the pliant youngster how to live, bravely . . . adventurously.

Convicted of a murder, on circumstantial evidence, Dix is sent to prison and the child returned to her mother.

Upon his release, fifteen years later, Dix returns to find his grown-up baby an invalid, almost wholly through suggestion.

How he releases her crushed spirit and, with the job well done, sets out on further adventures, is described poignantly by the author, Salisbury Field, and further enhanced by the keen direction of John Robertson.

THE GREEN HAT

•

M-G-M

M-G-M has pulled Michael Arlen's good old "Green Hat" out of it's dusty band-box, stuck a perky feather on it and is ready to go to town.

Remembering Garbo's beautiful performance in the first version, we're just a little bit afraid that Connie Bennett may be on the spot, in the memorable role of *Iris March*.

But, on the other hand, Connie has

(*Please turn to page* 82)

Grand Chocolate Sauce

speedy! can't fail!



Eagle Brand

CHOCOLATE SAUCE

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ to 1 cup hot water

Melt chocolate in a double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and stir over boiling water five minutes until mixture thickens. Add salt and hot water, amount depending on the consistency desired. Makes 2 or 2½ cups.

● Only 5 minutes' cooking! No lumps—always gorgeously creamy and smooth! The ice cream, too, is failure-proof. See free booklet. ● *But remember*—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.



FREE! WORLD'S MOST AMAZING COOK BOOK!

Contains dozens of short-cuts to caramel, chocolate and lemon good things—also magic tricks with candies, cookies, ice cream, salad dressings!

Just address: The Borden Co., Dept. TM84
350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

(*Print name and address plainly*)

NRA WE DO OUR PART

Borden Quality

Your Grocer's Motto Is Helpful Friendly Service

Whether it's a bar of soap or a long list of groceries—eggs, flour, shortening, coffee, sugar, canned staples and luxuries—your grocer is on the alert to give you friendly, helpful service . . . to offer all his experience that you may be better satisfied. Sometimes you find unusual service, which you particularly appreciate. For the best letters of 50 words or less, telling how some grocery clerk has shown you unusual service or courtesy, Tower Magazines will pay $1,000.00 in cash. Turn to pages 10 and 11 of this magazine for details how to win.



Use FREE Coupon Below

● Years ago—remember when your Dad called to you, "Hello, Dirty Face?" It was "clean dirt" that he referred to—easily washed away.

Today, lurking *underneath* the surface of your skin, may be a much more treacherous dirt—(caused by dried make-up, atmosphere and traffic dust, alkali in soap and water)—and it is *this kind* of dirt that stops up your pores, bringing blackheads, pimples, enlarged pores and shiny skin.

Don't take chances with "dirty face" and the skin blemishes that come when pores cannot *breathe* naturally. Send for a FREE Gift Bottle of DRESKIN, Campana's new, liquid skin cleanser invention. Make the famous "ONE-TWO-THREE TEST" on your own skin. (1) Dampen a piece of cotton with DRESKIN. (2) Rub gently over your face and neck. (3) Look at the cotton! If it is dirty—heed the warning. Use DRESKIN regularly each night to remove the *hidden* dirt—*neutralize* the alkali—*reduce* the size of pores. Send for FREE trial bottle TODAY.

NRA Member

Campana

Dreskin



THE ORIGINAL SKIN INVIGORATOR
—by the makers of CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM

Free

CAMPANA DRESKIN,
2948 Lincoln Highway,
Batavia, Illinois
Gentlemen: Please send me FREE and postpaid a Trial Bottle of DRESKIN, Campana's Skin Invigorator —enough for 4 or 5 skin cleansing treatments.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

If you live in Canada, send your request to Campana Corp., Ltd., TM - 8 Caledonia Road, Toronto, Ontario.

New Films

(*Continued from page* 81)

a reputation for tackling tough propositions with high-handed glee, so . . . One never knows, does one?

Most of you are familiar with the tragic story of *Iris*, victim of her own passion for living life to the fullest.

When, on her wedding night, her husband commits suicide, Iris defends his act, gallantly, and at great cost to her own reputation.

All through her brief, unhappy life, the finger of scandal follows, relentlessly. She is desired by all men and understood by only one.

It is not a pretty story, but Robert Leonard's able direction should lift it into the premiere class.

THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY

●

Paramount

AFTER wiping your tears away, take your heavy heart across the street and see W. C. Fields, in his latest nonsensicality, "The Old-fashioned Way."

The story was written by Fields himself, and the dialogue by J. P. McEvoy and Garnet Weston and is about a traveling road show of the gay nineties period.

With the sheriff ready to attach his show, Fields, in desperation, makes up to a small-town spinster lady who promises financial aid if she can be rewarded with a part in the show.

Recklessly promising anything, Fields finds himself stuck with an impossible actress and, again in desperation, gets the old girl tight so that she can't go on.

Baby LeRoy adds to the general hilarity and William Beaudine directs.

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET

●

M-G-M

SIDNEY FRANKLIN has taken a difficult task unto himself in the direction of this idyllic story of one of our most romantic poets, Robert Browning.

Into the melancholy existence of the frail, sensitive Elizabeth Barrett (Norma Shearer) comes the impetuous poet, Robert Browning, played by Fredric March.

Robbed of youth and freedom by the jealousy of her fanatical father (Charles Laughton), Norma seeks to express her imprisoned soul in verse, and it is through this medium that the two lovers meet.

Realizing the father's unhealthy love for his own child, March determines to take the frail girl from the man's unholy influence.

Frightened, Norma at first refuses to leave with him. But, when her father's passion shows it's ugly head, she runs from the house and into the arms of the waiting Freddie.

Maureen O'Sullivan plays the younger sister, also stifled by the half-mad domination of Laughton.

Laughton's role is powerful, and, in his capable hands, it's just possible that the show may be stolen from under the very noses of Mr. March and Miss Shearer.

The story was adapted from an original play, by Rudolph Besier.

THE MERRY WIDOW

●

M-G-M

THE MERRY WIDOW is with us again! And, in spite of all the controversy Chevalier and Jeannette MacDonald are swapping high C's in the leading roles.

If you don't know the plot of this gay little story, taken from Franz Lehar's operetta of the same name, we'll tell you that philandering Chevalier falls in love with the beautiful MacDonald and, believing her to be just another "lady of the evening," makes improper advances, which Jeanette repulses properly.

It only takes one little waltz to convince the haughty lady that Monsieur Chevalier is destined to be the main interest in her life. But, Chevalier has to go to jail before she'll admit even to herself that he's the only one.

Ernst Lubitsch, and his trusty cigar, directs the gay caperings with a keen eye for that Continental touch that means so much.

KISS AND MAKE UP

●

Paramount

SPEAKING of angles . . . . or were we? . . . this one is a polygon, with all points leading to Cary Grant.

Cary is a beauty doctor, and, as fast as he de-wrinkles the gay old ladies who crowd his ante-room, they fall in love with him, much to his embarrassment.

With a deep-seated pride in his work, he rejuvenates Genevieve Tobin, and then is obliged to marry her when she threatens to get fat and ugly if he doesn't.

When the wedding bells ring out, Helen Mack, Cary's little secretary, is heart-broken, but tags along with the newlyweds, so as to be on hand when the unwilling benedict discovers that "beauty is only skin deep." And it doesn't take long, either.

On their wedding night, Genevieve enters the bridal chamber wearing a long nightie, gobs of cold cream, elk skin gloves, a hair net, and no eyebrows! So the bridegroom dashes out into the night, after taking one look at his better half!

Helen has sort of rebounded into the arms of Edward Everett Horton, but Cary gets there just in time to save the day, and Horton goes meekly back to the little woman . . . cold cream, mittens and all!

Two directors, Harlan Thompson and Jean Negulesco, collaborated on the direction of this Stephen Bekeffi story.

SHOOT THE WORKS

●

Paramount

JACK OAKIE repeats his wise-cracking good-for-nothing act in this Ben Hecht-Gene Fowler yarn and, while it isn't new, it's generally good fun, besides being reliable.

Jack loves the ladies and gets into jam after jam over the fair ladies, until Dorothy Dell sings her way into his life and tries to make an honest man of the rascal.

Alison Skipworth mothers the lad all through the picture and Ben Bernie contributes swell music that should make up for any pictorial inconsistencies.

New Films

Roscoe Karns, as the flag-pole-sitter, delivers some good comedy, after the Karns fashion; and Arline Judge, his wife, flirts about outrageously.

There's a heart throb or two, when Jack hits the skids and finds himself deserted by everyone but the faithful Skipworth, but, it's good entertainment for a hot day.

Wesley Ruggles is on hand to keep a directorial eye on his cute little wife, Arline Judge, as well as the rest of the cast.

BACHELOR BAIT

•

RKO

CAN you imagine Stuart Erwin running a matrimonial agency? With a charm school and a reducing department on the side, to keep clients fit and desirable?

Well, that's exactly what you're going to get in Stu's newest picture, "Bachelor Bait," by the Brothers Halperin (Victor and Edward).

Fired from his long-time job in a marriage license bureau, Stu decides to become a marriage broker.

The plan works beautifully. So beautifully, in fact, that a crowd of racketeers try to chisel in on the profits. And Stu's method of out-witting them is some fun.

When Rochelle Hudson puts in her application for a rich husband, Stu gallantly introduces her to the wealthiest prospect in the lot, only to discover that he's walked into his own trap and is madly in love with the lady, himself.

Director George Stevens doesn't skip the comedy possibilities, and, if you like Stu (and who doesn't?) you'll like the picture.

HERE COMES THE GROOM!

•

Paramount

ANOTHER matrimonial tangle!

Jack Haley is turned down by Isabel Jewell because she feels that he's a no-good and needs a little discipline.

On a train, Jack bumps into Patricia Ellis, who has married a radio crooner in a moment of pique against Neil Hamilton, whom she really loves.

The crooner has proved himself to be a bust, so Pat is headed for home and disgrace, when she persuades Haley to step into the late lamented bridegroom's boots and pretend, to save her pride, that he's the husband.

How Richard Flourney, the author, ever thought up so many complications, is another of those mysteries that make life exciting.

But, in the end, Patricia is re-united with Neil, and ditto for Haley and Isabel.

Edward Sedgwick worked the plot with his usual directorial finesse, and Mary Boland injects some acceptable comedy, as the Auntie with a yen for crooners.

100 PER CENT PURE

•

M-G-M

BECAUSE Will Hays objected to the original title of "Eadie Was a Lady," M-G-M bent over backwards and named the latest Harlow opus "100 Per Cent Pure."

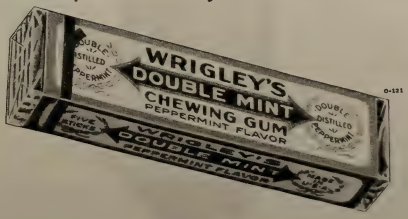
Another thing . . . the studio begged Jean to hold off on the announcement

(*Please turn to page* 84)



It's natural for cats to nap—but

not natural for them to wear night togs. Just so, you housewives know it's natural for the family to like Soft Food but not natural for food to provide so little chewing. It is one of Nature's ways of keeping the teeth in condition—as vital for LOOKS as for health. Dentists say "chew your food vigorously." They mean EXERCISE YOUR TEETH. That's why they recommend chewing gum. DOUBLE MINT is the gum to enjoy. So, go ahead with your Soft Foods. Just remember DOUBLE MINT.



see Chicago from the



GREAT NORTHERN HOTEL

See Everything

On your next visit to Chicago, *see everything* . . . not just the World's Fair, wonderful as that is, but see all of Chicago's great civic attractions, as well as the shops and theatres. You can, quickly and economically, when you put up at *The Great Northern*. Quiet, almost secluded—yet in the heart of everything! And so reasonable!

- *400 rooms, 400 baths.*
- *Reasonable rates $2.50 up.*
- *Radio in every room.*
- *Splendid beds, good lights.*
- *No dancing or public entertainment.*
- *Friendly, courteous service.*
- *All new furnishings and decorations.*
- *Coffee shop and grill room.*
- *Delicious food, reasonable prices.*

Make Reservations Now. Special Attention to Clubs and Groups.

from $2.50

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EARL L. THORNTON, Vice-Pres.

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GREAT NORTHERN HOTEL
Chicago, Illinois

Please send me complete information about the Great Northern—the World's Fair Hotel. Our party consists of ..... persons.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....State.....

New Films

(*Continued from page 83*)

of her divorce until the picture could be finished.

In this story, by Anita Loos and huby John Emerson, Jean plays a hard-boiled girl who resolves to surrender to no one man without wedding ring and cake.

Consequently, she sets her little blue hat for Lionel Barrymore, and all would have been well, too, if son Franchot Tone hadn't skidded across the scene and spoiled things.

Lionel tries to break up the match but Jean steps out of her skimpies and stands there in her scanties (a la Clara Bow) and calls Lionel "Daddy!" . . . right there in front of heaven and everybody!

Naturally, it takes a lot of explaining to clear matters up. But, the quick-minded Lionel announces that as long as she is about to become his daughter-in-law, surely nobody would make anything out of that girlish gesture (except maybe) Mister Hayes? . . .

Jack Conway directed.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

•

Universal

TURNING the tables, we find Chester Morris, a roughneck gob, aspiring to enter society, via matrimony with Mae Clark, who is the local million-dollar heiress.

Mae has different ideas, being rather chummy with Johnny Warburton, but Chet keeps so constantly under foot that Mae finally gets him a position with her grandfather's firm. And is Chet's neck red when he discovers that he holds the exalted position of errand boy and official waste-basket-emptier?

But Chet eventually proves that he can "take it" and, after a chase in somebody's high-powered car, Mae eventually surrenders to the inevitable and the fade-out shows Mae and Chester aboard an ocean liner on their wedding trip to Honolulu or somewhere in that direction.

Kurt Neuman directed this story, which was written by Dore Schary and Lewis Foster.

BLACK MOON

•

Columbia

JACK HOLT is with us again in a really exciting story of Voodooism and black magic.

His wife, Dorothy Burgess, has always puzzled him with her strange ways, but not until he permits her to return to her home, near Haiti, does he discover that she is a helpless victim of the Voodoo mysticism.

Her secretary, Fay Wray, reports her fears to Holt and together they discover that Dorothy is taking an active part in the Voodoo rites, even to the extent of offering up her own child, Cora Sue Collins, as a living sacrifice to the demands of the gods.

It's a blood-curdling business, and, in the end, Jack is obliged to kill his wife in order to prevent the murder of his child.

Aboard the steamer, going back to civilization, he realizes that the loyal Fay has loved him all the time, and the fade-out looks pretty rosy for all concerned.

Clements Ripley gets credit for the grotesque story idea, and Roy William Neill directed.

WHOM THE GODS DESTROY

•

Columbia

WALTER Connolly, as a great theatrical producer, has but one driving ambition in life . . . to see his small son's name in lights, as big as his own.

On a sinking ship, Walter, not cowardly, but thinking only of the wife, Doris Kenyon, and little Junior, don's a woman's fur coat and hat, and takes his place in one of the life boats as a "female of the species."

Reported as a "hero" who gave his life on the doomed ship, Walter is honored with a bronze plaque, in memoriam, placed in the lobby of his theater.

Unable to return to the life he has known and loved for fear of being branded a coward, he watches over his loved ones from a distance, appearing to them, later in life, as Peter Jans.

Doris finally recognizes him, but, for the sake of the boy who respects his memory, he begs her to keep silent.

The plot is an original, by Sidney Buchman. Directed by Walter Lang.

SHE LOVES ME NOT

•

Paramount

BING CROSBY'S popularity seems to be fathomless, and if a month goes by without a Crosby picture and "bo-bo-bo-bopes" . . . the rabid Crosby fans pout around until Papa Paramount does something.

This one starts with Miriam Hopkins seeing Warren Hymer commit a murder. To keep from being called as a material witness, she goes away under the protecting wing of Crosby.

From there on, it's a shambles. Because Bing calls in everybody he can think of . . . college deans, movie producers, even his fiancee, Judith Allen . . . to help him in the promotion of Miriam.

It's pretty complicated, but, in the end, Miriam scores a hit on the screen; Bing falls in love with Kitty Carlisle, the dean's daughter; and, the rest of the cast, aided by director Elliott Nugent, scramble out of it the best way they can.

GIFTS FOR THIRTY CENTS

Gifts you can make with the aid of our New Method Circulars:

Au319—The Gracie Allen apron made of plain or figured organdie or lawn.

Au320—Cocktail mittens made of glazed chintz to keep your hands dry when you are shaking your favorite beverage.

Au321—A smart round cushion for bedroom, porch, living-room or car.

Au322—A chintz covered bag for sewing accessories or cosmetics.

Au323—Oil cloth daisy pin-cushion for the up-to-date dressing room.

Au324—Crocheted cotton sports gloves —a smart accessory for the summer and early autumn wardrobe.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles, care of New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing 4 cents for one circular, 10 cents for 3 circulars, or 15 cents for all six. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.

Strictly Modern

(*Continued from page* 43)

a fanatic vegetarian, a precise, careful person, without a visible flaw.

Now, I like my personalities with faults, nice human frailties, and I was visualizing Evelyn in iceberg proportions when she walked into my office.

Almost immediately I discovered that she giggled—outrageously, like any other girl of nineteen. When the subject of love was brought up, as it is at all Hollywood interviews, she could not quite keep it an impersonal thing. Her face crimsoned with a very normal blush while we settled the problem of romance, marriage and children.

She admitted to a passion for dancing, and the fact that she never misses a prom or dinner dance at the University of California at Los Angeles where a young cousin has introduced her to his fraternity brothers.

Even when she must be up at six o'clock for work on the set, she will stay for the last dance, often not getting her head on a pillow for twenty-four hour stretches.

When she does get to bed, she can't be pried from the mattress. Dot, her companion, has learned that only by tearing every shred of covering from her, can Evelyn be awakened for the day's work.

She adores clothes, and spends hours planning new frocks and new arrangements for her hair for the next party. She is continually hungry and eats on an average of five meals a day with in-between snacks for good measure.

She is a vegetarian because her parents believed in meatless diet, and so far has never had the slightest curiosity to taste meat or fish. She probably will try one or all of them if she ever feels inclined to do so.

She is a natural athlete, excelling in riding. Recently she spent eighteen hours in the saddle discovering for herself the beauties of the Hollywood mountains.

"There are so many things I want to do, and there doesn't seem time enough in one short life," she told me. "I love the stage and I want to be a success in pictures, too. Then some day I want my own company to give Shakespeare to people as it was meant to be given. I want to make Juliet a living, throbbing person, and to bring Ophelia to life without basso-profundo gestures and theatrical tinsel.

"And then there is marriage and love. When I find it I won't hesitate one second if it means giving up the stage or screen. I've lived long enough to know that a happy marriage is the most important thing in a man's or woman's life and no sacrifice is too great to attain one."

AS for the present, Evelyn hasn't been touched by a deep romance. She is far from the prudish side, but she declares that so far she has not been kissed, willingly, by any of the young men who keep her social calendar crowded.

Evelyn sees nothing unusual in her theory that the old-fashioned "necking" of her immediate predecessors inevitably tarnishes the real article when it arrives. She knows all the facts of life, and will talk about them frankly and without undue emphasis. She believes that an early knowledge of sex

(*Please turn to page* 86)



PARIS says—

To be CHIC!



IS TO BE TRULY

• Irresistible

The smart Parisienne has long practiced the subtle art of the correct use of perfume. She chooses her perfume for its effect, for its ability to make her truly irresistible. But no longer need you envy her choice, for now with Irresistible Perfume, you can give yourself that indefinable charm, that unforgettable allure that has attracted men the world over. You will find Irresistible Perfume at your 5 and 10c store. Buy it today. One trial will convince you that it has the magic power to make you, too, more irresistible.

Try also the other Irresistible Beauty Aids, each delightfully scented with the exotic fragrance of Irresistible Perfume. Beauty experts recommend them for their purity and quality, comparing them favorably with $1 and $2 preparations.





Make This Test FREE

Get a free perfume card sprayed from the Irresistible Giant Atomizer at the cosmetic counter in the 5 and 10c store. Keep it. Hours later, you will still be delighted with its lasting exotic fragrance.

Irresistible
FIFTH AVENUE, New York

Face Powder, Lipstick, Perfume, Cold Cream, Cologne, Brilliantine, Talc. Each only 10c at all 5 and 10c stores

WHAT
grocery clerk has given you the most HELPFUL SERVICE?



$1,000 IN CASH

—See Page 10—

GETTING friendly, helpful service from grocery store clerks is just as everyday an event as turning on the electric lights. Yet try to get along without either! Every woman has had a special reason to appreciate her grocer.

What grocery clerk has given you the most helpful service? For the best letters answering that question, Tower Magazines are paying $1,000.00 in cash. See pages 10 and 11 of this magazine for details how you can share in these cash awards and bring fame to a local grocery store man or woman.

Strictly Modern

(*Continued from page* 85)

is a girl's greatest protection.

Her parents were never strict with her. They have always permitted her to make her own decisions concerning men, clothes and education. It was her idea that any young man who asked her to go out socially should first visit her home and receive parental approval before any dates were accepted.

When her mother died in 1930, Evelyn and her father were tied by an even closer bond. He is with her every moment of the vacations allotted him from the University of Cincinnati where he is an instructor.

As one of the greatest living authorities on the works of Shakespeare, Professor Venable is frankly proud of his daughter's talent in portraying the bard's famous heroines. When her playmates were reading "The Wizard of Oz," Evelyn was learning passages from "As You Like It," and "King Lear," under her father's able guidance.

It was Professor Venable who was blamed for the anti-kissing clause, rumored by Hollywood gossip to be importantly included in Evelyn's Paramount contract.

"This 'screen kissing' item has grown to ridiculous proportions," she explained to me when I questioned her on the osculation subject. "I have been kissed on the stage dating from my first play in high school. When I signed my contract I made known my intention not to enact roles which would be distasteful to me. Because some day I wish to return to the Shakespearean stage, I do not want a past of motion picture roles that can be classed as 'trashy' or 'sexy'. My father has no rigid standard which my being kissed on the screen would violate.

"It was through some misunderstanding as to camera angles that the story started that I refused to allow Kent Taylor to kiss me in 'Cradle Song.' He did kiss me—and did a very convincing job of it."

And that settles the case of kissing versus Evelyn Venable for all time to come.

The most striking thing about this girl is her entirely natural loveliness. Scant make-up is necessary for her camera work. Her hair is long, heavy, and abundantly curly—a light brown color that is ideal for lighting effects. Her eyes are a combination of blue, hazel and violet, fringed by surprisingly long and black lashes, and topped by definitely arched, unplucked and rather wide eyebrows.

Her complexion attests to the glowing health of her diet, creamy with natural splotches of color on her cheek bones. Her teeth are even and very white, her lips naturally red. Her figure is tall, about five feet six inches, and she is flat and curving in the right places.

No false lashes for Evelyn, no dyed hair, no heavy mascara or lip salve to worry the make-up operator each morning when she arrives for work!

Only fifteen minutes is necessary for Evelyn to make herself ready for the set. Her hair is parted in the middle, combed off her forehead and caught in a large knot low at the neck. An orange toned grease paint is used and covered with an ochre powder. Just a touch of lip-salve and only a dash of blue eye-shadow and she is ready for the day's work.

Evelyn with her poise and charm, her beauty, her super-trained intellect, her talent and her clear vision into the future and what she wants from life, sums up the girl of future generations —a girl born fifty years before her time.

Films Across the Sea

(*Continued from page* 31)

idea of making films in England is going to appeal strongly to many of our stars. It must be very nice to work just outside of London all day, then come into town and play about in the most charming night life existent. Not so gay as Paris, not so noisy as New York, not so shocking as Berlin (pre-Hitler) but smartly sartorial and consistently courteous night life. I can't imagine anyone working over the week-end there. One just naturally dashes to the country. Lunch at the White Hart in Windsor. Roast lamb, mint sauce and green peas. Eton Boys. Long legs and high hats. Windsor Castle, towering in ancient gray tolerance above the emerald green meadows which lead to the River Thames.

HEY there, Janis! What's all this? Thought you were a Californian! *Sorry old Deah! for 'alf a mo 'Hi was jolly well waivin me Union Jack. Eh Bien! Nous pouvons tres bien déjeuner à Paris si vous voulez! Zere ees verrry beeg Arreoplane leave Croyden at ze hour of ten and we lunch een ze Bois du Boulogne,* at Armenonville, *Ah! j'aimerai bien si*—excuse me folks, I guess I'm feeling a bit of wanderlust, but getting back to Hollywood and what England has to offer our stars, I can think of plenty. The catch will come, however, when J. Bull takes his share of the income before they take the boat for home, and then Uncle Sam says, "What about something for the family?" They will have a glorious time socially, because in no other country does the man or woman of the hour find so many delightful places to spend it in, but I would say that they will find themselves starting to work to get the egg that goes with the small piece of bacon which they manage to bring home.

One thing is certain, we have been able to take great talent from England because J. Bull wouldn't or couldn't pay. They are now evening the score by recognizing ability and artistry that we couldn't see. This same maker of great films Alexander Korda, was in Hollywood for months.

Films Across the Sea

He may have had the vision of "Henry the Eighth" and "Catherine the Great" even then, but I'm sure that among other things they told him, which must have hurt and finally sent him away, was that the Public wouldn't go to costume pictures. Now, between Cleopatra, Queen Christina, and Joan of Arc, all being filmed, Mr. Korda should get a nice little chuckle when he hears that practically every studio is "shooting" some kind of queen in costume. There seems to be a shortage of king stories. Maybe they feel that Mr. Charles Laughton as Henry the Eighth did just about all one could do, royally speaking. I still want to see John Barrymore do King Richard. Perhaps I'll suggest it to England for Mr. Korda! "Quiet Janis! You're just trying to stir up trouble." No! I'm not. Besides it's already stirred and I think it's swell.

OPPOSITION is stimulating. All the time I've lived amidst the stars of the screen I have listened to their complaints about stories. They didn't believe in them, but they eventually played in them for the obvious reason that there was no alternative if they wanted to be seen in the first class theaters. They couldn't say, "If you don't get me a better story I'll go to England." The answer would have undoubtedly been, "Go! Just let your fans get a look at you under that British lighting and you'll come back wagging your close-ups behind you!" The high and mighty hands of the American Picture Industry have made some pretty stupid gestures in the past, because they were so secure in the knowledge that though they might be wrong there wasn't much danger of foreign producers being right. Perhaps there still is no real danger. Perhaps England will just make a great picture now and then and not establish a definite American market, but there is no doubt about the interest that is being shown by American producers, players and, more important, exhibitors. Where there is "interest," there is principal.

I would hate to see the British stars whom we have learned to love return to the Old Country, yet no one could blame them if they find that they can be as well presented over there. That double income tax works both ways. Uncle Sam says, "Must you go home? How much have you made?" J. Bull says, "Welcome Home! How much have you brought?" Any place you go you're working for some government so the thing to do is find out where you can get the most fun for the amount of your money they allow you to keep; then, if not satisfied, just work less.

When you read of one of your favorites signing a new contract to make two or three pictures a year at seventy-five thousand dollars each, remember that if she or he made six at the same figure the other three would be virtually made for George W. Internal Revenue. A nice chap and we'd all like to see him get along. Yes, indeed! Well along! I shall never be one to know the agony of handing over sixty per cent of a five hundred thou-

(*Please turn to page* 88)

DO BRUNETTES LOOK OLDER THAN BLONDES



No!

THE ANSWER IS THAT 7 OUT OF 10 BRUNETTES USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER!

● BY *Lady Esther*

If there's one thing women fool themselves about, it's face powder shades.

Many women select face powder tints on the wrong basis altogether. They try to get a face powder that simply matches their type instead of one that enhances or *flatters* it.

Any actress will tell you that certain stage lights can make you look older or younger. The same holds true for face powder shades. One shade can make you look ten to twenty years older while another can make you look years younger.

It's a common saying that brunettes look older than blondes. There is no truth in it. The reason for the statement is that many brunettes make a mistake in the shade of the face powder they use. They simply choose a brunette face powder shade or one that merely matches their type instead of one that goes with the *tone* of their skin. A girl may be a brunette and still have an olive or white skin.

One of Five Shades is the Right Shade!

Colorists will tell you that the idea of numberless shades of face powder is all wrong. They will tell you that one of five shades will answer every tone of skin.

I make Lady Esther Face Powder in five shades only, when I could just as well make ten or twenty-five shades. But I know that five are all that are necessary and I know that one of these five will prove just the right shade of face powder for your skin.

I want you to find out if you are using the right shade of face powder for *your* skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look *older* or *younger*.

One Way to Tell!

There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder—and that is what I want you to do at my expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will immediately make you look years younger. You won't have to be told that. Your mirror will cry it aloud to you.

Write today for all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder; also, how long it clings.

Mail Coupon

One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is a unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known.

Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer.

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*) **FREE**

LADY ESTHER
2020 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

This offer is not good in Canada (6)

Now BLONDES Made Irresistible



Amazing New Discovery For Light Hair Perfected!

An almost magical way has been found to *increase* and *intensify* the special allure of the Blonde Girl. To enable you to attract as never before, if you're blonde . . . *with the golden shimmer of your hair!*

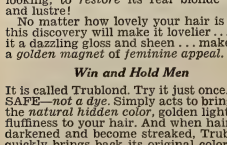
Science has found a way to marvelously enhance the beauty and *fascination* of light hair. Even when it is dull and faded-looking, to *restore* its real blonde color and lustre!

No matter how lovely your hair is now, this discovery will make it lovelier . . . give it a dazzling gloss and sheen . . . make you a *golden magnet* of *feminine appeal.*

Win and Hold Men

It is called Trublond. Try it just once. It is SAFE—*not a dye.* Simply acts to bring out the *natural hidden color,* golden light and fluffiness to your hair. And when hair has darkened and become streaked, Trublond quickly brings back its original color and sparkle.

You use it like an ordinary shampoo. Get a package of Trublond — for a few cents at any drug or department store or at the 10c stores. Begin using your blonde charm to the utmost!





Films Across the Sea

(*Continued from page* 87)

sand dollar income. Really we don't realize how much we have to be thankful for, we new poor!

IN 1928, when talking pictures were in their infancy and everybody's hair, I had lunch at the Carlton Hotel in London with three gentlemen who are now heads of the industry over there and I imagine, pretty much a part of that twenty million that is to be spent. We talked of the possibility that I might be able to direct, write, act, and a few other odd jobs. They were just about to start making talkies. I, having come from California, was supposed to know something about the latest miracle from America. I knew just enough to advise that they try to call back some of the British directors. I named one, Edmund Goulding, who was starting what developed into a series of wonderful pictures. "I'm sure Eddie would like to help," I said, knowing my Goulding.

"But," said the gentlemen, "he wants so much money!"

"Yes," I agreed, "that's why he is in Hollywood; but he knows all the tricks and, believe me, these new flickers should be called the trickies."

The lunch was excellent, the gentlemen were charming, but I did not see them again. I might add that there was also some slight mention of my salary.

AT that time there were comparatively few successful British stars. They arrived with sound. It was quite all right, in the old silent days, for the hero, Sir Marmaduke Wetwhistle, to mouth the subtitle, "How are you, Duke? Welcome to Chichester Towers, I trust you are feeling fit." Our hero looked English, his clothes were from Bond Street, but when the sound track ground out, "How're Dook? Welcome to Chichestowers, trust yere feelin' fit," it was time to think about the English market. Englishmen who had languished joblessly in casting offices were suddenly rushed into dukedoms. Elocution teachers, dialogue directors, singing maestros and deep breathing experts swarmed into Hollywood with a buzz of broad A's to teach Americans how to speak English. There was a great to-do about the British invasion.

It didn't take us long to balance things. We drenched the silver sheets with gangster pictures. The dukes went back to the casting offices and spent their spare moments learning to speak American. In England they stopped laughing at our English and settled down to studying American home life as depicted on the screen. Chicago, they learned, was really our greatest city, certainly the richest because no one apparently ever killed eight or nine people without getting a hundred thousand grand. They couldn't understand what these important people said, but it was obvious that, though their manners were somewhat crude, their marksmanship was perfect. And it was all so typically Yankee!

That's over now, thanks to talkies and radio. England and America are beginning to understand each other, that is, as much as relations ever can. Personally I expect to see a great exchange of artists, writers, directors and arguments between the countries in the next few years.

Charles Laughton has returned to Hollywood. That's one for our side. Because Leslie Howard occupies my house in Beverly Hills I know to my sorrow that he is returning to England in a few weeks. That is certainly one for their side and one on my chin. He will come back, however; they all do in time. And so, too I hope, will Madeleine Carroll, who starred in "I Was a Spy." They leave Hollywood saying they are fed up with pictures, studios, supervisors and even sunshine. I honestly believe it is the latter which brings them back. Whatever it is, I'm all for our transatlantic stars. Having been one I know the stimulation of playing in two or three countries. You don't get tired of them and they don't get tired of you. A rolling stone may gather no moss, but a traveling star certainly gathers better contracts.

So here's to Films Across the Sea! Mussolini has put his sock of approval on the building of a Hollywood in Italy. Il Duce may think he has had problems before, but wait until he starts telling Movie stars they must have babies! Babies mean time and time means money. Money at time of going to press still seems to be very much talked about. I think I'll try raising some—money, not babies—and use it to fight a bill fathered by one Congressman Dickstein. He wants to keep all alien actors out of this country, unless they can establish their qualifications to the satisfaction of the Federal Government. By the time anyone established anything to the satisfaction of same, they would be too old for pictures anyway.

I had better stop before I get into politics. I know too many people who wish they had.

NEXT MONTH

Next month NEW MOVIE will bring you the fascinating story of Fred Astaire, light-footed dancing comedian who is taking Hollywood by storm. A new kind of picture personality! Friend of royalty, spending half his time in the smart London revues and the other half in Hollywood, Fred Astaire is a coming star. You will be intensely interested in what he has to say to you.

The Real Mae West

(*Continued from page 28*)

and easy ways, her staff addresses her always as "Miss West." She's very particular about that. Those who work for her are her friends always. She gives them loans if they are hard up. She makes their sorrows hers. But they must keep their distance—professionally.

Her response to those suffering from the trials and tribulations of life is as real as it is spontaneous. She has never lost her interest in the plight of the girls she met during her visit to Welfare Island.

In her dressing room one day I asked her if she would recall any kindnesses she has done for women. Her goodness to men out of jobs, to the people of the theater, is proverbial.

"I don't think so much of women," she said. "I can't think of anything I ever did for them—maybe I never have helped any."

As it happened, a young woman and an elderly man were ushered into her dressing room only five minutes later, and Miss West and the two of them went off into secret conclave. To make a long story short, the man was a doctor. The girl had made the acquaintance of Miss West on the Island, and had through unfortunate circumstances taken to relieving her sorrows with dope. Miss West had arranged some days previously to pay hospital expenses for a cure, but was eager to give the doctor the "once over" before putting the girl in his care.

Through long years in the show business, and her experience in dealing with all sorts and conditions of human beings, Miss West has learned to size up people in two minutes, and in her judgment of character she is shrewd, analytical and discerning.

HAVING launched herself on a career of writer, producer and star of her own plays, Miss West's next play was "Pleasure Man," followed by "Diamond Lil," one of the greatest theatrical hits of the past decade. It came to be written in a peculiar way. Coming home one night from the theater, bedecked and shining in her favorite jewels, Miss West was stopped at the desk of her hotel by the manager.

"Excuse me, Miss West," he exclaimed as brilliant, gay and saucy, she strutted provocatively into the foyer, "but you remind me of an old gal of mine."

"O-ooh?" said Miss West, ever ready to listen to a fellow's yarn.

"Yes," he said, "Diamond Lil, the pride of the Bowery, when I was a lad of parts."

And he launched forth into a description of this notorious gal, easy to get, hard to forget, who claimed men's hearts and wore their diamonds.

Mae West became very curious about this gay and gaudy lady of the romantic nineties who lived in the heart of the elderly hotel manager, as the most glamorous and alluring being he had ever known. He had a trunk full of photographs, gewgaws and mementoes of the unscrupulous, seductive dame who lived and loved on the Bowery.

"Diamond Lil," dead these many

(*Please turn to page 90*)

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The Real Mae West

(*Continued from page 89*)

years, began to live again in the imagination of Mae West, and day by day the rowdy, reckless, roisterous, unregenerate lady with passion unrestrained, became Diamond Lil as we know her on the stage today, blonde, buxom and bejewelled, with wisecracks on her tongue, a promise in her eyes, and no mercy in her heart. Opulent of bosom, waspish of waist, and with those curving hips which have become the fashion, Diamond Lil embarked upon her professional career of luring and outsmarting men a la Mae West.

With the success of "Diamond Lil," Mae West was on the top of the world. Her sallies, "You can be had," and "Come up and see me sometime," were on every tongue, and the clientele of the Mae West show was the most chic and smartest in town. She became the toast of the Gay White Way.

Miss West is five feet four inches tall and weighs 116 pounds. The transformation into the buxom shapeliness required for Diamond Lil exacted of her a strict regime. She had to eat her way to success in order to acquire that superabundance of curves—danger ahead! Diamond Lil—in fact all the beauties of her day—were Junoesque.

With 160 pounds as her goal, she wore a specially constructed boned corset which brought her waist in and her hips out, designed and executed by no less a personage than the maker of Lillian Russell's inimitable armor.

Mae West was playing on the stage when her mother died. Schooled in the tradition of the theater—"the play must go on"—she went ahead with her evening's performance. Hard-boiled? When the final curtain went down, a physician had to be sent for to revive her. Overcome by grief and emotion they found Miss West on the floor of her dressing room unconscious.

Miss West loves opulence and richness and gaudiness, in some things. Her clothes are simple but striking, and her jewels, round her throat, at her breast and on her fingers, and up to her arms, are the last word in lavish display. She loves jewels, and one of her real sorrows occurred while in California when she lost one of her most prized possessions. A hold-up man saw fit to relieve her of her favorite pendant—a champagne bottle in diamonds which she wore suspended from a diamond necklace. She was wrathful with that bandit, who forced the door of her limousine in front of her Hollywood apartment. With a pistol at her ribs, she judged this was one of the men who couldn't be had. However, she gave him a piece of her mind, along with the pendant.

Miss West made her debut in Hollywood unostentatiously. Without any heralding or fanfare of trumpets, she went to Hollywood a year and a half ago under contract for a comparatively small part in the picture "Night After Night." She felt that by her performance in that production she would stand or fall in pictures. She asked permission to write her own dialogue, with the result that as the glittering lady whose diamonds were irreconcilable to goodness, she was acclaimed as the hit of the film. And in her next production, "She Done Him Wrong," an adaptation of "Diamond Lil," she was not only catapulted to stardom, but was the reason the picture was the biggest box-office sensation of the year.

In Hollywood she lives simply, in an apartment near the studio, with her brother. She takes part in none of the Hollywood gaieties, spending her time out of the studio writing her dialogue for the current production and preparing the script of the next. Her new one is "It Ain't No Sin." She never misses any of the fights, and Cary Grant, who has accompanied her to some of them, is amazed at the warmth and geniality she brings to the ringside where invariably she greets a host of friends.

"All sorts they are," said Cary Grant on a recent visit to New York. "And she is as interested in them, though she may not have seen them for years, as though she'd been palling around with them the day before. She is interested in human beings, that's the secret of her popularity with them. I don't believe women can appreciate that quality in her.

Miss West's feeling for literature is, like all people whose education has been of their own choosing, spasmodic. But she has a library of biographies of which she is justly proud. It contains the lives of all the great women in history. She hates fiction, because, she says, "I can do my own dreaming; I want to know things that are real."

She likes to portray bad women, she says, because "that's the only kind of women people are interested in. Can you remember any of the good women in history? I can't—only Betsy Ross, and all she could make was a flag!"

Letters Condemning Mae's Influence

(*Continued from page 33*)

practically the whole public.

Robert J. Hill, Dayton, O.—Her talks and lyrics are in many cases an affront and insult to good morals. We are not all perfect morally, but the trend of civilization is for the improvement of morals. Why go backward just to attract those that have not advanced with civilization?

Mrs. John Feehan, Hamden, Conn.—Seeing her picture is much like going to a circus—go once and you know just what to expect thereafter. Personally I prefer the circus.

Mrs. J. R. Garrison, Knobnoster, Mo.—When one's five-year-old child comes from kindergarten calling, "Yuh kin be had," that's a little more than one can swallow at any time.

Leslie Morton, West Hartlepool, England.—To all conservative people Mae West must appear an unorthodox novelty who is anything but an influence for good.

Letters Condemning Mae's Influence

John Portrum, Columbia, S. C.—Women, in an attempt to imitate her, may resort to the gaudy in both dress and jewelry.

Mae Jones, Philadelphia, Pa.—It is a standard rule in our house that the children, fourteen, seventeen and nineteen, are not to go to any pictures that Mae West appears in. I do so want them to have higher ideals and a little more refinement than they would see paraded before them in any of her pictures. Privately she may be wonderful, but her pictures are just plain vulgar, cheap and disgusting.

These People Have Nothing but Praise

(*Continued from page* 33)

Mrs. Grace Estes, Clarkston, Ga.—Mae West is to the theater-going public what a bright rattle is to a baby, a fairy story and circus to a kid, puppy love to the youngsters.

Betty Virtue Fallin, Medford, Ore.—Who, of the intelligentsia of America, would be morally influenced by a couple of hours at the cinema?

Mrs. R. L. Moreno, Tucson, Ariz.—There are distinctly bad influences in pictures. Among the worst are drunkenness and glorifying gangsters. I have attended every Mae West picture shown in this city, and she hasn't had any such "stuff" as these two things, or been the proverbial "home-wrecker."

Mrs. Ruth Christensen, Catoosa, Okla.—She is a tangy, bitey, phizzy tonic for a depression-ridden people.

Miss Maud O'Bryan, New Orleans, La.—Her antics provide a much needed tonic for over-romanticism and mush, and insidious suggestiveness.

Norman Robertson, Seattle, Wash.—Mae West is a great entertainer. There is a dash of tabasco in her entertainment just as there is a dash of it in her personality. When a personality can make the clothing industry on two continents put on curves, many people are put to work. Incidentally, the wives of two continents get new clothes.

Give and Take

(*Continued from page* 45)

Jeanette MacDonald, W. C. Fields, Lupe Velez, Charles Laughton, Marie Dressler, Clark Gable, Katharine Hepburn, Jack Oakie.

Stock: Louise Fazenda, Joan Bennett, Nat Pendleton, Edward Everett Horton, Marjorie Rambeau, ZaSu Pitts, Ginger Rogers, Walter Connelly, Beryl Mercer, Warner Oland, Herbert Marshall, Charles Ruggles, Alison Skipworth, Genevieve Tobin, Stepin Fetchit.

TWENTY-TWO stars appeared, twenty-eight disappeared during the past year. The success of Jean Muir is significant. Along with Margaret Sullavan, Jean Parker, Ruby Keeler, Frances Dee, she reflects the naturalness and unretouched beauty of America's youngest generation.

(*Please turn to page* 92)

Learn her MAGIC SECRET *of* BEAUTY

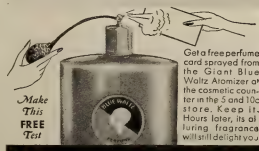


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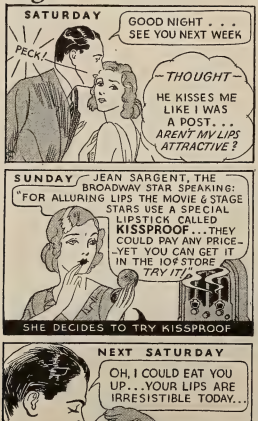
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Give and Take

(*Continued from page* 91)

There are older stars, of course, who have the quality, notably Kay Francis. I predict it won't be long before the posey gargoyled mamas with the blubber lips, broom lashes and curlicue brows will be as forgotten as ladies who wore rats in their hair and bird cage bustles.

CLARK GABLE threatens to turn Indian too. His favorite retreat is Lake Pyramid on an Indian reservation in Nevada. He says he intends to retire there but Mrs. Gable says they have bought a ranch in the San Diego mountains so maybe us Cupas can get him to join our tribe. Squaws are all a-twitter.

RIGHT Off the Chest:

Why doesn't some producer sign my favorite songstress, who is none other than Rosa Ponselle?

When a star goes to Europe or anywhere else for more than two weeks she has to stage a come-back.

Cagney is turning on the personality a little too strong; needs to get inside another character as in "Winner Take All."

Bette Davis sometimes suggests the beautiful bisque doll that walks, talks, opes orbs.

A Tarzan scream of approval for Lupe Velez' Slim Girl in "Laughing Boy."

Little Columbia has outpaced the big league companies in quality of productions.

Where has Eddie Quillan gone?—a fine young comedian.

Story suggestion for alert producer: "Mr. President" based on Ike Hoover's memoirs in the Post; W. C. Fields for President, Louise Fazenda for First Lady.

RICHARD BARTHELMESS at 39 and Ramon Novarro at 35 are star veterans. Dick has blazed for fifteen years, Ramon for thirteen. There are many stars older in years—the Barrymores, Colman, Beery . . . Stardom is no longer bounded by age limits. But both Dick and Ramon have excelled in youth portrayals. When I congratulated Ramon on assignment to play Kipling's "Kim," he said, "It's marvelous, but how long can I get by playing boys?" Fortunately both Barthelmess and Novarro have swell alternatives. Dick would make a corking producer, and producers are needed more than stars. Novarro is rapidly making the whole world his concert stage. Each is distinguished by the loyalty of his following.

I'M getting pretty tired of being told that the reason stars have to make such enormous salaries is that they have to live so much better than the rest of us. Stars must keep up a front, they say, while writers for example, may starve in garrets without loss of prestige (I'd trade prestige for a bird and a bottle any time). To keep up the front a star must have a mansion, servants, sixty suits and almost as many cars. Unhuh, say I, have you ever seen Greta careening around in her Lincoln?—the original Lincoln, I mean, the one Abe drove. Stepin Fetchit had three cars full of servants but the front set him back. In my opinion the only front worth keeping up is Mae West's.

HOLLYWOOD is the deserted village so far as movie folks are concerned. They have migrated to Beverly Hills, Brentwood, Bel Air, Westwood, Santa Monica. The only celebrities left are those who want to get away from it all—Peter the Hermit and Ronnie Colman. The latest trek is over the trail blazed by Father Serra into San Fernando valley. Everyone is buying a ranch (piece of ground large enough for house and geranium). Among the rancheros of San Fernando are Paul Muni, Charlie Ruggles, Lewis Stone, Francis Lederer, Joel McCrea and Frances Dee. And Mae West says she will soon move over. I think there should be some final ceremony when Mae's glittering swan bed goes swaying over the trail of the padres.

New Movie's Awards

(*Continued from page* 40)

choices more significant than those which might possibly be made by any single group especially selected to give such judgments.

It is noteworthy that the balloting ignored those films of last year about which the flame of controversy burned brightly, if briefly; and that the performers who received the largest number of votes were not those who have been the centers of a more or less constant publicity. It would seem that the theater-goers represented in this poll have been more impressed by beauty and dignity, both in story and acting, than by sensationalism.

So, without further preamble, The New Movie Magazine presents "the people's choice:—"

BEST ALL AROUND FEATURE—"Dinner at Eight." This noteworthy production of M-G-M with its notable cast, including as it did Madge Evans, Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, the Barrymores and Wallace Beery, among others, led in the voting all the way. Its nearest competitor for the honor was "Cavalcade."

BEST PERFORMANCE (Actress)—Katharine Hepburn was selected in this division. The dynamic actress had more than one opportunity, during the year, to add cubits to her professional stature, but it was particularly her work in "Little Women" which brought her many votes, according to the comment which accompanied the ballots. Other high-rating stars were Helen Hayes, Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford.

BEST PERFORMANCE (Actor)—Fredric March. He maintained a high

New Movie's Awards

quality of work in all of his 1933 vehicles, but NEW MOVIE readers were particularly swayed by his acting in "The Sign of the Cross." Leslie Howard, Lionel Barrymore and Nils Asther were others whose performances brought them near-top ranking.

BEST MUSICAL PICTURE—"Forty-Second Street." This tuneful spectacle of Warner Brothers seems to have been a national favorite, judging from the number of votes it received. Two others also frequently mentioned were "Footlight Parade" and "Gold Diggers of 1933."

BEST HUMAN INTEREST PICTURE—"Little Women," RKO's masterpiece of 1933, had very little competition in this division. The picturization of Louisa M. Alcott's old story of New England home life seems to have been the most uniformly popular film the year brought forth. Among the thousands of letters received, about this picture, not one was touched with criticism.

BEST MYSTERY PICTURE—"The Kennel Murder Case." Warner Brothers seemed to have done a popular thing when they returned William Powell as the erudite detective "Philo Vance." Among other thriller films which also were frequently voted for were "The Invisible Man" and "The Mystery of the Wax Museum."

BEST ROMANCE—"Only Yesterday," produced by Universal. The selection of this picture, which brought Margaret Sullavan to stardom, proves perhaps that people do not demand happy endings in their film entertainment. A simple love story, provocative of tears rather than smiles, it drew great popular approval.

BEST COMEDY—"Duck Soup" (Paramount). The tomfooleries of the four Marx Brothers, which brought a harvest of laughter, also impelled a host of votes and entrenched the film in first place in its division.

BEST SHORT FILM—"The Three Little Pigs." Walt Disney's masterpiece in color, which had the nation screaming and which made the Big, Bad Wolf a household pet, was one of the biggest film events of the year.

BEST NEWSREELS — Paramount. The voting in this classification did not have reference to the picturization of any particular news event, but covered the average run of newsreel releases during the year.

BEST DIRECTION—Frank Capra for "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." It is sometimes believed that movie audiences are more or less insensible to this technical phase of picture-making which is known as "direction," but there is no doubt that they easily recognize something behind acting excellence in all good films. The voting brought forth the titles of a large number of the best remembered films of 1933, but leading the way was "The Bitter Tea of General Yen."

BEST STORY—"Little Women." The familiarity of practically all of the present generation with this book accounts, no doubt, for the selection of this story for the gold medal. It has been popular for so many decades that it spans all age ranges, and a vote for it was apparently considered as a vote for a household friend.

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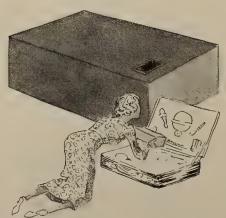
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Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

The MAKE-UP BOX

WE wish there were room enough to picture *all* the thrilling things that came to the Beauty Department this month . . . a fat green and white jar of cucumber emulsion for sallow skin . . . a tiny bottle of perfume with a cool fresh fragrance designed for warm weather . . . a white glazed piqué beach kit trimmed with blue containing sunburn cream and sensitive skin cream, with an ample space for comb and dark glasses.

DID you ever notice how dry and chapped your lips become during summer months? Sun and salt water intensify this condition but there are two new kinds of pomade which come in green or red lipstick-like containers . . . one is white and the other a blush rose. Use them to correct chapped dry lips and remove all traces of indelible lip rouge.



WOULDN'T you like a personal complexion analysis by Hollywood's famous make-up expert? He will select for you the color harmony which is individually yours, which harmonizes with your complexion and emphasizes your personality. What you do is to fill out a questionnaire in which you tell all (about the color of your eyes, hair, complexion, skin texture, and so on). Then you are told exactly what make-up is correct for your type. Armed with this knowledge, you dash out and purchase the color harmony ensemble. It's a treasure chest of everything your heart desires . . . a huge jar of melting cleansing cream, finely textured face powder, a bottle of spicy skin freshener, eyebrow pencil, eye shadow and mascara, a superindelible lipstick. When Pandora opened her magic box, she could have been no less excited than when we opened ours.

THE young lady pictured above may be lacking in smart apparel, but she's certainly not lacking in hot weather beauty aids. The jars, bottles and boxes which she is contemplating, while whisking a towel about her, are shown in their new summer dress . . . pale peach and tropical orange with masses of tropical flowers and



capped in sun-orange. Bathing, today, may be a dull routine or an enjoyable luxury. Bathe in water softened and scented by a handful of bath salts from the great plump bottle; step from the tub and pat on toilet water which leaves your body as fresh as early clover; then fluff on the chiffon-fine bath powder to prolong the cool sensation. More detailed information about these glorious bath products may be found in this month's beauty circulars. Want one?

GOLF players welcomed these products for foot-relief with loud huzzahs! But there's no reason why young mothers who find Junior's baby carriage outings a bit tiring, or even enthusiastic beauty editors who raise an occasional blister in their quest for beauty news, shouldn't use them too! One is a tube of medicated salve which when massaged in will cool the feet, quell pain, and reduce swelling. Then there's a special cuticle softener which does things for the old corns or callouses, if you are so afflicted. One treatment is as refreshing to the feet as a mint julep on a summer's day.



If you would like further information about the articles described, and other beauty news, write to the Beauty Editor, Make-up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page* 15)

LUNCH, we'll skip. But, along about dinner time, it wouldn't make us a bit mad if Mrs. Purnell Pratt invited us to another of her famous baked bean banquets.

She gave one the other night in honor of George Cohan's daughter, Helen, and everyone, including the Princess Pignatelli, did complete justice to the lowly, but exalted bean.

•

WOULDN'T you expect to find at least a white peacock stalking majestically about the front lawn of Connie Bennett's ultra-swank Beverly Hills home? Wouldn't you?

Well, walk through Connie's gate and page Mister Ripley! Because, there against the front wall nestles a plain, ordinary chicken coop, occupied by some twenty plain, ordinary, prospective Sunday dinners!

•

HOLLYWOOD! . . . Land of Ballyhoo . . . inhabited by worshippers of the Golden Cow . . . and shooters of the Brass Bull. . . .

Out here, there is no reason for anything. The unexpected always happens. Even the weather is inconsistent. It never rains—except on rare occasions when it pours for three or four weeks at a time—and the sun always shines. . . .

Hollywood! . . . where ex-icemen are cast as princes . . . and genuine royalty swells the bread lines . . . or swap moth-eaten titles for "coffee-and" . . . via matrimony. . . .

On one set they were shooting a prison scene. Dark, cheerless cells lined the corridor. Haggard faces . . . white, hopeless . . . peered through the confining bars.

A black-robed chaplain fingered the crucifix that hung from about his neck, watching the scene with gentle, compassionate eyes. Stern-faced guards paced the enclosure.

All was ready. . . .

Suddenly, a derisive and unmistakable "Bronx cheer" split the silence.

"Who did that!" the director roared.

"Me." All eyes turned toward the gentle-visaged chaplain. "I done it," he admitted with remarkable nonchalance.

"Oh, you DID, did you?" snorted the director. "And, may I ask, WHY?"

"Because you're all wet," His Reverence announced calmly. "Whoever heard of a prison guard packin' a gat?"

Half a dozen "yes-men" started to roll up their sleeves but the director stopped them with an imperious gesture.

"Wait a minute!" he commanded. "I want to hear about this. Do you," he addressed the synthetic chaplain, "know what you are talking about?"

"I ought to," the man smiled modestly, "seein' as how I just finished a ten-yard stretch in San Quentin! And . . . in all that time, I never seen no guard packin' a cannon!"

(*Please turn to page* 96)

Your Grocery Store Clerk Is On the Job to See That You Are Served



ONE of the most obliging . . . one of the persons most necessary to your every-day existence, is the man behind the grocery store counter. Perhaps you've never especially thought about it—just taken him for granted. But what would you do without him?

As a shopping housewife, you no doubt recall some occasion on which a grocery clerk gave you special helpful or courteous service. For the best letters of 50 words or less, telling about your experiences, Tower Magazines is paying $1,000.00 in cash this month. See pages 10 and 11 of this magazine for complete details—and mail your letter before September 15th!

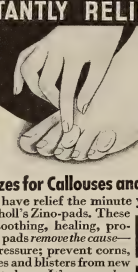
Friendly HELPFUL Service TOWER HONOR ROLL

This month's awards will be given to the best letters about friendly, helpful service in grocery stores.

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• A "get acquainted" gift from REJUVIA, the favorite lipstick of more than a million women. A complete 17 x 22" scientific character reading chart absolutely FREE to you.
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Mail your name and address on penny post card. No cost. No obligation. SEND NOW TO Rejuvia Beauty Labs., Inc., Dept. H 40 395 Broadway, N. Y.

Try REJUVIA Lipstick today, velvet smooth, permanent waterproof, indelible, in correct shade for your individual complexion. A tested quality full size lipstick for only ...10 cents at most F. W. WOOLWORTH Co Stores. . . .

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End freckles, blackheads quick

Be lovely! Have the flawless, satin-smooth skin men admire! No matter how freckled or blemished your complexion, how dull and dark, Nadinola Bleaching Cream will bring you flawless, radiant new beauty—almost overnight. Just smooth it on at bedtime tonight—no massaging, no rubbing. Instantly Nadinola begins its beautifying work. Tan, freckles, blackheads, pimples, muddy, sallow color vanish quickly. Day by day your skin grows more lovely—creamy white, smooth, adorable. No disappointments, no long waiting; tested and trusted for over a generation. Try at our risk—money back if not delighted. Get a large box of Nadinola Bleaching Cream at toilet counters, or by mail postpaid, only 50c. NADINOLA, Box T-21, Paris, Tenn. *Generous 10c sizes Nadinola Beauty aids at many 5c and 10c stores.*

Nadinola Bleaching Cream

Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page* 95)

AND, was the reprehensible gentleman kicked off the set for his impertinence? Not much, he wasn't! Instead, the director slapped him on the back, had him installed as technical director for the duration of the picture, and saw to it that he received a nice weekly check for telling them just what was wrong, and what to do about it!

Yes . . . ten years *is* a long time in which to work up to the position of technical director. . . .

•

HONEST, folks, this is a crazy business. But, it's a poor day when you can't wade through the tears and heartaches to pick up at least one laugh.

Under the Extra Players' Code (Which Eddie Cantor, Ann Harding, Jimmy Cagney, and a host of other stars are defending so staunchly) is the stipulation that "the reading of a line, or lines," automatically boosts the usual seven-five-o check of the extra to twenty-five dollars. Ad libbing, however, does not come under this head.

On one set, the director picked a man from the extra ranks and instructed him to stand out of camera range and call stations as the "prop" train pulled into the depot.

"Not at these prices!" the man protested. "The Code says 'Twenty-five dollars for lines.'"

"But . . ." the director argued, "there aren't *any lines. All you do when I give the signal, is shout: 'Berlin . . . Baden-Baden . . . any old thing, see? Just ad lib, for goodness sake!"*

"O. K., boss," the extra agreed finally. "Ad lib, it is!"

And, if it hadn't been a German train, pulling into a supposedly German station, what happened wouldn't have been so funny.

As it was, when the director signaled, our extra friend opened his mouth and bawled:

"Chicago! . . . Hollywood! . . . Schenectady . . . a-aa-and SANTA MONICA-AAA-A-AA . . . !!"

And, just to prove that some directors are regular fellows, the extra got his twenty-five dollars and a big laugh . . . in which the director joined!

•

MAYBE it's repeal. Or maybe Papa Mars is going two ways on a one-way orbit. Anyhow, the local lads were swapping hay-makers this month and we're keeping out of the way from now on because they're not any too fussy about who stops 'em.

Our own Gable and Gilbert Roland tied into each other, and Lee Tracy tangled with director William Wellman, and Lyle Talbot offered to take a pop at the popular Danny Danker . . . it's been a pretty bloody month, any way you look at it.

AS a rule, Lyle Talbot is pretty level-headed about his many girl friends, but, for a while, it looked as if the Alice Faye alliance was something else again.

Independent-like, the fair Faye chose to step out with Danny Danker, probably never dreaming that Lyle was anywhere about. Or maybe she wasn't even worrying about it?

Anyhow, when the pair bumped into the brooding Lyle at a favorite stay-up-all-night spot, it did look to be headin' for a hey, nonny-nonny and a left to somebody's button. Danny's button.

However, the good-natured Danny saved the day by grabbing Lyle's up and coming right and genially advising him not to make a scene.

And thus another juicy morsel was snatched from the jaws of the big, bad publicity wolves.

And so we popped in on a Warner Brothers' set and found Lyle, nose buried deep in a massive volume on ancient Egypt.

Completely oblivious to all about him, he read on . . . and . . . and ON . . . ignoring our presence entirely until some helpful soul turned loose a rousing "Ps-ss-st!"

Snapping out of his daze, Lyle looked up at us and exclaimed: "That's funny! I was just reading about skulls and things. . . . I look up suddenly and . . . there you *are!"*

•

DIXIE LEE just can't stand conceit in any form.

The other night she effectively took the well-known starch out of one Public Nuisance who had embarked on a long-winded oration of his too, too superior qualities, with:

"Pull that knife out of your back . . . you're bleeding to death!"

•

CAROLE LOMBARD is probably the most proficient feminine "ribber" in this here town.

When the "We're Not Dressing" company was on location in Catalina, she collected, single handed, the "goats" of practically every member of the company.

One evening, after a hard day's work, a few of the principals dropped in at a local movie for a little relaxation.

Between features, a Bing Crosby "short" was flashed upon the screen, and, as Bing himself was sitting a short distance away with the director, it gave Carole a well idea.

Right in the middle of Bing's big number, Carole's gang got their heads together, collaborated on one long, loud "Bronx" cheer, and then got up and noisily left the theater!

Some fun, eh, kid?

•

HOLLYWOOD is beginning to look more like a ribbers' Paradise than a production center.

Hollywood Day by Day

Even august directors are sitting in on the fun. Or maybe it was their idea in the first place? Far be it from NEMO to give out any misplaced credits.

As Gloria Stuart left the Warners' lot and headed for her car, Director Lloyd Bacon stood in the offing, a gleam of rare anticipation in his eyes.

Sliding under the wheel, Gloria pressed a dainty toe on the starter. There was a muffled "Pop!" followed by an ominous "s-ss-sss-s-ss!" that can mean but one thing to any motorist.

A split second later, the "Pop!" and subsequent "s-ss-sss-s!" was repeated. Four times, so help me! . . . And, just as the harassed Gloria was verging on the hysterical, a cloud of black smoke rolled from under the hood!

With a shriek, the startled gal tumbled out of the car and tore across the lot, yelling "Fire!" with every leap. And, all the time, Director Bacon leaned helplessly against the side of a convenient building, simply convulsed with laughter!

Eventually, they caught up with the leaping lady and explained that it was all in fun . . . just a trick gadget that anyone can attach to a trusting friend's spark plugs for a laugh.

And how that gal did laugh as she plucked a dozen startled gray hairs from her blond head, next morning!

•

GARY COOPER and the brand-new missus have moved into town from Gary's favorite ranch.

When your favorite bachelor (and that's only because you haven't happened to meet up with Casanova NEMO!) jumped off the deep end, he announced that it was because he had finally found a pal who thoroughly liked all of the things that he enjoyed.

Now, with the little woman turning thumbs down on the wide open spaces and developing a yen for the bright lights . . . what do you make of it, Watson?

•

WILL ROGERS, who likes to play bashful boy . . . has his blushing down pat . . . and always runs when the fans try to nail him down, has gone and spoiled all our illusions by appearing in the West Coast presentation of "AH, WILDERNESS."

Furthermore, he admits that he *likes* it. And, best of all . . he's making a swell job of his appearances.

•

We've heard little or nothing from the Chaplin front of late. Since the report of his marriage to Paulette Goddard, he's even deserted his customary lunch-time booth in our delicatessen. The answer must be that these warm days have driven him to his right smart little boat . . . and we must admit that the channel islands are pretty tempting right now!

•

Call Anna Sten a "peasant type" if you wish, but she certainly pulled a fast one on her boss, Sam Goldwyn.

Goldwyn thought that she might not be able to put over the young girl part, in the early sequences of "Resurrection." But, on the q. t., Anna slipped out and posed with the photographer, and now Sam has been obliged to change his mind.

More than that, he's driving everybody nutty by cornering 'em and proudly displaying the really good photos.

And Anna, peasant-like, says nothing.

•

Nat Pendleton, who has played dumb gangster roles ever since his advent in pictures, is "within the law" for the first time in his career. As a dumb cop, in M-G-M's "The Thin Man," Nat remarks:

"If environment has anything to do with it, I'm destined to be the original dumb bunny of the century! Some people are born that way; others acquire it; but it looks like I'm the guy who's had it thrust upon him!"

Paradoxically enough, Nat's background has fitted him for anything but dumbness.

A college graduate, he has been a member of the Mexican secret service, world champion wrestler, owner of an oil company in Portugal, purchasing agent for the United States Government in Spain, supervisor of distribution for General Motors in New York, organizer of a motion picture company, and speaks four languages fluently.

Ah, the advantages of a college education . . . ???

•

OTTO KRUGER was just plain nervous. His face was drawn and white. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. The muscles of his jaw tightened spasmodically.

What was it? Was he about to step into a difficult role without confidence? . . . No, worse than that. Did some tough gangster have him by the hip pocket? . . . Not at all, the cause of all this nervous emotion was the fact that his seven-year-old daughter, Ottilie, had just settled her little skirts upon the piano bench, preparatory to playing the opening number of her very first piano recital.

And Otto couldn't take it!

•

Thelma Todd has a swell offer that she can't very well overlook.

A Hindu potentate offered to make the beauteous blonde his Number One wife if she will just come to his country. And he put it in writing, too!



Style

IN EVERY STEP *with* GRIFFIN ALLWITE for ALL white shoes

GRIFFIN ALLWITE gives a "new shoe" finish that *lasts*. Doesn't cake, crack or discolor . . . will not rub off on clothes or upholstery . . . and actually cleans as it whitens.

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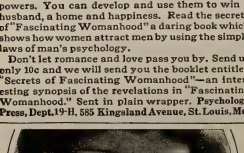
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TRY IT.... YOU'LL LOVE IT
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"A Woman may Marry whom She Likes!"

—said Thackeray. This great author knew the power of women—better than most women do. Men are helpless in the hands of women who really know how to handle them. You have such powers. You can develop and use them to win a husband, a home and happiness. Read the secrets of "Fascinating Womanhood" a daring book which shows how women attract men by using the simple laws of man's psychology.
Don't let romance and love pass you by. Send us only 10c and we will send you the booklet entitled "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood"—an interesting synopsis of the revelations in "Fascinating Womanhood." Sent in plain wrapper. Psychology Press, Dept. 19-H, 585 Kingsland Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.


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Secretly and Quickly Removed!
YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles quickly and surely in the privacy of your own room. Your friends will wonder how you did it. Stillman's Freckle Cream removes them while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and smooth, the complexion fresh and clear. 50c
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Mail this Coupon to Box 101
THE STILLMAN CO., Aurora, Illinois
FREE ☐ Booklet on Freckles. ☐ Sample Face Powder.
Name.....
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First Nights on Broadway

(*Continued from page* 49)

made a photoplay that is hard to forget and should be obligatory to see.

Miss Bennett as the ruthlessly erotic Duchess of Florence and Mr. March as the insurgent and amorous goldsmith, Cellini, play close to the top of their forms, but Mr. Morgan (who has left the cinema to take over his family's interests in Angostura Bitters) walks away with the picture. No subordinate actor since these bleared eyes started looking critically at movies has more completely made a film his own.

As the blood-thirsty, fuzzy-minded, comic and cruel Duke Alessandro, Mr. Morgan reveals himself as a magnificent comedian.

The production is lavishly mounted and intelligently directed. The minor parts are well played throughout, with Louis Calhern doing an excellent characterization of the scoundrelly Ottaviano. If the picture's climax is a bit implausible, you can forgive this for the sake of its other excellences, chief of which is the belatedly discovered talent for comedy of Mr. Morgan.

High Spots: Alessandro muddling through a meeting of his council. Cellini's impassioned wooing bouncing off the dumb Angela (Miss Wray). Ottaviano showing Cellini the torturers' masterpieces. Cellini and the wrathful Duchess fencing verbally at a state dinner.

Twentieth Century—AA

Directed by Howard Hawks
Released by Columbia

THE most successful stage comedy of two seasons ago appears on the screen with the qualities that made it a legitimate triumph, all intact. John Barrymore and Carole Lombard have the chief roles in this chronicle of rowdy and violent happenings on a train journey from Chicago to New York. Mr. Barrymore never has been more outrageously comic and Miss Lombard has relaxed her face, brightened her voice and suddenly determined to act.

You'll like "20th Century." The comedy therein ranges from bitter satire to broadest slapstick. The irreverence of the original production may have been toned down, but there is enough of it left to preserve the native rowdy flavor. As the spoiled darling of the movies, Miss Lombard plays with a fine temperamental skill and Mr. Barrymore as the producer demonstrates that he is as excellent in comedy as in tragedy or melodrama.

The direction is uniformly good and a thoroughly able cast pushes the hilarity along without scruple and with much skill. Walter Connolly, who has yet to turn in a bad film performance, is laughable as a theatrical business manager. Herman Bing and Lee Kohlmar do well as a couple of stranded Passion Play actors, and Etienne Girardot is perhaps a shade better than all these as a mild little religious maniac.

"20th Century" is one movie this month that you should take a deal of trouble to see.

High Spots: Clark (Mr. Girardot) adorning cars and passengers with religious pasters. The supposedly dying Jaffe (Mr. Barrymore) wheedling Lily (Miss Lombard) into signing a contract. Webb (Mr. Connolly) discovering that the check he has just obtained from Clark has been issued by a maniac. The identical note on which the picture begins and ends.

He Was Her Man—AA

Directed by Lloyd Bacon
Released by Warner

JAMES CAGNEY mutes his voice in this picture, softens his manner, refrains from beating up women, and turns in what appears to me his best performance in the best film he has had to date.

Modesty keeps me from pointing out who has been insisting that Mr. Cagney is too good an actor for a routine role. He has a different, or at least a modified, role this time. He still plays a gutter type. He's a yegg, but not hard-boiled.

"He Was Her Man" is a silly title, but the picture is fast, honest drama with a good story for its framework and a cast that can carry it along at top speed. Mr. Cagney, despite his still tough exterior, is permitted to display not only sentiment but a tragic heroism. The courage of those who did the picture goes still further. They have dared even to give it its logical, unhappy ending.

Joan Blondell as a woman of more principle than virtue is only a fraction of an inch below Mr. Cagney's achievement. She resists the temptation to overplay her part and in consequence gives a heart-stirring and honest performance. Victor Jory is also sincere as a Portuguese fisherman, and Sarah Padden, as his mother, is more than satisfactory in a minor role.

Whoever was responsible for the script displayed ingenuity and intelligence in building the story, and Mr. Bacon, by his direction, keeps it traveling at ever-increasing speed from start to finish. "He Was Her Man" is one of the rarities worth sitting through twice.

High Spots: Rose (Miss Blondell) starting to eject Flicker from her room and ending in his arms. Flicker jilting Rose to save her life.

Stand Up and Cheer—B

Directed by Hamilton McFadden
Released by Fox

WILL ROGERS and Philip Klein share the credit for this story. There really isn't enough of it for two. This is a celluloid vaudeville show in which numbers—some good and some not—are strung on a thin, frayed thread of plot that gets pretty thoroughly lost before the picture is over.

The cast is all cluttered up with stars—Madge Evans, John Boles, Ralph Morgan, Warner Baxter, Sylvia Froos, James Dunn, Stepin Fetchit, Arthur Byron—but the smallest member of the troupe seems to me the most worth while. If the film had no other merit, it should be worth your attention for the presence of Shirley Temple, only five, who plays with the charm and skill of thirty more years. When this abhorrer of infant prodigies





We're off on a Treasure Hunt, mates . . . with pirate ships and whales, crocodiles and storms. That is, we are, if we're readers of TINY TOWER, the new magazine that is full of good fun for little boys and girls. And after they finish the Treasure Hunt, there are so many other fascinating things to do and read.



How to make a sail boat! A sailor poem! A song! Adventures of the animals that visited Niagara Falls! Picnic page and how to make a drinking cup! A game on the beach! Jokes . . . puzzles . . . magic!



You can get the August TINY TOWER at F. W. Woolworth Co. stores and on selected newsstands—10c a copy. After the children have had one copy, we predict they will simply have to have a year's subscription . . . but that's easy. Just slip $1.00 for 12 months' fun in an envelope with the child's name and address. If it's a birthday present, tell us, and we'll send an attractive birthday card from you with the first issue.

TINY TOWER
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

First Nights on Broadway

pays tribute to one, she must be good. The music is fair. The ensemble numbers aren't even that.

High Spots: Miss Temple singing "Baby Take a Bow" with Mr. Dunn. A penguin imitating Jimmy Durante.

Where Sinners Meet—A

Directed by J. Walter Ruben
Released by RKO-Radio

THE not entirely cockeyed idea that movie audiences have brains seems to have inspired the sponsors of this film version of A. A. Milne's play, "The Dover Road." Its appeal chiefly is to the part of man that is lodged above his eyebrows, a portion often entirely neglected by the cinema.

This is a talking, not a moving, picture. It is urbane and slightly mad comedy woven about two tentative adulteries that miss fire. In it, the conversations of Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook and the rest of the cast take the place of action, which is almost non-existent.

The lack of movement doesn't mar the film's entertainment value. What you see is pleasant and what you hear is definitely amusing. Epigrams and satire, bits of philosophy and sophisticated moralizing fly back and forth like balls in a pingpong game, and those who bat them about are skilled players. They include Reginald Owen, Billie Burke, a well-drilled corporal's guard of men and maid servants and Alan Mowbray, to whom special praise should be accorded for his fine sense of comedy as a disillusioned eloper.

High Spots: Mr. Mowbray enduring the syrupy devotion of his partner in elopement (Miss Burke). The breakfast scene between Miss Wynward and Mr. Brook.

We're Not Dressing—A

Directed by Norman Taurog
Released by Paramount

BING CROSBY is an improved comedian in this and he has a better comedy to appear in as well, together with an expert corps of assistants and one hit song, "Love Thy Neighbor." The plot is the old one about the wealthy folks who are cast away on a desert island and are put to work there by a former underling. It is helped along by George Burns and Gracie Allen, Ethel Merman, Carole Lombard, Leon Errol and a gifted bear named Ruby. Altogether, it is pretty darned funny.

Mr. Crosby sings as effectively as usual and, besides, is learning to act. Mr. Taurog, the director, manages the production so cleverly that it presents more the appearance of an actual photoplay than a stitched-together vaudeville show.

My favorite actor in this item is Ruby, who gives a practically perfect performance as a bear who cherishes an instinct for falling upon tenor singers and trying to strangle them. I've always felt there was much to be said for bears.

High Spots: Mr. Errol and Miss Merman demonstrating a new Spanish custom. Ruby careening around the deck of a rocking yacht on roller skates.

(*Please turn to page* 100)

All WHITE Shoes Easily Cleaned

Wonderful results with ColorShine All-Purpose White Cleaner in Tube on kid, cloth or buckskin shoes. Easy to use. Will not rub off. Only 10¢ at Woolworth stores. Twelve kinds of ColorShine for all colors and kinds of shoes.



the **CHORE GIRL**
PURE KNITTED COPPER
INSTANTLY CLEANS POTS AND PANS
No more dishwashy hands!
Patented parallel outer layers provide—
"Double the Wear, where the Wear comes"



EXPERIENCED Mothers know that summer teething must not be trifled with—that summer upsets due to teething may seriously interfere with Baby's progress.

Relieve your Baby's teething pains this summer by rubbing on Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion. It is the actual prescription of a famous Baby specialist, contains no narcotics, and has been used and recommended by millions of Mothers. Your druggist has it.

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—Mrs. Wm. H. Kempf, Williamsport, Pa.

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Every Room with Bath
Daily $2.00 up
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Room and private bath. Meals at hotel. Sightseeing tours. Radio City Music Hall. Shopping tours.

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Room and bath. Meals at hotel. Royal Blue Line sightseeing, uptown and downtown. Radio City Music Hall. Empire State Observation Tower. NBC Broadcasting Studio at Radio City. Choice of other entertainment.
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To get lovely soft French Laundered effects in all you iron . . . no trick at all.
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Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."
.....
.....
.....

First Nights on Broadway

(*Continued from page 99*)

Success at Any Price—A

Directed by J. Walter Ruben
Released by RKO-Radio

THIS picture for the most part is a faithful transcription of the stage play, "Success Story," which set forth the tragedy of a man who sacrificed everything for cash and power. Most of it is hard-hitting drama in which Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the success-ridden principal character does the best work of his career. It concludes with a forced happy ending that is as affrontingly inappropriate as a Bronx cheer in church.

The film follows the play script faithfully to the point where Joe Martin (Mr. Fairbanks) reaches the pinnacle of success and shoots himself. Thereafter, take it from the optimistic movies, he recovers to live happy ever after with his long faithful and long neglected girl friend (Colleen Moore). There ought to be a law.

A fine cast has something into which it can get its teeth. The story is ruthless and shrill and Mr. Fairbanks' development, or deterioration, from a cocksure, sullen boy into an overstrained magnate is worth going miles to see. Genevieve Tobin plays a nitwit woman with a perfect balance that keeps her from being either hard-boiled or sentimental, and Ralph Morgan is a convincingly sleek executive.

This is a distinctly worth-while picture, despite its sloppy conclusion.

High Spots: The discharged Merritt (Mr. Morgan) and the discarded Sarah (Miss Moore) trying to hide their hurts by laughing. Aggie (Miss Tobin) coming home tight at 5 a. m.

Manhattan Melodrama—B

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke
Released by M-G-M

STORY writers of this item have been just about as blind to common sense or human nature as even the movies ever get to be. It is a pretty silly yarn, adorned by fair acting by Clark Gable and better than fair by Myrna Loy and William Powell. There has been better direction on the screen. Mr. Van Dyke has done some of it himself.

"Manhattan Melodrama" is the old one about the two boys who grew up together. The righteous (Mr. Powell) becomes district attorney and later governor, marries the mistress of the wicked (Mr. Gable) and sends his old chum to the electric chair. Drama could have been made out of this, but it hasn't been.

Inanity of plot and a lot of silly lines don't keep Miss Loy and Mr. Powell from being clear-cut and convincing in their roles. . . . Mr. Gable is completely miscast. He acts the sinister gangster and killer like one of the Rover boys. Nat Pendleton, as a comic gunman, does the best and as far as I've seen the only acting of his career. No one else is worth mention in a film that really doesn't rate much.

Sore Spots: Blackie (Mr. Gable) on trial for his life and applauding the district attorney's address to the jury. The maudlin and implausible visit of the governor to the man he has condemned just before the prisoner's execution.

Double Door—A

Directed by Charles Vidor
Released by Paramount

MARY MORRIS, stage veteran, makes her film debut in this goose-flesh-inspiring drama of family pride and personal vindictiveness. If there has been a crying need for a female Boris Karloff in pictures, Miss Morris supplies it. As Victoria Van Brett, the softly savage head of an old New York family, who hates the wife (Evelyn Venable) of her kinsman (Kent Taylor), she is bitter and effective.

This is one of the better horror stories, though, like all the others, it is laid in a dark old house equipped with secret portals. It may carry no great amount of conviction, but it will, I think, stir your hair at times.

Miss Morris heads the cast in billing and in skill. She has a hard job to make the poisonous Victoria a real character, but she succeeds. Her support is thoroughly able. Miss Venable has improved since "Death Takes a Holiday." Sir Guy Standing does an impressive minor role as the family lawyer, and Anne Revere as the dim-witted Caroline Van Brett is real and appealing.

There isn't much cheer in "Double Door," but there is sustained interest and a few thrills.

High Spots: Victoria accusing Anne (Miss Venable) of infidelity. Victoria luring her victim into the secret chamber.

Thirty-Day Princess—B

Directed by Marion Gering
Released by Paramount

THOSE staples that the movies always have in stock—a mythical European kingdom and two persons who appear identical—are dealt out to the customers again in this film. If that's what the customers want, it serves them right. If it isn't, they'll take it anyway and, perhaps, like it better than I did.

"Thirty Day Princess" is one of the many lukewarm offerings that could have been much better and might have been even worse. Its plot, in one form or another, has been of voting age for years. Most of it was used recently in Constance Bennett's "Moulin Rouge." A deal of the dialogue is silly and much of the acting, notably Cary Grant's effervescence as the stalwart hero, is likewise.

Sylvia Sidney plays the double role of visiting princess and the actress who substitutes for her with pudgy charm. If it's hot and the theater has a cooling system, you might do worse.

NEXT MONTH

NEW MOVIE is planning some thrilling surprises for you in next month's issue. Be sure not to miss your September copy on sale August 1st.

You Tell Us

(*Continued from page 54*)

Literal

I WISH the producers would name their pictures correctly. For example, what about "The Worst Woman in Paris?" If she was really the worst, Paris must be a "home-made heaven for two."

Another was "Day of Reckoning." What was there in that story to suggest such a title?

Let's have more self-explanatory titles, such as "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen," "Dancing Lady," and "Flying Down to Rio." You can tell at a glance what they are; namely, a kidnaping, a musical, and a musical with a foreign background.

Let's hope the producers do this little thing.

Schuyler C. Hill
P. O. Box 756,
Centralia, Wash.

"Flying Down to Rio" might mean an aviation picture. It's just a difference of opinion, Schuyler.

A Boost for a Bus

THAT gay romance, "It Happened One Night," is absolutely the most perfect screen entertainment I have seen in ages, and I'm hoping it happens more often. There's a gay spirit to it that is delightful. Claudette Colbert is lovely and Clark Gable makes love divinely. Three cheers for that perfect love team. May we see them together more often!

Sally Eggers,
1302 58th Ave.,
Oakland, Cal.

The picture was a box-office smash all over the country, Sally. You're a good picker.

Why We Forgive Homeliness

"HER face is her fortune" may be Hollywood's slogan, but that doesn't mean the face boasts cupid bow lips and a Grecian nose. How many of our present-day most popular stars, both male and female, fall short of such a description? But still we seem to find them beautiful and attractive.

Take Marie Dressler. No semblance of baby-face or siren features here! But find the persons who wouldn't rank her as possessing one of the most expressive, appealing, stirring countenances ever filmed.

And who stops to think about Joan Crawford's big mouth when she can cast a spell of delight over her audience with that thin, almost sharp little face?

Katharine Hepburn's dilated nostrils wouldn't be found on the delicately chiseled features of a Greek beauty, but there's a natural, refreshing vitality about this captivating little "spitfire."

Clark Gable's ears, Will Rogers' comfortable homeliness, the big jaw and puffy eyes of George Arliss—what makes us overlook them? It's the true artist living behind that face, skilfully transforming even its defects into characteristics which make us admire and love them the more!

Laura Harmon
Box 133,
Jamison, Pa.

The screen asks for personality, not beauty, all right.

Will We Join?

AS a lover of music and good acting, I am thoroughly appreciative of the success of the production, "Melody in Spring." There's a picture that's really worth seeing at any price!

The music is delightful, the scenery is beautiful and the picture is a perfect conception of spring time. All these things, of course, make a setting for the picture, but the real hit of the picture was Lanny Ross with his charming smile, his alluring personality and his golden tenor voice.

"Melody in Spring" was the first glimpse I had of this actor. Now I am all pepped up to see plenty more of him in just such pictures.

A vote for Lanny!! Will anyone else join me?

Virginia Duke
27 Franklin St.,
Hyattsville, Md.

Well-l, Virginia—about 3,000,000 girls join you.

Conrad—Come Home!

WHY don't we see more of Conrad Veidt? His two pictures released through Fox-Gaumont prove him a capable actor with a not-too-unintelligible accent, and a certain rather sinister magnetism unlike anything our present crop of actors, both foreign and domestic, with the exception of Victor Jory, have to offer.

Sound has added to this fine actor of silent days a voice of peculiar timbre——arrogant, harsh, yet at times ingratiatingly modulated, with subtle undertones of insolence—a highly individual voice which attracts even as it repels.

His "Herr Kommandant" of "I Was a Spy" was a role made to order for him, and an improvement upon his rather anomalous position as the English flyer in "P.P.I." Let us see more of him for Veidt actually knows something about acting.

Mary Irene Woodruff,
26 Monument Sq.,
Charlestown, Mass.

Conrad does not often come to America, Mary, that's why.

Gilbert and Westerns

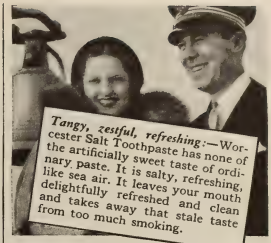
I SAY that John Gilbert is one of the best actors the screen has and, also, his voice is one of the best there is among the actors of Hollywood!

Who else could have portrayed the role of the dashing, charming ambassador better than Gilbert in "Queen Christina"? This role was one that suited him well. Why not always give him suitable roles? One of his pictures that I remember well is "Bardelys the Magnificent." Such highly romantic roles are well suited to him.

Regarding Westerns, of course go on producing them. Only, why not get good story material such as "The Virginian," "Three Bad Men," etc. There are so many good western stories appearing in our current magazines.

Armand Carnes,
2238 N. 73 St.
Elmwood Pk., Ill.

Half of Hollywood says John had bad luck and the other half says it is his own fault. . . . As for Westerns, we agree.
(*Please turn to page 102*)



Tangy, zestful, refreshing:—Worcester Salt Toothpaste has none of the artificially sweet taste of ordinary paste. It is salty, refreshing, like sea air. It leaves your mouth delightfully refreshed and clean and takes away that stale taste from too much smoking.

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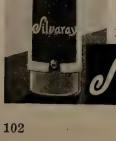
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At your 10¢ Store

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Silvaray

You Tell Us

(*Continued from page* 101)

A Plea for Teams

HERE are a few stars who, I think, should be co-starred:

Ralph Bellamy and Jean Parker, because they would make another Gaynor-Farrell team.

Claire Trevor and Randolf Scott, in a good old Zane Grey western.

Please keep Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young together because they are my favorites and fine actors besides.

My other two favorites are Ralph Bellamy and Irene Dunne. Their latest, "This Man is Mine", was swell.

Why can't something be done about this?

Edythe Cacchioli,
202 East 52nd St.,
New York, N. Y.

Because, Edythe, often players work for different studios and their schedules don't permit their getting together.

An Executive's Choice

RECENTLY I was present when a certain executive of a big film company was being interviewed. The young lady doing the interviewing asked casually if he read the magazine that she represented. It was a movie magazine.

"Sure," he said.

The young lady left.

The executive swung his chair around toward me and pulled out the bottom drawer of his desk.

"I read them all," he said to me, "but there are the babies that are worth while," and he pulled forth a half dozen copies of NEW MOVIE.

"Why do you read that?" I asked "You know everything that is going on in the movie industry."

"And what I don't know," he says, "NEW MOVIE tells me."

It was an amusing incident. I was surprised to know that even executives read NEW MOVIE in order to keep abreast of what's going on.

Wilburt Fortsche,
81 Pine St.,
Bogota, N. J.

We knew it—but we're pleased anyhow.

Something to Anticipate

I THINK musicals are grand, and what a lot of fine singers we have these days! But why not develop a few really good dancers? We all enjoy the dances of Joan Crawford. Fred Astaire's dancing is a real treat, and I can say the same for George Raft.

I hope the news is true that Irene Castle will be signed to make a picture. Wouldn't it be wonderful if she and Fred Astaire made a picture together?

Margaret Kelly,
44 Clara St.,
San Francisco, Calif.

The response Fred Astaire received for his dancing in "Flying Down to Rio" indicates that dancing is universally liked.

Pioneering in the Movies

(*Continued from page* 58)

the business with heads similarly shaved. There was only one Griffith in those days and if his imitators couldn't hope to equal his directorial genius, they could at least appropriate his hair-cuts.

An idea for a story came to Jack Cohn one day while the two-reeler was at the height of its popularity. When he discussed it with his co-workers in the studio they agreed with him that the theme contained tremendous box office possibilities. He knew, however, the futility of attempting to induce the executives of his company to make the picture because the story would require five or six reels in the telling. Binding his studio co-workers to a pledge of secrecy, he put the story into production unknown to the Home Office, with George Loane Tucker as director. Tucker subsequently won international fame as the director of the greatest picture of its day, "The Miracle Man," in which such stars as Lon Chaney, Betty Compton and Thomas Meighan subsequently soared to the heights of stardom. Fired by Cohn's enthusiasm, his co-workers donated their services and when the production, entitled "Traffic in Souls," was finished, it was a full six reels in length—the first time so big a picture had ever been produced.

"I'll confess that it was in fear and trembling that I broke the news to the chief," Jack Cohn declared when relating the incident. "He was mad clear through when he heard about it, but it wasn't a marker to the way he felt when I told him that 'Traffic in Souls' had cost all of five thousand dollars, a stupendous sum in those days! Looking back, I can't understand what kept him from firing me right on the spot, as this was way over the cost limit. We ran the production in the projection room but it left him cold. A few days later we ran it again and it was not until I told the chief that those of us who were responsible for the too-long film would pay back its cost if it didn't 'click,' that he consented to release it. What made it interesting for me was that I had the same kind of battle on my hands that took place when I produced my first two-reeler. The exchange men couldn't understand how anybody would ever sit through a six-reel story."

Producing this picture secretly put a tremendous burden on Jack Cohn because it meant doing all of the cutting and the titling in his spare time. Night after night saw him working until the early hours, and the fact that the Home Office never got wind of what was going on in the studio was an unusual tribute to the loyalty and cooperation accorded by the studio attaches to the young production manager.

THE IMP COMPANY by this time had been merged into the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, which had grown and prospered. One of the factors which convinced Cohn that "Traffic in Souls" would make a great box office bet was its exploitation and

Pioneering in the Movies

advertising possibilities. Consequently, before "Traffic in Souls" was shown to the public in New York, the way was paved for it by what was considered a tremendous advertising, publicity and exploitation campaign in those days. As a result, people literally broke in the doors to see the picture. It was the first of the truly big money grossers the industry knew and eventually brought several hundred thousands of dollars to Universal. It resulted in a "first" of another kind because, gratified by the picture's financial success, Mr. Laemmle presented a bonus check to Jack Cohn, which was the first reward of its kind in the industry.

IT was not long after "Traffic in Souls" that Jack Cohn figured importantly in another unusual picture. This was "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," a picturization of the Jules Verne book. J. Ernest Williamson had devised a unique apparatus which enabled a camera man to descend to the bottom of the ocean via a telescopic rubber tube, at the end of which was suspended a huge iron globe. This globe, which contained a window, was large enough to admit a camera man and his cameras, to shoot whatever the ocean bottom revealed through the glass port. An expedition which included Cohn among its members, was sent to the West Indies to film the story because of the crystal clearness of the water in that part of the world. Although it was originally believed that "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" could be filmed in six weeks, storms, illness and displays of ordinary every-day temperament on the part of the performers so delayed production progress that seven months were required for the shooting.

The day came when Universal decided to enter the newsreel field and to Jack Cohn was assigned the job of turning out a news weekly. Careful analysis of the problem resulted in his creating a staff of camera men, located strategically throughout the country, for the purpose of insuring a constant supply of timely news material. Within a year, the newsreel under his direction became one of the most important products distributed by his company. Later, a second news weekly was added because of Mr. Cohn's belief that too many news events happened between issues and that, consequently, a mid-week issue would prove popular. This was subsequently demonstrated to be the case.

It was while in charge of this phase of his company's activities that the country had plunged into the World War, but aside from the usual news weekly shots, no one truly comprehensive picture of the actual events portraying America's share in the great conflict had been presented to the public. Cohn thereupon approached Mr. Laemmle with the idea of making such a picture and finally was told to go ahead with it. In the weeks that followed, he literally scanned hundreds of thousands of feet of film, culling from this footage the finest scenes revealing virtually every phase of the activities that started with the declaration of war and the drafting of men, and then followed with America's actual participation in the front line trench fighting. Plants were shown turning out various types of munitions, and it was therefore no wonder that the theaters and public eagerly welcomed this production. It earned Universal a profit of several hundred thousand dollars, a return all the more remarkable in view of the actual production cost, which was nine hundred dollars. Of this, the most expensive item was that for making the subtitles. No other film the motion picture industry has yet produced yielded such an amazing profit in proportion to actual cost and but for the fact that the war ended just a few months afterwards, the returns would have been much greater. The end of the war saw the cessation of all interest in war films and so the production, which was titled "Crashing Through to Berlin," went into peaceful retirement.

For some time prior to the production of "Crashing Through to Berlin" a spirit of restlessness had pervaded Jack Cohn. He felt himself cramped as an employe and was filled with the urge to go into business for himself. The fact that he lacked the necessary capital to launch into a venture of his own did not deter him because, from the time he became a laboratory worker, he knew what it meant to achieve something out of nothing.

When Jack Cohn resigned, he was joined by his brother, Harry Cohn, who at that time was also working for Universal. The two were kindred spirits and although their combined cash capital amounted to exactly $250 they more than made up for lack of cash in ideas, energy and determination.

THE first venture was in the form of a series of two-reel comedies based on a popular cartoon strip then running in newspapers throughout the country and entitled "The Hallroom Boys." A contract was entered into with a West Coast producer and for some indefinable reason, the brothers Cohn insisted upon the insertion of a clause in that document to the effect that if for any reason the producer left the country, the contract was to be cancelled with all rights reverting to them. After the first few comedies had been made, the producer died. Harry and Jack, in the meantime, had done a pretty good job of selling these comedies, because from the moment the first subject was received, they had spent their slim capital in trips to the various key cities in which independent film exchanges were located. And by "independent" is meant those local film organizations which had no affiliation with the firmly intrenched national companies operating their own branch offices throughout the United States.

The problem of the new distributing company which bore the trade name of Jack and Harry Cohn Film Company was a three-fold one. First, to pay for the pictures delivered by the producer; second, to induce the independent film exchanges to buy their product for their respective territories; third, to get these buyers to pay the prices demanded for the pictures, or, when the exchange operators lacked the ready cash, to meet the notes they tendered in lieu of cash payment.

Up to this time Jack Cohn had been

(*Please turn to page* 104)

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PERMANENTLY DESTROYS HAIR

SEPTEMBER OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER

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Insist on X-Bazin—in new giant-size tubes at drug and department stores—only 50c. Good size tubes 10 cents in five-and-ten-cent stores. X-Bazin also comes in the original powder form.
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For free sample of each with instructions, write Resinol, Dept. 4-K, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol

Pioneering in the Movies

(*Continued from page* 103)

considered not only a skilled film editor, but also a competent producer. Now, however, he suddenly discovered that he had something more to learn—independent distribution and all of the financial problems connected with it! So seriously did these problems loom up that for six months neither of the partners drew a salary and, if the truth be told, frequently found themselves wondering not only how they could meet the cost of their productions, but how they could stay in business another week.

At the end of the first year, they acquired an additional partner, Joe Brandt, who had been associated with Jack Cohn at the Ben Hampton Advertising Agency and who subsequently was induced by Jack to work for Universal. Brandt gave up a lucrative position as general manager of Universal because he, too, felt the urge to go into business for himself.

The firm name was forthwith changed to the "C B C Film Sales Corporation," the initials representing the names of the three aspiring producers and distributors. Because three men could do more work than two, the new company was presently producing not only all of the "Hallroom Boys" comedies, but a series of one-reel films entitled "Screen Snapshots" and "The Screen Letterbox."

Business was now good, but instead of drawing down their profits the partners promptly put them back into the business. This enabled them, when they decided the time was ripe, to go into the production of features.

At that time it was beyond their financial capacity to buy expensive stories for these feature pictures, but here their knowledge of what the public wanted stood them in good stead. An attractive title would be conceived, and a story written around it!

Another method Jack Cohn used. He heard of an unusually interesting dance number staged in one of New York's smart cabarets. He saw the novelty and discovered it consisted of a dancer dressed as a moth, gyrating around a huge candle which contained a reflector, a fan and red and white lights within its cylindrical shape. While the fan revolved, the lights burned, causing the ribbons at the upper end of the candle somewhat remotely to resemble a flame. The ladies of the ensemble who appeared in support of the danseuse were also dressed as moths. All in all it was considered an effective piece of stage craft then.

The number gave Jack Cohn an idea. He obtained the ear of the owner of the cabaret and by impressing upon him the publicity that must inevitably result if a moving picture were made of that dance, obtained his consent to film it.

As soon as the negative was developed and dried it was rushed out to Harry Cohn who was in charge of all the little company's production efforts. Viewed on the coast, the sequence was found acceptable and a story written around it. Had the dance itself been staged out at the coast, it would have cost C B C three or four thousand dollars, whereas the entire production didn't cost much more than that.

Six pictures a year was the ambitious program of Cohn, Brandt and Cohn; six pictures, the stories of which were virtually written "on the cuff" but which invariably had box office titles. By a miracle, they were financed and produced and with the proceeds the next year's program was expanded to include more pictures.

The company was at last able to buy the older stories of then currently famous writers who were not yet being paid the fabulous sums which popular plays and stories are considered to be worth today. Because the young producers reserved the right to change each story in adapting it for the screen, and because the authors' names were considered desirable for inclusion in the advertising done by the company, these stories were "revised" each year until they were milked dry of possibilities.

The company had one star, Elaine Hammerstein, and she was used over and over again until the exchange men in desperation finally pleaded for a change. Fortunately, this demand came at a time when continued expansion made it possible for the company to branch out to a still greater degree, and so other names were added to the roster.

It was at this stage of their careers that Jack Cohn and his partners adopted an idea which more and more is becoming a part of the general practice of the motion picture industry. One of the costliest practises of the various companies consists in maintaining large permanent stock companies of stars whose salaries continue whether or not they actually work in pictures. Inasmuch as the money paid to a star while she is idle automatically is added to the overhead of her next picture, this boosts production costs. Jack Cohn and his associates did not have the money to indulge in so extravagant a custom, but at any rate, the school in which they had been brought up would have made the idea of a large permanent stock company abhorrent to their sense of economy. Consequently when new stars were obtained, they were merely engaged on a picture-to-picture basis. This meant far more than merely saving money. It made possible the hiring of such stars as were best fitted for the various roles.

Obviously, it was not possible for C B C to obtain the best stars, nor could they have paid the salaries demanded even if such players had been available. They took, instead, the best of the lesser lights, the most promising of the newcomers and those stars whose box office brilliancy had been dulled to the point where their original employers desired to part with them. These still possessed enough popularity to put the C B C pictures over, but leaving nothing to chance the Cohn brothers and Brandt pursued more aggressively than ever their idea of properly exploiting each individual picture.

There came a time when the business grew to the point where a more appropriate corporate name was deemed desirable and so "Columbia Pictures Corporation" came into existence. Joe

Pioneering in the Movies

Brandt was president, Harry Cohn, vice president, and Jack Cohn, treasurer.

The policies of the company continued the same. However, they hit upon another idea. This consisted of making one picture at a time so that it could be given closer supervision. The practise is still adhered to and is one of the factors responsible for such recent Columbia successes as "Lady for a Day," "It Happened One Night" and "Twentieth Century."

With the birth of Columbia, there came the desire to make a better class of pictures. Even as Jack Cohn originally believed that the time would come when flicker films would be pulled out of the honky tonks and shooting galleries located in the worst parts of each city, so he and his partners now believed that the time had come to make the type of pictures that would result in their productions being shown in the first run theatres. "The Blood Ship" was their first attempt in his direction and it did yeoman's work in making their dream come true because it was played in the better houses. It also made possible the realization of their greatest ambition, which was to have a Columbia picture play on Broadway.

So great was the success of "The Blood Ship" that the following year saw the production of a picture which is still regarded as one of the best ever to reach the screen, namely, "Submarine," in which Jack Holt and Ralph Graves made their bow to the public as a star combination for Columbia.

During their earlier careers as independent producers and distributors, Jack Cohn and his associates experienced the same difficulty in getting stars to work in their pictures as occurred in the early IMP days. Located on what was known as "Poverty Row" in Hollywood and producing pictures contemptuously dubbed "quickies" by their older and more powerful rivals, players hesitated to work for the company lest they lose prestige. Once the company branched out, however, and took over its own distributing offices, this attitude lessened appreciably. Today, such stars as John Barrymore, Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, May Robeson, Warren Williams, Edmund Lowe, Fay Wray, Walter Connolly, as well as a host of others, are not only willing but eager to appear in films bearing the Columbia trade mark.

TWO and a half years ago Joe Brandt decided to retire. Together with Harry and Jack Cohn he had worked hard and unremittingly in helping pilot Columbia to success and so decided that the time had come for him to indulge in his hobbies. With Mr. Brandt's retirement Harry Cohn was elected president of the company in charge of all production and with headquarters at Hollywood. Jack Cohn became vice president in charge of distribution.

Both Harry and Jack Cohn have been called lucky and that is something they vigorously decry. Looking back over the years Jack Cohn was moved to reminisce.

"When I think of the hours we put in," he said, "and the work each of us shouldered, I fail to see wherein luck played any part. Nothing has ever come easily to us. We have had to work for it and fight for it."

Indicative of the work which both brothers put in regularly is an incident which occurred the night before this article was written. Jack had occasion to call his brother Harry at the studio. It was 2:00 A. M. in New York when the call was put through. The three hours difference in time between the east and west coast made it 11:00 P. M. when Harry picked up the telephone at the studio. A twenty-minute conversation ensued at the end of which Jack said, "Well, good night, I am on my way home now." Whereupon Harry barked back, "What's the idea? Are you taking half a day off?"

The motion picture industry deals with fascinating romances built around fictitious characters and yet in the careers of men like Jack Cohn are contained far more thrilling romances than many to be found on the screen.

Hollywood Goes A-Partying

(*Continued from page* 47)

over Dick's house—upstairs and down.

Rochelle Hudson's engagement to that mysterious young man who gave her the emerald ring is off. Without any explanation as to who he was.

"I just found out," said Rochelle, "that absence does not make the heart grow fonder." And the ring has been returned.

It looks as though Helen Mack and Norman Krasna are rekindling, although Helen declares her heart is in her film work. But they do go about to places together once more.

David Marx, back in New York, was all steamed up when he tried to get Joan Marsh on the telephone and she wouldn't answer. But the reason Joan wouldn't come to the telephone, when called from the set, was because she thought somebody was kidding her. So poor David (he's a broker, not an actor) had to spend some thirty dollars while he waited for somebody to persuade Joan he was really on the wire.

THE home of Leila Hyams and Phil Berg, in Hollywood, is like an old Italian palace, and you rather expect to see ladies in puffed sleeves and gentlemen with curly locks and velvet suits to be doing a minuet when you enter.

Instead, that day Leila and Phil gave a big party for Carmelita Geraghty and Carey Wilson. Hollywood's gayest were present, many very old friends of Carmelita and Carey, with a sparkling of the new crowd.

Carey and I sat at a little table in the whoopee room, and over our cocktails reminisced about the wedding of Carey and Carmelita, which had been held there.

We recollected how Maureen O'Sullivan and Mrs. Frank Morgan together

(*Please turn to page* 106)

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For sale at the better 10c stores exclusively. *Buy it today!*

X-CREAM

PREVENTS BODY ODORS

Hollywood Goes A-Partying

(*Continued from page* 105)

caught the bride's bouquet of gardenias, but as Mrs. Morgan said she didn't ever want to marry another husband, she relinquished it entirely to Maureen.

And when we asked Maureen if she would be a bride—of course, we meant Johnny Farrow's—when she returned from her trip to Ireland, she said, very slowly and thoughtfully, "I don't know. I'm old-fashioned and take marriage very seriously. When I marry I want it to be for keeps!"

All the same, Johnny gave her one of those multiple-footage kisses when she returned with the bouquet!

By the way, it was perfectly funny how many Hollywood wives did reach for the bouquet when it was thrown!

BUT to get back to the party. Norma Shearer was there, looking lovely in a white hat of wide proportions and a white flannel tailored suit, the affair being an afternoon cocktail party.

"I've been out on the beach all morning," she wailed, "and had to do up my hair before it was dry!"

Once more working, Virginia Bruce is a very happy girl. She arrived alone at the party, but was soon surrounded by admiring young men, including Charlie Ruggles and others.

I think the real fashion plate of Hollywood has always been Dolores Del Rio. Always well dressed, but in good taste. And she looked stunning in a gray silk at the party.

Of course, Cedric Gibbons was there, and they seem happier than ever since he made his big success with "Tarzan."

THE WIVES WIN

Leslie Howard and William Gargan are going to think a while before they high-hat their wives again even in fun.

It all happened at Radio ranch, where Gargan's ten-months-old baby was working in a picture. The wives visited Leslie and Bill there. After the ladies had left, Howard and Gargan got the idea of dining at a roadside stand, so they climbed into Gargan's car and started toward the sandwich spot, passing Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Gargan along the way.

In the manner of small boys, the actors turned their noses up and sailed past their wives with an air of mock snootiness.

But looking back, they were horrified. They saw the car containing their wives stop, as the ladies accosted a motorcycle cop.

Instantly they decided, "Here's where we get it!"

Sure enough, they were right. At the next intersection they were stopped by the officer and arrested for speeding. The women had told them they were not only guilty of speeding, but had crowded them into the curb.

They managed to talk their way out of a ticket, but they are figuring on revenge.

VOODOOISM

Dorothy Burgess was all of a dither while playing in a picture in which voodooism is used.

Dorothy is deeply interested in voodooism in any case, from an academic standpoint, but she came near to having the shivers badly when it seemed to be applied to herself.

It was during a scene in which a sort of doll or idol was being used to represent her, in order that another character might pronounce an *ounga* on the character she was playing. As the doll was being brought on the set, a colored Haitian who was playing a small part let out a blood-curdling yell, bounded into the scene, snatched the doll, and exclaimed:

"Doll look too much like Missy Burgess!"

Dorothy recognized a negro for whom she had done a small service. He wasn't going to have any *ounga* put on his benefactress!

OVERHEARD

You hear some rather good ones at these Hollywood parties.

Doris Kenyon was giving a combination tennis and garden party, and Russell Gleason told about hearing an extra girl and a juvenile talking.

"I'm going to kiss you as you've never been kissed before," boasted the juvenile.

"Oh, yes, I have," retorted the extra girl.

Sweaters the colors of the tennis balls are being adopted as a fad in Hollywood. Doris Kenyon was wearing a rose-colored sweater exactly the color of the balls used on her court.

But speaking of Russell Gleason once more, who always is full of quips and quirks, we asked him where his father, James Gleason, was, that bright Sunday afternoon. Russell himself, by the way, was going to work that night.

"Oh, he's at home fast asleep," said Russell, "while I'm slaving my life away to keep him in polo horses!"

Doris's small son Kenyon was there, a beautiful child. He loves music, said his mother, but it is a tragic fact that he seems to be tone deaf—cannot carry a tune.

Which is all the more remarkable inasmuch as both she and his father, the late Milton Sills, were musically inclined.

ALL Hollywood occasionally has a way of going athletic, and there are always tennis, polo and other parties.

The Frank Borzages gave one the other day, with a badminton tournament featured. But Frank himself was off playing spectacular polo with Will Rogers, leaving Mrs. Borzage to entertain during the early part of the day.

Jess Willard, U. S. champ badminton player, and Clifford Sayer, his partner, were guests of honor.

At cocktail time the smart courtside hot-dog stand was the popular spot. Then Frank came home and badminton was started again, with Frank, unwearied from his polo efforts, taking part.

Young love was present in the persons of several couples, including Mary Brian and Dick Powell and Eddie Grainger and Helen Vinson.

TWO parties in one month are a lot, but Frank Borzage has a good excuse. One of the parties was a birthday celebration.

Will Rogers seldom goes to social affairs, but he did go to Frank's birthday party. And entered right into the spirit of it, even to dancing a cowboy jig.

Everybody has been saying it was all off between Lois Wilson and Winslow Felix.

As a matter of fact, says Lois, it never was really what you'd call on. That is, there never was any engagement.

At any rate they were together at the Borzage birthday affair, and seemed quite devoted.

COCKTAIL TIME

It is becoming the fad for ladies to be escorted to afternoon cocktail parties, in Hollywood, quite the same as to evening parties.

And so we found Peanuts Byron with Lou Breslow, Millard Webb with Mary Eaton—he is a director, and they have been in England two years—Mr. and Mrs. Douglas MacLean, Alice White and Cy Bartlett, Billy Bakewell and Virginia Bruce. By the way, Virginia is going out a great deal these days.

Two of the guests announced themselves as returning to the screen—Mrs. Douglas MacLean, who was Lorraine Eddy on the screen before she married, and Virginia Bruce, who has just divorced Jack Gilbert.

"I meant to devote myself to painting," said Mrs. MacLean, "when I left the screen to be married; but I guess my painting talent isn't so great after all. And I do want to get to work—can't stand loafing."

HITHER AND YON

Robert Young's wife sent him a wire on the morning he began his latest Columbia role. "She never misses doing it," said Robert. Will Rogers figuring on the table cloth in the Cafe de Paris, and finally announcing that his deductions show that the United States has more gold than money; Sidney Fox planning to buy a suburban home where she can keep a cow; Those inseparables, Ida Lupino and Elsie Ferguson II., wearing twin snake rings as a token of their friendships; "My wife explored my pockets last night," an actor told Richard Thorp, director. "What did she find?" asked Dick. "Same as any other explorer—enough material for a lecture." Jack Holt's son Tim longing to go into pictures, but Jack won't let him until he finishes college; Warner Baxter, finding himself lost in downtown Los Angeles, buying a city map in order to find his way back to Beverly Hills without the necessity of confessing his embarrassment to cops or oil station attendants; Carl Brisson receiving a fan letter from a school teacher, asking that he send her a lock of his hair, her hobby being locks of hair from famous heads. Hazel Forbes and Ed Cronjager, cameraman, enjoying the loop-the-loops and hot dog stands at Venice; Johnny Weissmuller thrilling the crowds at the beach, doing figure eights with his speedboat—getting a thrill himself when the boat leaped three feet out of the water as he turned on too much power; Madge Evans dancing at the Beverly Wilshire Gold Room with Tom Gallery; who is still being kidded because he fell off his sailboat while cruising last week-end.



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DECEMBER
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New Movie

A TOWER MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER
10¢
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PRETTY MEN, WHAT NOW?
PAGE 32

ANN HARDING

IT HAPPENED ONE DAY
with Robert Montgomery
and it happened to ELSIE JANIS

OCTOBER

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Because...more than 62,000 fans asked for an encore to "Dancing Lady"...they're together again!

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May we please see
Joan Crawford and Clark
Gable co-starred again,
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They were glorious, please
please let us see them
together again
Mary Lou Hart
Cherokee
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Crawford Gable

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When the crowd wants to dance or play contract, they always say, "Let's go to Sally's!" But—the "but" about Sally often sends her to bed in tears!



Sally's young husband is handsome—and lately he has had "a wandering eye." Tired of Sally? Never! But—he's noticed. For the "but" about Sally is her teeth.



Sally doesn't know that it's "pink tooth brush" which has robbed her teeth of their brightness, and ruined the charm of her smile. Perhaps she'll ask her dentist.



He'll tell her at once to clean her teeth with Ipana—and to massage Ipana into her gums. He'll tell her to get rid of "pink tooth brush"—to use Ipana.



It won't be long before Sally's young husband will find her just as pretty as when they were engaged! Sally's teeth will soon be brilliant again!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

YOUNG mothers have to be even more careful about their teeth than other girls do. But every girl should know that tender gums are responsible for the teeth's looking dingy and grayish.

Your dentist will explain this to you.

"Today's soft foods," he will tell you, "aren't coarse or crunchy enough to exercise your gums. Lacking stimulation, your gums tend to become flabby and tender. Then—you notice 'pink' on your tooth brush."

"Pink tooth brush," he'll explain, "is often the first step toward gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease. It may not only dull your teeth—but *endanger* sound teeth."

But he'll tell you how simple it is to check "pink tooth brush." You should clean your teeth with Ipana, and massage a little extra Ipana into your gums—and you'll soon have "pink tooth brush" under control. For the ziratol in Ipana aids in firming tender gums. Your teeth will soon be brilliant again!

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OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER

The Girl on the Cover

ANN HARDING

•

To speak of Ann Harding as a "star" is almost to use the wrong word. Ann shines with the cool, lucid radiance of moonlight. She is to bring that radiance to you in "The Fountain" and "Alien Corn," two splendid pictures. Clark Moore, the artist, has captured her exact coloring.



THE New Movie MAGAZINE

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher*

VOL. X, No. 3 | ONE OF THE TOWER MAGAZINES | SEPTEMBER 1934

THIS MONTH'S BEST STORIES OF THE STARS

Dancing to Fame—Fred Astaire...Barbara Robbins 6
It Happened One Day.....Elsie Janis 28
New Faces 30
Pretty Men, What Now?.....Jack Jamison 32
Radio or Pictures?.....Bill Vallee 34
The Authentic Story of My Life (part 2)..Jean Harlow 36
Let the Parade Pass! says Chester Morris —Jack Smalley 38
Teaching Hollywood to Go Hollywood—Carl Brisson —Dorothy Manners 48
You May Be a Star.....Maude Cheatham 54
A Movie Star Becomes World Champion —John T. Casey 56
The Flip that Failed for Doug Fairbanks —Wilbur Morse, Jr. 58
Hollywood's Most Sensitive Actor—Ricardo Cortez —Jerry Martin 64

REVIEWS OF COMING FILMS

What to Expect in the New Films.....Barbara Barry 50

NEW MOVIE'S SPECIAL OUTSTANDING DEPARTMENTS

Trophy Hunt.....Henry Willson 8
Hollywood Day by Day.....Nemo 10
New Movie's Hollywood Fashions..... 39
The People's Academy 1934 Medals..... 43
Bathing Bruties.....Herb Howe 44
Hollywood Goes A-Partying.....Grace Kingsley 46
You Tell Us..... 52
Music in the Movies.....John Edgar Weir 57
Shearer Pie Wins..... 62
Swimming for Beauty.....Ann Boyd 60
Richard Arlen's Small House Grows Larger..... 66
Close-Ups 94
The Make-Up Box..... 100

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OCTOBER

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· Dancing to Fame ·

Here is Fred Astaire, the man with the million dollar personality, whose dancing has won him fame on stage and screen.



When a dashing young man breaks into pictures, that isn't news — but when the same young man is equally at home on two continents it's a different story

by
BARBARA ROBBINS

With Dolores Del Rio in a dancing scene from "Flying Down to Rio."

FRED ASTAIRE was in "Flying Down to Rio" and "Dancing Lady" only a few months back. The pictures were scarcely released before people all over the country were asking, "Who was that slick dancer?" His personality caught on right away.

No wonder! It's one of the most unusual personalities ever to hit Hollywood.

Fred Astaire is Hollywood's first real cosmopolite, you see. He spends half his time on the English stage, half his time in America. With his sister Adele, now married to a titled Englishman, he was for years a member of the world's most admired dancing duo. They started on the old Orpheum circuit, the two of them, when Fred was only eight years old. Socially, today, he is accepted and perfectly at home in swank London drawing-rooms where there are almost as many titles as there are guests. And his chief interest in life, outside of his work, is racing. That is English, too—an enthusiasm picked up from his friends who attend all the modish British "meets," as they call them over there.

WHEN Fred made "Flying Down to Rio" it was his first time in Hollywood. He was scheduled to open in a play in London, so he could give only ten weeks to his first try at picture-making, but it interested him so keenly that he swore he'd come back. He didn't dream, at the time, that the (*Please turn to page* 83)

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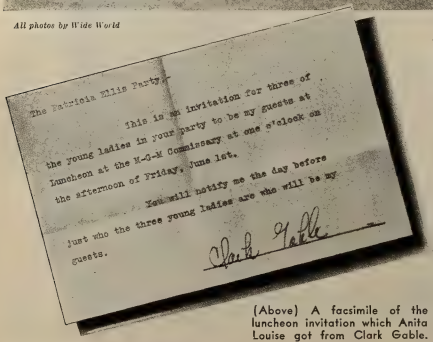
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OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER



All photos by Wide World

The Hunters: (Rear row, left to right). Frank Losee, Bob Horner, Grace Durkin, Paul Kaye and Hal Brazil, (front row, left to right) Junior Durkin, Cynthia Lawton, Carlisle Moore, Henry Wadsworth, James Bush, Patricia Ellis, Bob Hoover, Margol McChristy, Marla Hayden, Nancy Reid, Marion Le Sing, Henry Willson.



The Patricia Ellis Party

This is an invitation for three of the young ladies in your party to be my guests at luncheon at the M-G-M Commissary at one o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, June 1st.

You will notify me the day before just who the three young ladies are who will be my guests.

Clark Gable

(Above) A facsimile of the luncheon invitation which Anita Louise got from Clark Gable.

TROPHY HUNT

with the Younger Set

Hollywood is known as a hard working town, and here is proof that even the youngsters take their fun as seriously as they do their work

By HENRY WILLSON



(Left) And here are some of the objects which sent the junior members of the Hollywood set scampering here and there.

THE column is going to be different this month, folks—you are going to be treated to an article written personally by four noted members of the Hollywood Younger Set—namely: Tom Brown, Anita Louise, Patricia Ellis and Henry Wadsworth. The topic is Pat Ellis's Trophy Hunt—and if you don't think it's something to write about, you're mistaken. A Trophy Hunt is, as you know, a contest where groups of people are sent out to secure hard-to-get articles and must be back in five hours. That's easy, you say? Well, wait until you read the list that Pat Ellis's father, Alexander Leftwich, cooked up for a Sunday evening's innocent fun.

First, I'll give you the list, then you're at the mercy of authors Brown, Louise, Ellis and Wadsworth, who will tell you, in their own styles, of their hair-raising and rollicking experiences, so to speak. One more thing: remember on Sunday nights all the stores are closed and you can't buy nothin'.

THE LIST

1. A wooden whistle, imitating (*Please turn to page* 85)



Ullman - Hurrell

In "The Last Gentleman," George Arliss plays the part of a crusty, eccentric old millionaire who tries to find a worthy heir among his worthless relatives. Arliss, splendid actor, can change his style overnight. But what a style he'll change to if, as is rumored, His Majesty George V of England confers knighthood upon him! Then he'll be, not the last, but "The *First* Gentleman" of Hollywood!

HOLLYWOOD DAY by DAY

By NEMO

THIS month may well go down as the biggest gasp in Old Man NEMO'S existence!

As we moped about the "Merry Widow" set, who should stroll in (just as calmly as though she'd been doing it for years!) but . . . right! . . . Garbo!! If she's following us, we're prepared to give ourself up without a struggle.

Director Ernst Lubitsch introduced her to Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald (ignoring us entirely) and the four of them were that chummy. . . .



Maybe it does not mean much to you, but to Hollywood it's the beginning of the millennium!

•

ON location in Bridgeport, Fox hired some native cowboys to work in the picture, with the result that the local Indians felt very slighted and plenty mad.

En masse, they went to Director MacFadden and told him they didn't like the idea, but if he would see that they got three ice cream cones a day, they wouldn't make any trouble! Being a wise fellow, MacFadden dug down for the cones, and all was well!

They tell us that Joan Crawford's interest in Francis Lederer isn't helping Franchot Tone's appetite a-tall.

Tone moodily joined a group of folks who were talking at great length about Joan's "little theater."

"Humphf!" Franchot sniffed petulantly. "That isn't a theater! It's just a projection room with a plank stretched across the wall! If nobody moved, one person might get up and give a recitation. But he'd have to do it without gestures!"

Careful there, fella. It looks like a case of "love me, love my little theater."

•

After shaking off matrimonial ties, the first thing George Brent did was to look up the valet of his bachelor days and hire him all over again. Then, taking his favorite pipe out of the moth balls, he loaded it with his favorite pre-marital tobacco and fired up. Now, with comfortable old slippers on his feet and a two day's growth of beard on his face, we dare you to find a better satisfied mortal this side of heaven!



•

It would seem that Bing Crosby and Dick Mook, writer, have welcomed returning world tourists before.

Consequently, when Richard Arlen stepped off the train upon returning from Europe, imagine his surprise to see the boys wearing a set of ear-muffs apiece!

"What's the idea?" he wanted to know. "You're not going to the North Pole, I hope?"

Bing cupped a hand around one eartab. "Can't hear a word you say!" he shouted.

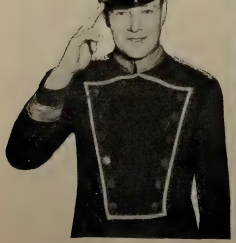
All the way home, the pesky lads talked right through Arlen's attempts at conversation, until the hectored traveler could stand it no longer.

"Have a heart, will you?" he almost wailed. "Here I've been waiting two



months to talk to somebody who can understand English! Why, over in Italy it got so bad that I used to stand down on the corner, talking to myself. And now . . . look at you! Pals!!"

(*Please turn to page* 14)





(Above) Elissa Landi's "stand-in" has to wear these shoes to make her as tall as Elissa while the cameras are focussed on her. (Left) Charles Ray comes back to the screen, in "Ladies Should Listen," after six long years.



When Baby LeRoy had a birthday, Paramount gave him a nice new contract. W. C. Fields, with him in "The Old Fashioned Way," topped that by giving him a splendiferous birthday cake and eating it.

NEWS ABOUT THE MOVIE FOLK YOU KNOW

Have Dainty Legs
Avoid All Re-growths

MAKE UGLY LEG and ARM HAIR INVISIBLE with MARCHAND'S Golden Hair Wash



New Black & Gold Package 1934



Marchand's Hair Experts Develop Marvelous New Castile Shampoo to Cleanse All Shades of Hair.

"DARK hair on arms and legs used to drive me to tears," writes a woman. "I shaved it off. I tried rubbing it off with a sand paper gadget. But back it grew every time, coarser and blacker than ever. On a friend's advice, I used Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. *It actually made the hair invisible.* Everything you say about it is true. I have no more worries about re-growths or skin irritations. I'm not afraid to show off my arms and legs now!"

Just another case of a girl who tried to stop natural hair growth, but only stimulated it instead. Nature won't let you destroy hair growth. But nature will let you take the blackness, the real ugliness out of excess hair. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash makes it like the light, unnoticeable down on the blonde.

Easy, safe to do at home. Excess hair stays invisible indefinitely. Takes only 20-30 minutes. Inexpensive. Refuse substitutes if you want the results. Get genuine Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Ask Your Druggist or Get by Mail—Use Coupon

Now a shampoo that brings out the hidden beauty of the hair—Natural lustre and color—soft, caressable texture. The new Marchand's Castile Shampoo cleanses perfectly and rinses completely—that's why it leaves hair so lustrous. For everyone—brunettes, blondes, titians. Does not lighten or change the color of hair. Ask your druggist for Marchand's Castile Shampoo. This New product is entirely different from Marchand's Golden Hair Wash, which is used to lighten hair.

MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., N. Y. C.
45c enclosed (send coins or stamps). Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. T.M. 934.
Name.....
Address.....City.....State.....

OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER

Another $1,000

TELL US YOUR MOST ENJOYABLE

It's *Easy* . . . *Fun* . . . Write a Short, Simple Letter . . . Fill in Ballot on Right-hand page and be a Lucky *September* Winner



By Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

You need not be a literary expert to share in these attractive cash awards. Just think of an enjoyable Department Store shopping experience. *What* did you buy? What salesperson gave you *friendly, helpful* service—adding to the thrill of your purchase?

Jot down in your own words, a short and interesting report of this delightful buying visit. Fill in coupon at bottom of right-hand page and mail it (attached to your letter) to Shopping Editor, TOWER MAGAZINES, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York.

That's all . . . It takes only a few minutes to write a letter that the judges may decide merits a cash award—and make possible extra enjoyment to yourself and family. But don't delay! Clip coupon *today* and send us your entries well in advance of final closing date. Oct. 15, 1934!

A 2-Way Offer for our Readers and Store Salespeople

Not only will you be doing something to your own advantage, but you will be helping a deserving Department Store salesperson, if you try for an award. Chances are very good that *you* may capture one of the 82 cash prizes. And that your friend behind the counter may obtain both local and national fame.

You do not have to buy anything to compete. Letters will be judged on their merits: value of salesperson's service to *you*—manner in which Department Store buying experience is told—its *simplicity*, its *clarity*. (Entries may be used by publisher in any manner desired and will not be returned.) Duplicate awards in case of tie. Decision of judges final. TOWER employees and their families are excluded. Only *one* statement per person for each of the monthly cash offers in this series.

Remember—You can still try for July and August Awards—$3,000 in ALL!

Midnight, August 15th, is closing date for July prizes of $1,000 for letters telling of an enjoyable Drug Store Shopping Experience . . . September 15th is closing date for letters telling of a Grocery Store Shopping Experience. See the July and August TOWER MAGAZINES for full information about drug and grocery store awards!

TOWER MAGAZINES

in cash this month!

SHOPPING EXPERIENCE in a DEPARTMENT STORE

Help TOWER MAGAZINES choose the 1934 RETAIL SALES HONOR ROLL

Join this nation-wide movement to promote more helpful and understanding relations between store salespeople and their customers. Name the person behind a retail counter that *you* would like to see earn a free trip to New York City—FAME—in the Tower Retail Sales HONOR ROLL. Fill in the ballot below and mail it with your enjoyable shopping experience letter according to terms given on opposite page. Share, *yourself*, in $1,000 to be distributed among September TOWER readers!

Department Store Salespeople Please Note

Receipt in our office of 5 ballots, bearing your name, admits you to membership in the 1934 TOWER Retail Sales Honor Roll. You will be presented with an attractive *bronze* honor badge of identification. 10 ballots, similarly received, entitle you to membership and a *silver* HONOR badge. 25 ballots, similarly received, give you membership and a *gold* HONOR badge—highest recognition of all.

10 FREE TRIPS to New York for Salespeople

Each 1934 TOWER Retail Sales Honor Roll winner will be provided an opportunity to obtain still greater reward. A FREE trip to New York—FAME—as one of the nation's best salespersons. This is the final goal for each of these best 10 retail Salesmen or Saleswomen who write the best short statements about WHAT CONSTITUTES *Friendly, Helpful* Service. Be the Department Store salesperson from *your* city to earn this glorious visit to the center of retail activities. Civic and merchandising leaders will be here to acclaim you for your achievement!

Beautiful Display Seals for Department Stores

Beautiful Friendly, Helpful Service Window Seals are yours for the asking. They will identify you as co-operating in this tremendous nation-wide movement to improve store SALES and SERVICE. Write Ben Irvin Butler, TOWER MAGAZINES, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

HOME • MYSTERY • SERENADE

TOWER RADIO • NEW MOVIE

Friendly HELPFUL Service TOWER MAGAZINES HONOR ROLL

82 CASH AWARDS:

(1) First Prize for the best letter . . . $250.00
(1) Second Prize for the 2nd best letter . 100.00
(1) Third Prize for the 3rd best letter . . 50.00
(4) Fourth Prizes for the 4 next best letters, ea. 25.00
(25) Fifth Prizes for the 25 next best letters, ea. 10.00
(50) Sixth Prizes for the 50 next best letters, ea. 5.00

(Awards given ONLY in accordance with rules stated in left-hand page of this announcement)

MAIL THIS OFFICIAL BALLOT TO SHOPPING EDITOR, TOWER MAGAZINES, 55 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Write, clearly, in this space, name of your most *helpful* Department Store Salesman or Saleswoman, together with name of store in which *he* or *she* is employed. Mail this official ballot (or facsimile) completely filled, to Shopping Editor, TOWER MAGAZINES, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

.....CHECK
(Dept. Store Salesperson's Name (Man?) (Woman?) WHICH

.....
(Name of Store in which employed) (Department of Store)

.....
(Address of Department Store)

.....CHECK
(Your Name) (Married?) (Single?) WHICH

.....
(Your Address—Street, City, State)

.....
(No. of children in your family) (Occupation of head of family)

Do you OWN?....or RENT?....(apartment?)....(house?)....
CHECK WHICH

OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER

NEMO KNOWS—DAY BY DAY—AND NEMO TELLS



ROSCOE ATES TELLS THIS ONE

An "extra" was emerging from the Security Bank in Hollywood the other day with a small, square package wrapped in white paper. A fellow "extra" stopped him and asked, hopefully: "Hey! What you got there—a bundle of greenbacks?"

"Greenbacks!" scoffed the other. "Sa-y, times are so hard I had to go to my safety deposit box for this ham sandwich!"

The Arlens and the Crosbys are in the midst of a friendly feud over the superior qualities of their individual offsprings, "Elmer" and "Gunder," respectively.

With Gunder walking all over the place, while his elder (by six weeks) is still crawling hither and yon on all-fours, Papa Arlen defensively brags that "Elmer," after getting jam spread on his morning toast, comes back with a dubious "Tank-oo!' . . . just as plain!

In repeating the story to his missus, Bing gave the thing an added flourish.

". . . and when Dick gives him the toast," he related, "Elmer says: 'Thanks for the jam, but I'd rather have marmalade.'"

Half an hour later, Bing overheard the nurse (who is very jealous of her charge's intelligence) trying to teach Baby Crosby to say "marmalade"!

•

Another proud Papa is Wally Beery, who, since his wife's unfortunate illness, has been bringing little Carol Ann to the studio with him every day.

If whimsy appeals to you, you should see the bear-like Wally tying a napkin under Carol Ann's little chin and trying to hit that rosebud mouth with a big spoonful of soup!

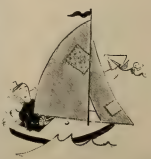
•

And Stu' Erwin! Right in the middle of an interview, Stu' looked at his watch and made a flying leap for the door.

"You'll have to excuse me!" he called back to the startled interviewer. "The baby always wakes up at 3 o'clock, and if I'm not there to take him for his afternoon ride, he'll be awfully disappointed. . . ."

•

Christian Rub is probably the world's worst sailor. He has so many ropes cluttering up the ocean that his boat, "Butcher Boy," looks like a hang-over from a confetti party!



And when a couple of dozen of them got tangled up in a buoy, Chris spent a bad afternoon getting himself loose in time to make the dock by dark.

And while we're on the air. . . .

Warren William has the unique distinction of being an officer of the Air Police Force.

This means that Warren can drive his sky taxi any time, anywhere, and two ways on a one-way air lane.



Furthermore, if he feels like parking in the hangar, via the roof, nobody can say a word about it.

•

They kept a close watch on Charles Laughton during the making of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." It seems that between pictures, Laughton has a grand passion for collecting antique china . . . . cracked sugar bowls, deschnozzled teapots and stuff like that. The property department went to a lot of expense to procure just such a batch of antiques for use in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." So every time Laughton comes on the set and begins casting a desirous and furtive eye toward the crockery, he is thoroughly





Wide World

(Left) Fredric March, Charles Laughton and Norma Shearer are together in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." (Above) And Pert Kelton and Rochelle Hudson are the bait, apparently, in "Bachelor Bait." It looks, though, as if poor Stu Erwin as the "Bachelor," can't take it.

AIR-POLICEMAN WILLIAM . . . LAUGHTON'S YEN

THE LATEST NEWS OF STARS AND PLAYERS

shadowed until quitting time rolls around and Charles is well on his way home.

WILL ROGERS TELLS THIS ONE

Our little boy, Jimmie, is a hound for cake. Invited to a party one evening Mrs. Rogers said: "Now, my boy, if they have cake, take one piece but no more. Will you remember?"

"Yes, Momma," he replied.

After a while, he came trudging in, looking pretty tired and pretty full.

"Jimmy," his mother said, "did they pass the cake?"

"Yes, Mother, Mrs. Smith kept passing the plate and I kept saying 'No thank you!' Until finally I remembered what Daddy says when the cook brings in something he don't like. And I let her have it: 'You better take that darn stuff away from here before I throw it at you!' I said."



After getting lost in the wilds of his new 24-room house, Freddie March gave it up as a bad job and moved his wife and two adopted babies into a cozy little seven-room cottage at Laguna Beach.

Freddie likes to listen to what the wild waves are saying. Besides, he wants the new baby boy, Anthony, to soak up his share of sunshine.

And while we're on the subject of moving, Bette Davis has given up her lease on Garbo's old house. The seclusion of the place was proving too much for her nerves.

"Privacy is all right," says Bette, "but there was so much of it around there that Harman and I were both getting jittery!"

Harman is Bette's husband, and, to give the lie to current divorce rumors, the two of them spent a sort of second honeymoon in Yosemite recently.

•

Can you imagine Alice Faye getting lonesome? . . . in Hollywood?? . . . and with Casanova NEMO teetering about in the immediate offing?

Nevertheless, the beautiful Alice was so bored with it all that, upon finishing her recent picture, she immediately took off for New York . . . and Rudy Vallee?

•

Joan Crawford sneaked in and peeked over our manly shoulder while we were writing about her rumored affection for Francis Lederer.

"You na-a-asty man!" she howled, tweaking our good ear playfully. "Mr. Lederer has given me some very helpful advice on acting technique, and our mutual interest in the theater has brought us together frequently. In love with him? . . . Don't be silly! We have never been alone together at any time. The three of us—Francis, Franchot and myself—have had some grand times developing my 'little theater,' . . . that's all!"

•

Bill Gargan's brother is very disgruntled over Bill's crashing society, via the Leslie Howards.

"'How d'you do?' he says to me!" Big Brother snorts. "Me . . . what taught that guy to carry a spear! . . . and he wasn't even good at that!"

•

On the same location, Helen Twelvetrees demonstrated the tricky art of horseback hurdle-jumping to the awed cowboys.

Eager to try this new sport, the he-men of the West climbed aboard



the strange English saddles and headed for the nearest hurdle. But, instead of going over, they landed on their ears in some of the most ungraceful positions you can imagine!

•

You've heard of the mailman who takes a long walk on his day off?

Well, Warner Baxter has done practically the same thing, only for a little more money. Warner's contract with Fox calls for twelve weeks off every

(*Please turn to page* 16)

Wide World

With her niece and a traveling companion, Senora Luz Corral de Villa, wife of the famous bandit portrayed in "Viva Villa" by Wallace Beery, visited Wally on the "Treasure Island" set. Clark Gable and Leo Carillo—who was in the picture, too—helped to show them around. Right: Playing as an extra, with Hobart Bosworth in "Whom the Gods Destroy," is Stella Adams. Twenty-five years ago she was Hobart's leading lady in "The Power of the Sultan." Walter Connolly, on the right, has one of the leading rôles.





IS ALICE LONESOME? . . . HORSEBACKING DELUXE!

OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER

NEMO KNOWS—DAY BY DAY—AND NEMO TELLS

(*Continued from page* 15)

year. And, right at the beginning of his vacation, Columbia and Director Frank Capra called . . . to the tune of $89,600.00 for ONE picture!

Furthermore, Baxter was given the privilege of choosing his own leading lady, and Myrna Loy was the lucky gal.

•

Maybe it's the Jean Harlow influence but Lionel Barrymore has broken down and is being a swell scout about visitors on the set, interviewers, and such.

•

The other day, some of the extra boys were taking up a collection for a brother extra who was in the hospital convalescing from an operation.

In conversation with a charming matron, one of the Samaritans mentioned the sick man's financial plight, dubiously commenting on the advisability of approaching Miss Harlow for a small donation.

"Why not?" the matron asked. ". . . come here a minute!"

"Jean never refuses anyone in need."

"But, I'm afraid . . ." the extra began.

"Afraid?" the lady echoed." Afraid of that lovely child?" and, before the man could protest, she called: "Baby!"

And not until after Miss Harlow had donated generously to the cause did the extra discover that he had been talking to the "lovely child's" mother!

•

Leslie Howard's frantic existence on both sides of the English Channel should keep him well-nigh exhausted.

One home, his polo ponies and the two Howard children are in England. Another home, the little woman, and his work are in Hollywood.

After finishing a picture, Leslie forgets about work, tucks the missus under his arm and embarks for the other half of his double life. And there he stays until the public calls him back for another sterling performance.

•

Gary Cooper and Charlotte Granville were having much trouble with a certain scene wherein they are supposed to be toasting one another with two or three brandies (cold tea).

Far into the night the scene was shot, over and over, until Gary could stand the liquid intake no longer.

"One more drink of this stuff," he groaned, "and I'm going to start a Tong war! . . . Look! . . . Even my eyes are beginning to slant up at the corners!"

•

In casting for the Hungarian picture, "Caravan," Fox sent out a call for types suited to the locale of the picture.

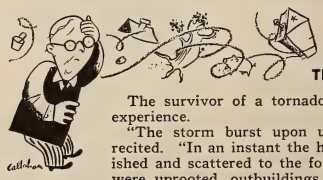
Among the Swede, German and French extras who responded, there were three native Hungarians, typical gypsies. But, believe it or don't, not one of the three bona fide Budapest-ians was chosen.

"Not the type!" director Erik Charell declared firmly, as he filled the order with almost every other delegate in the movie "league of nations."

•

Just to be different, Wallace Beery went bear hunting in his airplane.



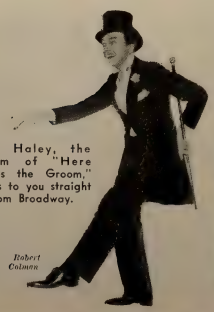


LOUISE FAZENDA TELLS THIS ONE

The survivor of a tornado was telling his experience.

"The storm burst upon us suddenly," he recited. "In an instant the house was demolished and scattered to the four winds. Trees were uprooted, outbuildings smashed, horses killed. How I escaped being torn to pieces I do not know."

"Good Lord?" ejaculated little Mr. Meek. "That reminds me I almost forgot an errand I had to do for my wife."



Jack Haley, the groom of "Here Comes the Groom," comes to you straight from Broadway.

Robert Coburn

(Right) Irvin S. Cobb, world-famous writer-humorist, is an actor now. With Thelma Todd teaching him how to make up, doesn't he look scared? (Below) The studio hastens to tell us that Gloria Shea, appearing in "We're Rich Again," with Buster Crabbe, is a swimmer, too. But what this pose has to do with it we can't tell you for the life of us.

Star





JEAN'S GOOD DEED . . . WALLY'S BEAR HUNT

THE LATEST NEWS OF STARS AND PLAYERS

Can't you just see Wally, tail-spinning through the dense forests, slapping them thar b'ars right and left?

•

Working in three pictures at once, the popular Otto Kruger swears that he wakes up in the morning not any too sure of who he really is!

Did we say this was a crazy business?

The other day, a certain director was going to a lot of trouble about the make-up of an extra woman who was picked from the mob to do a $25.00 "bit."

Everything had to be "just so" and for hours they tried her out with fourteen different kinds of grease-paint under as many different colored lights. At last the director seemed satisfied.

"That's what I want!" he announced enthusiastically. And, leading the excited woman onto a "morgue" set, he instructed her to lie on a certain slab.

"Be very still," he said tensely. "You're supposed to be a dead body." And with that he drew a sheet over her carefully prepared face, pulling it (the sheet) up to her ankles.

"Just the feet will show!" he announced. "All right! . . . Camera!"

And they exiled Napoleon!

•

Convalescing from an attack of New York button-snatching, Clark Gable unhappily caught up with a spell of neuritis.

However, it will take more than neuritis to wipe the grin off Clark's face (and yours) since he has been teamed with Joan Crawford again, in "Chained."

•

If Lyle Talbot can fight his way through the crowd of fair ladies that eternally surrounds him, he intends to be a director.

Overhearing this, Mervyn LeRoy cracks: "What are you gonna direct? Traffic?"

Zeppo Marx, agent, was obliged to take a pop at a drunk who was getting nasty with one of his (Zeppo's) clients, the other night.



Dusting his hands, Zeppo stepped over the prostrate aggressor, remarking to the grateful client:

"All for the same ten per cent, my friend! And name me any other agent that'll give you that kind of protection for the same price?"

•

The Lyle Talbot-Gail Patrick romance is getting warmer and warmer as summer draws on.

They sat at a table adjoining ours at the Screen Guild Frolic, with Dick Powell and Mary Carlisle, who seem to be doing all right by themselves these days, too.

After weeks of trying to reduce, little Mary spent the entire evening munching away on peanuts, pretzels, crackerjack, hot dogs, and a few other things that don't mean right by the Carlisle chassis.

And, when there wasn't any more, the reckless little rascal mooched some home-made fudge from Una Merkel!

•

Grace Moore, working late at Columbia, retired to her dressing room and was preparing to remove her make-up when she heard the director's voice calling her to come back on the set.

Sticking her head out of the door, Grace began to refuse very politely. One look and her mouth dropped open. For the set was totally dark and there wasn't a soul in sight!

Three minutes later she heard the voice again, this time directly outside her dressing room. Hurriedly opening the door, she was startled to find no one there!

Grabbing her maid by the hand, Grace tore down the stairs and bumped smack into the old janitor, who was diligently running the vacuum cleaner.

When the old fellow saw how genuinely frightened she was, he broke down and confessed that he had been a famous ventriloquist years ago and just wanted to keep in practice!

•

The Marian Nixon-Philip Reed romance is going strong but not so steady, on account of Director William Seiter cutting in now and again.

•

When Stepin Fetchit flew back East, one of his maids, in commenting on the dangers of the trip, said confidently:

"Ah knows Mistah Fetchit git dar



all O.K. on 'count of he's weahin' his lucky underweah (underwear to you!). Ain't nuthin' nevah happen to dat boy long's he weah dat one suit. No, ma'am!"

(*Please turn to page* 105)





(Left) Schnozzle Durante plays chauffeur to Florine McKinney. (Above) Lunch time for Paramount's younger set. Elsie Ferguson drops in to visit Phyllis Loughton, Lillian Moore, Randolph Scott, Ida Lupino—over her illness—Audrienne Brier, Toby Wing, and Clara Lou Sheridan. Mr. Scott seems to be enjoying himself pretty shamelessly.

OTTO KRUGER'S DILEMMA...GRACE MOORE'S GHOST

The GIBSON FAMILY



Pretty Sally Gibson is getting a hand.

"Your eyes, your skin—golly, you're a knockout," breathes Ted.

"Oh, really!" blushes Sally. "You know the other girls won't believe that I just use Ivory Soap, but as Doctor MacRae says, a sensitive skin needs a pure soap."

Yes, doctors like their patients to use Ivory. They have no use for the exaggerated promises of many soaps. Doctors say: "Use a *pure* soap." Don't let impure soaps dry out your skin.

PROTECT your complexion. Pure Ivory Soap will help you.



"THESE SOCIETY LADIES'D give a mint for your skin, young feller," says Jenkins. Nurse Tippit smiles. "Do them a lot more good to use pure IVORY SOAP!"



THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! . . . Pete Clancy's loving heart pounds like mad every time he takes a cup from Julia's smooth hands. And when his hand touches hers (by accident, we trust) he goes all pink in the ears!

As for Julia—she silently thanks Mrs. Gibson for saying, "Yes, Julia, use Ivory for everything. It will keep your hands looking nice when you serve the table!"

IVORY FOR DISHES KEEPS HANDS NICE



"GO ON, GRIN, Sally Gibson!" says Jane. "I wash-ee wash-ee stockings. And I know half of them have runs!"

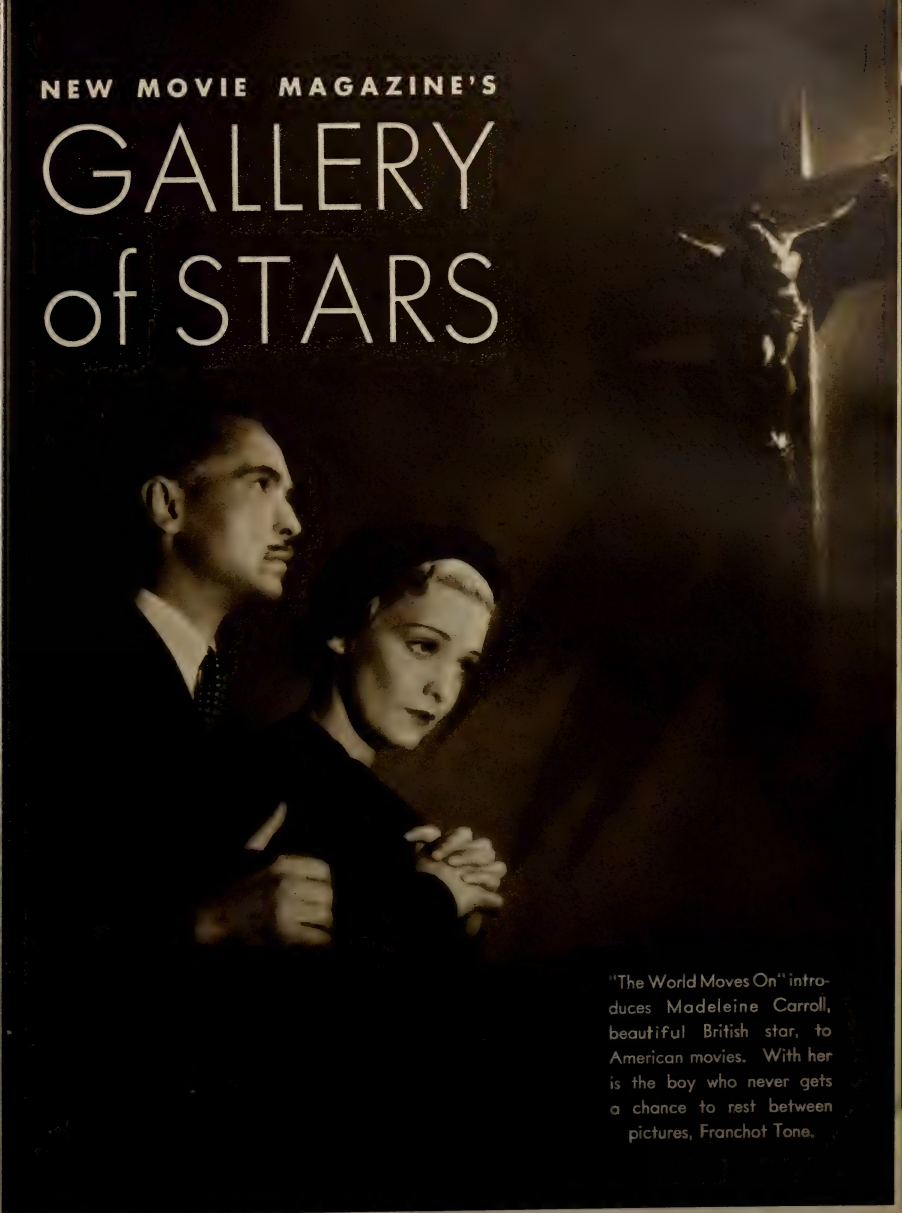
"If you wash-ee every night with Ivory Flakes," teases Sally, "your stockings would not run-nee, run-nee so much."

"That's what the salesgirl at Baxton's said," says Jane. "She gave me a lecture on Ivory's purity, she did. So don't preach to me, Sally. From today I'm using Ivory Flakes."

FINE STORES ADVISE IVORY FLAKES

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S

GALLERY of STARS



"The World Moves On" introduces Madeleine Carroll, beautiful British star, to American movies. With her is the boy who never gets a chance to rest between pictures, Franchot Tone.

OCTOBER

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER



Hurrell

In "Chained" for Metro, Joan Crawford takes a long sea voyage to forget a married man, Otto Kruger, meets Clark Gable on the ship, comes home to find Otto free and waiting for her at the gangplank with a wedding ring, and then—but you'll have to guess the rest. Joan is trying hard to find a new kind of picture for you.



Hurrell

We won't say, "We told you so." After all, it had to happen. Some day there was bound to come along the one foreign star who could meet Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich and hold her own with them. "We Live Again," with a story laid in her native Russia, is Anna Sten's second picture. And after that Samuel Goldwyn has many plans for his Soviet star.



Eugene Robert Richee

Cary Grant plays the part of a beauty doctor in "Kiss and Make Up." The kiss comes before the make-up or does the make-up come first—then the kiss? We never thought it was anything serious enough to call for a doctor, but Helen Mack, the doctor's private secretary, seems to be getting along very nicely, thank you. And across the page—



"She Learned About Sailors" is what the picture is called, and Lew Ayres and Alice Faye are teamed in it. You catch Alice busily engaged in the act of learning, right here. See how easy it is? You just put on a sort of sailor suit, yourself, and snuggle up comfy and look languorously into their eyes. Practically as easy as making up to a beauty doctor!

OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER



● Every kid in the world has hoped and prayed that they would make this story into a picture, some day, and here it is at last—"Treasure Island," Robert Louis Stevenson's beloved tale of pirates, buried gold, and the Spanish Main. The company went to a real island, thirty miles off the coast,



Especially photographed for NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

for outdoor scenes. Victor Fleming, director of "Treasure Island," sits in the canvas chair. Hal Rosson, ace camera-man, leans intently over his chair. The microphone boom swings out to catch the pirates' words. Wallace Beery is "Long John Silver," and Jackie Cooper is the boy, Jim Hawkins.



Elwood Bredell

"Grand Canary" is not a bird picture. Warner Baxter, that virile and capable actor, is cast as Dr. Harvey Leith in a story, the locale of which is the Canary Islands.

Carole Lombard is the girl who fooled them all. Just a clothes-horse who couldn't act, they called her. But—unaided, unappreciated—by her own efforts she has built herself up from a Sennett comedy girl to a reigning star.



Eugene Robert Richee

Sylvia Sidney started off in a glorious burst of fine pictures. Then something happened and her stock went down point by point on the fan exchange. "One Way Ticket," her next picture, will show her in a better role than she has had in some time.



Elwood Bredell

No Confederate uniform, no ten-gallon hat—it's just Gary Cooper himself that you'll see in "Now and Forever." Carole, over to the left, is his leading lady.

IT HAPPENED

The liveliest, breeziest story you ever read about a movie star. Telling you nothing about Bob, and telling everything! And written just as it happened on that exciting day, by New Movie's own Elsie Janis



I'M sure that, if I could collect a dollar from every feminine fan who would give her pet possession to have been in my oxfords, I wouldn't have anything to worry about, except paying too much income tax from now on, but I wouldn't sell, even if it were possible. Superb surprises are too rare after one has passed forty. They can't be bought. Practically every month during the two years I've been writing these personality sketches for NEW MOVIE the Editor has said to me, "What about Robert Montgomery?" To which inquiry I have replied with a definite terseness, "Well, what about him? I've only met him once and—er—I've told you that I can't write about people I am not keen on."

That was that! The gods, who are obviously partial to young Mr. Montgomery, must have started laughing then and marked me for a future word-eater. As they grinned, Metro-Goldwyn studios decided that their favored son should have the vacation he had been clamoring for and come East. I, who should have been back home weeks before, happened to be there. No more stalling! Mr. NEW MOVIE said, "Now listen, Elsie, Montgomery is a great favorite and we want you to do a story about him." Well, I was feeling kind of weak after a Winter in the so-called stimulating city. I sighed, "O.K. (or maybe it was Oh Nuts!) Make a date with him!" At this point the gods became hysterical. "Listen who says 'make a date with him' as if our white-haired boy was the chiropodist. Just let her try and find him!" they chortled.

I PERSONALLY did not try for the first week, but ask the NEW MOVIE staff. They'll tell you that Dillinger is an amateur hider-outer by comparison. I received bulletins daily from the office. "We think we've found him! He is registered at the Waldorf, but he won't answer his phone. We've sent a man up there." Later in the day, "Montgomery is out of town for the week-end. They expect him Tuesday." That seemed quite natural to me. I was in the country myself, but when a week-end lasts from one Friday to the next, I don't call it a very weak one. I was quite intrigued by this time and more convinced that the son of a—pardon!—the gods was a conceited, spoiled, highhatting young upstart and I would write the article if it took a summons to get him.

I had come into town on other business. The phone rang. "Miss



AND IT HAPPENED

ONE DAY *with* ROBERT MONTGOMERY



While strolling—not through the park—one day.

Janis," a charming voice said, "this is Mr. Soandso of the Metro office. Mr. Montgomery is returning from his farm tomorrow, he phoned in. We told him that you would like to see him. He wants to know if you could lunch with him tomorrow. He gets in about eleven."

"I would love to! He's an elusive bird, isn't he?" My tone was tinged with that "woman scorned" cadence.

"Well, you see, Miss Janis, this has been his vacation. He has no telephone at his farm and we agreed not even to communicate with him except on behalf of the studio, but he's not elusive really. He's a great guy!"

"Yes, I'm sure he is. I shall be delighted. Did he say where?"

"He said for you to name the time and place."

"Oh!" I felt a conviction drop on my toe. "Well, just tell him I'll come over to the hotel. If he doesn't get in until eleven that will be simpler perhaps."

"Right!"

I BROKE my own luncheon date "on account of a business appointment." A less accurate description of Robert Montgomery I could not have thought of in years. That night I went to a party. A cross between a birthday celebration and an endurance test. I got to bed just about in time to meet myself getting up.

When I entered the Waldorf Tower next morning my usual aplomb was a bit asunder. He stepped forward, hand outstretched. The turned-up smile, which is on the same switch as the bluer than blue lamps, writing "welcome" on the map.

"Hello!" he said. "Hello!" I echoed. He didn't add, "Miss Janis." I certainly could not have called him Mr. Montgomery. It seemed that I was meeting an old friend with whom I was in the habit of taking down my back hair (if I had any) and exchanging truths. So much so that I stepped into the apartment and sat down before I was invited to do so.

"How are you?" He offered me a (*Please turn to page* 68)



Photos by Robert Speckman and Publishers Service

TO ELSIE JANIS

NEW Faces

NEWCOMERS IN THE FILMS WHO MAY BECOME THE STARS OF TOMORROW











6



7



1—Virginia Pine, Chicago society girl, recently signed by Warner Brothers, who appears in their production, "When Tomorrow Comes."

2—Capricious Adalyn Doyle doubled for Katharine Hepburn until she was given a good part in RKO's "Finishing School."

3—Although an American, Frances Drake made good in England. Paramount signed her and she has appeared in "Bolero" and "The Trumpet Blows" both with George Raft.

4—James Ellison took a test for the crooner role in "Sadie McKee," but though he didn't get the role, M-G-M signed him for future work.

5—Robert Dalton appeared in stock all over the country, was given a screen test and signed by M-G-M.

6—Joan Gale, one of the four famous Gale sisters and a former "Scandals" beauty will soon appear in a new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer feature.

7—Wistfully appealing is Marjorie Lytell, New York stage player, who made her screen debut in RKO's "Finishing School."

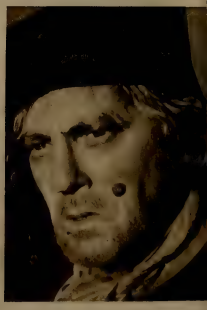




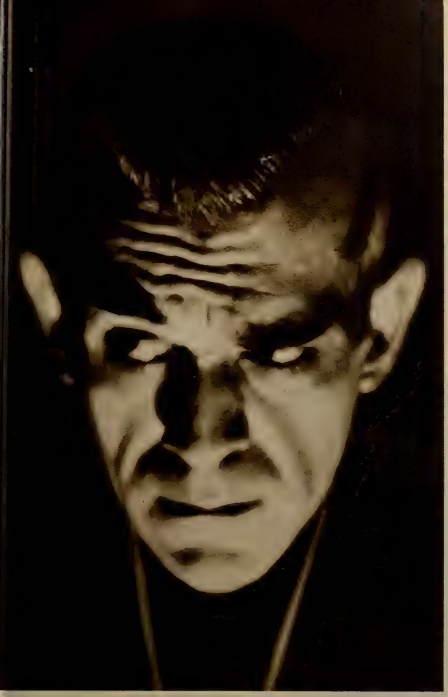








● Look at em and shudder! Wallace Beery, Jimmy Cagney, Edward G. Robinson, Walter Huston, Clark Gable, Lionel Barrymore. What has become of the Screen's handsome heroes? This story tells you the sad truth







● And on this page—Boris Karloff, Lee Tracy, and Paul Muni. Herb Howe tells you more about them on page 44

PRETTY MEN, WHAT NOW?

By

JACK JAMISON

PRETTY Men, Pretty Boys—

There used to be *one* place in the country where they could go. Hollywood.

Now *Hollywood* doesn't want 'em.

It's an awful life. What are they going to do? Not so long ago any soda-jerker in Squeedunk, that the high school girls giggled over and thought "cute", could dash for Hollywood, change his name to Reginald Marmalade, snatch a quick marcel, and sign on the dotted line for umpteen thousand smacks a week. But the dots aren't on the line, now. They're floating before their eyes. And the only smacks they get are you-know-where.

Take a look at those lovely faces floating over at the left. Ladies! Gentlemen! These are the stars in heaven tonight! And, judging from their mugs, they're all dog stars. Close the magazine quick, little Oscar, or they'll bite you on the leg and give you hydrophobia and you'll run around barking!

Why? How did this horrible thing ever happen? They say women go to the movies to fall in love with the handsome heroes on the screen. Now, after all, fun is fun! Girls—honestly, does your heart beat a little faster, do your eyes shine like stars, when you think of slowly being drawn into the enfolding arms of, and dizzily kissed by the lips of, this bit of masculine beauty glaring at you—Boris Karloff?

THEY say men go to pictures to pretend they're the hero doing such mighty deeds up on the screen. Now, really, fellows! Do you mean to say you actually wish you looked like Eddie Robinson, over there to your left? Why, if you ever stepped into a puddle people would throw you a hook on the end of a line and try to catch you! They'd take you for a shark! How would you like to smile sweetly and have Her let out a shriek and go crazy, sitting right there on your lap? (If you could ever get Her to sit on your lap) Why—when you walked down the street even the cats would be afraid of you!

It just naturally can't be possible.

Yet these are the heroes we worship today—these guys like Spencer Tracy, Wallace Beery, Walter Huston, Lee Tracy, Boris Karloff, Jimmie Cagney, Paul Muni, William Powell, Eddie Robinson, and so on. Men whose photographs remind you of that lovely nightmare you had the night you ate the dill pickles with the mince pie and cheese. You remember it. It was the one where King Kong and birds with saw-teeth and plug hats chased you, and you tried to run and your legs wouldn't move. Then there was an earthquake, and the ground split open, and there was a big hole (*Please turn to page* 73)



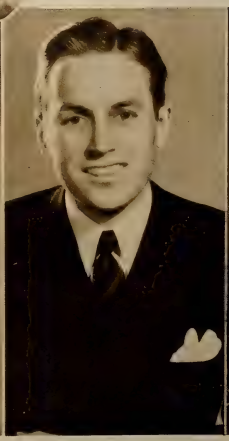
Ed Wynn is satisfied to be funny in any branch of the entertainment field.

RADIO

YOUR PREFERENCE, PLEASE? AND



Eddie Cantor thinks it is easier to make a good picture than a good radio program.



"The thing to be desired," says Lanny Ross, "is to combine both types of entertainment."



The singing Boswells confess to a preference for radio work—at least that is, for the present time.

Bill Vallee writes to eight famous folk—who know both intimately—and we present their return letters

WITH the advent of sound to our silver screen it became apparent that many a native Hollywood player was to be seen but not to be heard. Better able in many cases to be heard as well as seen were people of the legitimate theater. Of equal vocal capabilities were the gentry of the air: the wee radio folk.

In obedience to the resultant call some of the latter tripped gaily to Hollywood and returned happier and richer to the East. Others stayed on, making picture after picture as they indulged in radio activity on the side.

Wondering how they compared the two mediums I dispatched letters calculated to set the best of these to searching frantically for pen and paper. I am going to let you read the replies now and see for yourself the reactions of, let us say, Mr. Ed Wynn as compared to those of, let us say, Mr. Lawrence Tibbett of the Metropolitan Opera.

So let us then read the first letter, that of Lawrence Tibbett:

(Pictures: Rogue Song, Cuban Love Song. More scheduled.)

(Radio: General Tire Program; Metropolitan Opera experience.)

Dear Mr. Vallee:

I find it extremely difficult to answer your question as to which I prefer—radio or pictures.

As far as I find pleasure in singing for either pictures or radio, I find very little to choose between. They are both mechanized mediums of reproduction, which in themselves I find more difficult than appearing before a flesh-and-blood audience. Of course, there's this advantage in pictures—if you make a mistake or get a bad "take," it can be made over. Whereas, on the radio, your one performance is the final one. But, on the other hand, because your one performance on the radio is final you do sometimes make a greater and more spontaneous effort than you do in pictures.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) Lawrence Tibbett.

MY next was from Eddie Cantor who likens radio to an opening night in the theater with all of its thrill of first-time playing.

(Pictures: Palmy Days, Roman Scandals, etc. One a year for Goldwyn.)

(Radio: Chase & Sanborn Coffee Hour. Ex-Ziegfeld star.)

or PICTURES

HERE ARE THE ANSWERS FROM THE STARS THEMSELVES



Jimmy Durante remains silent, and perhaps he "knows" better than to voice an opinion!





Russ Columbo says, "There is thrilling fascination in singing to thousands of unseen listeners." (Right) And Bing Crosby's P.S. said, "Radio was my first love!" What about all his movie fans?





(Above) Lawrence Tibbett says he finds radio and pictures more difficult than appearing before a flesh and blood audience.

•

(Left) This happy couple, Burns and Allen, believe each medium influences the other.

My dear Bill Vallee:
Here it is:

I've come to the conclusion that each of the two mediums, radio and pictures, has its own particular advantages, and much in common.

In pictures, you have at least a preview: But in radio every program is an opening night. Reaction in radio—with studio audiences—is immediate, which I personally consider its main advantage.

In pictures, on the other hand, it is highly gratifying to realize how many people all over the world you reach—and for return engagements, many times. A radio program, by comparison, is a "hit-and-run" proposition. Once you have spoken a line, or taken a high note, it is done; in the movies, you can always depend on re-takes. It is easier, I think, to make a good picture than a good radio program.

But I have a warm spot in my heart for radio because of the knowledge that I am actually in the homes of people I might never reach through my stage or film work.

Sincerely,
(Signed) Eddie Cantor.

(*Please turn to page* 81)

The authentic story

Unable to find real happiness in a social whirl, the gorgeous platinum blonde seeks and wins happiness and stardom in the motion picture studios



(Above) Jean at the age of five. Notice the platinum locks?



(Right) At the time Jean first broke into pictures in Hal Roach's early comedies.



(Right) With Carmelita Geraghty Wilson who is one of her staunchest friends in Hollywood.

ED. NOTE: *Last month the glamorous star revealed the story of her early life, days at school, youthful ambitions, and her first youthful romance. We left her in the little school where she had gone to complete her education. Now go on with the story:*

THAT Friday night, when Charles McGrew walked suddenly and unexpectedly into my life from behind a screen of palms which transformed the school gymnasium into a dance floor, was one of the most important milestones in my life. Until that moment when I shook hands with him and looked into his eyes, I had been blissfully and happily un-selfconscious and un-boy-conscious. For the first time I found myself blushing and verging on the edge of giggles and hoping that I looked well.

I had never gone through the stage of "crushes" and youthful romances as the other girls had. The boys and young men whom I knew, with the exception of Rod Adams, were companionable and congenial but there was no aura of romance around them. I much preferred my week-ends in Highland Park with Mother and Marino, to the parties and dances and "dates" about

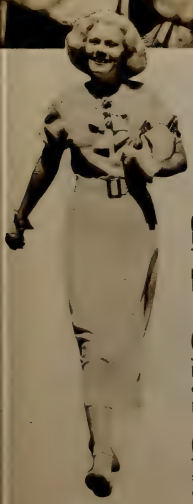
of my life.





by Jean Harlow

AS TOLD TO ELEANOR PACKER



(Above) Jean Harlow and Franchot Tone as they appear in "Born to Be Kissed," her latest picture.

(Above, right) Jean and Wallace Beery in "The Secret Six," her first picture for M-G-M.

(Left) On her way to the studio Jean smiles a cheery greeting to friends.

which the other girls talked and looked forward to so eagerly.

During the afternoon recesses at Ferry Hall, we'd talk sometimes about what we were going to do when our school days were finished. I looked with a sort of awe on the girls who had definitely planned their futures. My only answer, when they asked me what I wanted to do, was "get married, I guess, and have several children." That is what all the women in our family had done. None of them had had careers.

At regular intervals we had Friday night school dances at Ferry Hall. If we attended those parties we had to stay at school over the week-end. So I always asked to be excused. Then, too, I didn't know any boy whom I cared enough about to invite. Perhaps I missed something which life had to offer. I don't know. I do know that I was perfectly content to leave all the confusion and gaiety and go home for the week-ends.

On that important Friday night in May, I had received permission to spend the day in Chicago with Mother, but I was told to return at nine o'clock in order to be at the school for some special classes the following day. When I walked into the building, after saying goodnight to Mother and Marino, I heard the (*Please turn to page 77*)

Let the Parade Pass!



The road to Hollywood popularity is often paved with much ballyhoo, but Chester Morris prefers to live simply

By

JACK SMALLEY

CHESTER MORRIS has chosen a dangerous course, and he is well aware what it may cost him.

He is deliberately breaking the cardinal rule of Hollywood.

He refuses to keep up with the movie Joneses!

And that, they will tell you in Hollywood, is fatal. From the lowliest bit player to the most scintillating star, one commandment is laid down: Out-do Thy Neighbor! Break all the other rules, and you'll be "original." But break that one commandment, and you'll be doomed to the limbo of forgotten souls.

You must, at all costs, get out in front and stay there. You must go places, be seen, spend up to the hilt. It's sure death to your career if you don't hire influential publicity agents, drive high-priced cars, throw expensive parties, and attract more attention than the other fellow. If you can't land on the front page in any other way, a divorce will do the trick.

It's not the survival of the fittest, but the survival of the foremost.

Chester Morris admits it.

"But I'm taking the chance, and if I'm lost in the scramble, all right," he said. "It's too steep a price to pay. Moreover, many of my friends are coming around to my way of looking at it."

I had come out to his home in Beverly Hills to see what manner of bushel he was hiding his light under.

It is a rather modest home for an actor whose lengthy list of screen successes includes "The Miracle Man," "Alibi," "Red-Headed Woman," "Corsair," and others. A semi-colonial type of dwelling, it impresses you with quiet, charming dignity.

Chester had just finished a (*Please turn to page* 75)



Wide World

Chester Morris with Cynthia and Brooks Morris, his two children, and Sue, his charming wife.



(Front row, l. to r.) Mrs. Chester Morris, Darrylin Zanuck, Gardner Sullivan, Jr., Joan Selznick, Cynthia Morris, Jill Sullivan, Joan Morgan, Lee Nugent, Barbara Nugent. (Rear row, l. to r.) Kenneth Franklin, Brooks Morris, Peter Rosendahl, Pat Conway, John Morgan, Mike Conway and Chester Morris with Reginald Denny, Jr., as they were photographed at a party given for their two children.

NEW MOVIE'S
Hollywood Fashions



Clarence Sinclair Bull

Short brown velvet jacket, brown and green plaid skirt with hat to match and quaint wing collar are combined in this costume worn by Myrna Loy in the M-G-M production, "The Thin Man."



Robert W. Coburn

Betty Furness, appearing in RKO-Radio picture, "The Life of Vergie Winters," wears this mustard color and brown swagger suit with a three-quarter length coat. The brown leather buttons add a smart touch.



Eugene Robert Richee

Kitty Carlisle, Paramount player appearing in "She Loves Me Not," wears this dinner frock of red roma crepe with short tunic of flesh pink banded at the neck with pink flowers. The full cape has graceful lines.



Fox Films

Pat Paterson endorses black and yellow in this silk crepe suit designed by Royer, worn by Miss Paterson in Fox Films' "Call It Luck." The tunic length coat is relieved by brilliant buttercup-yellow barred mousseline de soie in the form of pleated revers and cuffs. A cluster of buttercups at the throat of the simple black frock tops the coat jabot as well. Brilliant clips adorn the black hat.



Robert W. Coburn

Long trailing dark skirts with long-sleeved light blouses are the latest fashion for the cocktail hour and informal dinner wear. Betty Furness adds to the popularity of this fashion when she wears this frock consisting of a black moire skirt and long-sleeved white satin blouse with a gold stripe and finished with a scarlet sash tied in a small bow at the back. Miss Furness is now appearing in the RKO-Radio picture, "The Life of Vergie Winters."

NEW CLOTHES FROM HOLLYWOOD



Eugene Robert Richee

Pale blue silk crepe was cleverly used to create this Empire style nightgown for Genevieve Tobin, now appearing in, "Kiss and Make Up," for Paramount. The gown is accordion pleated with bands of the silk crepe criss-crossing to form the narrow neckline. Soft folds of material are fastened at the shoulders to form the sleeves. An interesting note is the length of the nightgown which features a slight train.



Eugene Robert Richee

A simple frock suitable for the girl of college age is worn by Miss Kitty Carlisle, now appearing in, "She Loves Me Not," for Paramount, featuring Bing Crosby and Miriam Hopkins. The frock is made of dusty blue silk crepe with flattering deep cuffs and collar of a distinctly frilly type made of mousseline and val lace. The straight lines and fairly low waistline give the dress a decidedly youthful appearance.

THAT FORETELL THE COMING MODE

OCTOBER

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER



Max Munn Autrey

Left: Black and white formal ensemble from the personal wardrobe of Conchita Montenegro, popular Fox Films player.



Paramount Photo-Eugene Robert Richee

Above left: Dark blue wool dress worn by Helen Mack in Paramount's "Kiss and Make Up." The vest and wide gauntlet sleeves of pale blue linen are good features for early Autumn. Directly above: An attractive ensemble of beige wool with galyak trimming created by Travis Banton, Paramount stylist, for Elissa Landi, appearing in "The Great Flirtation." The hat of galyak has a scarf attached.

For Autumn in Hollywood

A New Movie Reader will present the

PEOPLE'S ACADEMY

1934 GOLD MEDALS



The guests at the People's Academy Gold Medal Presentation Luncheon held in New York recently. At extreme right of picture are seated Miss Catherine McNelis, Publisher of Tower Magazines, Inc., Louis Nizer, Film Board of Trade, who was toastmaster, and Mrs. Nellie Tayloe Ross, director of the Mint, who made the presentations. Other guests present, executives of the various motion picture companies and allied organizations, are listed on page 90.

GOLD medal awards of the People's Academy of Motion Pictures, under the sponsorship of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, were made recently at an important luncheon meeting in New York City. Mrs. Nellie Tayloe Ross, director of the United States Mint and former governor of Wyoming, spoke for the Academy in making the presentations to executives of the various film companies whose performers or pictures won the medals for 1933. See page 90.

And now, with the impetus gained through the first year's operation, The People's Academy swings into its second year. Again gold medals will be awarded for the outstanding achievements in performance and production for the year 1934. Readers of THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE are once more invited to register their approval of pictures and acting.

There is a special reason for all readers carefully to consider their listings. While the presentations this year were made by Mrs. Ross, next year's winners will be awarded by one of the hundreds of thousands of readers of this magazine. It is a high honor which may go to anyone who reads these lines. The People's Academy is so truly the "voice of the people" in motion-picture entertainment, that one of its members deserves the honor of making the presentations..

When the voting on 1934 pictures is ended and the results ascertained, the man or woman whose choices most closely correspond to the final list of winners will be NEW MOVIE'S honored guest at the presentation ceremonies, either in New York or Hollywood, and will make the presentations. This means that all expenses to and from either city (final designations to be made later) and entertainment, will be paid.

In case of more than one reader submitting the same lists which most nearly duplicate the winning selections, the first to be received will be chosen.



(Left) A facsimile of the medals which were awarded to the film companies.

The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1934 in the films.

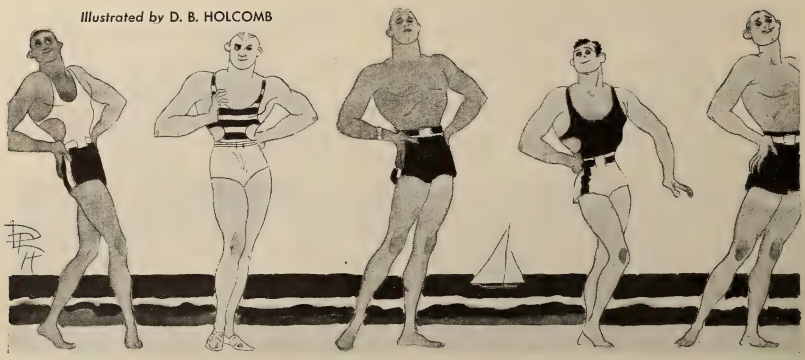
Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards. It is your vote that counts!

These letters may be addressed to either The People's Academy or to the Dollar-Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

You are the judge and the jury. Write us what you think. The medals will be given for the following:

1—Best all-around feature picture
2—Best performance (actress)
3—Best performance (actor)
4—Best musical picture
5—Best human interest picture
6—Best mystery picture
7—Best romance
8—Best comedy
9—Best short reel picture
10—Best newsreel picture
11—Best direction
12—Best story

Illustrated by D. B. HOLCOMB



BATHING BRUTIES

HERB HOWE, New Movie's debonair boulevardier, gives specifications for the answer to a maiden's prayer. Dark hair—blue eyes—tall—streamlined—feet size 10½—witty and fun loving.

IN response to impassioned requests that more space be given to male masterpieces in this atelier the management is happy to call attention to two dozen streamlined specimens on display in "Down to Their Last Yacht" and to furnish the specifications for the 1934 model male.

The specifications, obtained at frightful cost by taking a poll of five thousand women, are—dark hair, blue eyes, tall, stream-lined, flat stomach, depilated bosom, muscular without bulges, long legs that are slender but not skinny, a pedal range of not more than 10½, witty and fun-loving (Mr. Baer, will you kindly keep your seat till I finish!).

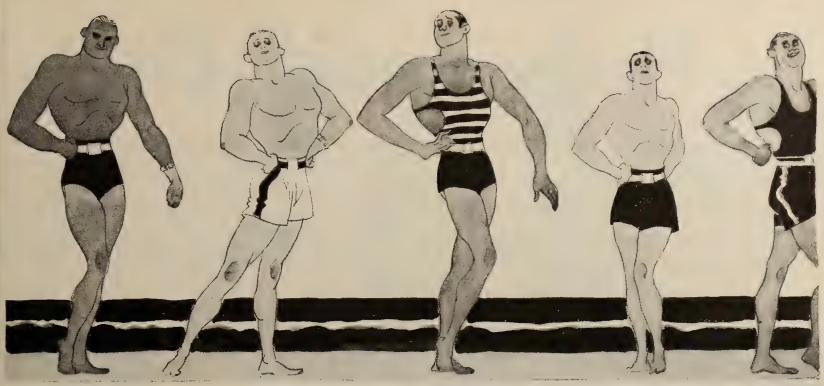
While Sam Goldwyn stalks the land in quest of girls to glorify and Busby Berkely uses them to scroll things all over the floors, walls and ceilings of the Warners' studio, Lou Brock at Radio is suddenly inspired with the idea of giving the tired business woman a treat. Letters were dispatched to female fans throughout the country requesting their recipes for a Romeo. Answers varied of course. Some like'm blond, some like'm brune, some like'm hot, some like'm raw. Out of the sketches a composite was formed. David Horsely, among leading men, was found to fit the mold. Twenty-four brand new huskies were undraped for the roles of beachcombers. Response to this parade of bathing bruties will determine whether or no Hollywood's garden of Eves is to have Adams at last.

(Anticipating the demand, this department on receipt of twenty-five cents will promptly forward one).



WITH every good wish for the bathing bruties, I'm dubious of their triumph. Screen favorites are mostly muggs: Beery, Cagney, Cantor, Rogers, Oakie, Tracys Lee and Spencer—even Gable is not exactly what Phidias or Praxiteles had in mind. Hollywood's handsomer boys all seem to work in gas stations.

Has Shirley Temple pushed Mae West out of the spotlight? Child labor should be abolished, wails Herb, gnashing his tooth.



Above: The management is happy to call attention to the two dozen streamlined specimens on display in "Down to Their Last Yacht." Boo! Boo-oo-o-o-o-o!

READING that producers wanted leading men a fan from my home state offers his physique. He says it's fine—a mixture of Jack Dempsey, Nils Asther, etc. Producers, a suspicious bunch, see a catch in "etc." Might mean Slim Summerville, they say.

NOW for Gossakes let's join the ladies. Beauty counts for less with them, too. Our 1934 model is a cerebral charmer. Look at Elizabeth Bergner—Katharine Hepburn—Margaret Sullavan. You can actually see these girls think. That would have been considered obscene a few years ago.

Right now Margaret Sullavan is bending me to her will. The girl is so real Hollywood is calling her an enigma. Nothing mystifies like naturalness in this garden of poses.

* * *

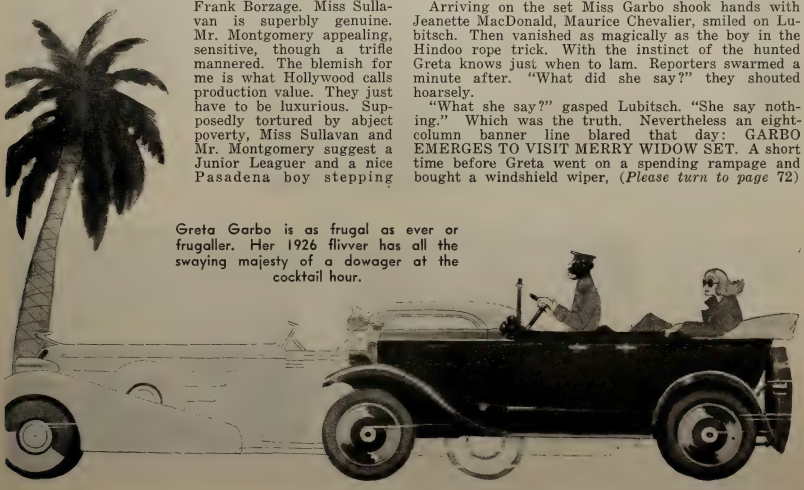
"Little Man, What Now?" is superior entertainment, as are all films directed by Frank Borzage. Miss Sullavan is superbly genuine. Mr. Montgomery appealing, sensitive, though a trifle mannered. The blemish for me is what Hollywood calls production value. They just have to be luxurious. Supposedly tortured by abject poverty, Miss Sullavan and Mr. Montgomery suggest a Junior Leaguer and a nice Pasadena boy stepping around. Gowned smartly, with a wardrobe for all occasions, she. Tailored, laundried, immaculately barbered, he. Both with expensive diction and voice culture. Hollywood just can't help being elegant. Producers' idea of poverty seems to be that of about $18,000 a year.

* * *

WEARING dark glasses Garbo visited "The Merry Widow" set. Another mysterious party, whom you all read and, I trust, love, appeared also behind dark panes. Miss Garbo alone got headlines, though the other party struggled desperately to share them with her—even going so far as to declare he was her house guest, a Mr. Dillinger of Indiana, who was also being aloof at the time.

Arriving on the set Miss Garbo shook hands with Jeanette MacDonald, Maurice Chevalier, smiled on Lubitsch. Then vanished as magically as the boy in the Hindoo rope trick. With the instinct of the hunted Greta knows just when to lam. Reporters swarmed a minute after. "What did she say?" they shouted hoarsely.

"What she say?" gasped Lubitsch. "She say nothing." Which was the truth. Nevertheless an eight-column banner line blared that day: GARBO EMERGES TO VISIT MERRY WIDOW SET. A short time before Greta went on a spending rampage and bought a windshield wiper, (*Please turn to page* 72)



Greta Garbo is as frugal as ever or frugaller. Her 1926 flivver has all the swaying majesty of a dowager at the cocktail hour.

Hollywood Goes

GRACE KINGSLEY, New Movie's Society Reporter, invites you to the masquerade given by Carl Laemmle Jr.; James Gleason's lawn social, Will Rogers' riding party, and to Frank McHugh's cocktail party

BUDDING and even blooming romances are seen at every Hollywood party, these days. And when you don't actually see the romances in process of budding and blooming, you hear about them.

Marian Marsh told me, at the party which Desmond Roberts gave for Reginald Owen and his bride, (just the right atmosphere, you see) about her romance with *Lord Waleron,* which began when she was on her way to England to play in pictures. It is whispered that his lordship is coming to Hollywood.

"We were aware of each other the minute we both came into the ship's saloon," said Marian. "But somehow we just couldn't manage to meet, though we walked 'round and 'round the deck until late at night. Nobody introduced us. Finally, one day, I was watching him play ping-pong on the deck. He dropped his ball. I picked it up and handed it to him. From then on, we had a grand time together. For one thing, we danced to the Blue Danube waltz every night. And in England I met his father and mother."



(Left) Jack Oakie, Catherine Hereford, William Anthony McGuire and Mary Carlisle at the Laemmle party, in costume, of course!

(Below) Carl Laemmle, Jr., the host, with Mervyn Le Roy the honor guest of the evening. Wonder who Mervyn was representing?

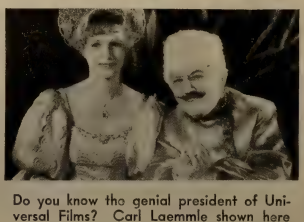




(Below) Look at Lowell Sherman, will you? And who is the masked lady? Oh yes, Geneva Mitchell!

(Above) How many of those people would you recognize? Standing: Mervyn Le Roy, Stanley Bergerman, Gladys Unger, and Stuart Walker. Seated: Mrs. Stanley Bergerman, Carl Laemmle, Sr., and Mrs. Mervyn Le Roy.

●



Do you know the genial president of Universal Films? Carl Laemmle shown here with Mrs. Stanley Bergerman, his daughter, also in costume for the party.



A-Partying

Well, you know as well as I do, what it means in England when a man takes a girl to meet the pater and mater!

"But there really isn't any story to give out yet about an engagement," said Marian.

AND then there is Lillian Bond, who seems to be going on the principle that she can be "fond of one when t'other dear charmer's away."

At any rate she was very devoted to Dr. Harley Gunderson, Los Angeles physician, before she went to New York to appear in a play, and met Sidney Smith. I heard about it from Lillian at the party which Lucille Webster Gleason gave for hubby James Gleason.

"You see I met Mr. Smith in New York, and went about with him. Somebody printed that I was engaged to him," explained Lillian. "Dr. Gunderson thought I was engaged really, I guess."

And now Lillian is in Hollywood with the doctor near, and Sidney is shooting big game in Africa.

THERE is kid enough in all of us to make us adore masquerade parties. And actors, because their whole (*Please turn to page* 102)





(Left) Heather Angel, the demure, and Henry Wilcoxon, the majestic, look tremendously interested chatting at the Gleason party.

Wide World



Wide World



Wide World

(Above) Even the veterans take time off to attend parties in Hollywood. C. Aubrey Smith, Boris Karloff, Mrs. C. Aubrey Smith and Mrs. Karloff are also guests at the Gleason's birthday party.

Wide World



(Above) Janet Gaynor and host Jimmy Gleason seem to be amused over something. They didn't see the cameraman snap this one.

•

(Left) What could be more delightful than such a setting on a hot summer afternoon? The Gleasons' spacious garden proved an ideal spot for guests on Jimmy's birthday.

Teaching Hollywood

IF Mr. Carl Brisson, "the Danish Maurice Chevalier" had not come out of London, England, where he has been wowing them for the past ten years in musical comedies and films, Hollywood would still be going along thinking Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich, and Clark Gable and John Barrymore were *celebrities*. We'd still have the idea Mae West was great stuff with her broken box-office records . . . and that Lupe was a blooming orchid what with her seventeen diamond bracelets and twelve fur coats. But now we know better . . . or at least . . . differently. Compared to the wholesale, super-six, banner-flung, streamlined stardom of Carl Brisson, Hollywood is overrun with a bunch of pikers who know nothing about conducting a career on a wholesale basis . . . or even what's acceptable in motor transportation.

Don't let the fact that you haven't heard much about Mr. Brisson and his syndicated fame, bother you at the moment. Carl and his Sheep Dog and his eighteen trunks, and his fan club of 65,000 English strong, not to mention his liveried chauffeur, secretary and *motor car* were recently imported to Hollywood for you and all to see in Paramount's "Murder at the Vanities." That is, Carl was there for you to see . . . the rest, lining up merely as suitable background for his six-foot-one-inch of physique, 180 pounds of charm and his dimples.

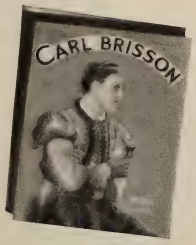
Nor was his advent into Hollywood ignored, or po-



(Extreme right) With Gail Patrick and Jessie Ralph in "Murder at the Vanities," and below, as himself singing at his own piano, at his new home in Hollywood.

Wm. Walling, Jr.

to go Hollywood•



Compared to the super-six banner-flung stardom of Carl Brisson, the movie city knows nothing of conducting a career on a wholesale basis. But you'll be surprised when you read the reasons for it all.

By DOROTHY MANNERS

litely glossed over, as when Katherine Cornell or the Grand Opera comes to town. He hadn't been here forty-eight hours, barely enough time to get his motor car unpacked, until you began to hear (to the tune of "Where'd You Get That Hat?) "Have you seen that motor car?" You should! I doubt if any place in the world there is another motor car like Carl's. And if it seems like a dirty trick to speak of his motor before calling attention to his dancing, singing, juggling and acting talents, you should certainly see that car.

Guessing roughly, perhaps too roughly, I should say it is slightly shorter than the *Empire State Building* and almost as narrow. The color is cream . . . the upholstery red leather . . . the make Isotta-Fraschini. But there all semblance to other motor cars ends. Transportation is only one of the few purposes it serves, and practically the least, because right there at arm's length is a completely equipped bar serviced with six cocktail glasses, six highball glasses, four bottles containing the makings, napkins, and hors d'ouevres crackers! The silver and glassware glimmer like diamonds under the indirect lighting of the interior . . . making a most flattering effect for any lady wishing to use Mrs. Brisson's built-in dressing table!

Almost startling in all this splendor are several plaques of a wistful-looking Sheep Dog peeping at you from the knob of various compartments. This head of a Sheep Dog is Carl's favorite coat-of-arms. Every one of his sixty-five thousand fan club followers in England possesses a button-likeness of this pensive pooch worn as a badge like an Elk's . . . so that when one Carl Brisson admirer walks down a street in merry old England he will be easily recognized by another Carl Brisson admirer.

Almost as noticeable as the Sheep Dog's likeness on the Brisson possessions, is his name . . . not his initials . . . but his complete name. A white rug in the incredible *Fraschini* bears his name spelled out in red embroidery across the surface. Later, in his dressing room, his secretary was to offer me cigarettes unmistakably marked *Carl Brisson*. I was to take note that the letters of his name, all eleven of them (the face of the pooch served as the six o'clock numeral) spotted about the face of a clock ticked off the hours of the day for him. At the time I saw him it was exactly R after C (ten after twelve to you). Before I took my departure I was to be presented with a box of chocolates with Carl's photograph on the box, and C and B curleycues worked out on the chocolate fudge . . . which was delicious, by the way.

I'm going to be frank. I was there, in the beginning, to kid this set-up just a little bit. To the casual Hollywood onlooker the Brisson brand of fame smacks of inflated vanity and of taking one's self not only seriously . . . but almost with tribute. The British secretary with the Oxford accent who held open the dressing-room door for me (*Please turn to page* 91)

Wm. Walling, Jr.

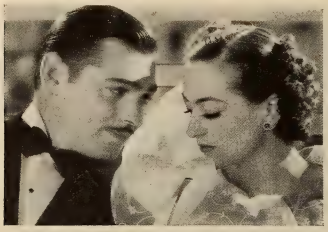




(Far left) The famous smile and the famous car, with Carl pointing proudly to his sixth motoring club emblem, California's.

(Left, above) Another scene from "Murder at the Vanities," in which he is shown with Kitty Carlisle, who played with him.

What to Expect in the NEW FILMS

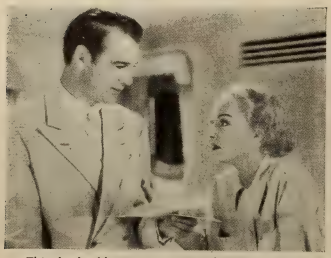


Here they are again; Clark Gable and Joan Crawford in a romantic scene on the high seas from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's latest opus, "Chained."

BARBARA BARRY, NEW MOVIE'S studio reporter, predicts bigger and better entertainment for the coming season. Diana Wynyard and Frank Lawton of "Cavalcade" fame are teamed; Kay Francis and Leslie Howard are together in "British Agent," and another Gable-Crawford co-starrer will reach you soon.

FAR be it from us deliberately to misinform you folks as to the plots of pictures now in production. But, in view of the fact that the shooting scripts are revised almost daily, it is difficult to be absolutely accurate in our reports.

However, if you will bear with our occasional "falls from grace," we promise on our word of honor to do our very best to be as accurate as possible.



This looks like more tense drama on the part of Carole Lombard. Gary Cooper shares honors with her in the Paramount picture, "Now and Forever."

CHAINED

•

M-G-M

At present, you're probably interested in the new Gable-Crawford opus, "Chained."

In this, Otto Kruger is the aristocratic head of a shipping line, unhappily married to a snooty wife who, though interested in nothing more than his social position, nevertheless refuses to divorce him so that he may marry Joan Crawford.





(Left) This should be funny. Jimmy Durante and Charles Butterworth in "Student Tour."

(Above) George Bancroft and Frances Fuller all dolled up for the wedding march in "Elmer and Elsie."

•

(Right) Reginald Denny, C. Aubrey Smith, Jane Wyatt and Diana Wynyard in a scene from "One More River."



Joan is broken-hearted and goes on a long sea voyage for the purpose of thrashing things out with herself.

And, there, on the bounding waves, whom should she find hanging over the rail of Life but . . . Clark Gable!

If your uncle on your mother's side tries to tell you that the ocean scenes are synthetic, you can call his bluff r-rr-right now.

The company trekked clear to Balboa for the sole purpose of injecting the proper amount of realism into this particular sequence. And we (heaven help us!) toddled along!

The boat was a beauty and everything was swell up until a stiff breeze sneaked up from nowhere and stirred up a Moby Dick sea that would have floored the captain himself.

But, to go on with the story . . .

At first, the gal spurns Gable's platonic advances. But, as time goes on and Clark proves to be so utterly devastating, well . . . Nature takes its well-known course, and Joan, believing that her affair with Kruger is a hopeless issue, allows herself to be persuaded.

After a few weeks, things come to such a pass that Joan doesn't give a care if the Kruger amour *is* a hopeless issue! And, with Gable anxious to marry her, she returns, prepared to tell Otto all about it.

But, Otto meets her at the train with a wedding ring and the startling announcement that he has finally persuaded the missus to drop her option on the Kruger affections.

So . . . (meanie that I are!) here we leave you to figure out the finis for your little selves. And, unless you happen to be a personal friend of the author, Edgar Selwyn, you'll just have to wait up until Clarence Brown gets done directing the complications!



(Above) Joan Blondell and Robert Armstrong give each other the icy stare in Warner Brothers' "Kansas City Princess."

BRITISH AGENT

•

Warners

PERHAPS the next important issue of the month is Leslie Howard's team-up with Kay Francis in the old, but still intriguing story of two spies, each allied with a different cause, but loving one another no less.

Kay is a rabid Russian, dedicated to the cause of the Red Ideal (the ethics of which we wouldn't be a-knowin') and Howard is running competition to her for the honor of the British Empire.

There happens to be just one flaw in the old "honor" system . . .

After Leslie has rescued the Red Lady from the hands of a crusty Cossack, she turns around and hands him over to the enemy (and isn't that just like a woman?). And *then*, mind you! tries to discount the whole thing by offering to die with him before the firing squad! (*Please turn to page* 95)



(Above) *They* don't look like spies, eh? "British Agent" proves differently. Kay Francis and Leslie Howard do the spying.





Ralph Bellamy as Inspector Trent in "By Persons Unknown" trying to inspect Shirley Grey's mind.



George Brent seems interested as C. Henry Gordon gracefully kisses Myrna Loy's fair white hand, in "StamboulQuest"

•

Otto Kruger as the thwarted lover who loses Madge Evans to Robert Young in "All Good Americans."

YOU TELL US

This section is the People's Academy, where the best friends and severest critics of the stars tell us this and that about players and films

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

A New "Little Minister" Miss Katharine Hepburn is unquestionably the finest, most brilliant, and most versatile young artist on the screen today. It makes no difference what character she is to portray—she seems to have the emotional vitality to adapt herself to widely varying roles.

We all remember Miss Hepburn's splendid portrayal of Sydney Fairfield in that beautiful, soul-stirring production, "A Bill of Divorcement," in which she practically stole the picture from the great John Barrymore. A glorious sensation from the very first. She has appeared in five triumphs, each featuring a very different character, but our own beloved Katharine Hepburn was *magnificent* in all of them.

It is a pleasure and delight to see Miss Hepburn on the screen. Her portrayals are all so brilliant, so inspiring. One never has a dull moment while watching her on the silver screen. Her performances just seem to hold one spellbound.—*Sally Reich, 175 Prairie Avenue, Providence, R. I.*

Katharine Hepburn's next picture will be Sir James Barrie's "The Little Minister," which Maude Adams made so famous on the stage.

Lovable Shirley She's only a baby but already they're calling her a picture-stealer. She is so sweet and winsome it wouldn't be possible to see her and not love her.

"Let's all "stand up and cheer" for Shirley Temple! *Mary Lou Zebroe, 315 E. Del Mar Avenue, Pasadena, California.*

Shirley has another good role in "Now and Forever."

Tarzan the Thriller Lupe Velez should be quite proud of her Johnnie in his latest release, "Tarzan and His Mate." I do not know when I have enjoyed a picture as much. True, the introduction was draggy, with too much idle chatter, but after the action started the thrills were piled on plenty.

I have read where much of it was trick photography, but nevertheless, what we do not know does not bother us. I confess I was thrilled and left the theater completely satisfied.

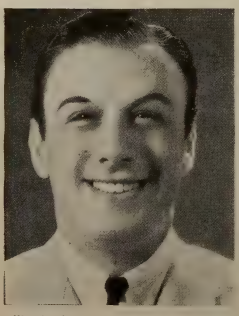
Maureen O'Sullivan played competently and, as usual, looked charming.

I regret, however, that the real circus flyers who tossed each other about 'mid the tree-tops did not do more of it. It was breath-taking, indeed, and the illusion was well-nigh perfect.

There is only one Tarzan to my thinking, and that is Weissmuller. He proves it without a doubt in this fine picture.—*Edward Mulcahy, 13 Sycamore Lane, Waterbury, Connecticut.*

There will be another called "Three Stand Alone."

Good Work, Mr. Arnold In "Sadie McKee" we witnessed one of those sad little ironies that occasionally find their way into



"Let's have more space for Russ Columbo. Not only has this star proved what an excellent voice he has, but his performance in 'Broadway Through a Keyhole' is something that will remain in my memory for a long time," says an ardent fan of Russ's in New Zealand.



Not enough credit goes to minor players, many believe. "In 'Sadie McKee' we witnessed one of those sad little ironies," says one. "The startling advance publicity went to great extremes to tell us that here we were to see the glamorous Joan at her best . . . and not one word for the actor who made you forget everyone else, Edward Arnold."

pictures. The startling advance publicity for this picture went to great extremes to tell the public that here we were to see the glamorous Joan at her best, that Franchot Tone was excellent and that Gene Raymond was simply great—but not one little word for the actor that makes you forget everyone else in the cast five minutes after you have left the theater. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you one Edward Arnold!

We have seen him doing some good work in various pictures, in roles of no importance, and he left no indelible impression, but in this picture it's quite different. You will find you can't so easily dismiss him from your mind, for he gives a really superb performance of the wealthy young dipsomaniac. But this outstanding performance makes it all very nice for the box office. Those who simply cannot go all the distance in conceding that Crawford, Tone and Raymond are perfect marvels in this movie, can find cause to rejoice in Mr. Arnold and the others may bask contentedly in the reflected but diluted glory that may be picked up by their three young and much advertised favorites. So that makes everyone on both sides satisfied. However you look at it, Mr. Arnold was quite an actor in "Sadie McKee."—*Mrs. J. N. C., Minneapolis, Minn.*



(Left) "Miss Katharine Hepburn is unquestionably the finest, most brilliant, and most versatile young artist on the screen today. She has appeared in five triumphs."

(Right) "She's so sweet and winsome it wouldn't be possible to see her and not love her. Let's all 'stand up and cheer' for Shirley Temple."



Mr. Arnold is undoubtedly an actor of unlimited ability.

Russ Gets Them I want to congratulate you for your excellent magazine, but let's have more space for Russ Columbo. Not only has this star proved what an excellent voice he has, but his performance in "Broadway Thru a Keyhole" is something that will remain in my memory for a long time. So, come on, NEW MOVIE! I think it is up to you to give more support to this star in interviews for your many readers.—*Nora Carew, 2099 Great North Road, Avondale, Auckland, New Zealand.*

(*Please turn to page* 103)



"There is only one Tarzan, to my thinking, and that is Weissmuller. Lupe should be proud of him. . . . Maureen O'Sullivan played competently, too."

OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER

YOU may be A STAR

IF YOU HAVE WHAT THESE SEVEN LEADING PRODUCERS WANT





"Quaint personality . . . unique talents . . . sensational success," says Kenneth MacGowan of RKO, and sums up the meteoric Katharine Hepburn aptly.





"The feeling they inspire must be definite," holds Winfield Sheehan of Fox. Mr. Sheehan, who sensed stardom in Janet Gaynor, knows whereof he speaks.





Harry Rapf of M-G-M says of that zooming newcomer Jean Parker, "You can't make stars. They are born. We couldn't keep a girl like Jean down if we tried."

By MAUDE CHEATHAM

WHO makes the film star? What must I do to win cinema fame? How can I get a chance? These questions asked daily by dozens of boys and girls, by men and women who yearn for screen glories, swell into a mighty chorus that sweeps around the world.

Alas, there is no rule, no definite formula to win this goal! But even to get a chance to test your abilities, you must meet the approval of a small group of studio executives on whose judgment rests the fate of every aspirant.

These men are eager to find new screen personalities, new talent that will intrigue picture audiences; and in the search, huge sums are spent yearly. Many knock, but few are chosen to pass through the gate into the Magic Realm.

While each executive may have a different method of appraising talent, every one of them agrees that screen personality is the keynote of success in pictures.

But what is screen personality? Words cannot define it, for it is the elusive, intangible, vibrant quality in certain persons which causes them to rise above the crowd. Something magnetic, that arrests attention, stirs the imagination, creates interest! A subtle psychic power that leaves its imprint on the memory!

The camera is the High Mogul in the proceedings of finding star material, and it's a tricky, mischievous pal. It can take a potent personality and strip it of its allure. Again, its uncanny eye catches the glow of an inner illumination. Often it actually builds up a stirring and exciting quality that no one dreamed was there until the camera revealed it.

EMANUEL COHEN, vice president in charge of Paramount production, puts the final O.K. on players entering that studio. He told me, "The method of looking for talent is involved. It is becoming more and more difficult for the amateur and inexperienced person to break into the movies. Beauty is but one of the many requirements. Use of the voice, delivering dialogue, emotional reaction—all these require experience.

"Our scouting department covers every angle of professional activities. We conduct contests, visit theaters, stock companies, concert halls, night clubs, always hoping to stumble onto a blazing possibility.

"Sometimes we find talent at our own door, as it were, but seldom in the extra ranks. I should say to those who yearn for movie fame to ally themselves with a Community Theater, or join a stock company where they will gain experience in portraying every kind of role. If they have screen possibilities, they need not worry. Our studio scouts will find them."

It is Adolph Zukor, President of Paramount, who

has discovered many of the brightest stars. He brought Mary Pickford to fame, gave Douglas Fairbanks his chance and introduced Sarah Bernhardt and Geraldine Farrar to the screen.

At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, where that astute showman, Louis B. Mayer, and his aids set a high standard, I cornered Harry Rapf, pioneer executive, in his study.

"Where do we find picture stars?" he repeated my question. "From the four winds. You can never tell where you'll catch the spark of genius.

"You can't make stars. They are born. For instance, our newest find, Jean Parker, has natural talent to such a degree that nothing can keep her from becoming one of the foremost film luminaries. Russel Hardie is another.

"Screen personality is just something you have—or you haven't, that's all. But with judicious training and development you can aid in building up a player. That's what our studio does. Once we find the star-sparkle, every care is given to nurture it and bring it into full bloom.

"I discovered Joan Crawford. To this day I don't know what I saw in that wide-eyed little girl. But I caught a glimpse of inner intensity that interested me. She has been carefully guided, her talents nursed like a delicate plant, and, aided by expert direction, she has fulfilled my early faith.

"Lupe Velez is another of my discoveries. I saw Lupe at a Shrine entertainment and 2500 men cheered her dancing. She has a magnetic personality, a spark of genius, a flaming fire that belongs exclusively to Lupe.

"There is much talent to be found in High School theatricals, the Little Theaters are developing new material, while stock companies still remain the best possible training any hopeful could have. Today, experience, coupled with personality and talent, will give anyone a chance to test his screen ability."

IT is Jack Warner and Hal Wallis who decide the fate of aspirants at Warner Brothers' First National Studios. I found Hal ready to talk.

"We are always on the lookout for promising actors," he told me, "and we watch every prospect. For instance, we have great faith in a new boy, Donald Woods, whom we heard about while he was playing in stock in Denver. We asked him to come to Hollywood for a screen test and signed him at once.

"Jean Muir is another 1933 find. We saw a test of her in a small part in 'The World Changes.' Every critic throughout the country picked her out for mention. There's star material in her.

"Edward Robinson had been in pictures with small glory until I chose him for 'Little Caesar.' He struck me to be just the type, a little guy but with a terrific power in menace. He put his whole heart into the part and look at the result.

"If one has that indefinable something we call screen personality, and is willing to work, there's a chance for fame in pictures. But remember, all through the ages there have been but a very few who possessed that magic quality that made them stand out against the crowd."

WINFIELD SHEEHAN, vice-president of production at the Fox studios, found our subject interesting. He said, "Picking players to thrill movie fans all over the world is no easy task. They must have a personality that strikes fire with every kind of audience. The feeling they inspire must be definite.

"With eager youth from every land attracted to Hollywood, one might think it easy to find potential stars at every corner, but the majority of our foremost players are discovered in distant places.

"There is the natural form of beauty in the living person, there's the still photograph, and there is the moving film that shows the person in action. All these impressions are (*Please turn to page* 88)



Kenneth Alexander

Samuel Goldwyn saw a newspaper rotogravure picture of Anna Sten and recognized at once an electrifying personality. Stardom for Anna followed.





Margaret Sullavan, in the words of Carl Laemmle Jr., of Universal, "was practically made in one picture, 'Only Yesterday.'" Her star is rising still.





"We saw a test of Jean Muir in a small part. Every critic in the country picked her out for mention," says Hal Wallis, of Warners-First National.



r Becomes ampion

c boxing commission when he insisted upon wear-in the championship ring a bath-robe with "Steve gan" emblazoned on it. The New York rules state no fighter must disguise himself in any way, but didn't care. He wanted to wear his costume from e Prizefighter and the Lady" and he did. Once n, a fighter stepped out from under the cloak of ve Morgan" who could rip the crown from the v of the seemingly unbeatable Champion Carnera. i for the first time in the history of the ring, a vie star became a heavyweight champion of the orld.

NO one thought a few months before when Max Baer, a mere heavyweight title contender, was asked to come to Hollywood to make a picture with the champion, that the world's title would be decided there and then on the Hollywood lot. But it was. By the time the fight sequences of "The Prizefighter and the Lady" were finished, Max Baer had taken the Carnera title just as surely as though the June 14th fight had taken place. The battle before 60,000 people in the Madison Square Garden bowl was a mere formality. Primo lost his championship in Hollywood and if Max Baer is smart, he will never fight a contender in the studios.

There is no doubt that the hours of rehearsing and working together, in the ring, with Primo and Max doing their movie fight, gave the new champion all the pointers he wanted to know. He found the champion's weakness and learning just where and when to hit him. More than that, Max is a realist. So much of a realist that he hit Mr. Carnera several punches in the screen battle which were remembered when the two men squared off in the actual championship. Recalling those lethal blows of the contender, Carnera tried to be a bit careful of Max, and while being careful, the California boy practically annihilated the foreign visitor.

When Referee Donovan stopped the fight and awarded the title to Max that (*Please turn to page* 89)

...minaries of the screen, from Baby Le Roy to Cl... Gable, had better watch their step.

Max Adalbert has shown that he has no respect for champions, whether in the ring or out. Fresh from his triumph over "Man Mountain" Carnera, Max just wants to see something that's hard to get. Someone made the mistake of telling the Baer boy that he wouldn't have a chance in Hollywood. With one picture already to his credit, Max is out to corner the screen popularity market.

Just to prove that he is a movie-minded gentleman, Max caused consternation in the ranks of the New





Above, Maxie chats on a studio stage with Myrna Loy and Johnny Weissmuller, and at the right he wears the formal evening dress of a man-about-town. The two pictures neatly define his two ambitions—to be a motion picture star and a social light.



Dick Powell and girls in a scene from "Dames" in which Ruby Keeler is co-starred.

MUSIC in the MOVIES

Here are the songs from recent productions which haunt us wherever we go, with their lilting melodies

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

MANY new tunes are being written for the new pictures now being made. In the meantime here are a few from productions already released.

"The Sweetest Music This Side of Heaven" from the film "Many Happy Returns," is played by Guy Lombardo and his orchestra. Inasmuch as this tune was written by Lombardo, and is featured by him in the picture, you know just what to expect. This is really Lombardo at his best, and you'll go a long way to find an equal to it for sweet music. Carmen Lombardo sings the vocal refrain.

"Fare-Thee-Well" is on the other side, from the same picture and also played by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. This is just as good as the other one and I don't think that there is a flaw in it. This time it's Lebert Lombardo who sings the vocal chorus. You'll like it. (This is a Brunswick record.)

"EBONY RHAPSODY" played by Duke Ellington and his orchestra is from the Paramount picture "Murder at the Vanities." The Duke really goes to town on this one, and his arrangement is great. Since the Duke has been in Hollywood he seems to be going in more for the subdued type of tune than the ultra hot work that made him so justly famous. The vocal refrain in this one is sung by Ivie Anderson.

"I Met My Waterloo" from the Mae West picture "It Ain't No Sin" is on the other side. This is also by the Duke and his orchestra. It is a very slow tune, and contains a lot of muted brass work. Good all around. (This is a Victor record.)

"RIPTIDE" sung by Ruth Etting, is as good a vocal record of that number as you'll find anywhere. Miss Etting seems to be noted for turning out good records and this particular one is certainly no exception.

"Easy Come, Easy Go" is the title of the number on the other side. This is also by the same artist, and I don't believe that you'll be able to find any fault at all with it. (This is a Brunswick record.)

"GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK" from the film "New York Town" is a very pleasing bit of melody, played for us by Jan Garber and his orchestra. It is a typical Garber number, with an excellent vocal chorus by Lee Bennett that does much to add to the delightfulness of the record. Garber certainly has come right up in the last year or so.

"All I Do Is Dream of You" is the tune on the other side. This is from the picture "Sadie McKee" and is also played by Jan Garber and his orchestra. Another good selection by the Chicago Maestro and this time with a vocal by Fritz Heilbron. (This is a Victor record.)

ETHEL WATERS sings "Come Up and See Me Some Time" from "Take a Chance," and if you want something in a really torrid vocal, just listen to this one. Ethel really goes to work on this, and the result is something that will give you a slight idea of how they sing songs up in Harlem.

"You've Seen Harlem at Its Best" is the title of the tune on the reverse side, also sung by Ethel Waters. This is a McHugh and Fields tune, so you know it's good. (This is a Brunswick record.)

"HOW DO I KNOW IT'S Sunday" from the picture "Harold Teen" is played by Eliot Everett and his orchestra. This is a fair tune, but Everett and the boys dress it up so that it's very entertaining.

On the other side is "Little Man You've Had a Busy Day" also (*Please turn to page* 92)

BIGGEST HITS

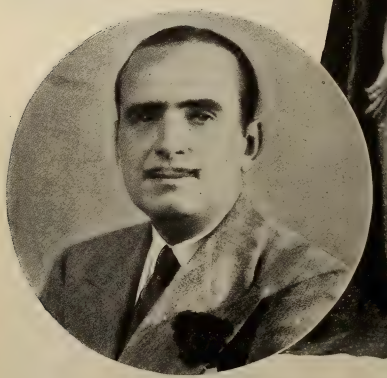
"THE SWEETEST MUSIC THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN," played by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. (Brunswick)

"I MET MY WATERLOO," played by Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Victor)

"LITTLE MAN YOU'VE HAD A BUSY DAY," played by Eliot Everett and his orchestra. (Bluebird)

"ALL I DO IS DREAM OF YOU," played by Jan Garber and his orchestra. (Victor)

The FLIP that FAILED



Douglas Fairbanks often chuckles over this amusing story on himself, which reaches print for the first time here.



Doug is as dashing and romantic as ever in "The Private Life of Don Juan." He is shown with Benita Hume, Merle Oberon, Joan Gardner and Elsa Lanchester.

A trick that went wrong once saved Doug Fairbanks' life

By WILBUR MORSE JR.

IN "Don Juan" Doug Fairbanks returns to his old, beloved style of screen performance—jumping, tumbling, doing acrobatic stunts. Doug is no boy, these days. Sometimes you wonder why he still keeps in perfect trim, constantly training, constantly practising.

Maybe it's because an acrobatic stunt—one that *failed*—once saved his life.

It was years ago, but the story has never been told. About the time Doug was reported engaged to Mary Pickford, he was on location in Arizona. His company had finished the day's work and were sitting around a great open fire, swapping yarns and watching a group of Hopi Indians rehearse a ceremonial dance they were to perform before the camera in the morning. Suddenly Tom Geraghty, Doug's scenarist, grabbed his arm.

"See that man on horseback over there?" queried Geraghty, pointing to a figure which was slowly materializing out of the twilight about a mile away. "I'll bet you it's an Associated Press reporter, following you out here to get a statement on your reported engagement to Mary."

Fairbanks had no desire to talk for publication about the rumor he was to marry, so he instantly proposed a plan to evade an interview.

"Let's sneak out of here, spend the night on the desert and have the company tell the reporter, if it is one, I've gone back to town. They'll be able to get rid of him by morning," he said hopefully.

Within two minutes Fairbanks and Geraghty had gathered blankets, guns, some water and wood and were running across the desert in the opposite direction from the side of camp the stranger was approaching.

The two men walked a mile or so until they found a little sand dune behind which they made camp, protected both from the cool wind and exposure to view from the company's tents.

"We spent most of the night shooting at shadows we thought were coyotes . . . shooting across each other's chests," Geraghty remembers. "But about two o'clock in the morning we fell asleep.

It was just growing light when I was awakened by Doug nudging me. He didn't speak. He just pointed with a nod of his head. I looked and almost pulled the covers over my own head.

"For standing about ten feet away from us were eight of the ugliest looking Indians I've ever seen. They were lined in a row, (*Please turn to page* 71)

The Heart Disease Paradox

In this country more cases of heart disease are being prevented each year—yet more deaths are charged to the heart than ever before.

DESPITE seeming contradiction, those are the facts. Better protection of children against diseases which are often followed by heart trouble means that fewer young hearts are being exposed to injury. Better treatment of hearts temporarily damaged by the "poisons" of acute infections often prevents such damage from becoming permanent. Better control of venereal and other diseases that damage hearts has been another important factor in reducing the deathrate from heart disease at all ages up to 45 years.

* * * * *

You can help to prevent heart disease in your home by having your children immunized against diphtheria and by protecting them, so far as possible, against other heart damaging diseases, such as sore throats, repeated colds, acute rheumatic fever, scarlet fever, measles and typhoid fever.

Should they have any of these diseases, see that your doctor's orders are strictly obeyed, so that injured hearts may not result. Especially follow his instructions as to how long the child is to be kept in bed. Rest is an important part of the treatment for "poisoned" hearts during and following any acute infection.

Annual health examinations offer a further opportunity to control heart disease. In middle-aged people heart disease frequently results from chronic or focal infections in teeth, tonsils, sinuses or in other parts of the body.

When advisable, your doctor may employ the fluoroscope and electrocardiograph to determine the condition of your heart. He can see whether or not it is showing the effects of wear and tear long before it actually breaks down. If necessary, your doctor will advise changes in habits of work and rest, food and drink, or the correction of impairments.

Far from being cause for alarm, the mounting deathrate from heart disease at the older ages is encouraging evidence that needless deaths in childhood, youth and middle age are being prevented. Many of the deaths of older people ascribed to heart disease are really due to heart failure—just the natural, peaceful ending of a long life.

* * * * *

More than half the readers of this page, who are about 35 years old, will pass the age of 70; and one out of five will outlive fourscore years. Many a man is adding years to his life and is enjoying what is literally a new lease of life by taking care of his heart and by making intelligent changes in his living habits.



Send for Metropolitan's free booklet "Give Your Heart a Chance." Address Booklet Dept. 934-B.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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OCTOBER

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER

SWIMMING for Beauty

Hazel Forbes gives a word in praise of Hollywood's favorite sport

By ANN BOYD

NOT swimming to get yourself hailed as a champion with a flock of over-developed shoulder and arm muscles to brag about—but swimming in a leisurely, pleasant, sociable way. That is what Hazel Forbes recommends as the best all-round exercise for the girl who values her own good looks.

"Now that strenuous reducing diets are out of fashion in Hollywood," says Miss Forbes, "exercise of one sort or another has come back into favor. Aggressive exercise that makes the muscles hard and masculine may be all very well for the tennis or golf champion or the young college athlete, but they should not be considered by the girl in pictures who is merely looking for exercise that will prevent her from taking on weight and will give her the activity and diversion she needs for serenity and good health.

Miss Forbes recommends swimming not only for what it does do but for what it doesn't do. While it gives exercise to some muscles that otherwise do too little, it spares certain other muscles that are likely to have too much to do, and may therefore be over-developed, by walking, riding, tennis and other land sports. In walking and riding—or even standing or sitting still—certain muscles of the back are kept on constant duty to hold the body erect, but in swimming the back is supported by the water so that those muscles can take a complete rest while other muscles that sadly need (*Please turn to page* 94)



RKO-Radio-Pictures-John Miehle



RKO-Radio-Pictures-John Miehle

Hazel Forbes who makes her screen debut in RKO-Radio's "Down to Their Last Yacht," snapped before taking a swim on her Beverly Hills estate.

●

Here Miss Forbes is wearing a hand-knitted swim suit of two-toned red and white wool. The amusing hat is a coolie model of rubberized straw.

"Their Skin is 10 years younger than their Age"

Dermatologists examine skin of noted beauties

Find it free from skin faults usual at their age



Mrs. Robert McAdoo

"Mrs. McAdoo's skin has the fresh appearance of a skin in the twenties. There are no noticeably large pores, wrinkles or disfiguring marks."—*Dermatologist's report.*

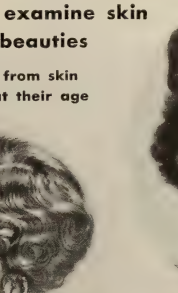
Mrs. McAdoo says: "I use Pond's Cold Cream night and morning and several times during the day."



Lady Smiley

"Lady Smiley's skin has the bloom of a girl in her teens. Circulation very good. No blemishes."—*London Physician's report.*

Lady Smiley says: "Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin clean and soft—prepares it for powder." (Note: Pond's is the largest selling Cold Cream in England.)



Mrs. Adolph Spreckels Jr.

"Mrs. Spreckels has a perfect skin, younger than her age. Texture fine, tone excellent. No blackheads."—*Dermatologist's report.*

Mrs. Spreckels says: "Two years ago I began using Pond's. My skin began to get smoother. Lines left, never came back."

DERMATOLOGISTS judge the age of your skin by certain definite points.

Loss of tone . . . impaired vasomotor circulation . . . development of wrinkles . . . loss of natural skin oils.

From 16 to 20, a woman's skin literally "blooms." Its texture is satiny . . . the color glows. The skin is firm—unlined.

From twenty on, the fight to keep a youthful appearance begins. Deep down in your skin thousands of tiny oil glands are beginning to function less and less.

Then the skin shrinks! Gets harsh—lined.

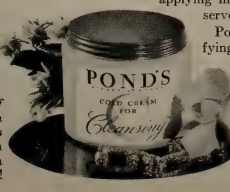
Replace natural oils . . . this way

The only way to check these faults is to replace those failing oils!

That is what Pond's Cold Cream does!

It contains the purest of specially processed oils that sink into the skin . . . stir up the deep skin to vigorous action. Revitalize it. Liven up the circulation. Erase lines that are threatening to crease into wrinkles.

That is the reason the women who use Pond's have skin that appears a full ten years younger, or more, than their actual age.



***Today—1 out of every 5 women who use cream uses Pond's*—** though there are over a thousand creams!

Deep-penetrating, Specially Processed Oils in this Cream keep skin Young—*soft—wrinkle-free*

CORRECTS THESE SKIN FAULTS *in 20's*



Roughness **Blackheads and large pores** **Dryness**



Laughter lines **Little blemishes**

FIGHTS OFF THESE AGE SIGNS *after 30*



Crêpy skin **Worry lines** **Sallowness**



Sagging tissues **Discolorations**

Pond's is a superb cleanser and much more than a cleanser. Use it night and morning for pore-deep cleansing, for softening, for tissue stimulation—always before applying make-up. Pond's Cold Cream serves every complexion need.

Pond's also makes Pond's Liquefying Cream, a new quicker melting cream that melts the instant it touches the skin. Not only is this new cream a thorough cleanser, but it contains the same specially processed oils as the famous Pond's Cold Cream.

Pond's Cold Cream cleanses. Corrects skin faults. Used by 1 out of every 5 women who use cream. ***Pond's Liquefying Cream*** serves the same purposes—is quicker melting. Cleanses and beautifies.

Give it a 3-day trial . . . Tear out the coupon below this very day and send with 10¢ for a liberal supply of this youth-sustaining cream with samples of three other beauty aids.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. J
48 Hudson Street, New York City . . . I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for a three days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream with samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and special boxes of Pond's Face Powder.
I prefer 3 different *Light* shades of powder ☐
I prefer 3 different *Dark* shades ☐

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER

SHEARER PIE WINS



It was one of the busy days in the filming of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," but Miss Shearer, all dressed up as Elizabeth Browning, took time to accept the winning pineapple and graham cracker crumb pie.

Pineapple Pie leads, with Chocolate Angel Food second, and Frozen Fruit Cream third

FIRST PRIZE
MRS. F. L. BRAGG, 147 Rose Park
Macon, Georgia

SECOND PRIZE
I. ISABELLE DE VRIES, 1134 Alpine Ave., N.W.
Grand Rapids, Michigan

THIRD PRIZE
LUCY WILSON, 905 Floyd Avenue,
Richmond, Virginia

RASPBERRY pudding for Warner Baxter—baked Alaska for Irene Dunne—glorified rice for Janet Gaynor—pecan pie for William Powell—lemon Bavarian cream for Joan Crawford—snow pudding for Mae West—tomato soup cake for Bing Crosby—hundreds of favorite desserts for dozens of favorite stars and as many more delicious pies, puddings, whips and creams sent without any special dedication.

Every letter received in connection with the dessert contest announced in the May issue of NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE was given careful consideration. Dozens of desserts were prepared and put to the test which finally gave the final first place to the pineapple graham cracker crumb pie sent by Mrs. F. L. Bragg of Macon, Georgia, for her favorite star, Norma Shearer. It is worth noting too that the name of Norma Shearer occurred most frequently in the favorite stars indicated, with Janet Gaynor and Joan Crawford tying for second place. The desserts that received second and third places, however—chocolate angel food and frozen fruit cream—came with no special dedication but were sent for the benefit of all bright stars in Hollywood who appreciate good desserts.

Here is the winner, Mrs. Bragg's *Pineapple Pie De Luxe:* ¾ cup sugar; 4 tablespoons flour; 3 egg yolks; 1 cup boiling water; 2 cups finely diced pineapple (fresh or canned); 1 tablespoon butter.

Mix together the sugar, flour and egg yolks. Pour the boiling water over the mixture slowly. Cook in a double boiler, stirring constantly. Add the pineapple and butter. When cool put in a baked shell, made as follows:

Pastry Shell: ½ cup shelled almonds; 20 large graham crackers; ½ cup sugar; 1/3 cup milk or light cream; 2/3 cup melted butter.

Grind almonds and mix with graham crackers, rolled and crushed fine. Add sugar and butter and mix well. Add milk and press the mixture into a pie plate. Bake in a slow oven until brown, about 10 minutes.

The pie may be topped with meringue or with whipped cream. The meringue may be made of 3 egg whites and 3 tablespoons brown sugar.

Second prize in the contest was awarded to Isabelle de Vries, of Grand Rapids, Mich., for chocolate angel food, and third prize to Lucy Wilson of Richmond, Va., for frozen fruit.

"DICK, DON'T YOU LOVE ME ANY MORE?"



ROMANCE WAS WANING, UNTIL....

His side of it—

"Helen was always exquisitely dainty when we went to a party. And, boy, was I proud of her—

but at home—well, she certainly was different. I tried to speak to her about it, but shucks,

a man can't tell his wife just how she's offending. But her sister must have guessed what was wrong.

Anyway she fixed things up while she was here on a visit. And now Helen is the daintiest girl in the world—always!"

Her side of it—



"I was so happy with Dick—our own little home. But gradually his attitude changed. I thought my heart would break the day he turned away when I said, 'Don't you love me any more?'



I cried about it when I told my sister. 'But, darling,' Anne said, 'perhaps you're to blame. The least little hint of perspiration odor in underthings kills romance—



and with Lux it's so easy to avoid offending.' Now I Lux underthings after each wearing . . . And I'm so happy—Dick has fallen in love with me all over again."

Don't Risk Happiness—

Perspiration odor clings to underthings. Avoid offending this easy 4-minute way . . .

Romance can't survive this unforgivable fault—don't take chances! Luxing underthings each night banishes every hint of perspiration odor, and it keeps colors lovely as new.

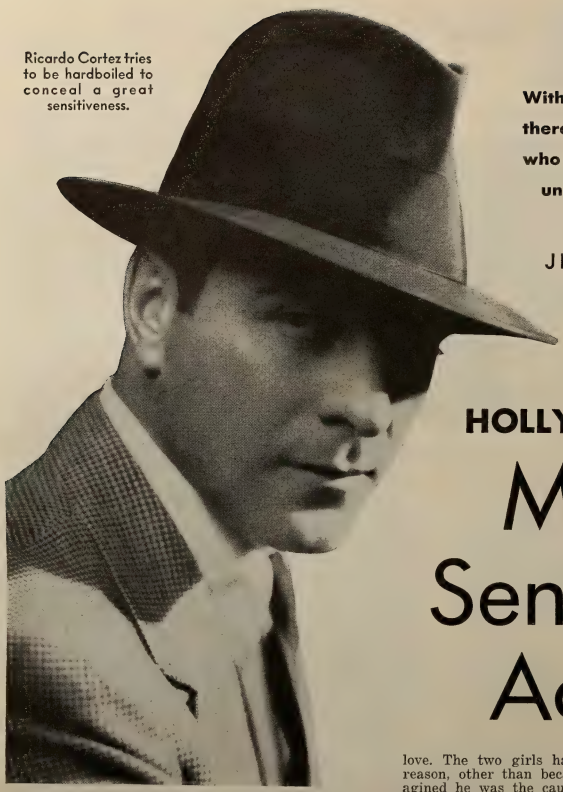
Lux has no harmful alkali as ordinary soaps often have, and there's no cake-soap rubbing to weaken fabrics, fade colors. Safe in water, safe in Lux!



NRA CODE

—for underthings

Removes perspiration odor—Saves colors



Ricardo Cortez tries to be hardboiled to conceal a great sensitiveness.

With scores of friends, there are only a handful who know him well and understand his moods

By
JERRY MARTIN

HOLLYWOOD'S Most Sensitive Actor

THIS is the story of the most sensitive actor in Hollywood—Ricardo Cortez—told by one who has known him intimately—known him at his peaks of success and in his moments of despair.

Ric (as his friends know him) has played those dark-eyed, dyed-in-the-wool villains for so long that many people have the impression that he is also villainous off the screen. But they are all wrong. He is probably one of the whitest men to be found anywhere. Because he is so sensitive, he is constantly on the defensive and for that reason his attitude is frequently misunderstood. No one knows better than himself to what mental depths a highly sensitive person can sink.

When Joan Crawford was making her second talking picture, "Montana Moon," Ric was playing another heavy. This was just at the time when Joan was starting her sensational climb to the dizzy heights of stardom. She was in love and bubbling over with pep and enthusiasm.

Dorothy Sebastian was in the picture and the two were great friends. All day long they would whisper and laugh in secret happiness. Dorothy, too, was in love. The two girls had much in common. For no reason, other than because he was sensitive, Ric imagined he was the cause of their merriment, and he was miserable every moment he worked on the picture.

Exactly ten years back, Ric started with Paramount Studios at a salary of $100 a week. In those days, he practiced his arch-villainy on Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels and Mae Murray.

Before starting on his present Warner Brothers' contract, he agreed to return to his home lot for a few pictures. Then he was taken sick with the flu. He tried to pull himself together to keep from holding up the company. This resulted in his being taken to the hospital, and Edmund Lowe replaced him in the cast.

Upon his recovery, he was cast in a picture called "Police Surgeon." Most of the scenes were to be made in the very hospital he was finally leaving. But he never played this role. Three days after starting it, he collapsed on the set. The picture went on without him. Finally, he returned to work and was loaned to M-G-M for a role in "Midnight Mary."

Working in this picture renewed his friendship with Una Merkel. It was the first time either had met since they had been together on "The Maltese Falcon." Comparing notes, they made an amazing discovery.

"It was one of Una's first (*Please turn to page* 93)



DR. ECKHART heads a very famous clinic in Vienna's chief free hospital; is a leading member of the Vienna Society of Internal Specialists.

"Harsh Laxatives had *weakened her*... dangerously"

states DR. FRIEDRICH ECKHART, noted Vienna clinic head

Do you have any of the symptoms illustrated above? . . . If so, this "case history" can help you!

STUDY THE CASE that the famous Dr. Friedrich Eckhart describes. Then think of the troubles YOU have. Aren't they perhaps quite similar?

"M. J., a young woman of 26," reports Dr. Eckhart, "told me she had been subject for years to headaches, indigestion, biliousness.

"She avoided social activity. Her breath was bad. She was under weight. Had little strength. Harsh laxatives had weakened her . . . *dangerously.*

"My examination showed that her stomach juices were flowing too slowly . . . that there was no healthy muscular reaction in her intestines . . . and that the young lady's system was filled with poisons.

"I instructed her to eat yeast three times a day before meals. A month of it gave remarkable results."

Thus her three chief troubles were corrected by *one* treatment!

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Rich in vitamins B, D and G. Start eating it tomorrow without fail! Then see how soon you feel better!

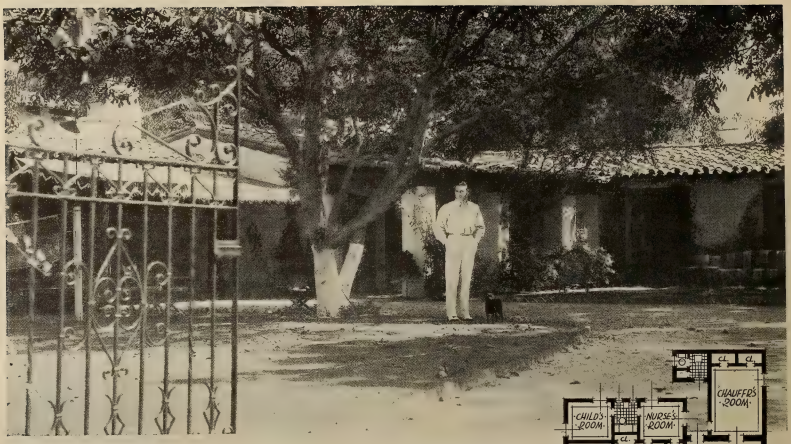


Eat 3 Cakes a Day

To benefit THOROUGHLY, eat it REGULARLY!

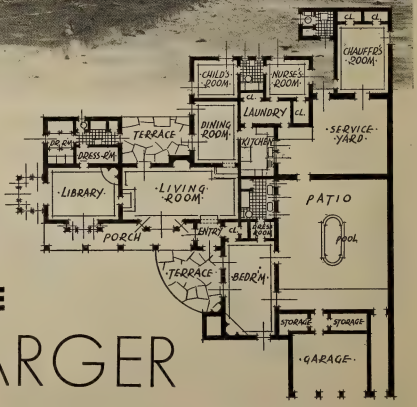
Don't expect troubles that come from years of neglect to be cured "overnight." Fleischmann's Yeast, remember, is a *food*—not a violent drug. Eat three cakes *every day*—for thirty days at least, or until you really *feel* well—and *look* well! It has proved of benefit to thousands.

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Paramount photo by Otto Dyar

Richard Arlen's five-room bungalow becomes a lovely, low, rambling nine-room house



The plan began with living room, dining room, kitchen, bedroom and child's room. Garage, chauffeur's room, laundry and nurse's room were later additions.

A SMALL HOUSE GROWS LARGER

RICHARD ARLEN, Paramount feature player, had the right idea when he built his lovely Spanish home at Toluca Lake in southern California.

At that time five rooms were sufficient for his needs so he selected a plan that could be added to later without spoiling the architectural lines of the house.

The house is low and rambling and is constructed of stucco topped with bright red tile roofing so typical of the early Spanish architecture. The enormous tree in front of the house not only adds to its picturesque beauty but also provides shade during the hottest part of the day.

The original plan of the house consisted of the living room, dining room, kitchen, master bedroom, dressing room and bath, the child's room which was then Mr. Arlen's study, and the library which was at that time the garage. The first addition to the house was the chauffeur's room and lavatory, then the garage was moved over to the other side of the house and the present library, dressing rooms and bath were installed and finally the nurse's room, bath and laundry were added.

Interesting features of the plan are the sunken living room, the open fireplaces in the living room, library and master bedroom, the large comfortable window seat in the living room, the secluded flagstone terrace, which has access from both the living room and the dining room, the dressing rooms and showers conveniently located and the large enclosed patio beautifully landscaped and featuring a pool in the center giving ever changing reflections of the overhanging pepper tree.

A great deal of thought and planning are evident in the decorating and furnishing of the Arlen house. The walls of the living room are paneled in a mellow white pine, topped by a lovely beamed ceiling. The furniture is the comfortable, semi-modern type upholstered in soft-toned, durable materials. A large studio couch completely occupies the sunny nook in the pine paneled library. The dining room is simply furnished in maple and the floors of the entire house are covered with deep rich carpeting.

Do you like Richard Arlen's house? We should like to know what you think of it and we should also like to know what other stars' homes interest you most and which ones you would like to see pictures and plans of. Send your comments and suggestions to Tower House Editor, in care of NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

EXTRAORDINARY COLORS FOUND IN HUMAN SKIN MAKE POSSIBLE

Amazing New Powder Shades



Bright Blue . . . . Leaf Green

HIDDEN IN THESE NEW SHADES

GIVE SKINS A FRESH YOUNG COLORING NEVER OBTAINABLE BEFORE

Miss Dorothy Richards (center), dark, chic débutante, uses Rose Brunette. Miss Josephine Kidd, blonde, says: "Natural puts life into my skin."

YOU don't know about these extraordinary colors in your skin because the human eye cannot see them.

YOU don't . . . but this mathematically precise machine does.

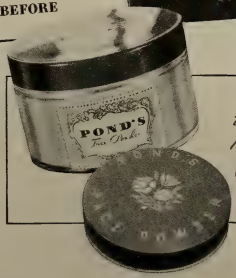
It reads the colors that Nature cunningly conceals in skin . . . colors that make some skins clear, others pallid, still others florid.

For example: Bright blue gives to blonde skin an exquisite translucence. Leaf green gives brunettes that magnetic creamy bloom.

Immediately upon making this startling discovery, Pond's saw unique possibilities in analyzing human skin for colors actually in it.

Some two hundred girls' skins were examined by this machine—girls whose complexions varied all the way from pearly perfection to dull sallowness.

From these scientific findings Pond's originated six entirely new powder shades.



Made of the finest ingredients

ONLY 55¢ 10¢

⅓ the actual size

Shades that do more than match—they contribute needed tones—give a fresh quality that is young—appealing!

New shades flatter every type

NATURAL makes fair skin lighter, livelier.

ROSE CREAM, a triumph on most blondes—and many fair-skinned brunettes.

LIGHT CREAM flatters lily-pale blondes and creamy brunette skin.

BRUNETTE gives brilliance to brunette skins and flatters dark-skinned blondes.

ROSE BRUNETTE gives skin color and warmth—subdues sallowness.

DARK BRUNETTE glorifies sunburned skin.

Pond's Powder—enchantingly perfumed—clings for hours. It is thriftily priced—a glass jar holding as much as many $1.00 boxes is only 55¢ . . . the extra-big jar is $1.10. Five-and-tens and variety stores carry 10¢ and 25¢ sizes.

★ *Send 5¢ for two Special Boxes and an extra sample* of Pond's Powder, three different shades, with directions for choosing *your* most flattering shade. See what a "lift" they give your complexion!

Pond's Extract Co., Dept. J, 92 Hudson St., New York

I enclose 5¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for Two Special Boxes of Pond's size Powder and an extra sample—three different shades in all.

I prefer 3 different *Light* shades ☐ I prefer 3 different *Dark* shades ☐

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER

It's hard to outguess this adaptable film . . It soaks up the sun's brilliance . . . it drinks in the dull light of the shade . . works on days when ordinary films fail.

VERICHROME gets the picture



Accept nothing but the familiar yellow box with the checkered stripe.

HOW VERICHROME DIFFERS FROM ORDINARY FILM

1. Double-coated. Two layers of sensitive silver.
2. Highly color-sensitive.
3. Halation "fuzz" prevented by special backing on film.
4. Finer details in both high lights and shadows.
5. Translucent, instead of transparent.

Made by an exclusive process of Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

KODAK VERICHROME FILM

It Happened One Day

(*Continued from page* 29)

cigarette which I promptly accepted.

"Must we go into that?" I said. He laughed and when the Montgomery laughs one is reminded of school recess. Complete unrestrained gaiety. I asked about his wife, remembering that the time I had met the Montgomerys I decided she was very attractive.

"She and her sister are in the next room," he said. "They were in town last night and must have had a good time. They're not up yet."

"Perhaps I should join them," I suggested wearily.

"You need food. Come along." He breezed me out of the apartment, down the hall, and into the elevator. There I had my first glimpse of the lad accepting the adulation which goes with being a film favorite. He can take it. A distinguished couple who might well have been his grandparents were as excited as kids at being so near to him. "I tell you it is!" the lady whispered. The gentleman was not quite sure, but before we reached the roof restaurant his better half, with all the courage of an autograph collector, had asked breathlessly, "You are Robert Montgomery, aren't you?" "Yes, I am," he answered quite brightly. No assumed embarrassment which celebs are inclined to favor. She shook his hand and introduced her husband. They both proceeded to tell him which were their favorite pictures. He grinned and thanked them, while I stood by like a proud clucking hen. I think one of his greatest "drags" with the public must be that all ages like him. He is so completely half man, half boy. His reputation as a husband and father proves the former. If you have any doubts about the latter, read on.

I ordered shad roe and bacon. "Same for me!" he beamed at the maitre d'hotel, who was also acting rather like a proud clucking hen,—"and a salade de saison," I added. "For me too!" Just the perfect host. I have never interviewed anyone, but before my emancipation I used to be interviewed plenty, so I had a lot of questions all ready. What is your real ambition? Do you prefer the theater to the films? Why bore you with the questions when I can't give you the answers. He started to talk about his farm, and by the time we got through comparing notes on what the terrible Winter had done to our respective trees, bushes, roofs and crops the waiter was mumbling something about dessert. With the coffee I tried to grab the lead, but the lad was definitely not taking me seriously as a writer for a film magazine.

"I'm crazy about *New Faces!*" he cut in when I was ready with my "Do you think the films are improving?" (*New Faces* is the name of a small revue that I supervised last Winter in New York.) "I've been several times. I think you did a swell job," he said. I had no time to bow. He had reminded me that I was due for my weekly "once over" of the show that afternoon.

"I've got to go to the theater right now. Want to come along?" I said, never imagining a screen star in New York without every hour booked up. I had forgotten that I was with a farmer.

"Sure I do! Let's go!" I've never seen any one move as fast as he does anyway, but we broke his own record.

At the theater every one recognized him. He seemed oblivious of the usherettes standing in a group behind him as we sat in the last row. In the entr'acte we started backstage. Autograph addicts appeared from under seats. He signed and signed. One boy asked for my autograph. I think he felt sorry for me. He couldn't know what a kick I was getting out of it. I did feel like explaining to the company, when we finally broke through the barrage of his admirers and arrived behind the scenes. They looked rather surprised under their thrills when I appeared with him and was obviously so proud of my companion. You see, they know I did one bit of cradle snatching when I married. They also know, having been directed by me, that I generally get what I go after. They were probably feeling rather sorry for the "son of the gods." I didn't bother to explain. It wasn't a day for explaining. It was just a day for fierce fun. In fact, I didn't stop to tell them any of the little things that all companies do wrong after they have been pronounced a success. I introduced him to everybody. The entr'acte was delayed a good five minutes. We returned to our seats and the Montgomery fans.

"I'm going up to see Mary after the show," I whispered to him. Mary, unless one explains otherwise, always means Mary Pickford in Hollywoodese.

"I'm going with you!" he said. "I haven't seen her for ages." We dashed from the theater and through the crowd who, by some strange underground system, had learned that he was at the Fulton Theater. Risking our lives we rushed for a taxi in the middle of the street, leaped in, slammed the door and fell back exhausted. "Sherry-Netherland!" the lad gasped.

"O. K., Bob!" said the taxi driver. "Sign my book, will ya?"

"Sure, Buddy!" He signed.

"Is it always like this?" I straightened my hat, which one of his admirers had pushed over my nose trying to crash the mob with her autograph book.

"Oh, they do it to everybody," he said. I was terribly glad to have become a peaceful nobody.

At the hotel, Mary's maid told me I was please to come down to the beauty parlor. This sort of ruined our plot, but we carried it on, only the setting was different.

"Are you there, Mary?" I called.

"In here."

"What are you having done?"

"My hair washed."

"Then is it all right if I bring a young friend in? Wait here," I said to the young friend and went in to Mary.

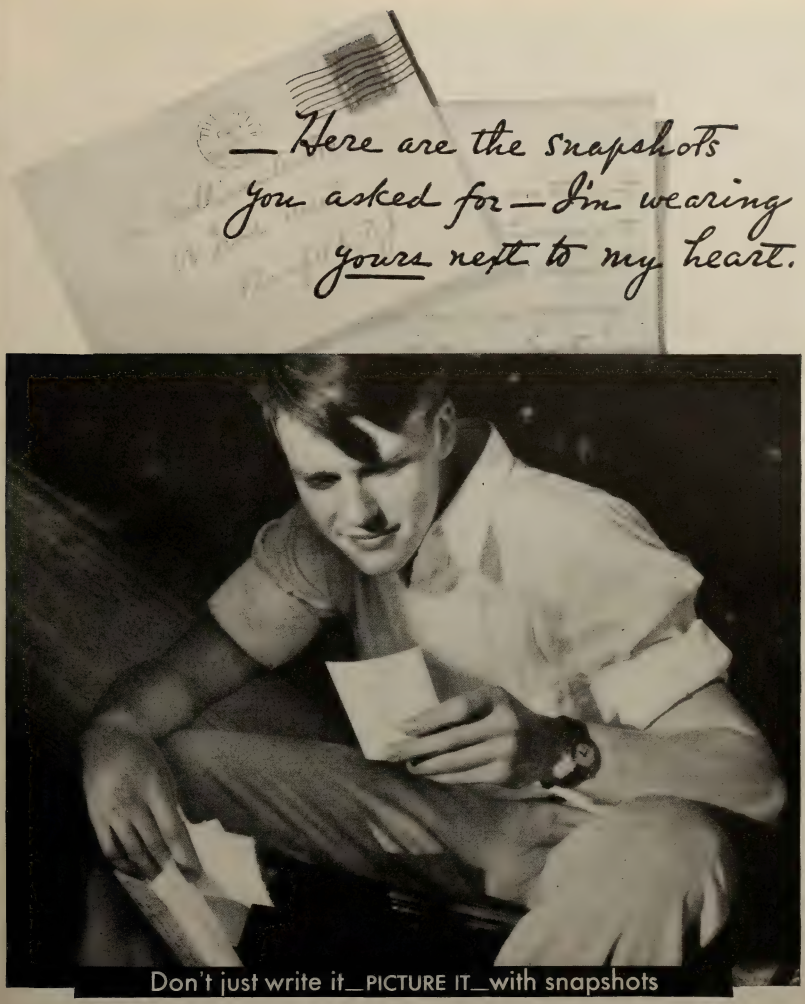
"This boy," I whispered, "is a great type for the screen. I think you ought to see him. Knowing you are leaving town tonight I took a chance on bringing him up."

Mary hesitated a second, glancing at herself in the mirror.

"I look funny," she said.

"You look swell." I argued. Swell, though my favorite adjective, was inadequate. She looked adorable. Her

(*Please turn to page* 70)



Don't just write it—PICTURE IT—with snapshots

The day takes on a new glow—here's a letter! With snapshots of the one and only girl. The wonderful, wonderful girl . . . How important it is that snapshots can be taken, and sent speeding to their destinations, to make a young man's heart tremble and pound . . . So anything that improves snapshots is important, too. They've become much better since Kodak Verichrome Film came along. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

I thought I was different



I know better now!

"THIS is a hurly burly world—rushing around—gulping down food—staying up late—no time for exercise.

"So it isn't strange that, like a lot of us, I had to take a laxative now and then.

"And when that happened I used to go to the medicine cabinet and get the bottle of 'strong stuff' I had been using for years.

A Midnight Dilemma

"This time the bottle was empty—and next to it was a little blue box with the word 'Ex-Lax' on it. I knew Ex-Lax. It was that little chocolate tablet my children always take, which I thought is good for children only.

"But it was after midnight and the stores closed, so I said to myself 'I'll try this Ex-Lax tonight—maybe it'll work on me, too.'

I Make a Discovery!

"Next morning I learned that Ex-Lax was just as effective for me as the strong, nasty stuff I had been using for years—that a laxative didn't have to be unpleasant and violent to be effective.

"So I say to you: If you think *you* are different, try Ex-Lax tonight! A box of six tablets is only a dime, and I'm sure you'll be as pleased with it as I am."

WATCH OUT FOR IMITATIONS!
Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America's favorite laxative for 28 years. Look for the genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X. 10c and 25c. At all druggists.

keep "regular" with

NON HABIT-FORMING
EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

It Happened One Day

(*Continued from page* 68)

blond curls completely swathed in lather, the face beneath them looking all of eleven and shining.

She covered her slim legs, which were resting on a stool, with a towel, withdrew her hand from the manicurist long enough to wipe her face with another one and said, "All right! Bring on your friend!" The lad stepped in and stood behind her. Their eyes met in the mirror. Mary didn't blink one of her half inch mascaraless lashes. "What! That old man!" she said. "Nothing doing!" They greeted each other and then began comparing notes on personal appearances. "This one," (Mary nodded in his direction) "helped me break a house record last week. I wish I could always play with his pictures."

They discussed the fascination of playing before real audiences and doing it five and six times a day. Not seriously, mind you, because Mary at once became infected by our where-do-we-go-from-here mood and was all for missing her train to Toronto in favor of whatever we had to offer. The manicurist started putting two or three shades of nail polish on at once. The hairdresser, trying to set Mary's "crowning glory," had to stop between waves as the head of America's sweetheart bobbed back and forth dodging and handing out wisecracks. We liked our own dialogue so much that Mary couldn't have the electric dryer for fear we wouldn't be able to hear ourselves.

"Good heavens! A quarter past six! I had a date at six!" I patted the Pickford waves.

"I had one, too," said the lad, and patted the waves. "Bye, darling, see you at Pickfair!"

"That's a date!" Mary called as we dashed out.

Out of the hotel and striding down the Avenue arm in arm. There's an experience! If you don't mind feeling as if you were something Frank Buck brought back alive, out for a stroll, walk down Fifth Avenue with a movie king who looks exactly the same off the screen as on. I didn't mind. I loved it. I, who for several years now have not even gone to the picture premieres in Hollywood because of a belated shyness. In this case, however, I didn't have to worry about how I looked. I was just something in a skirt hanging on the arm of the guy whom they all stopped in their tracks to stare at.

If he saw any Stop and Go signals it was his secret. We only hesitated once in ten blocks between the Sherry-Netherland and his street for cutting across to the Waldorf. Then he suddenly swung me around as he greeted a nice looking gent with, "Hello, what's the news? When do I have to go back? You know Mr. Lubin, don't you?" I didn't. Whatever Mr. Lubin had to say was nipped by, "Tell the studio not to hurry on my account. I've got a lot of important work to do on the farm." With a "so long!" we continued our march. That's the vice-president of Metro!" he said.

When we reached the fatal corner I was quite depressed, wondering how I was going to make the Algonquin Hotel without the Montgomery momentum. "I wish you could come on down," I said. "Laurette Taylor is waiting for me."

"Laurette!" he cried. "Oh, I'd love to see her." He glanced at his wrist watch, just as if time meant something in life. It did, sadly enough. "I've got to get back!" he said.

We stood shaking hands on the corner. I sensed the crowd gathering. "This has been a swell day," I murmured with great originality.

"I've had a swell time!" he answered, also coining an unusual phrase. "Well, good-bye! I'll see you on the Coast," he said.

"Just try not to," I answered. The gods said, "seventh inning!" and stood up to stretch.

Well, dear readers, I haven't told you how he started life, what he likes, where he came from or why. Personally I don't care. I'm just so darned glad that he did. You can read all those details in most any article. There will be more and more written about him. His star is decidedly in the box-office ascendency and that, believe me, is what governs the amount of publicity you see about your favorites. I know I should have found out what he eats for breakfast, how he sleeps at night, what his hobby is, and don't think I wouldn't like to know myself, but that day was just one of life's vignettes. I don't feel like touching it up. To those who like him, I believe I have brought a glimpse of what the lad is really like. After all, don't forget I caught him fresh from the farm. Not too fresh, just breezy. That's a good name for him—Breezy Bob! Hope I'll be around some day when he goes into his hurricane.

Next Month, May Robson writes a story for you about her dearest friend, Marie Dressler, the best loved woman of the screen. You will want to read this glowing tribute in the October issue of the

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

on Sale August 31st

The Flip That Failed

(*Continued from page* 58)

their blankets pulled up under folded arms.

We knew they weren't Indians from our company and we also knew they weren't braves from the reservation nearby. And they looked as if they were there for more serious business than to sell us beads.

"I'm not ashamed to say I was badly scared and I don't think Doug felt like the hero of one of his movies, either."

However, Fairbanks jumped up and showing his teeth in that famous grin of his, advanced toward them.

"How . . . How!" he said.

Doug walked toward the Indians with outstretched hand and then, remembering his James Fennimore Cooper, he raised his arm in salute.

"How . . ." he tried again.

The Indians' faces were as inscrutable as carvings.

"Look at this," said Doug and did a handspring.

The Indians' expressions remained impassive.

DOUG tried a coin trick. He took his courage in hand and pulled a quarter out of one brave's ear.

For the first time in his life Douglas Fairbanks was a flop!

And then, as if it were his final hope of winning their respect, Doug tried a back flip.

He landed squarely on the south side of Fairbanks!

And the Indians . . . the Indians howled with laughter!

The day was saved.

One of them explained, as they gathered around Doug, laughing and patting him on the back, that they were a nomadic little group who made their living in devious ways. The Indians didn't say so, but Fairbanks and Geraghty imagined that but for the actor's imitation of a Mack Sennett comedian visiting Pratt Falls, N. Y., the desert guerrilas would have been wearing Hollywood hats that night.

As it was, Doug's persuasive humor resulted in the eight Indians following Geraghty and himself back to the location camp where they joined the company as extras at three dollars a day.

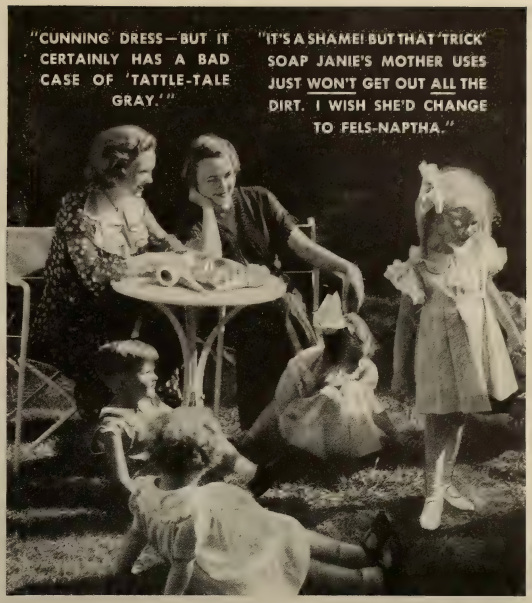
The man on horseback, Fairbanks and Geraghty learned, *had* been a reporter. He had left, when the company assured him Fairbanks was not in the vicinity.

That night, as the campfire was blazing high again, Doug and Geraghty rejoiced in what they believed to have been a narrow escape from attack at the hands of the wandering Indians, now practicing with their more civilized compatriots the ceremonial dance for the picture.

"The thing that bothers me most, though," said Doug, "was my failure to do that back flip. I must be getting old. I'll have to practice that some more.

"And, without another word, he jumped up and did several back flips in a row. The company applauded politely.

But the Indians of the morning looked disappointed and a little cheated.





"Tattle-tale gray" in the clothes you wash. Here's what that means . . .

Clothes that look foggy and gray. Clothes that say plain as plain can be—"*We aren't really clean.*"

Who's to blame when clothes get that way? More often than not, it's "trick" soap. For no matter how hard *you* work and rub, "trick" soaps can't get out ALL the dirt. Neither can "cheap" soaps!

But change to Fels-Naptha Soap and see what a glorious difference! When it tackles the wash, dirt *can't* stay in. Out it goes—every last speck of it! For Fels-Naptha is full-of-action soap! *Golden* soap that's richer—*with plenty of dirt-loosening naptha added.*

Two lively helpers instead of one! Together, they get clothes clean clear through and *sparkling white!*

And the beauty of it is, Fels-Naptha is *safe* for everything! Douse your frilliest things in Fels-Naptha's suds—silk stockings, filmy lingerie, even your pet woolens. Just swish the bar in your basin till the water's good and sudsy—then take out the bar—and there isn't a chance of any undissolved soap particles sticking to dainty garments. (And that's what turns brown under the iron, you know.)



Fels-Naptha Soap is specially easy on hands, too. For there's soothing glycerine in every bar.

Use it YOUR way!

Fels-Naptha boils or soaks clothes beautifully. It washes clean in hot, lukewarm or cool water. It does fine work in the tub. And as for washing machines, women who *know* from experience—women who have tried all kinds of soaps—say nothing beats Fels-Naptha!

Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost 20 years. Get a few bars at your grocer's.

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EVERYBODY NOTICES "Tattle-Tale Gray"

. . . BANISH IT WITH Fels-Naptha Soap!

OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER



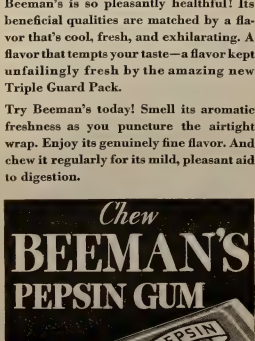
The sky's the limit!

VIGOROUS!... ROBUST!... JUBILANT! **All outdoors can't hold you when digestion is good, when jabs and stabs and twinges aren't cutting down your spirit and efficiency.**

Beeman's helps keep digestion honey-sweet. It is smooth, mellow — especially made to gently stimulate digestion.

Beeman's is so pleasantly healthful! Its beneficial qualities are matched by a flavor that's cool, fresh, and exhilarating. A flavor that tempts your taste—a flavor kept unfailingly fresh by the amazing new Triple Guard Pack.

Try Beeman's today! Smell its aromatic freshness as you puncture the airtight wrap. Enjoy its genuinely fine flavor. And chew it regularly for its mild, pleasant aid to digestion.



Bathing Bruties

(*Continued from page* 45)

the first to adorn her 1926 model in this land of night fogs. A clerk staggered to a phone, told the news and fainted dead away. Headlines again as bold as for a Dillinger stick-up.

HOLLYWOOD is pleased to think Garbo has slipped. But Louis B. Mayer was doing his best to get her to sign a new contract. Problem was to find her. Telephone calls, wires, notes, got no response. Mr. Mayer says he hasn't seen her in three years. Greta amuses rather than offends by her evanescence. Publicity boys like her. She will not cooperate but, on the other hand, she never complains about anything printed, and she reads everything. Getting herself into headlines with the windshield-wiper she drew howls from the publicity boys. Her frugality is as characteristic as her elusiveness. Her 1926 vehicle is a dizzy howdah compared to new low models. The chauffeur looming above the high wheel suggests the mahout on the elephant's head. The car has the swaying majesty of a dowager at cocktail hour. Greta slumps cat-a-cornered in the rear, sometimes snoozing. She wears the same sort of clothes as the day she arrived from Sweden. No make-up of any kind. Prior to each picture, days are spent creating her hair dress. The picture finished, it goes lankly native, worn as it grows. Amid the chichi of Hollywood all this is considered rather a pose.

HERBERT MARSHALL is due to star. He's being rapidly passed around by the ladies: from Shearer to Connie Bennett to Greta Garbo. This is the male route to stardom.

HEARING I was on the lot, Jean Harlow sent an invitation to lunch with her. I had never met Miss Harlow and was taking it big until Howard Strickling, the publicity duce, said: "She's always so thoughtful—worries about everybody."

"Feeds the hungry no matter who," I said. "Well, I'm a hitch-hiker for Harlow."

The lunch had to be cancelled because Director Jack Conway made her rehearse a dance routine during noon hour. I commiserated. She said she didn't mind. "I only have a pot of tea at noon," she said.

Yellow silk blouse, brown velvet trunks, bare legs, she did her dance in the foreground shot, came to rest while a double was used in a long shot. "What a pretty girl," she said, watching the double. "I ought to get a lot of mail when the fans see her. They'll probably wonder why I dance so much better at a distance!"

MAX BAER licked Carnera but he still has to face Harlow.

Baer and brassieres are subjects that excite Miss Harlow to the fanged fury of a wounded leopardess. Max, because the big lug coyly permits people to think she gave him a wrist watch when she says she never was out with him. Brassieres, because a representative of a firm had the nerve to ask her to endorse them when it's a point of pride that she never wore one of the darned things in her life.

JEAN HARLOW suggests a throwback to the glamorous, intrepid, adventurous figures of pre-talkie days when Barbara La Marr and Mabel Normand reigned. Forthright, impulsive, benevolent, she is a patsy for trouble. Recently she figured in three front page stories in one day. Her divorce was made public. She acted as bridesmaid to a friend. Her negro chauffeur, overstimulated by the doings, went berserk on the way home from the wedding and shot a cop. A few nights later Jean was shrieking for help at midnight. A discharged butler was standing outside in the moonlight throwing rocks at her windows. Around Jean, as around the Red-Headed Woman she played so effectively, life churns and seethes, tumultuous as her bodice.

IS Shirley Temple Mae West's successor? Her arrival is certainly opportune. Reformers are massing with threats of blacklist and boycott against what they term screen indecency. One crusader says George Raft is "absolutely unattractive and unwholesome." A strong guard is urged over all pictures starring Norma Shearer because she's been playing loose ladies. With the hounds of censorship nipping their heels, producers are doing an Eliza and grabbing kiddies. A child under six is generally accepted as wholesome, therefore a safe star bet, whereas, with an adult you never know when sex may pop. But I thought child labor had been abolished. Dear me. I predict the day the screen satisfies all clubs, codes and creeds it will straightaway ascend to join Little Eva in heaven.

I DON'T want to seem a defeatist but if the screen is made safe as a Sunday school picnic for the kiddies I'm awfully afraid the kiddies will refuse to attend. I speak from dismayed observation of my god-daughter Ann, age ten. Her mother dutifully started her for Sunday school with a dime for the plate. At the door Ann burst into a sudden flare of rebellion and flung back: "All I have to say, Mother, is you are wasting a dime every week if you think I believe the baloney." Such heathenism might be blamed on the movies were it not for the fact our little monster thinks they are mostly baloney, too. And there's the neighbor child who listened to a Flag Day oration by a D.A.R. matron. When the lady said the flag stood for liberty, the cynical child was heard to snort audibly: "A lot of good the American flag does me!"

Perhaps I've got into a nest of young vipers. All I know is I haven't the ccurage of sophistication to interview Miss Shirley Temple. I'm afraid she would turn out to be a Friend of Soviet Russia.

POLA NEGRI was due in Hollywood for a broadcast. She failed to arrive. Says she is busy writing her memoirs which tell the truth about many celebrated men. She's writing them at Mt. Vernon. Going to tell on George Washington, Pola?

Theater sign: Double Feature—
LITTLE WOMEN—BOTTOMS UP

Pretty Men, What Now?

(*Continued from page 33*)

in front of you, and you were falling in— Br-r-r! That's what looking at today's movie heroes does to you. Faces only a mother could love? Mama's eyesight never was so good! Faces that are answers to a maiden's prayer? Any maiden that prayed for faces like those ought to be strangled.

How times have changed, indeed, indeed, indeedy! There was a time when movie heroes were as pretty as their leading ladies. Prettier, lots of times. You were always coming up to someone on the lot and saying, "Good-morning, Miss Garbo," only to be answered scathingly, "Sir, my name is Lefty!" That's why the women had to let their hair grow long—so you could tell them from the actors.

Oh, well, maybe not quite that bad. But they were handsome. They were picked because they were handsome. Francis X. Bushman, Maurice Costello, William Desmond, Carlyle Blackwell, Dustin Farnum, King Baggot; at the very beginning, even, the movies sought out the handsome boys with the long eyelashes and cupid's-bow lips. Then later came Rudolph Valentino and all the would-be Valentinos that tried to imitate him. A man no girl would be safe with, the publicity department hinted he was—but you'll remember they always put him into costumes, whether they were flowing Arab robes or the glittering brocade and lace cuffs of a French courtier; and costumes are feminine. No 100% male actor needs costumes to bring out the fact that he is a he-man. Can you imagine Jimmy Cagney in flowing robes? Or Bela Lugosi in ballet skirts? Or Wallace Beery in lace sleeves? Then, after Valentino, came the era of handsome juveniles—Douglas MacLean, Charles Ray, all those.

Look what's happened to the handsome boys today. John Barrymore, the tall, stately type, is playing comedy roles.

Ramon Novarro, the perennial juvenile, is seriously considering retiring. So, rumor has it, is that other boy who never grew old, Dick Barthelmess.

Today the screen's leading men seldom use make-up. If their whiskers show—nerts. At least whiskers are real. Why, they're thankful they *have* whiskers. You have to show a producer you can grow a beard like barbed wire, these days, before he'll even give you a job!

Do you want to know the reason for the change? You can say it in one word. Talkies. If you're impossibly handsome, and keep your yawp shut, okay. People can believe in you. You're just a Beautiful Dream. A bee-ootiful, bee-ootiful dream. But when they stick a microphone in front of you, and you have to be handsome while reciting some dainty little line such as, "Stand 'em up against the wall and pour lead into their backs with your choppers, guys" . . . Well, it was laughter, raucous, hooting laughter, that blasted John Gilbert's career to bits. And it was a giggle, or something suspiciously like it, which removed from our midst Mr. Charles (Buddy) Rogers.

The change is for the better. Everybody knows that. We're getting better

(*Please turn to page 74*)

It's a secret but I'll tell you!



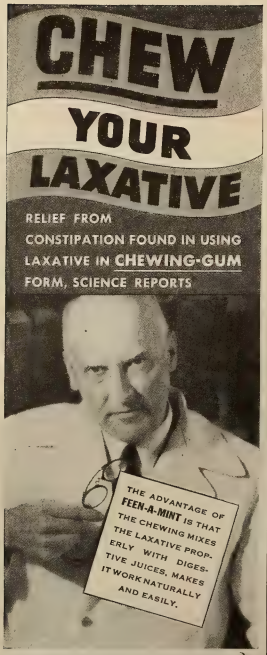
MAYBE there are many ways to prepare a good spaghetti feast. Maybe. For me—only *one*. I want, first, pure and firm Durum-wheat spaghetti. I want tomatoes—nothing but red, juicy sun-ripened fellows. Cheese—not too mild, not too tangy. Just *right*. I want choice meat stock. And—ah!—the seasoning. For that I must have certain spices not easy to get. No, my way is not easy . . . But all these things are brought to me in the Heinz kitchens. Spaghetti we make ourselves, to be *sure*. This we cook till toothsome and tender, then completely drench it with the high-flavored ruddy sauce . . . And wherever you live this spaghetti is waiting at your grocer's, ready for you to heat and serve.

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Pretty Men, What Now?

(*Continued from page* 73)

pictures today than we ever did before. So nobody is sorry.

But you *can* pity the poor kids who slipped in just under the wire. The public knew all about this change long before the producers ever did. The producers, right up to the end, were looking around for still more handsome men to build into stars. Even when Clark Gable's meteoric rise taught them what people wanted to see on the screen, they were doing it. So, long after the change took place, the studios were still scouring the country for fellows like Hardie Albright, Douglass Montgomery, Lew Ayres, Richard Cromwell, Donald Dilloway, and twenty others. Oh, all of them are getting along well enough. But they're not the great stars. And it's a dirty deal for them, because they can't help the fact that they happen to have been born handsome. It isn't their fault. If luck had taken them to Hollywood a few years earlier they *would* have been great stars.

When Hardie Albright signed his first contract the studio dyed his hair black, slicked it down, and made him grow a waxed eyebrow moustache. That wasn't pretty enough for them, so they did it all over backwards. They blondined his hair, fluffed it up with curling irons, and stood lights behind him so that the light would shine through and give his head a misty, haloed effect. They were going to make him real pretty. Only the fact that Hardie had sense enough to know it would ruin him saved him. "Halo? I look like a blankety-blank haystack somebody set on fire!" he yelled at the top of his lungs. Ripping his contract into a thousand shreds, he wiped the lips off his face (the ones the studio had painted on) and stalked out to free-lance or starve. Another studio, today, lets him play regular young man parts without make-up at all, to say nothing of frizzed hair. That's all that has saved his career.

A writer recently asked Don Dilloway—another youngster just as likable as Hardie, and no more to be blamed for being cursed with good looks than Hardie—to give him a story for a magazine. Don answered him with a wry smile and a shrug. "Why write it?" he asked. "No one will read it. Nobody even knows I'm in Hollywood." It's all too true. Don was originally scheduled for stardom. Then a handsome face became, overnight, something to be dreaded and feared—and he was out.

Those are only a few cases, and there's no use in giving any more.

The only good-looking men who are wanted in Hollywood today are the lads who can double in brass. In plain English, do something on the side. Sing. Like Bing Crosby and John Boles, both "lookers." Wear peg-top pants to Mae West's bustles, like Cary Grant. Dance. Like Jimmy Dunn—although Jimmy's face isn't exactly anything to ring the firebells about, either, when you think of it.

Looks aren't wanted. If you happen to be handsome, young man, and you simply insist upon going to Hollywood today and being a star—go out and get yourself kicked in the face by a mule!

Or develop an iron-filing stubble and rent a couple of yacht-sails for ears, like Mr. Gable.

Or an 1890 bartender's hair-cut like Mr. (Spencer) Tracy.

Or wattles and hair like a moth-eaten rug—like the blond gent who is no relation to the above and whose name is Mr. (Lee) Tracy.

Or a mugg that looks as if it had been grilled on a waffle iron and then had the hollows filled in with stove enamel—like Mr. Karloff.

Or an honest pan like Mr. Cagney's.

Or a moon-face, a swarthy complexion, a chin like a front bumper, and a mouth that looks as if the shears slipped—like Mr. Robinson.

Or a pair of pale white eyes, a beak, and a ramrod back like Mr. Powell. (William, not Dick. Dick sings.)

Or a face like a serious walrus, with a bulldog jaw—like Mr. Muni.

Or just do it all up at once by tending elephants in a circus and making them all line up at night and walk on your manly visage on their way in to bed, the way Wally Beery did.

Because that's the only way you'll ever get to be a star in Hollywood today. The Great Lover of the future is Laurel and Hardy, rolled into one. Today's theme song is "Over Somebody Else's Shoulder I Nearly Scared Myself to Death in the Mirror." Hollywood is done, *feeneesh*, with male Venuses. They're down, they're out, they're on their way, all dressed up, with no place to go. No place. On second thought, they can't even get that soda job back. Not even Squeedunk wants them!

What now, Pretty Men, what now?

Swimming for Health

(*Continued from page* 60)

exercise—such as the muscles of the hips—have a chance. Swimming, in Miss Forbes' opinion, is the one sport that permits one to enjoy active exercise and to relax at the same time. Too much swimming, they say, enlarges the feet—gives them flat flapper-like proportions—but swimming with moderation tends to counteract swelling of feet and ankles incidental to warm weather and brings into play certain muscles of the feet and ankles that are ordinarily given little or nothing to do.

One could hardly find a better proof of the beautifying effect of swimming than beautiful Hazel Forbes, the millionairess, who made her motion picture debut in the RKO-Radio musical comedy "Down to Their Last Yacht." And Miss Forbes may speak with more than usual authority on matters pertaining to beauty for since the death of her young husband, Mr. Paul Owen Richmond, she has been president, in fact as well as in name, of a company that produces some half dozen well-known beauty products.

Let the Parade Pass

(*Continued from page* 38)

picture at Universal. He was wearing slacks and looked thoroughly comfortable.

"I'll show you what I mean," Chester said. "Come on out in the back yard."

We passed through the living room, beautifully arranged by William Haines, a small, wood-paneled library, and into the enclosed yard. Here a couple of workmen were busy with a team of mules, excavating.

"I'm putting in a swimming pool instead of buying a new car," he said. "That isn't the way it should be done in Hollywood. I should buy both. But I talked it over with Susie, and decided that the car would last another couple of years.

"The youngsters have wanted a swimming pool for a long time. So have I. The car is three years old, and it was a temptation to buy both the car and the pool. I think, when my wife and I made that decision, we quit trying to keep up with the Joneses then and there.

"We have come to the conclusion that if risking financial security is necessary to keep up with the parade, then let the parade pass. We're going to conduct ourselves like good business people. Of course, by that I don't mean we're crawling into a shell. I believe in enjoying life while you are young and we certainly get our share of fun.

"But take this matter of publicity, for instance. My studio employs capable publicity writers; I get my share of notices. Why strive furiously to break into print, and hire press agents?"

"Rank heresy," I commented. "Now don't tell me you haven't even a secretary!"

"Not even a secretary," Chester asserted, smiling. "Some actors wouldn't think of answering the phone personally. They must have somebody come at nine to put in a day thumb-twiddling and saying: 'This is Mr. So-and-So's secretary.'"

The way he pronounced it "secret'ry" in the grand movieland manner emphasized the point.

"I tried polo, because I like to ride, but when I stopped to think it out I realized I had no business in the game," he continued. "If you showed up with a rented pony, you were beneath notice. One actor might arrive with six, only to turn green when the next man in brought eight ponies and four grooms.

"Now, when an actor plays polo he must put on a show. Would we play if we had no audience? Not a bit. He must have the wife and the kids and the neighbors to watch. Furthermore, an actor can't make a good player because he instinctively turns his face away from a mix—that face of his mustn't be hurt. It's his stock in trade, his meal ticket.

"Bob Montgomery and I talked it over one day. He sold his string, and what he couldn't sell he gave away. He gave me one of his ponies. Not having a place to keep it, I put the animal in a stable. My wife enjoyed riding, about once a week, but I didn't like the idea of letting her ride alone. City riding is hazardous. That meant paying one of the riding instructors to tag along. Stable bills brought the cost of

(*Please turn to page* 76)



● *"Well, well, am I feeling good this morning! All bathed and powdered and full of pep!... Got to work off steam somehow. Guess I'll try that somersault Brother Bill was trying to teach me yesterday."*



● *"Boy—what a queer feeling! Where do I go from here? This wrong-side-up business certainly gets a fellow hot and bothered... Gee, have I got enough nerve or haven't I? —Come on, you scare-cat—PUSH!"*



● *"Uump! — Ouch! Shucks, that was easy! I'd do it again —only I'm a little warm and tired. Better get Mother to give me another rub-down with my Johnson's Baby Powder. And listen, all you other baby athletes...*



● *"Tell your Mothers to test different baby powders with their finger-tips. They'll find some gritty—but Johnson's is softer than a bunny's ear. No zinc stearate or orris-root in it, either."*

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Each only 10c at all 5 and 10c stores

Let the Parade Pass

(*Continued from page* 75)

a few hours riding to quite a sum each month. We talked it over, and gave the horse to some friends in the country who can take care of it.

"My wife and I like to entertain, but to do so in the Hollywood manner, competing for celebrities to attend, is not for us. We tried it, and gave up. After one party we looked at burns and stains on the few prized possessions we have accumulated, and then we thought eight was our limit."

I thought of the star who hired a fleet of taxicabs for twenty-four hours, just to haul cement so that workmen could have her house ready for a party, and shook my head.

"You'll never be in the swim that way," I said. "But at least, if you don't show off, you have one compensation. Kidnapers may pass you up as a poor prospect."

Chester grinned and nodded. "You're right. Young Brooks doesn't run much danger there. I remember when Bob Montgomery had guns and bars all over the place, and came over to tell me how I should protect my youngsters. I hung a little sign on Brooks, saying 'Take Me Please' and told him to parade the front lawn. When Bob saw that, he nearly threw a fit.

"Listen, Bob, kidnapers aren't going to bother with our children," I told him. "And we can't make prisoners of them!"

"And that alone is enough to keep a man from putting on the dog and calling attention to himself in Hollywood."

"It is almost unthinkable not to send your children to a private school if you pretend to be a big mogul in pictures," Chester continued. "When Brooks got to be five years old, I sent him to a fashionable kindergarten. It cost a lot, but it got him out from under our feet for a few hours, and he seemed to enjoy it. He took the school bus every morning, and it brought him home. One day he came to me and said: 'Daddy, I don't want to ride the bus any more.'

"I asked him why not, and he said: 'I want George to drive me in the big car. Other kids come in big cars with a man to drive them.'

"That was enough for me. Now Brooks goes to a public school, as I did, and if he plays with kids of various colors and creeds, so much the better for his sense of democracy.

"You see, if you try to keep up with the Joneses, your children cannot help but be involved in the same chase. I would hate to feel responsible for making Cynthia and Brooks into snobs.

"I'd like to have them go to college or a university, though. It was a great disappointment to my father that I did not go to Harvard. He was 'raised in a trunk' in the theater, and so was I. But when I skipped school to play in a picture for the Thanhauser Company in New Rochelle, Dad knew that he had another actor in the family, and gave up his other plans for me like a good scout. I'll do the same for Brooks—but I hope he prefers college."

Even in the matter of servants, Chester is conservative. A man and his wife do the cooking and general work, and Heddy, the girl who has been with them since before Cynthia (who is three) was born, is the nursemaid.

"George, the handy man, doubles in brass at special occasions," Chester grinned, "and you should see him buttle around as butler. But neither Sue nor I want a big retinue of servants.

"I'm my own boss, thank heaven, though don't let Sue hear me say that. However, I find it convenient as well as economical to have a man come in once a week and go over my accounts, make out checks for bills, and handle my income tax.

"My fan mail is handled on the same basis; as soon as a batch is ready I dictate the answers and get the letters off. And I am sure my fans will forgive me for not having a secretary to do the job for me, even if I am occasionally late in making replies.

"I do have one extravagance, though," he admitted. "I hire a trainer, Eddie McKenna, who is a wizard at keeping one fit. A prizefighter, he's wise in the lore of good health. We get out at seven for road work, then a rubdown, and maybe a few rounds with the gloves.

"Bob Montgomery decided to get into condition with me, and so one morning we routed him out for roadwork. Once was enough for Bob. Funny about us—we are darn good pals and yet we don't like the same things at all. Bob likes skeet shootin'; I don't. As for bridge or poker, I'm sunk. I never can remember if a straight beats a flush."

At this moment the Morris children arrived with a whoop and a holler from their romp in the big vacant lot next door. "Eliza," the cocker spaniel, was exuberant in her greeting.

Brooks, a typical American boy, had a bruise under his eye. Soon as he and Cynthia had retired tubwards. Chester explained.

"Eddie and Brooks put on the gloves in the playhouse, and Eddie gets down on his knees so that they can pummel each other. If one or the other is knocked down, he must remain for the count of nine before bobbing up, as wise fighters do. Well, Brooks came home the other day rather bunged up. 'I knocked another guy down,' he said, 'but he only stayed for the count of three.'"

Mrs. Morris came in to say goodbye. She is slender, prettier even than her photographs, and seven years of marriage rest lightly on her blond head. Sue Kilborn Morris appears to have no regrets for having relinquished a screen career with Paramount in favor of raising two delightful youngsters.

"Well, so long," Brooks said, "and don't take any wooden nickels!"

I'm pretty sure that Chester and Sue Morris know values too well for that. They have found what is truly worthwhile in life.

Barbara Barry's reviews of the forthcoming films appear in each issue of the NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE on sale the first of every month.

The Authentic Story of My Life

(*Continued from page* 37)

dance music drifting down the hall from the gymnasium. So I decided to slip into a corner behind the palms, where I wouldn't be noticed, and watch the fun for a little while before going to bed.

I was quietly enjoying the excitement, when suddenly Jada Leland, a senior girl whom I liked very much, saw me. She came straight over to me, bringing with her a tall, good-looking young man. I was cornered and couldn't escape. So I met "Chuck" and took the first step on my way to California and motion pictures.

The three of us talked for a few minutes. Then I left. I could not join the party, dressed as I was in my street clothes. But, before I went to bed, I telephoned Mother to tell her that I had met the most attracive young man whom I had ever seen.

THE next morning Jada came into my room to tell me that Chuck had asked her to invite me to go to luncheon with him the following Saturday in Chicago. For the first time in the year which I had spent at Ferry Hall, the girls teased me about a boy. And it was music to my ears, even though I pretended to have scarcely noticed young Mr. McGrew. I fairly counted the hours until our Saturday luncheon engagement and, for the first time in my life, I was really excited over the problem of selecting the most becoming dress and hat.

All during that happy Summer, Chuck and I were together constantly. He was twenty-two and I was sixteen. Perhaps, if I had had several "crushes" and youthful romances, I would not have fallen so head over heels in love. Wisely Mother encouraged it instead of trying to stop its course. She thought that, since I was so young, it would be one of those romantic phases which soon pass to make room for another.

But it was from the beginning a tremendously serious affair to me. Chuck took Rod's place as the ideal man of whom I dreamed.

And, like all infatuated youngsters, we refused to listen to the advice of our elders. When we talked of marriage, they gave their consent but advised us to wait a little while, at least until I was eighteen. But we laughed at the idea of waiting. We were so young and so sure of ourselves and our love and our future. Chuck's grandparents were planning a trip to California after the following Christmas and they invited me to go with them. After long and serious arguments, we finally persuaded both families that we should make it a honeymoon trip and our wedding date was set for December.

But Christmas was far away. It seemed so silly to wait, when all my thoughts were centered around our marriage and our plans for a home in California.

On the night of September twenty-first, 1927, I was invited to have dinner at the home of Chuck's grandparents. After we had eaten, we went riding along the lake shore. Suddenly Chuck said, "Let's get married tonight. Why wait until Christmas?"

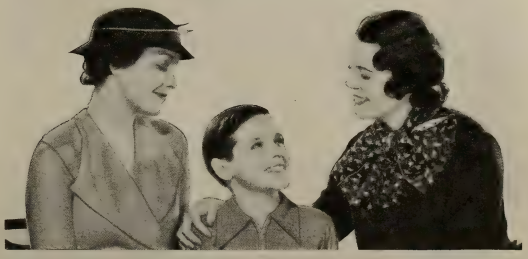
(*Please turn to page* 78)



"Aren't you going to eat your ice-cream, dear?—Polly, I don't know what ails Tommy—he isn't a bit like himself. He won't eat, and he's lost all his pep!"



"Alice, I wouldn't worry about Tommy. Jack was the same way a month ago, and I found all he needed was a laxative. Give him some Fletcher's Castoria."



"You're just the person I wanted to see, Polly! Tommy's been out playing all morning. I gave him some Fletcher's Castoria last night, and it's certainly wonderful!"

● "Yes, it certainly is, Alice. Fletcher's Castoria is the ideal laxative for children. It's pleasant to take, too—because it tastes awfully good. You know, it hasn't any of the harsh drugs in it that are in some grown-up's laxatives. Don't forget that it's just the thing for colic in little babies, too! The signature *Chas. H. Fletcher* is always right on the carton."

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• from babyhood to 11 years •

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Maybelline Eyebrow Brush Regular use of this specially designed brush will train the brows to lie flat and smooth at all times. Extra long, dainty-grip handle, and sterilized bristles, kept clean in a cellophane wrapper.

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Maybelline Co., Chicago.

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

The Authentic Story of My Life

(*Continued from page* 77)

We stopped the car and discussed it as seriously as two infatuated youngsters can discuss so thrilling a subject as marriage on a glorious September night. Both families approved our marriage. We would not be hurting them. We would merely be avoiding all the fuss of a wedding. So we started the motor and turned the car toward Waukegan, Illinois, where Chuck was sure that we could get a license and find a minister.

Twice in my life I have eloped, both times in September, once in an automobile, the other time in an airplane. That first September night I knew nothing of life or its problems. Everything had been made so easy and so happy for me. I had been protected and guarded. I knew that there were tragedy and unhappiness in the world, but they had never touched me. And the man who stood beside me was as young and unprepared as I was. So we walked into marriage as carelessly and gaily as we had played and laughed through that long, happy Summer.

Then we drove back to Highland Park and walked together into the living room where Mother and Marino were sitting, and told them what we had done. If Mother was heartsick or disappointed, she gave no sign. She simply put her arms around us both and wished us happiness.

OUR sudden marriage changed the families' plans. So, a short time after our wedding, Chuck and I went to New York. From New York we took a boat and sailed through the Panama Canal to Los Angeles. I shall never forget the thrill of that voyage. So much has happened to me since that day, when I stepped off the boat in California, that it seems almost impossible that only six years have passed.

Almost immediately we found just the house we wanted, a pretty Spanish bungalow in Beverly Hills. Then began the fun of furnishing our home. We were more like two children playing at housekeeping than a settled, young married couple. Every stick of furniture, every dish was an exciting adventure.

To the making of my first home in California I devoted all my time and energy. There were no motion pictures, no work, no studios, in my life then. And, after it was completed, Chuck and I settled down to enjoy it. Chuck loved people, lots of people, parties and excitement. Since he had inherited a comfortable income there was no necessity for him to work, so we had twenty-four hours in which to play. And we worked harder at playing than most people do at actual working. Our life was one continuous party.

It was fine for a time. But all play and no work can become just as dull as the other extreme. I became restless, eager to find something beside fun to fill the days. And, as Chuck and I drifted gradually away from each other, I became more and more lonely for the companionship of my mother. I know how people laugh at those wives who can't stay away from their mothers, who run to them with all their troubles and problems. But with me, the feeling went deeper than that. Mother and I had been such close friends that I missed her as a companion, more than as a mother.

I didn't write her of my unhappiness and heart-ache. I was ashamed to admit the failure of my marriage. Understand, I don't blame Chuck for what happened to our happiness. I blame our youth. We were so utterly unlike in our thoughts and our desires that harmony was impossible.

Finally Marino sold his manufacturing business in Chicago and he and Mother moved to California. They found a house a few blocks away from our home and once again Mother and I had the understanding, sister-like companionship of my school days. We didn't need to talk about my unhappiness. We merely waited, hoping that something would happen to show us the answer to the problem.

ONE day I was entertaining a small group of girls at luncheon. One of the guests, Lucille Lee, was a young bride who played an occasional part in motion pictures. She had to leave the party to keep an appointment at the Fox Studio and, since she had no car with her, I offered to drive her to the studio. Lucille took me through the gates with her and I stood on the sidewalk of one of the studio streets, watching all the activity around me, while she went into an office to keep her appointment. I was fascinated by the place and its people but, even in California with motion pictures on my doorstep, I didn't feel any urge to be an actress, that urge which sends girls from all parts of the country to Hollywood to "try their luck" in pictures.

When Lucille came out, she introduced three men who told me that they had noticed me as I stood there and who asked me if I had ever thought of trying to break into pictures. Truthfully I told them that I had not. Nevertheless one of the men offered to give me a letter to the casting director of the studio and to the director of the Central Casting Bureau, which serves as a clearing house for the army of newcomers to Hollywood.

We waited while the letters were written. I carried them home with me, put them away and forgot about them.

A few weeks later I told some friends, who were at the house, about the letters. They wagered me that I would not have the nerve to take the letters to the casting directors. In the same spirit of fun, I accepted the bet and went to call upon the two casting directors the next morning. The letters opened the doors for me and I had long talks with both men. But they said nothing definite and I believed that the matter was ended. When I registered in the casting office, I gave my mother's maiden name, Jean Harlow. It was my favorite name and I believed that all actresses must have a stage name other than their own.

A few days later the phone bell rang and a strange voice asked for Miss Harlow. At first, in my surprise, I said that there was no Miss Harlow in the house. Then I remembered. It was the Central Casting office calling

The Authentic Story of My Life

me for extra work. I answered that it would be impossible for me to accept it. After my wager-inspired trip to the casting offices, I had lost my nerve. I received several other calls during the next few days and, finally, accepted one to report at the Fox Studio.

I'll never forget the terrifying bewilderment of that first day's work. Fortunately there were dozens of other extras and my unsureness went unnoticed. The other girls were kind and helpful. They loaned me make-up and showed me how to put it on. I enjoyed every minute of the day in spite of my fear that I would make some kind of a mistake. It was a thrilling new experience.

When I was called the next week for extra work at the Paramount Studio, I accepted it immediately. I felt almost like a veteran that second time. I bought the necessary make-up and managed to get it on smoothly and satisfactorily. The work lasted several days. The picture was "Moran of the Marines," with Richard Dix and Ruth Elder in the leading roles.

The family was interested, of course, in my enthusiastic reports of the doings of the day but no one took it seriously. I turned to this new life, this new excitement, as a means of filling long, lonely days.

A LITTLE later I was called by the Hal Roach Studio. The casting director had seen the few feet of film of "Moran of the Marines" in which I appeared. Always looking for new faces for their short comedies, they sent for me. So overnight I jumped from the extra ranks into the feminine leading role with Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy. I wouldn't trade anything I own for my experience in those comedies.

There was a friendliness and camaraderie about that small studio entirely different from the impersonality of the larger places. No one was too busy to help and advise. Stan and "Babe" realized my ignorance and did everything in their power to make me feel at home and at ease. I felt that I was receiving invaluable training in the school from which some of the best known screen players had been graduated.

After I had played in two comedies, Hal Roach offered me a five-year contract. When I signed that contract, I thought that I was definitely deciding the course of my life. I moved around in a constant state of surprised bewilderment. This new life had opened up so suddenly and unexpectedly that none of us, Mother or Chuck or I, could understand what it meant. But there it was and I made up my mind to take advantage of it.

We decided, Mother and I, to say nothing to my grandparents about my new activities, until I had done something really worth while. But our plans failed. As luck would have it, Grandfather and Grandmother, who rarely went to motion picture theaters, chose for one of their rare visits the theater in Kansas City where the Laurel and Hardy comedy was playing. Today we all can laugh over their

(*Please turn to page* 80)

FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS

make Loveliness Inexpensive!



They cost but 10c—yet they equal $1 to $3 brands in Quality

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(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids

Your beauty is too precious to be entrusted to anything but the best. With Faoen Beauty Aids you are sure of the finest quality that money can buy . . . a purity and quality attested by the most exacting scientific analysis . . . yet the price is a tiny fraction of what you once paid for the best. As a result, America's loveliest and smartest women are Faoen-wise. They have learned that Faoen Beauty Aids at 10¢ are as fine as those selling from $1 to $3! Faoen Beauty Aids have made loveliness *inexpensive!* You owe it to yourself to start using Faoen today!

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FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES

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F. W. Woolworth Stores

Ruined?
NOT A BIT!



S.O.S WILL MAKE IT SHINE
in 10 quick seconds

There it is! That new aluminum pan of yours. Scorched! Positively black! But cheer up. That's just where S. O. S. shines.

Really like magic. The edge of an S. O. S. pad dipped in water—a few scouring rubs—a rinse—and you'd think the precious saucepan had never sat a-top a stove before.

Get a package today—at your grocer's, department, hardware, or five and ten cent store—or mail coupon below for free trial package.



FREE Mail this coupon or a post-card to The S. O. S. Company, 6202 W. 65th Street, Chicago, Ill., for a free trial package of S. O. S. You'll like it!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ A

The Authentic Story of My Life

(*Continued from page 79*)

horrified surprise when they saw me, dressed only in black lace teddies, appear before them on the screen. But no one laughed then. It was a heart-broken and more than angry grandfather who telephoned me that night and both begged and demanded that I stop motion picture work at once. Because, next to my mother, my grandparents have always been closest to my heart. I agreed.

The next day I explained the situation to Hal Roach. I shall always be grateful for his complete understanding. He released me from my contract and Jean Harlow became Harlean Carpentier McGrew once more. But something had happened to me. I tried to return to the routine of parties and leisure. But I was lost and unhappy.

For eight long, miserable months I wandered around, trying to find things to do to fill the days. With the passing of the weeks, I realized fully the complete failure of my marriage. Chuck and I drifted further and further apart until, finally, we came to the parting of the ways. We agreed to a friendly separation and I moved from our little home to my mother's house.

So, when suddenly one day I received an unexpected call to play a bit in "The Saturday Night Kid" with Clara Bow, it seemed almost like an answer to my prayer. It meant something to do to bring interest into my life, something to help me to forget the hurt and unhappiness of my marriage. Mother understood and consented to my accepting the call, feeling she could explain to Grandfather later.

AFTER that picture I worked in small roles in several comedies at the Christie Studio. And there I met Ben Lyon and Jimmy Hall. The boys had worked for many, many months in the silent version of "Hell's Angels" and were waiting to begin work on the talking picture version as soon as a leading woman could be found to take the place of Greta Nissen, the original heroine, who was in New York and could not return for the remaking of the picture.

Ben and Jimmy insisted that I go to see Howard Hughes, the producer. At first I refused, feeling sure that there would be no chance for me, with my small fund of experience, and feeling doubly sure that I would be too scared to play it, even if by some chance I should be given the opportunity.

But Ben and Jimmy would not take no for an answer. They talked and talked until I agreed and they took me to Mr. Hughes. The boys worked with me in my test for the role. Without them I would never have had the courage to try it. I was the most surprised girl in the country when I was notified that I had been selected for the role. So the career, which I thought had ended with the tearing up of the Hal Roach contract, began, again with breath-taking unexpectedness due to a chance meeting with two young men.

"Hell's Angels" broadcast my name across the country but it also stamped me with a mark which was almost impossible to erase. A clever publicity department coined the trade mark name, "platinum blonde." The character which I played catalogued me definitely as a hard-boiled, totally unsympathetic person with no redeeming feature. It was more than two years later before I was able to convince Hollywood or the general public that I could do anything except those coldly heartless roles.

Only one man in all Hollywood had confidence in my ability to play another sort of girl. Only one man understood my ambitions to go forward rather than to die a screen death. That man was Paul Bern, who was my friend long, long before he became my husband. I met Paul one night, three years before our wedding, at the home of a mutual friend and from that time onward his friendship, his sane wisdom, his understanding were the greatest influences in my life.

(Next month Jean tells of her struggles to erase the "hard-boiled" impression that one picture had given her; her marriage to Bern and his sudden death; and other events of her tumultuous career.)

THINGS YOU CAN MAKE FOR THE KITCHEN

With the aid of our New Method Circulars you can make these attractive and practical things for your kitchen. Here they are:

Se325—A crocheted cover for the kitchen stool with matching floor mat.
Se326—An attractive oilcloth bag for holding string or twine.
Se327—A bag for holding lettuce or other salad greens in the refrigerator.
Se328—A wall case for memorandum pads and pencils.
Se329—A pad for hot dishes made from bone rings covered with cotton crochet.
Se330—A stencil alphabet for marking containers.
Se331—Kitchen curtains made from either scrim or gingham.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles, care of New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing 4 cents for one circular, 10 cents for 3 circulars, or 15 cents for all seven. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.

Radio or Pictures?

(*Continued from page* 35)

THE handsome Russ Colombo appears to have a girl on each arm. Radio was his first love, bringing him thousands of the listeners that are unseen. His new flame, pictures, is terribly appealing to him and my guess is that he's apt to keep both.

(Pictures: B'way Through a Keyhole, Moulin Rouge, Lovelife of a Crooner.)

(Radio: Several accounts . . . sustaining programs.)

Dear Bill:

You have asked my preference of medium used for expression of my work. Frankly I feel the word to be too exacting, too overweighted in value, for or against.

The radio was my first love and the glowing warmth of this memory will make it always dear to me. Yes, there is thrilling fascination in singing to thousands of unseen listeners.

I have just stepped into the picture arena. It is a new field of combat, exciting, exasperating, intriguing, and if the public says "thumbs up" I will no doubt be human enough to like it as well as I do broadcasting.

Sincerely,
(Signed) Russ Columbo.

Bing Crosby confesses to a laziness that is really non-existent. Nevertheless he offers it as one reason for being on radio's side. The writing business that he mentions is no joke; he helps on every picture he's in with original dialogue.

(Pictures: Shorts, We're Not Dressing, She Loves Me Not, etc.)

(Radio: Cremo Cigars formerly; Woodbury's Soap, etc.)

Dear Bill:

I'm a radio man.

Perhaps the real reason for my preference (I hate to confess it) is the fact that radio is a lot easier. In the first place it requires no make-up. Make-up is an important and laborious part of pictures. In the second place I don't have to spend days being fitted to costumes. *Television* is a long way off.

On the other hand I don't exactly hate the movies. I like to act and I have a hidden desire to write my own one of these days. I beg your pardon, it *was* a hidden desire. I enjoy Hollywood. I am from here originally you know and I have a great many friends in the old town.

As you see I really like both but I think that radio outweighs the other just a teeney-weeney bit.

Regards,
(Signed) Bing Crosby.

P. S. Radio was my first love!

I HAD a cute spot reserved here for an expression from Jimmy Durante. I wanted his intellectual opinion. I needed it. I had even hoped that he'd go poking his nose into the affair. But, alas and alack, my hopes were in vain. In vain to the tune of two special-delivery letters (cost twenty-nine cents

(*Please turn to page* 82)

HIDDEN DIRT
CAUSES "PARALYZED PORES"



"I Challenge the Most Fastidious Woman in America to Make This 'Hidden Dirt' Test"

• *Lady Esther*

Shocking, but Enlightening

If you think your skin is really clean; if you think that your present cleansing methods, whatever they are, are getting all the dirt out of your skin, just make this experiment.

It may prove shocking to you, but it also will prove enlightening!

First, cleanse your skin as you now do it. Clean it extra well! If you use soap and water, use an extra amount. If you use cream, use two or three coatings. Keep cleaning it until your cloth shows not a trace of soil.

Now Look at the Cloth!

Now that you think your skin as clean as can be, take some Lady Esther Face Cream. Smooth or pat it lightly on the skin. Never mind rubbing—it isn't necessary. Leave the cream on a few minutes. *Now* take a clean cloth and wipe off the cream. Look at the cloth. That skin you thought perfectly clean *has blackened* the cloth.

This shows how Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses as compared to old-fashioned methods. It brings out unsuspected dirt and grime because it reaches that "second layer" of dirt that defies ordinary cleansing methods. It's the pore-deep dirt that causes most skin troubles. It continues filling the pores with wax-like grime until they become actually paralyzed, which brings on Enlarged Pores, Blackheads, Whiteheads, Excessively Oily or Dry Skin, Muddiness and Sallowness.

At My Expense

So far as the Lady Esther Face Cream is concerned, you can make the "hidden dirt" test at my expense. I will send you more than enough cream to make the test. Just your name and address will bring a 7-day tube free and without obligation.

Write for it today and compare my method of skin care with the one you're using. I'll leave it to your cloth to decide which is the right method. Mail the coupon (or a postcard) now. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) **FREE**

LADY ESTHER
2020 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail your 7-day tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name .....

Address .....

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This offer is not good in Canada (6)

OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER



● Has your hair that "vital look" which every one associates with "youth" and "health"? It's so necessary to look young these days. And there's a way to keep your hair so every one notices its natural beauty. It only needs an occasional rinse with ColoRinse to recapture "The Sheen of Youth"—the glory of natural coloring and youthful vigor.

Millions of women, ever fastidious in their hair grooming, use ColoRinse after every shampoo. It has their complete confidence because it is a harmless vegetable compound—not a dye or a bleach—made by Nestle, the originators of the permanent wave, in 10 authentic shades.

For it's more than marvelous how ColoRinse eradicates streaks, imparts brilliant highlights and pliant softness to the hair—giving it the sparkle and sheen of irrepressible youth and glamorous health.



Radio or Pictures?

(*Continued from page* 81)

if you count envelopes and paper, and I do) and two telegrams, forty-two cents, making a grand total of seventy-one cents which comes hard these days.

So "The Nose Knows" does it? I hope you're double mortified, James!

MR. E. WYNN, reputed "Perfect Phool," proves himself *no* fool. He has preference for nothing but the admiration of his fans.

(Pictures: Follow the Leader, Fire Chief.)
(Radio: Texaco Gasoline. Ex-Ziegfeld star.)

Dear Mr. Vallee:

Have no preference, am personally satisfied with any branch of entertaining in which the public accept my endeavors.

Yours truly,
(Signed) Ed Wynn.

MISS MARTHA BOSWELL, speaking for her tribe, confesses to a strong liking for the radio that likes them so well but admits that with more picture experience, they might change their minds.

(Picture: Moulin Rouge and shorts.)
(Radio: Many accounts; Connie now with Camel Cigarets.)

Dear Mr. Vallee:

First I want to apologize for this rather delinquent reply to your kind letter which we received some time ago. Regret to say that my other obligations, as well as my almost continued absence from New York has prevented me from answering sooner.

However, now that I have the time to attempt an intelligent reply, I find your question most difficult to answer, due to the fact of course that picture work has been more of a novelty to us than anything else. If we ever have the opportunity to do more than just sing a song, I've no doubt that we'll like picture work equally as well as radio. However, until we are able to work "to the camera" with the same assurance that we feel we possess when singing into a microphone, radio will have to remain our "first love" as well as our present preference.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) Martha Boswell,
(Boswell Sisters)

LANNY ROSS favors pictures. He favors pictures because they demand complete attention. He also admires the fact that pictures do not demand the train schedule exactness of radio. A combination of the two types of entertainment is his idea of the ultimate Nirvana.

(Pictures: Melody in Spring, Mississippi next [to be like radio hour].)
(Radio: Maxwell House Show Boat.)

Dear Bill:

As to your question about radio and pictures, although it is difficult to compare the two, I believe pictures are more interesting. A few of the important differences are the following:

In radio you reach an immense audience instantly, and if the people are not listening at the moment, the program is gone forever. Whereas, a moving picture is not seen by anybody until after the actual performance is over, and then even if you miss it in one theater, you can go to another theater to see it.

Another difference between radio and pictures is the fact that you have to be on time for radio performances just as you do to catch a train, otherwise the train pulls out. Likewise the producer can't keep you waiting for a radio performance, but in moving pictures due to technical difficulties, it is not only possible to be late, but delay and waiting is quite often the rule.

The thing to be desired is to be able to combine both types of entertainment.

Sincerely,
(signed) Lanny Ross.

FROM a huddle of the really intelligent minds of Burns & Allen comes the decision that some gags are better on the screen, others better on the radio, others with an audience such as they had in their vaudeville days. Very interesting from a comedian's standpoint.

(Pictures: Six of a Kind, etc. They wisely refuse stardom.)
(Radio: Robert Burns Hour.)

Dear Mr. Vallee:

The following is in answer to your question, "Radio or pictures—your preference?"

We prefer radio because we do many sound gags that would not register on the screen. We prefer screen because we do many sight gags which would not register on the radio. And we prefer stage because we love to have the reaction of an audience. We sincerely believe that each of these mediums has a direct influence on the other two.

With kindest regards.
Sincerely,
Burns and Allen
(Signed) George Burns

WITH all the votes in (excepting that of the elephantine proboscised comedian) the situation seems to be pretty well in hand and the final count:

Radio	2
Pictures	1
Both	4

not including one who is for *anything* that pleases.

Obviously some moral should be drawn. It is very likely, however, that none will. Both mediums are undeniably excellent and the ladies and gentlemen concerned are equally excellent.

God rest you, Merry Gentlemen . . . and Ladies!

Dancing to Fame

(*Continued from page* 43)

public would take him like a shot and make him come back.

"I didn't think Hollywood was as crazy as people said it was," he relates. "Of course it may have been because I'm slightly crazy myself, but I was in bed every single night by ten o'clock, unless we happened to be working late at the studio. There were very few parties given. From what I'd read, I understood there were parties all the time, but there weren't. As for the people I met at the parties I did go to, they weren't a bit different from the crowd you run into in New York or London. The only difference, if any, was that you saw more famous people in one spot."

Fred had not quite settled down to Hollywood yet. As he talks of it, you can tell that half of his mind is wandering across the ocean, and out will come a story about London. The latest play to take him over there was "Gay Divorce," after a long run on Broadway. (You'll be seeing him in it, made into a talkie.) Fred loathes the idea of being a romantic lover. He likes comedy in a light, pleasant vein. "Gay Divorce" had to be changed all around to suit the British sense of humor, which of course is altogether different from ours. There was a line which had to do with a game of solitaire. The English don't know what solitaire is. They call it patience.

"We're going to have to change that line," Fred said. "They won't laugh."

They changed the word solitaire to the word patience. Somewhere in the play a character remarked, "I had to tie Tonetti up last night. He caught himself cheating at patience."

Then another character, the one who answered in the play to the name of Tonetti, said, "That isn't true. I didn't catch myself. You know I'm terribly good at cheating and never catch myself."

There was not a laugh to be heard in the theater. It simply didn't seem funny to Englishmen . . . But that's the sort of contrasting planning that is going on in Fred's keen mind all the time. He's a right-handed, left-handed actor. He plans lines for Europe and America at one and the same time. He thanks his being born in Omaha, Nebraska, for his ability to do it.

FUNNY things have happened to him again and again in England. Once each year, over there, all the shows playing in London chip in and give a huge benefit performance for the disabled British veterans. It's given in the afternoon, in a park, and all of fashionable London turns out. Fred's stunt was to sit in a booth and dance with anybody who would pay two shillings—fifty cents. He had no idea he would be so popular, modest soul that he is. Fat women, thin women, short women, tall women, young women, old women mobbed him. At four-thirty in the afternoon he had to be taken home to his hotel in a car and immediately put to bed.

You'd know why if you'd ever danced with him. After "Flying Down to Rio" and their tangos with him in that picture, both Ginger Rogers and Dolores Del Rio joined in sighing, "We've—never—danced—before!" The boy is glycerine on skids.

(*Please turn to page* 84)

Gorgeous Lemon Pie Filling WITHOUT COOKING!



Eagle Brand

MAGIC LEMON MERINGUE PIE

1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup lemon juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon or ¼ teaspoon lemon extract
2 eggs
2 tablespoons granulated sugar
Baked pie shell (8-inch)

Blend together Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, grated lemon rind and egg yolks. (It thickens just as though you were cooking it, to a glorious creamy smoothness!) Pour into baked pie shell or Unbaked Crumb Crust (See FREE cook book). Cover with meringue made by beating egg whites until stiff and adding sugar. Bake until brown in a moderate oven (350° F.). Chill before serving.

● Here's a lemon filling that's always perfect! Never runny. Never too thick. Try it, and you'll never make lemon pie filling the old way again! ● But *remember*—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



FREE! World's most amazing Cook Book!

Rotogravure picture-book (60 photographs) showing astonishing new short-cuts. 130 recipes, including: Foolproof 5-minute Chocolate Frosting! Caramel Pudding that makes itself! 2-ingredient Macaroons! Shake-up Mayonnaise! Ice Creams (freezer and automatic)! Candies! Refrigerator Cakes! Sauces! Custards! Cookies! Address: The Borden Co., Dept. TM94 350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

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Friendly,* HELPFUL, *Service Campaign

OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER



Beautiful Hair

IS YOURS FOR THE ASKING

Have the lure and charm of lovely hair without the expense of a hairdresser. It is now possible to keep your hair in a lovely wave at a very nominal cost to you. Dr. Ellis' Special "Quick Dry" Waveset keeps your hair soft and lustrous, and it is so easily applied that today it has become the most popular waveset at your cosmetic counter.

Prove to yourself that Dr. Ellis' Special "Quick Dry" Waveset will give your hair the alluring wave and sheen so popular among stage and screen stars.

Today instead of having an expensive hairdresser, try this wonderful discovery. You will be amazed how easy it is to successfully dress your own hair with Dr. Ellis' Special "Quick Dry" Waveset. Just use a comb or your fingers and set the waves best suited for your coiffure. In a few minutes your hair is dry and free from flakes. Comb out and you have a beautiful lustrous wave and a sheen that will match the attractiveness of your favorite stage or screen star.

DR. ELLIS' SPECIAL "QUICK DRY" Waveset may be purchased in a six-ounce comb dip bottle for 10c at all good cosmetic shops or your favorite 10c store.



DR. ELLIS
Sales Company
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dancing to Fame

(*Continued from page* 83)

But the following year, when they gave the charity bazaar in London again, Fred set up for himself a little booth in which he sold strawberries and cream.

THERE'S another story that he likes to tell. "The only way to get a good seat upstairs in a London theater is to come hours beforehand and wait in line on the sidewalk," he says. "They call it a queue. While you're standing there waiting men that they call queue entertainers stand in the street and sing songs and do juggling acts, hoping you'll toss them pennies. I'll never forget the time I heard a man sing a song called "Love and the Villain." He sang it with gestures that were gestures, and at the climax he pulled out a big revolver and waved it. It was just part of his act—but the whole queue ran down the street yelling murder, scared to death. When the theater opened there was nobody there to go in."

ALL his life Fred has been a rabid movie fan. That may have been what interested him in Hollywood in the first place. He likes George Raft. (He used to know him in the days when George was a hot Texas Tommy dancer in New York.) He has never missed a Cagney picture since the day he sat through Jimmy's "Public Enemy" three times. Gable he likes "just because he's Gable." And Bob Montgomery he admires for his charm and ease on the screen. . . . Of his favorites among the women stars, being a smart lad, he says nothing. "No Hair Pulling," is his motto.

But he never dreamed he'd be in the movies one day himself. And, after his experiences the first few days in the studios, he didn't want to be! You probably know what 'rushes' are. Every evening, after the day's work on the set, the laboratory rushes through a print of the day's shooting, so that the director and the doctors can study them in the projection room and decide what they're going to have to make all over again tomorrow. Fred didn't know that the rushes included all the bad takes of the day along with the good. He sat in the merciful darkness of the little projection room, his cheeks growing hotter and hotter, as he wincingly watched take after take unreel before him.

"I looked worse in every one of them," he groaned, remembering it. "Was I sick!"

ANOTHER thing horrified him when he saw the rushes on "Dancing Lady." While the motors are bringing the cameras up to speed, the actors often stand on the set making last-minute adjustments of neckties, stockings —if they're girls—and facial expressions. Fred didn't know about this either, yet. That is, he didn't realize that the cameras were picking all of it up, while they were getting up to speed. He didn't know that this part of the film would be cut off and thrown into the waste-basket in the cutting room. The result was, his first glimpse of himself in "Dancing Lady" was a vision of a gangling young man with his thumb down inside his collar and his face screwed up as though he were choking to death, trying to scratch his back with his free hand.

It took Joan Crawford to convince him that he wouldn't look that way on the screen. Joan and Franchot Tone, who are both his very good friends, were looking over the different rushes with him.

THINGS like that make Fred so miserable because he is one of the shyest human beings alive. Marriage to a stunning girl, the former Phyllis Potter, a society girl—money, friends for whom a social climber would give her diamond-encircled right arm, success in two countries, none of that helps. He is still shy. So shy that he is afraid to go to parties where he will meet strangers. So shy that his friends, who know about it, never ask him to perform for them in their homes. Even when he gives a performance for charity it has to be in a regular theater, to put the footlights between him and the audience as a barrier to keep them apart. It is this same shyness, showing on the screen no matter how much he tries to hide it, that makes us realize his inherent modesty and goodheartedness. That is one reason, no doubt, why we have taken to him so. The other is that it is so easy to see how much he enjoys dancing; loves it devotedly, and would go right on being a dancing comedian if he had ten million dollars. He doesn't work for money, he works for fun, and we all like that.

"I get a lot of fun out of working in pictures," he says grinning. "But I think of myself as an unknown quantity. I'm not sure myself, yet. I'm not at all sure that I'll be any good on the screen. I have to show myself that I am, first.

"I LOVE the stage, too, and I want to go on with my work there. But pictures are fascinating, there's no doubt about that. They have so much variety! I don't mind the waiting around for hours between shots. Lots of people do, but the waits give me time to think about the next scene. Just think, in a play, we rehearse for five weeks, try the thing out for a couple of weeks out of town, and even then we're not sure what it's going to be. That's real waiting! And then, when the play gets going for a long run, we do the same thing over and over, night after night, for months. In pictures you give your very best—once—and your best is what people see on the screen."

ENTHUSIASTIC, excitable, crammed with comedy, Fred Astaire is that rarest of the rare, a genuinely new personality for us. His comedy is never forced. It springs from the way he looks at life, himself. It's the same sense of humor that made him give the Prince of Wales a corned-beef-and-cabbage dinner in London, once. Wales liked it so much that he retaliated with a gift of four cases of champagne. And we like it. That's why we'll be seeing more of this young gentleman under two flags.

The stage hands who have been working with Fred on the set say he's the best crap-shooter north of Louisiana, too.

Trophy Hunt

(*Continued from page* 8)

steamboat or train, from Jazz Band.

2. An underthing belonging to either Mae West or Jean Harlow, with card attached proving its authenticity.

3. An old-fashioned china moustache cup.

4. A cluster of three toy balloons, 1 Red, 1 Blue, 1 Yellow.

5. A canary bird's bath-tub.

6. A chorus girl's LEFT shoe, with metal tap attached.

7. A personally autographed photograph of Mervyn LeRoy, dated the day of the party.

8. An Automobile Club of Southern California's road sign marked "Los Angeles City Limits."

9. A written invitation by Clark Gable inviting three of the girls on this party to luncheon at the M-G-M Commissary at one o'clock on Friday, June 1st. The names of the girls who are to be Mr. Gable's guests, will be sent him the day previous to the luncheon.

10. The personal autograph of Culley Richards, one of the comedians in the "Shim Sham Revue." This is to be obtained from him on the stage of the Music Box Theatre during the performance this evening, and he will write the autograph on a part of the wearing apparel of one person from each group. You will ask for Mr. Dave Gould at the box office of the theater, and he will see that you reach Mr. Richards.

HERE'S Tom Brown's version of the hunt:

"Dear Hank Willson:

"You ask for an account of how we got the "City Limits" sign. Well! Who should know better than yourself, the difficulty of removing one? As a matter of fact, we didn't remove one—we removed five, just so the rest of you couldn't find any. By the way, at present I am debating as to whom I should send the bill for two tanks of gas, three punctures, and almost an evening spent in the brig. I wouldn't have minded jail, but we needed a fourth for bridge.

"Well, to get back to sensible nonsense, we bumped into a Los Angeles City Limits sign No. 5 near Santa Monica, with two very healthy looking policeman resting their laurels on motorcycles right underneath. It took five minutes of talking to prove to the 'officers' that there was a terrific accident about five miles away that needed their immediate attention. After that, a bit of ducking for an occasional sinister looking car, and a healthy arm, a screw driver, a hammer, and above all, determination that Los Angeles should be made larger, anyhow—we completed the town's last round-up and thence to further conquest of a chorus girl's left shoe.

"May I add that every conscientious citizen would return those signs. That's what we did, too. Well—we DID!

"*As ever,*
"*Trophy hunting*
"*TOM BROWN.*"

AND now here's our hostess to tell us how she secured Mervyn LeRoy's personally signed photograph:

"Henry, my Duck:

"You're asking me? Well, I'm telling you, the instant I saw that assignment on the Scavenger Hunt list I knew it was the 'topper' of them all. To get the underthing of Mae West or Jean

(*Please turn to page* 86)



Irresistible

Yes— and you, too, can be as glamorous as a Parisienne!

The smart Parisienne has long practiced the subtle art of the correct use of perfume. She chooses her perfume for its effect, for its ability to make her truly irresistible. But no longer need you envy her choice, for now with Irresistible Perfume, you can give yourself that indefinable charm, that unforgettable allure that has attracted men the world over. You will find Irresistible Perfume at your 5 and 10c store. Buy it today. One trial will convince you that it has the magic power to make you, too, more irresistible.

Try also the other Irresistible Beauty Aids, each delightfully scented with the exotic fragrance of Irresistible Perfume. Beauty experts recommend them for their purity and quality, comparing them favorably with $1 and $2 preparations.



Get a free perfume card sprayed from the Irresistible Giant Atomizer at the cosmetic counter in the 5 and 10c store. Keep it. Hours later, you will still be delighted with its lasting exotic fragrance.



IRRESISTIBLE — 71 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER

"Happy Days"



September Babies



NOW, you September Babies, we want to tell you something for your own good. Watch your diet very carefully. Gobble up your vitamins and calories and minerals—but lay off the matches and safety pins.

Some things digest and others don't.

And, when you get a few months older, tip your mother off to a line of strained cereal and vegetables that are so good—and so easy to digest—that you'll yell for more. They're full of vitamins and good-for-you mineral salts, too.

They're Gerber's—the strained foods that make babies big, husky, happy and strong. That's why doctors all over recommend them.

The reason Gerber's are Better for Babies is—a different way of preparation. An exclusive way. Of course, only the finest, freshest garden-ripe foods are used to start with.

They're strained five times as fine as ordinary home-cooking methods permit. Then they're cooked by a special oxygen-excluding process which retains vitamins in high degree. Mineral salts, too.

But the best part of Gerber's—almost—is the amount of work they save mothers. No long hours of cooking over hot stoves—then straining—when they serve Your Little Highness these strained foods. And because they're so packed with nutrition they actually save money.

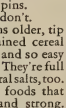
Anyway, if they're Better for Baby, isn't that all mother needs to know?

Your Store's Baby Department

When you go shopping, look for the Gerber complete line. It means "Baby Headquarters."

Strained Tomatoes . . . Green Beans . . . Beets . . . Vegetable Soup . . . Carrots . . . Prunes . . . Peas . . . Spinach . . . 4½-oz. cans. *Strained* Cereal . . . 10¼-oz. cans.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR



Gerber's

9 Strained Foods for Baby TM-9



GERBER PRODUCTS CO.
FREMONT, MICH.

(In Canada: *Grown and Packed by* Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Windsor, Ont.)

Please send me free copy of "Mealtime Psychology," by Dr. Lillian B. Storms. (Enclose 10c if you would also like birth-month data for each month and a picture of the Gerber Baby.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

Trophy Hunt

(*Continued from page* 85)

Harlow—to swipe a road sign of 'Los Angeles City Limits'—to swoop down on Clark Gable and have him sign an invitation for three of us girls to be his guests at luncheon at the M-G-M Commissary was a pipe and cinch compared with snaring the industry's ace director in his well-hidden lair in—Oh, I was just about to give away the secret I so perfectly obtained, that my foot nearly slipped off the clutch of common sense!

"The night was crowded with one mad incident upon another, in our dash through the streets and roads of Hollywood to bag the trophies we were in quest of. All the gang in our car said, 'Oh, Pat, you're talking through your old beret when you say you can grab Mervyn LeRoy and the photo—forget it and we'll win with all the other things we're bound to get!' But that speech set my dander on edge, I was adamant in my purpose to nab the half-pint director and get that prize.

"We had just dashed through the court-yard of an exclusive apartment house when I spied the figure of Mervyn's most intimate friend and picture associate just about to take the elevator going up. I raced like a yearling to head him off, and you guessed it—I missed him. I yelled like a Comanche and I imagine out of sheer fright the clevator operator threw it into reverse and came back down. The door opened, I landed on the boy friend, demanding Mervyn's new telephone number. Before you could say 'Antermakasa,' he'd spoken the magic numerals. Without even a polite 'told you so' I was out through the court and in the car racing toward the house in the hills. I stopped the chauffeur long enough to leap out, dial the precious number and did I listen? Oh Boy! The voice on the other end was sure and positive. It was Mervyn himself. I never gave him a chance, I just screamed: "Oh Mervyn, for the love of Ghandi, you've got to save my life—I'm on my way to your house—be there—stay there, save me!" I hung up. He was probably still holding the phone when I swung into his driveway. There, a sight met my startled eyes that sent my heart down to the low of all time. Another car blocked my path. It was loaded with another yelping gang from our party who had beaten me to the goal. Did I think fast? No, don't ask me now. I'm telling you, Mr. Willson. I reversed and darted back into the night. I leaped out and across the wide lawn, over flower beds—through a lot of bushes, stumbled over a thousand-dollar whathave-you, and ker-plunk went the bird's bath-tub I had purloined from the property room of the Warner Studio! One of my trophies smashed in a million pieces. But I made the butler's pantry and on through the kitchen, passing a frightened chef and two speechless maids. The butler made a grab for me and missed. On into the living room and into a dozen highly incensed guests. I yelled for Mervyn. He came through from the dining room and gave me the big welcome, and did I respond and HOW!

"In one breathless speech I told him the moments were fast slipping away—and I must have his personal photograph, his signature, and be back home (twelve miles away) before the end of the chase. He caught the spirit of the flight, dashed up the wide stairway three at a time, and into his den on the second floor; I was after him two steps at a leap, but I reached his huge desk just as he brought forth a swell snapshot taken of him and his lovely bride, Doris Warner, on their recent world cruise. You bet your life it was the ticket all right! He took the pen from my hand and snapped his moniker across the face of the photograph, added the date, and as he reached for a blotter, I threw my arms around him, hugged him like a honey-bear and was down those stairs, out through the front doorway, past the bewildered house guests, across the broad veranda, and with a final leap and a bound gained my car, and we were off in a cloud of good old California dust, with the yelps of the other crowd still outside the massive iron gates ringing in our ears. We rolled the miles down and swept into our home driveway exactly one and a half full minutes before the hammer fell on the stop limit. We had won! And oh, yes, I called up Mervyn the next day and he took it all in a big way. Well, Mervyn's a grand person and takes everything big. He's really a big guy.

"Breathlessly yours,
"PATRICIA ELLIS."

CAN you picture the sweet and demure Anita Louise galloping over lawns and what not after Clark Gable? Well, Anita will tell you about it in her own words:

"Dear Unca Henry:

"You asked for the epistle for so long now, I'm afraid that Clark Gable is an old character man instead of a leading man. I know I've aged thinking about this. Well, anyhow, here goes:

"We had to break in on people's phone calls awaken sleeping actors and Lord knows what, to find the abode of Gable. Anyhow, we found Clark's house, and as we drove up, somebody in the car pointed to a tall gentleman standing on the street, and yelled: 'There he is!' I dashed (as only these long legs can dash) over to him, grabbed and said: "Oh, Mr. Gable, I—' The figure turned and bellowed at me: 'I am not Mr. Gable. I'm a private detective for this house. And what are you doing?' I explained, and dashed off in pursuit of a figure on the lawn who, when accosted, answered me in no uncertain terms: 'Me no Mister Gable. Me a gard'ner. Mr. Gable that way, I sink so, mebbe!'

"After tackling a cook, tripping a butler, wrestling with a valet, I finally reached the private secretary who, in turn, explained that he was not Mr. Gable, but would locate him and ask him to oblige.

"Five long minutes passed when the boy himself appeared. I was exhausted, surprised and astounded all at the same time, as he handed the autographed invitation to me. 'You see, Mr. Gable, the last fifteen minutes has seemed less like a Trophy Hunt, and more like a browse through Longfellow's "House of Seven Gables" that actually getting to you has just about floored me. Thanks loads, though—and don't feel that you really have to have us to lunch—unless, of course, you want to.'

"He wanted to.

"Yours as ever,
"ANITA LOUISE."

Trophy Hunt

AND we close with a letter from Henry Wadsworth, M-G-M's newly discovered juvenile, who tells us in rhyme, of his good time:

"My dear Henry:
"I've been around and seen a lot
That goes to make for fun,
But there's a game I'd heard they play,
But that I'd never done—

Until last Sunday evening when
Pat Ellis pulled the stunt,
And asked co-operation in
A so-called 'Trophy Hunt.'

The group to which I was assigned,
Most eager and alert,
Picked from the list for me to find
Jean Harlow's 'shimmy shirt.'

I was amazed, aghast, agog,
But out I couldn't back,
And so we started out to find
Miss Harlow's little shack.

By hook or crook, and mostly crook,
We found it on a hill,
And soon with palpitating heart
I stood upon the sill.

A bell, a bark, a step I heard.
My head began to reel.
Then to a butler prim and stern
I made this little spiel:

'O Sir, I did not come to beg
Or books to sell, I swear.
A simple thing I ask of you,
Miss Harlow's underwear.'

With frozen face, he merely said,
'The mistress ain't at hum',
But through the door just then I glimpsed
A head of platinum.

Then, using tackle number nine,
I left the liar prone,
And begged Jean on bended knee
Her teddy-bears to loan.

The reason for my quest explained,
She grinned, and said 'Okay—
And as for that guy at the door,
He's too fresh anyway.'

She rang a bell, and spoke a word,
And I felt like a king,
When in my eager hands she placed
A dainty underthing.

I clutched my sweetly perfumed prize
So soft and trimmed with lace,
And with my group made haste to go
Back to the starting place.

And that, Henry, my boy, is how
We almost won the game,
And Grandmaw *fit* the Indians off,
And Kansas got its name.

The moral of this story is,
'If you but do and dare,
You'll be a Trophy Hunter, and
Get ladies' underwear!
HENRY WADSWORTH."

Herb Howe, New Movie's Boulevardier appears every month. Watch for his amusing comments.

. . . HOW JANE WON HER HUSBAND A JOB



WHY HEXIN DESERVES THE CREDIT

JANE'S nerves were strained to the breaking point. She was tired—she had a frightful headache.

How could she face this important situation? She was so anxious to make a good impression. Luckily, she took Bill's advice—2 HEXIN tablets with water.

All Jane really needed was rest but that was out of the question.

HEXIN made her relax even while she was getting dinner. That's how HEXIN works. It *contains* no habit-forming drugs—*leaves* no druggy after-effects—is SAFE.

After taking HEXIN, Jane began to feel more and more relaxed. Then it seemed as though her headache were being drawn away and sure enough it had vanished a few minutes later.

Jane was radiant and charming that evening. Bill got the job and they are leaving for New York next week.

Bill says Jane got the job for him but she gives HEXIN the credit.

Send coupon below for FREE trial size package.



HEXIN NEW PRICE 25c

HEXIN, INC., 8 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. T-8934
Please send me a generous FREE sample of HEXIN.
Name.....
Street Address.....
City.....State.....

OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER

His Wife alone KNEW



TO others there was no noticeable difference—but she knew something was disturbing him. He seemed self-conscious and over-sensitive about slight skin irritations which at first had appeared of little importance, but which seemed over a period of months to be growing worse. She believed Cuticura Ointment would help him . . . and it did!

* * * *

Some men are indifferent to the appearance of casual pimples; others are too self-conscious about skin-irritations of any kind. And either characteristic keeps them from seeking the advice that would suggest the sure, simple Cuticura way of relief. So many thousands know this amazingly simple treatment for skin troubles, pimples, eczema, through its successful use in their own cases. When other treatments have failed, Cuticura Ointment proves its worth by clearing up skin annoyances which would not yield to other methods. And the daily use of Cuticura Soap continues the good work by maintaining the skin in constant health.

For over half a century, the world over, Cuticura Ointment and Soap have enjoyed a success in removing irritations of skin and scalp that is surpassed by no other similar products. Start using Cuticura Ointment at the first sign of trouble. It will not disappoint you.

Cuticura Ointment 25c and 50c. Soap 25c at leading drug and department stores. Also at variety stores in 10c sizes.

FREE! Helpful folder on Cuticura Products for the care of the skin and scalp. Write Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. T.M-6, Malden, Mass.

NRA WE DO OUR PART

Cuticura OINTMENT AND SOAP

. . . Over half a century of success in controlling and healing skin troubles.

You May Be a Star

(*Continued from page* 55)

different and the trained producer must quickly spot the qualities required for screen success."

Mr. Sheehan believes screen favorites rate on a basis of 25% beauty and 75% talent. He believes, too, that films are through with superficial glitter and synthetic sinners and are interested in real people such as Janet Gaynor, Spencer Tracy, Warner Baxter and Heather Angel portray.

INSISTING that personality is the important requisite for cinema success, Darryl Zanuck, production boss of the newly formed Twentieth Century Pictures, of which Joseph M. Schenck is President, explained, "Certain people have this quality but it is born in them, it can't be acquired.

"Our method of appraising talent is through film tests, then small parts in pictures. By the time a film is released, a producer knows whether his player registers as a personality or not.

"Public taste continually changes, audiences do not applaud the same thing very long. Otherwise, it would be an easy matter to pick types to please them."

CARL LAEMMLE, JR., acting head of Universal Pictures, says emphatically that screen stars can't win success without personalities so strong, so magnetic that it sweeps the film audiences along with them.

"Margaret Sullavan, whom we consider our best 1933 find, was practically made in one picture, 'Only Yesterday'," said Junior. "She came unheralded to the screen. While she brought plenty of stage experience and acting ability, there was something even more vital—a distinctive, subtle quality that stimulated the imagination.

"There are no rules as to how to break into the movies. It takes personality, an individual glamour, talent and experience even to attract a producer. But the search goes on because we haven't enough stars with strong appeal to supply our dramas."

KENNETH MacGOWAN, associate producer at RKO studio, told me, "Beauty is not the essential requisite these days for successful screen players. Often one with a quaint personality and unique talents becomes a sensational success."

MacGowan speaks from experience. It was from this studio that Katharine Hepburn flashed to startle the film world with a "quaint personality and unique talents!"

The dynamic president of Columbia Studio, Harry Cohn, who is actively in charge of production, insisted that glamour is the paramount quality he seeks.

"Glamour," he explained, "is a peculiar, elusive substance, almost a chemical quality, that is caught by the camera. Barbara Stanwyck has this to a large degree, so has Constance Cummings. Elissa Landi, also, has this inner radiance. It doesn't belong to physical beauty exclusively, it is something deeper, more vital."

SAMUEL GOLDWYN, independent producer, is the screen's greatest gambler. He signed Ronald Colman when this English actor was a film uncertainty. He brought Eddie Cantor's mirthful banter to the screen. But his most sensational plunge was signing the lovely Russian actress, Anna Sten.

"I saw a picture of Miss Sten in the rotogravure section of a newspaper and caught the impression of an electrifying personality," Mr. Goldwyn told me, enthusiastically. "I viewed the German-made film 'Brothers Karamazov,' in which she appeared, and before two reels had been run off, I had made my plans. My New York representative was sent to interview Miss Sten in Berlin. He cabled, 'Very interesting but can't speak a word of English.'

"I signed her, confident that if she had ability I could overcome all other obstacles."

After two years spent in special studio grooming and mastering English, Anna Sten stepped out in her first picture, "Nana."

Goldwyn continued, "I wished to establish her first as a beautiful, glamorful personality. 'Nana' does that. In 'We Live Again,' her second film, her splendid acting, her superb artistry, will carry her to first place. I am confident her success will repay all this long preparation."

HAL ROACH, premier comedy producer, began by saying, "We all know it is easier to make an audience cry than laugh. So our players must have the instinctive comedy flair, must know all the tricks of bringing out the full humor of every word and situation.

"A comedy studio is the best place for beginners. Stage experience is not so necessary if the ability to do things and say things in an amusing manner is ever on tap. If I were starting in for a film career today, I'd go for comedy. It is the best training you can get for any kind of screen work."

JESSE LASKY, film pioneer now producing for Fox studio, answered my question by saying, "The quickest way to get to Hollywood is to stay away and forget the movies until you make a name for yourself in some other field of entertainment. If you sing, get on the air and build up a radio following so important that film producers will send a special train to bring you here. If your talent is acting, go on the stage, anywhere, with any kind of company, just so you can gain experience. Success in either field is the shortest cut to Hollywood screen glories."

So—the consensus of opinion of the studio experts is that screen personality, coupled with experience and a capacity for work, is the only magic that will open the gates to film fame.

Watch for the October issue of NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE for a new and sparkling story about Katharine Hepburn which is truly a revelation of La Hepburn's real temperament on the stage and screen.



Earn Good Profits *quickly*

SELL TINY TOWER

the popular new children's magazine

Can you use some extra money . . . easily earned in your spare time? Tiny Tower, the new fast-selling magazine for young children makes big profits. This fascinating things-to-do magazine sells itself as soon as it is seen. No experience necessary.

Tiny Tower offers you a new and profitable selling field because it is the only magazine of its kind for younger children. Parents and teachers welcome it eagerly. Men and women—this is a splendid way to earn extra money!

Teachers! Tiny Tower is valuable for classroom use. Be sure to write for details about class subscriptions.

Write today for details how to increase your income.

Olive Reid, Dept. S,
TINY TOWER MAGAZINE
55 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

A Movie Star Becomes a Champ

(*Continued from page* 56)

was no surprise to the movie-made champion. Max had wanted to be champion and he became champion. Max wanted a million dollars and he's just about completed that desire. Now Max wants to eclipse the reigning male stars of the screen and as a friendly tip to you Mr. Gable and to you Mr. Barrymore, and to you Mr. Montgomery, this fighter means business. And don't let any one try to tell you that he doesn't get what he wants most of the time.

All the world loves a "sock." Whether its Babe Ruth or Bill Tilden or Max Baer, there something about men and women alike, that makes all cheer the fellow who can deliver a punch. Fifty thousand letters and ten thousand telephone calls in the first two weeks after winning the championship, and all of them from feminine admirers, only proves that this fellow Baer must have a few million hearts aflutter over him. He's sort of a queer and amazing combination of Bill Haines, Jimmy Cagney, and Clark Gable. Perhaps after he has completed one or two more pictures he'll be able to do dramatic battle with the best of the Hollywood stars.

Still shy of twenty-six, Mad Maxie is the most colorful champion in the history of the ring. The radio and the stage and night clubs and boxing all interest him but when the truth is known, it is the movies which actually are his ambition. He wants to be a champion in the world of platinum blondes and sound cameras and fan magazines.

SINCE the days of the Lindbergh welcome in New York, no hero has quite caught the fancy of the feminine population like the happy-go-lucky black-eyed curly-haired champ. An Adonis with a broad expanse of powerful shoulders and a graceful tapering waist, he is a combination of Rudolph Valentino, William Harrison Dempsey, and Ed Wynn. And the more popular he becomes with the women of the country, the less likely is he to be a male hero. Men everywhere are already being harassed by wives and sweethearts with the taunts . . . "Why don't you have a nice big chest like Max Baer? . . . why don't you dance and be gay all the time like Max Baer? . . . why don't you be sentimental and gentle like Max Baer? . . . why don't you?" Just what the men are going to do about the menace is a hard one to answer but the fact remains—and there isn't a particle of doubt about it—Max Adalbert Baer is the world's champion in a big way.

Baer is one celebrity who did not go to Hollywood after he had made his name. He went to Hollywood when he was wandering about as a second rate fighter, reclaimed his confidence while in the screen village, and then went out to conquer the world. He insists that all that prevents hosts of young people from striking it rich on the stage, screen, and radio, is a lack of self-confidence.

Max never had it until he was forced into a corner six years ago and had to fight a town bully. A year or so later Max was in the ring

(*Please turn to page* 90)

No more blind dates *for me!*



"NEVER AGAIN. From now on I'm through with blind dates. I don't say a girl must be pretty. But she must be some other things. Why on earth doesn't this girl know she ought to do something about it?"

Who can blame a man for resenting the odor of underarm perspiration upon a girl? It's altogether inexcusable when it can be avoided so easily with Mum, the dainty, fragrant cream deodorant.

Just a little half minute when you dress to smooth on a bit of Mum, and you can forget your underarms for *all day.*

You need not hesitate to use Mum. It's harmless to clothing. And it's soothing to the skin—so soothing you can even use it right after shaving the underarms.

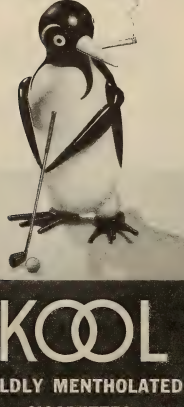
Use Mum regularly every day. Then you'll offend no one with this unpleasantness which always robs a girl of popularity and admiration. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

DEPEND UPON MUM TO DO THIS. Use Mum as a deodorant on sanitary napkins and enjoy absolute security.

OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER

A
MOST REFRESHING
SMOKE



KOOL
MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES

Exhilarating as sinking your putt from the far edge of the green! KOOLS are definitely cooler: distinctly refreshing. They're mildly mentholated by a clever process that preserves the full flavor of the fine tobaccos. Cork tips don't stick to lips. Coupons packed with KOOLS good for gilt-edged Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards and other nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for illustrated list.

SAVE COUPONS for HANDSOME MERCHANDISE



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

A Movie Star Becomes a Champ

(*Continued from page 89*)

fighting professionally. Punching with confidence has carried him to the heights.

FOND of horoscopes and crazy to know what his film future holds, Max intends to revolutionize "he man" roles. He insists that realism is the thing and if the big names of today are to withstand his onslaught they will have to use the Baer system. No faked fights, no doubles. Just the real thing. And Max is pretty confident that that is what the fans really want to see today. He feels pretty sure he knows what his public wants.

THE son of a 200 pound six-foot Scotch Irish mother and a six-foot four 250 pound Jewish father, Max quit high school in his freshman year and went into this matter of smashing his way to the top in earnest. Aside from acting as master of ceremonies at the Casino de Paree in New York, stage and screen activities, and other forms of personal appearances, as well as keeping in boxing trim, he enjoys all the risky diversions which bring gray hairs to managers. Flying and fast motor cars are just to Maxie's delight. In playtime he smokes and drinks and golfs and believes that he doesn't have to train like some champions. "After all," he'll point out to all who might criticize, "I'm Max Baer."

THE champ has never shown any desire to reorganize the picture industry or to tour in Shakespeare, but he has one never-ending desire. He is possessed with the idea that he wants to be a millionaire gentleman like ex-champion Gene Tunney. Any day now, you can expect to hear that the world's champion fighter, promising screen star, and radio and night club actor, is forsaking everything to learn about polo from Will Rogers and Neil Hamilton. He is making very good use of his copy of Emily Post.

Whatever happens to Max he will remain the champion who was made in Hollywood.

WITH "Max Baer" liniment, and sporting goods, and candy bars, and underwear and a dozen other things selling around the country, the Livermore, California, lad will find that he has become a household word.

ASIDE from the screen life, Max says that right now his mother is his only "best girl." Next week you never can tell. Max has never forgotten his mother for one minute, but he seems to have the happy faculty of being awfully nice to beautiful blondes whenever he chances to meet them.

GOLD MEDAL WINNERS OF THE PEOPLE'S ACADEMY AWARDS

(From page 43)

Motion picture films and stars to win awards from the People's Academy of Motion Pictures for 1933 are as follows:

1. Best All-Around Feature
   Dinner at Eight, M-G-M
2. Best Performance (Actress)
   Katharine Hepburn
3. Best Performance (Actor)
   Fredric March
4. Best Musical
   Forty-second Street, Warners
5. Best Human-Interest Film
   Little Women, RKO
6. Best Mystery
   The Kennel Murder Case, Warners
7. Best Romance
   Only Yesterday, Universal
8. Best Comedy
   Duck Soup, Paramount
9. Best Short Film
   The Three Little Pigs
10. Best News Reels (all year)
    Paramount
11. Best Direction . . . . . Frank Capra
12. Best Story . . . Little Women, RKO

The honor of presenting the 1934 awards will go to some reader of THE NEW MOVIE. See page 43 for details.

Note: Guests at the luncheon for the 1933 Motion Picture Awards pictured on page 43 are, beginning at the top, extreme left of the table: Mildred Saylor and John Stein, Film Board of Trade; Betty Lenahan, Tower Magazines; Jack Harrower, Film Daily; Alma Masony, Tower Magazines; James P. Cunningham, Motion Picture Daily; Mrs. James J. Featherstone, Tower Magazines; Paul Gulick, Universal Pictures; Hazel Flynn, Radio City Music Hall; Colonel F. L. Herron, Motion Picture Producers & Distributors; Helen Hughes, Universal Pictures; Arthur DeBra, Motion Picture Producers & Distributors; Major Edward J. Bowes, Capitol Theater; Howard Dietz, M-G-M Pictures; Bert Adler and Catherine McNelis, Tower Magazines; Louis Nizer, Film Board of Trade; Mrs. Nellie Tayloe Ross, Director of U. S. Mint; Robert F. Sisk, RKO Pictures; Lucile Babcock, Tower Magazines; Ned Depinet, RKO Pictures; Harry D. Buckley and Hal Horne, United Artists; John Hamill, Russell Holman and Al Wilkie, Paramount Pictures; Herbert Crooker, Warner Brothers; Aileen St. John Brenon, Paramount Pictures; Si Seadler, M-G-M Pictures; Jack Cohn and George Brown, Columbia Pictures, and Mrs. Constance Sporborg, General Federation of Women's Clubs.

"Everybody Says You Look So Young Again"



NOW YOU CAN BRUSH AWAY

GRAY HAIR

You can easily look years younger. With an ordinary small brush and BROWNATONE, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown, or black. Also splendid for toning down over-bleached hair.

For over twenty-two years this tried, proven and popular preparation has aided American women the country over in retaining their youthful charm and appearance. Millions of bottles sold is your assurance of satisfaction and safety. Don't experiment. BROWNATONE is guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair—active coloring agent is of vegetable origin. Easily and quickly applied—at home. Cannot affect waving of hair. BROWNATONE is economical and lasting—it will not wash out. No waiting. No disappointments. Just brush or comb it in. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black"—cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

the PURE KNITTED COPPER

CHORE GIRL

INSTANTLY CLEANS POTS AND PANS
No More Kitchen Drudgery!
—Patented parallel outer layers provide—
"Double the Wear, where the Wear comes"

A *Popular* HOTEL
IT MUST EXCEL!



★
Every Room with Bath
Daily $2.00 up
Weekly $11.50 up
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★

Located in a delightful section which retains traditional dignity and quiet charm. Here is every provision for comfort. Solarium, roof garden, lounge, library, recreation rooms and entertainment.

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Room and private bath. Meals at hotel. Sightseeing tours. Radio City Music Hall. Shopping tours.

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Room and bath. Meals at hotel. Royal Blue Line sightseeing, uptown and downtown. Radio City Music Hall. Empire State Observation Tower. NBC Broadcasting Studio at Radio City. Choice of other entertainment.

Also 4, 5 and 6 day tours at proportionately low cost.

WRITE FOR DETAILS

The
GEORGE WASHINGTON
23rd Street and Lexington Ave., New York City

Teaching Hollywood to Go Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 49)

as he stated: "Mr. Brisson will be with you in a moment" . . . did little to offset the impression, either.

Then this Brisson came in!

Can you accuse a ten-year-old kid with a brand new red fire-wagon of being conceited? Can you make fun of a genial giant who clasps both your hands in his enormous but graceful paws and says in a strong Danish accent: "This is fine . . . I am ver' glad to meet you!"

After a hand pumping greeting he seated himself in a chair that was too small for him, stretched his long physique comfortably and remarked, apropos of nothing in particular: "And how are you?" We sparred conversationally for several moments while Carl genially proclaimed his satisfaction with the California weather, the people he had met, his Paramount contract and the hope that he would have a role in his next picture more to his liking than "Murder at the Vanities" . . . which isn't, it appears, his "sort of thing." But even so, he was good natured about it under the general philosophy of "it all comes out in the wash." The British secretary passed cigarettes marked *Carl Brisson*. I looked to see if his name was on the match that lighted them . . . but this had apparently been overlooked.

I said: "I'm going to admit I'm a little surprised in you, . . ."

He boomed: "Surprised? For why? What did you expect?"

Before I could answer he yelled with all the pleasure of one who has guessed a riddle without being prompted: "I know . . . you mean the car . . . and *these*" waving the *Brisson* cigarette, "and *this*" he held up a box of candy sporting his autographed picture. "From these you came here expecting to find me a conceited. . . ." he hunted for an American word and found one, "*fish?*"

I thought that was putting it a little bluntly . . . but then it was his own idea.

He said, half as a question and half as a statement of fact:

"No one in Hollywood goes in for this sort of thing? No, I know that. But for that matter no other star in Europe conducts a career on the *business basis* mine is conducted.

"Yes, I mean business basis! In my London offices I maintain a staff of ten whose entire services are devoted to the management of the Carl Brisson Fan Club, my various enterprises in the theater and motion pictures and my own fan magazine publication. Here" he thrust a book at me labeled CARL BRISSON'S MAGAZINE. "We print this book twice monthly to be mailed and distributed to the 65,000 members of my fan club . . . the largest and most completely organized fan club in the world.

"You think maybe I do this for vanity . . . to satisfy myself with nice, praising letters? That is not true. The Carl Brisson Club and all its sidelines such as these cigarettes and candies and the magazine are for a very defin-

(*Please turn to page* 92)

FEET FIRST
into Fashion



GRIFFIN ALLWITE
for all white shoes

For that "new shoe" finish, be sure you use GRIFFIN ALLWITE. Not a chalky coating that soon wears away. This *different* cleaner actually removes spots, cleans as it whitens, and will not rub off on clothing or upholstery.

Use GRIFFIN ALLWITE on all white shoes, fabric or leather. Buy it for as little as 10¢ . . . in the convenient ready-mixed bottle or the economical tube.



"Accept No Substitute, There Isn't Any"

GRIFFIN MANUFACTURING CO., Inc., B'KLYN, N. Y.

OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER

Nature's Way
A
GENTLE
FLUSH



Avoid Laxatives That Constipate!

Ever hear of "cathartic constipation"? Medicine laxatives cause it. Most of them work by irritating the membranes of the digestive tract—and when taken regularly lose their effect. Soon the laxative-constipation habit has you in its grip!

That's why more than 50,000 physicians recommend Pluto Water. For Pluto is not a drug or medicine laxative, but a saline mineral water. The same amount each time—no need to increase it—always performs, does not gripe, gives positive results in less than one hour. It cannot give you the laxative habit!

Pluto Water is gentle—but speedy. It promptly opens the pylorus valve—permitting the flush to enter the intestines without anxious hours of waiting.

The proper dilution—one-fifth glass Pluto in four-fifths glass hot water—is practically tasteless. Take it whenever sluggish—get results within an hour—and end that laxative habit! In two sizes: Splits (8 ounces), 25c—large bottles (3 times the quantity), 50c. At all druggists.

PLUTO
WATER
America's Laxative Mineral Water

Teaching Hollywood to Go Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 91)

ite purpose . . . Charity." He thumbed hurriedly through the magazine that was laden with articles and photographs signed "Carl Brisson" and pointed to an editorial "Box" reading: *This magazine is published to bring to your notice the Carl Brisson Club which means to support a bed for perpetuity in the Cancer Hospital (Free) London. May we rely on your half-a-crown?* His finger found the slogan of the magazine: *All mankind is concerned with Charity.*

"With the money received a permanent bed will be endowed in the Cancer Hospital with all service free to sufferers of this dreadful ailment. That is the reason, my friend, for all the organization . . . advertising, as you would call it in this country. All these things, cigarettes and candy are bought by my fans and friends . . . and the money is applied to the relief of suffering people. If the advertising and publicity have served to build me, in the offing, that is secondary to the real cause back of the organization.

"In London I am never in the limelight . . . except professionally. A certain part of my life, the part that rides about in my motor car, and makes motion pictures and stars on the stage in the 'Merry Widow' . . . is that part that belongs to the public. And to be interested, the public expects color and excitement from actors . . . do they not? But in my private life I have never sought the limelight . . . nor do I want it. Do you know that in the ten years' I have been in London only one correspondent ever mentioned the fact that I am married? It was at that time when the rumors I had once been engaged to Greta Garbo were prevalent. Of course there was no truth in them . . . I had known Miss Garbo only slightly when I was starring on the stage in Stockholm, so it was silly when this fellow called attention to the fact I could not marry Miss Garbo because of Mrs. Brisson! But for the most part my publicity has begun with the actor and not with the man. The public in Europe knows that I was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, on Christmas Eve . . . that at the age of fifteen I held the amateur welterweight championship of Denmark, and subsequently the middle-weight championship of Europe . . . that I began my career on the stage with my sister, Tilly, as a dancer . . . later as a musical comedy star in Stockholm and London. Since I have been in London, of course, I have made many English motion pictures. They know I like motoring, polo, riding and boxing . . . and that is about all they know" he smiled.

Though he did not exactly phrase the thought, I do not think he approves of the Hollywood habit of stellar attendance in public places. I think the entire homespun tendency of American stardom amazes him. So much intimacy concerning the love lives and married lives could not possibly result in the sort of stardom Brisson has built up for himself.

"I live very quietly here," he shrugged, "as I live in London. The habit of keeping my private activities to myself is too strong, I suppose, to lose it in such a short time. But who knows? Perhaps if the American public likes me on the screen . . . and keeps me here . . . I shall learn how to be a Hollywood star?"

As I munched that Brisson candy on the way home, I hoped not. Personally I think his is a swell system!

Music in the Movies

(*Continued from page* 57)

played by Eliot Everett and his orchestra. This is the better tune of the two. (This is a Bluebird record.)

"THE BOULEVARD OF BROKEN DREAMS" as sung by Connie Boswell is very good, and although this is pretty old now, it's an excellent tune, and you'll do well to listen to it.

"Carioca" is on the other side, and I never did like it. It's still Connie Boswell though. (Brunswick record.)

"HEAVEN ON EARTH" from the Universal film "Glamour" is played by Angelo Ferdinando and his orchestra. This is a fairly good tune and I think that you'll enjoy the band. Good smooth stuff.

"All I Do Is Dream of You" is on the other side, and as we've been over this one before, you have a rough idea of what it is. Ferdinando and his orchestra do the work. (Bluebird record.)

"SLEEPY HEAD" from the picture "Operator 13" is sung for us by the Mills Brothers. I always enjoy the work of this outfit, and this example is no exception.

The old favorite, "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet" is on the other side. The Mills Brothers go right to town on this one. (This is a Brunswick record.)

HERE'S another record of "Sleepy Head" and this time it's played by Eddie Jackson and his orchestra. This is a good little band, and they do their recording in a very distinctive style.

The other side is "My Old Flame" from the Mae West picture, "It Ain't No Sin." This is also by Eddie Jackson and the boys. (Vocalion record.)

"WITH MY EYES WIDE OPEN I'M DREAMING" is from the Paramount picture, "Shoot the Works." Ted Hanson and his Normandie orchestra do a nice bit of recording, and put it over in great shape.

"Take a Lesson from the Lark" is on the other side. This is from the same film and played by the same band. You won't go wrong if you fall for it. (This is a Bluebird record.)

Hollywood's Most Sensitive Actor

(*Continued from page 64*)

pictures," says Ric, "and she was obviously frightened. I felt sorry for her for I thought her one of the sweetest girls I had ever met. I wanted to invite her out, but hesitated. I thought she would expect me to make violent love to her and live up to my screen reputation. I hated to disillusion her by telling her I was just a man who happened to desire the company of a very charming young lady for an evening.

"Well, finally I did take her to dinner and we spent a delightful evening together. But I could never ask her out again, for I was sure she was disappointed in me. When we met later on the M-G-M lot, I brought up the subject. Imagine our amusement when Una informed me that she had tried so hard to act sophisticated. She didn't want me to think she was just a "nice girl"—as she put it. She thought I expected her to be actually exotic and glamorous."

EVERYONE knows of the magnificent battle Ric waged to save the life of his wife, Alma Rubens. He loved her dearly. To this day he cannot discuss her tragedy, even with his closest friends. He treasures a picture of her in nun's costume. But it is so sacred to him that he always keeps it hidden from view.

Socially, Ric is one of the most popular men in Hollywood. His excellent manners and innate refinement make him welcome in any drawing room. Out of the many invitations he receives he accepts but few. He has scores of friends, but only a handful know him as he really is. Most of his associates are studio executives, bankers and men of discriminating intelligence. He does not mix with actors a great deal, strange as it may seem!

"People often ask me why I am so lonely," says Ric. "No doubt many of them think it is a pose. But I'm sure no one enjoys endless evenings of solitude. I wouldn't have to be if I didn't want to. But I like quietness and refinement. I have no patience with rudeness. I like dignity regardless of how unimportant the occasion may be. I suppose my love for fineness has almost become an obsession. I cannot tolerate obviously bad manners. Neither can I control my annoyance. So I find it better most of the time to remain by myself."

Irene Dunne is one of the few people in Hollywood who thoroughly understands Cortez. It was while working with him on "The Symphony of Six Million" she made some close observations.

"The scenes were in a blind school," says Miss Dunne. "I was the teacher and Ric was the doctor who came to call on the pupils. Real blind children were brought to the studio to work in this picture. We were asked not to pity them as they were perfectly happy. Still, it was heartbreaking to see their misfortune.

"The second day on the picture, one little boy went up to Ric and told him how well he looked. I'll never forget that look of his. I know he suffered agony working with those children. I could read pity all over his face—yet to everyone else, he seemed unfeeling and indifferent."

Nor will Ric ever forget his role in this picture. He thought it would definitely establish him as a sympathetic actor. He hoped to leave those despised, heavy roles behind. He still receives letters from physicians and surgeons all over the world, who recall his portrayal of the doctor in "Symphony."

RIC has been sensible about his career. He doesn't believe there is any pleasure worth his sacrificing his life. He doesn't believe that pictures are the only business in the world. He has outside interests and some day expects to devote himself entirely to them.

"If something happened to my career tomorrow," he observes, "I could continue to live the way I am living, without a battalion of servants, a sunken swimming pool or an imported car. That is plenty good enough for me. I'd like to go into the production end of pictures when I am through acting. But when that day comes, my outside interests may be of such importance to me that I shall be able to forget all about the screen."

Ric is the only actor who has ever received top billing over Garbo. When she made her first picture, the signs on the theater marquees read: "Ricardo Cortez and Greta Garbo in 'The Torrent.'" He could tell many incidents connected with the debut of the world-famed Garbo, but respecting her reticence he remains silent.

For recreation, Cortez plays golf and drives. He likes night clubs but usually goes alone and sits in a far corner watching others. Fond of music he frequently requests orchestra leaders to play his favorite piece, "It Was So Beautiful."

His best friend is Gene Fowler, novelist and playwright. His favorite food is broiled liver without bacon. He drinks coffee with milk instead of cream. He never loses his head, but grows calmer when other people become excited. It affects him inside but others never know a thing about it. His favorite slang expression is "take it easy."

He takes a keen delight in doing things for people whom he likes, and is likely to ignore those who mean nothing to him. He does not give his friendship easily. Once he does, it is for all time. If a friend goes back on him, it takes him months to get over his disappointment. It's because he knows how deeply it is possible for him to be hurt; he seems to be constantly on the defensive.

There's only one thing left to tell about Ricardo Cortez. His name has been linked many times with fair ladies of the screen. Now, however, he is happily married to Christine Lee, of New York City. Almost from the first day he met her, Ric was in her company. They were seen at all the Hollywood premieres and parties until their marriage took place.



Too Late...
She Learned How To End That
"NERVOUS POWDERING"

I WAS furious when Fred said it looked cheap, for a girl to be powdering her nose every few minutes. Yet—I knew he was right. For no really well-bred woman indulges in that constant powdering. It looks as if she wasn't sure of her appearance—as though her skin was naturally coarse, greasy and not well kept.

Right then I decided to test a new powder I had just read about. It was triple-fine. But it had two other amazing qualities, which made it stay smooth and fresh hours longer. It actually repelled moisture—refused to mix. Instead of getting down into pores and clogging them up, it contained a refining and skin-toning ingredient.

Make This Test Yourself!

I decided to get a box of this Golden Peacock Face Powder. The very first time I wore it—what a surprise! It was so fine—so smooth, and so even that I really didn't look powdered. Instead, my skin had a natural "peach-bloom" look. What was most wonderful, that lovely bloom and freedom from shine lasted for hours—kept right on looking perfectly fresh.

Just test Golden Peacock Powder yourself. Particular women everywhere use nothing else. Get it from any good toilet-goods counter, only 50c a box; or try the purse size at any 10-cent store. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us direct and we will send a generous trial box, free. Specify shade—whether White, Flesh, Light Brunette or Dark Brunette. Address Golden Peacock, Inc., Dept. M-212, Paris, Tenn.



Golden Peacock
Face Powder

OCTOBER NOVEMBER DECEMBER

DO THIS
for white shoes

Clean with Shinola. Fine for all shoes—suede, buck, canvas and kid. Removes spots quickly and restores that "new shoe" look. At all stores.

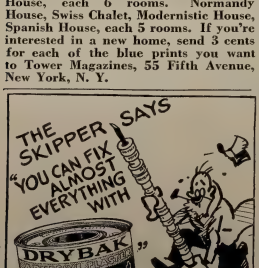


10¢ *liquid or cake*

There's a Shinola Product for every shoe. Pastes and liquids, all colors, only 10¢ each.



BLUE PRINTS. Colonial House, Italian House, each 6 rooms. Normandy House, Swiss Chalet, Modernistic House, Spanish House, each 5 rooms. If you're interested in a new home, send 3 cents for each of the blue prints you want to Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



CLOSE-UPS

INTERESTING PEOPLE OF THE MOVIES AND WHAT THEY DO . . .



Pete Smith

MASTER OF LAUGHTER

By ELEANOR PACKER

PETE SMITH, the man behind the voice of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer short pictures, is a young man of extremes of mood. He is either the most seriously dignified executive to be found or the most hilarious entertainer to add zest to any party.

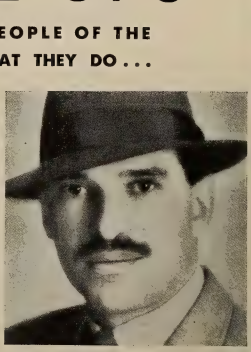
Because he frankly confessed that he knew nothing about motion pictures, he was given a job as movie critic of the *Billboard*. There he wrote such a glowing review of a Hobart Bosworth picture that the studio manager told him the review showed the touch of a natural-born press-agent.

Thus was implanted the insidious germ of publicity fever which reached its full growth a few years ago when Pete conceived and executed the feat of sending Leo the Lion by airplane from California to New York.

Douglas Fairbanks called him to guide the advertising campaign of "Robin Hood." It was Pete who made front page copy of the Fairbanks escapade when the irrepressible Doug, shooting arrows for fun on the roof of his New York hotel, punctured the anatomy of a furrier, peacefully at work in an adjoining building.

For fifteen years Pete has devoted his energies to glorifying others, content to remain in the background.

His transformation from publicity director to writer of short features was the indirect result of tragedy, the death of his friend, Joe Farnham, who was scheduled to write a series of short stories. Pete was chosen to fill his place and, instead, made a unique place for himself as a combination radio entertainer and dialogue writer.



Dr. Eugene Frenke

MEET HUBBY—THE DOKTOR

By JACK HARROWER

MEET Dr. Eugene Frenke, the European discoverer of the glamorously alluring Anna Sten. That is, if it is possible for one to "discover" one's wife. Oh, yes, indeedy. It will be news to most of the motion picture public that Miss Sten has been married for four years.

Dr. Frenke met Anna in a Moscow studio in 1929. A doctor of law, he had a flair for the motion picture which a comfortable fortune allowed him to gratify. So he spent his leisure in the atmosphere of the studio. There he became attracted to the girl who was soon to skyrocket to fame in "Nana." He instantly recognised this relatively obscure girl's glorious genius.

"We must go to the Berlin studios," he said. "There you will find yourself. The Soviet restrictions on artistic expression are stifling you."

So they went. They were married in Berlin in 1930. She appeared there in "Trapeze," "Tempest," and "Brothers Karamazov." He worked with his wife ceaselessly to develop her latent genius.

It was gruelling—but she admits it was worth it. Samuel Goldwyn, the producer who has an uncanny knack of sensing great screen personalities, saw this Berlin picture in a New York theater in 1932. He cabled his European representative to sign her up for Hollywood production. So it happened that three short years after he met her, stardom in Hollywood was practically thrust upon her! So for snappy star-makers, we'll pick the Doctor.

Of course, you might say that he couldn't very well miss, with such brilliant material to start with as the sensational Sten. Granted. But he *did* develop her. And much of the glory that is hers in "Nana,"—those flashing. (*Please turn to page* 101)

Win a Cash Prize with a Simple Letter

Friendly HELPFUL Service

TOWER MAGAZINES HONOR ROLL

Tell us about your most enjoyable shopping experience in a department store and share in the $1,000 cash awards.

WHAT shopping experience have you most enjoyed in a department store? What salesperson, through *friendly, helpful service* has made you want to continue your patronage there?

For the best 82 answers to this question, Tower Magazines is dividing $1,000.00 in cash among its readers. For an official voting ballot and complete details how you can share in these awards, turn to pages 12 and 13 in this magazine. Your letter must be mailed by October 15th . . . but don't delay. Send it NOW to be sure that you do not miss this opportunity to win a cash award and help bring recognition to some local sales-person.

TOWER MAGAZINES
INCORPORATED
55 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

What to Expect in the New Films

(*Continued from page* 51)

Of course, at the crucial moment, the author, H. Bruce Lockhart, arranges for the bells to ring out . . . which stops the execution; which stops the feud between Francis and Howard; and which all but stops *us* for the nonce.

The rioting scenes are probably the most picturesque of all you may have viewed in the last few years.

We aren't any too crazy about noisy warfare, ourselves, but Kay Francis, who has a keen and almost painful phobia about gun shots, finished every scene, almost ready for the nearest sanitarium!

When it was all finished, the entire company gave the nervy lady a rousing vote of appreciation for being trouper enough to see it through.

Michael Curtiz at the directorial bat.

NOW AND FOREVER
•
Paramount

Tck, tck . . . what are the movies coming to?

Carole Lombard runs away from a perfectly good husband to traipse over the country with Gary Cooper (oh, you would, too, would you?) who is (this'll change your mind!) a happy-go-lucky confidence man, playing catch-as-catch-can with anybody's money.

It's more fun, until Gary's wife (from whom he has separated) dies, leaving their child, Shirley Temple, in Gary's keeping.

Little Shirley, who has been honestly reared, makes quite a dent in Gary's heart and, when she discovers that her dearest Daddy has stolen an emerald necklace, them thar little eyes fill with tears, and she runs away from the lovable gent who has so betrayed her faith in him.

And Gary, realizing that he's a no-good, and too old to change, gets her back only to send her away to be reared by Charlotte Granville, who shows that she loves the child dearly. (And, don't we all?)

Between scenes, Gary was teaching the cunning youngster how to draw. After watching his efforts for half an hour, Shirley protested:

"Well, draw a little girl, or a pretty lady, or something! For goodness sake, can't you draw anything but cows and horses?"

Shirley learns the entire script including everybody's part as well as her own. So, when the director decided to cut a scene in which Shirley is spanked by Carole Lombard for not going to sleep, the little lady put her tiny foot down.

"Leave the spanking in, please," she insisted. "Miss Lombard spanks nice. Besides, you don't want to get me all tangled up, do you?"

And the spanking scene remained intact.

To date, Director Henry Hathaway has insisted on a gloomy ending for this picture, wherein both Gary and Carole meet via the Grim Reaper. But, by the time we go to press, all may be well.

And, if you'd rather, we'll gladly suggest it to the authors, Jack Kirkland and Melville Baker!

(*Please turn to page* 96)



I wondered why my face always had a dull, pasty look until I discovered that I was using the wrong face powder that clogged my pores and irritated my skin Fortunately, I found another powder—so delicate—so fine in texture that I never have that powdery look. It is called MELLO-GLO.



If you want a face powder that spreads with velvet-like smoothness, try MELLO-GLO. Don't worry about tiny lines and wrinkles. MELLO-GLO will hide them. I have simply amazed my friends with the magic of this wonderful face powder. They all say I look years younger.

WONDERFUL FACE POWDER Stays On Longer

Beautiful women everywhere are raving about new, wonderful MELLO-GLO, the face powder that stays on longer. Apply it in the morning, and without constant retouching, your face will have a glorious, youthful glow. No trace of shiny nose—no blotches—no pasty look. Perspiration does not show through. Prevents large pores. Make this test yourself. Notice how much younger you look. Enjoy the smoothness, the exquisite fragrance, the delicate texture of MELLO-GLO. One of the largest selling $1.00 face powders in America. Special purse size 10¢—now on sale at your favorite 5 and 10¢ store. Get a box today!

I know I can depend on F-O polish to the end



5 SMART SHADES

Friends of F-O Nail Polish know that quality and style are assured

AND . . . F-O Cuticle Remover . . . F-O Creme Polish
F-O Polish Remover . . . F-O Oily Polish Remover

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FREE CHARACTER READING CHART

• A "get acquainted" gift from REJUVIA, the favorite lipstick of more than a million women. A complete 17 x 22" scientific character reading chart absolutely FREE to you.
Study your sweetheart's character • Analyze your friends • Learn what you are, and why you are • You will be amazed with the mysteries that this chart will reveal to you.
Mail your name and address on penny post card. No cost. No obligation. SEND NOW TO Rejuvia Beauty Labs., Inc., Dept. H-40 295 Broadway, N. Y.

Try REJUVIA Lipstick today, velvet smooth, permanent waterproof, indelible, in correct shade for your individual complexion. A tested quality full size lipstick for only . . . 10 cents at most F. W. WOOLWORTH Co Stores. . . .

REAL Home made ICE CREAM in 3 minutes!



"How economical! 10c Package makes 1 full quart"

So easy—you'll enjoy making your own ice cream this new way. Costs so little—you'll serve it often! Just mix KREEMY FREEZE, pour into refrigerator trays or hand freezer and freeze. Most delicious, velvety-smooth ice cream you ever tasted! Try it! Two pure flavors: Chocolate and French Vanilla. W. F. STRAUB & CO., 5520 Northwest Highway, Chicago.



Failure-proof Directions in Each Package

Lake Shore ORIGINAL
KREEMY FREEZE 10¢
AT MOST WOOLWORTH STORES

What to Expect in the New Films

(*Continued from page* 95)

ONE MORE RIVER
•
Universal

The dropped "h's" have it this month at Universal!

Diana Wynyard is married to Colin Clive, whose Saturday night beatings are so ferocious that, in self-defense (to be sure) the dignified lady runs away from her lord and master, and hops a boat for jolly ol' Lunnon.

On board, she meets Frank Lawton, and, while the friendship is strictly platonic (so help me!) the two of them have a genuine regard for each other. Even to the point of carrying on after the jolly old tub docks at South'mton (Catch, catch?).

After meeting our come-uppance on the "Sacred and Profane Love" ocean scene, we were a bit timorous about repeating the performance.

This time, however, the fates were kind, and, right on the Universal lot, we boarded a "prop" boat and put out to dry sea with half a dozen obliging property men supplying some pretty conscientious boat rocking.

Miss Wynyard and Mr. Lawton leaned nonchalantly on the rail and went into their act so realistically that I swear we could feel the tang of the salt air!

One evening, (as the story goes) in the outskirts of London, where Diana and Frank are out for a bit of a drive, the car lights go out and nothing the gentleman can do will bring them on again.

Clive, hearing of this and naturally thinking the worst, sues for divorce. And, rather than defend herself by showing friend husband up, the noble woman remains silent, permitting the courts to brand her with the scarlet letter.

Director James Whale may do something about it for the benefit of us red-blooded, romantically inclined, Americans. But, if not . . . we'll probably take it . . . and like it.

HAT, COAT AND GLOVE
•
RKO

If you're going to a murder, don't leave your personal effects lying around all over the scene of slaughter!

Ricardo Cortez, famous lawyer, and his wife, Barbara Robbins, decided to test their love by taking separate apartments.

A bit "arty," Barbara moves her into a Greenwich Village studio, where she meets up with a young artist. And there the trouble starts!

Before Barbara came into his life, the artist had another girl friend, and, when the girl friend sees which way the wind blows, she commits suicide, first hysterically telephoning a "wrong number" and giving out the impression that she's being murdered.

It's a pretty kettle of fish, believe me. Everybody believes that the artist did the deed, and, while he has a swell alibi (having been with Ric's wife at the time), Ric won't let him mention the fact because he's too noble to drag the little woman's name into the horrible mess.

So, with the assistance of a few mirrors and the author, Wilhelm Speyer, Cortez proves conclusively that the deceased met death by her own hand.

And, as a reward for services rendered, Barbara folds herself into Ric's vest, dries her tears on his two dollar cravat, and decides that, after all, marriage is a swell institution.

Miss Robbins was a total stranger to us, but, as we watched her work before the camera we were of the impression that she had been doing just that for years. So, we asked the pretty lady about it.

"Goodness, no!" she exclaimed excitedly. "That is my very first experience at picture making and I haven't been so thrilled since I worked with the Jitney Players!"

"*Jitney* Players?" we mumbled curiously.

"A stock company," she explained. "We gave ourselves that name because of the fact that we traveled all over the South in half a dozen small cars. It was fun. But," she hastened to explain, "it wasn't half so much fun as this!"

And just then Director Worthington Minor called her back on the set for another scene.

LADIES SHOULD LISTEN
•
Paramount

Alfred Savior and Guy Bolton are responsible for this tricky little tale of light comedy and intrigue.

Cary Grant is young, almost broke, and his sole claim to attention is an option he has in a South American nitrate mine.

Infatuated with Rosita Moreno, Cary doesn't realize that her sole purpose is to get her little white paddies on the option.

Really loving the handsome bounder, Frances Drake (telephone operator in his hotel) ignores ethics and keeps an ear out for all calls going in and out of her hero's apartment.

Edward Everett Horton's be-goggled fiancee, Nydia Westman, has an all-wool yen for the husky Grant lad, and, when her father catches her swooning around his apartment, he gets out the trusty shot gun and promotes an engagement between the two.

Horton is broken-hearted, and Cary, not liking the idea anyhow, advises him to use cave-man tactics in winning the gurgling girl friend back.

In a howlingly funny sequence, Horton does just that. Nydia is thrilled silly. She likes it, and, with that entanglement eliminated, all Frances has to do is expose the crooked Rosita, before winning Cary . . . lock, stock and barrel . . . for her own little breakfast nook.

Frank Tuttle is a very conscientious, we might even say meticulous director, never starting on a picture until every solitary detail is exactly the way he wants it.

As we hovered in the background, after the perfunctory command for "Quiet!" Cary entered the scene, crossed to the desk and picked up the telephone.

"Wait a minute!" Tuttle exclaimed. "That's darned awkward! What's the

What to Expect in the New Films

matter, anyhow? I thought I had everything fixed . . . I thought . . ."

And after giving it half an hour's good "think," he finally discovered that Cary is left-handed! So, everything had to be switched around to allow for the reverse action!

It may interest the old timers to know that Charles Ray is filling a small part in the production.

KANSAS CITY PRINCESS
•
Warners

By the time this reaches your neighborhood theater, Joan Blondell will probably have played hostess to that big, and very welcome bird . . . Old Man Stork.

On the set, Director William Keighly was the soul of consideration. The shots were arranged so as to give the little lady sufficient relaxation, and between times, Keighly insisted that she rest.

It was a gay set, too, with a laugh in nearly every line. But, with Joan, Glenda Farrell, Bob Armstrong, Hugh Herbert, Vince Barnett, T. Roy Barnes and Hobart Cavanaugh, all under one roof, what else could you expect?

It seems that Joan and Glenda are two Kansas City manicurists. Joan is in love with Armstrong, whose means of support are more shady than conventional, but who has promised the girl friend to "go straight" after just one more job.

Due to sundry entanglements, the gals find themselves on board a Paris-bound boat, in company with a pair of intoxicated aldermen who are in the mood to be chiseled for just about anything.

Hugh Herbert is also headed for Paris to find out if his wife's handsome doctor, Ivan Lebedeff, is responsible for her prolonged stay on the Continent; object . . . nerves.

When they all get together, it's some fun . . . unless all present signs fail. And it doesn't seem likely.

Cy Bartlett (Alice White's husband) and Manuel Seff collaborated on the nonsense.

At the close of the picture, Joan retired to her dressing room to remove her make-up. She had been there about five minutes, when Director Keighly sent for her, post haste, presumably to retake an unsatisfactory shot.

Always agreeable, Joan returned . . . and got the surprise of her life! For, there stood the entire company, beaming happily while they presented the popular Joan with the smartest bassinette we've seen in many a day!

Joan's eyes filled with tears. "I . . . can't say . . . anything . . ." she choked. "It's . . . the grandest thing you could have done! And, the nicest thing I can hope for you is that you all . . . have babies, too!"

PARIS INTERLUDE
•
M-G-M

Once more, Otto Kruger magnanimously gives up the girl of his heart to another man, in this original play by S. J. and Laura Perleman.

This time, Otto is an ace newspaper reporter, in love with wine, Madge Evans, and an occasional song. And, no matter how many sheets he may be in the wind, there is no news scoop that doesn't find Otto right out in front and turning in a top-notch story.

When Lindbergh arrives in Paris, after his record-breaking flight, Kruger helps Robert Young (a cub reporter who worships the older man) get out a swell story for his paper, after the boy has fallen down on the job, due to his whole-hearted concern over Otto's bibulous proclivities.

After months of coaxing, Madge has finally agreed to marry Kruger, even selling her ticket home for the price of a wedding dress. But, while she waits for him in the bar of the Brass Monkey, her bridegroom, in a daze of forgetfulness, takes off for New York.

Bob loves her but fails to say so, and when Madge hears that Otto has been killed in China, she consents to marry Ralph Bushman, who has been asking steadily for weeks.

Startled into speaking up, Bob uses strategy to get rid of Bushman and persuades Madge to marry him.

The night of the wedding, Otto walks in and collapses at the bar. The nuptials are called off and Madge and Bob drop everything to nurse the sick man back to health.

Well again, and realizing how right it is that the two kids have each other, Otto makes a final *beau geste* and walks out of their lives, forever.

On the set, Kruger had been imitating Una Merkel's broad southern accent. It was perfect and everybody was so tickled about it that they kept him at it all day long.

Stepping into a scene, one of those tensely dramatic things, Otto unconsciously read: "Theah ain't no use in youah boatherin' 'baout me, suh . . ."

For a moment, Bob Young and Madge Evans stared as though the man had suddenly gone mad! Then, realizing what had happened, the whole set howled delightedly. And Una was most amused of the lot!

Director Edwin Marin called "time out" and joined in the merriment.

THE DRAGON MURDER CASE
•
Warners

We didn't believe anyone could hold a candle to William Powell, but, Warren William, the new Philo Vance, is doing a mighty swell job of it, and more power to him!

Robert Barrat's vast estate boasts a natural pool, the Dragon Pool, which tradition holds is the lair of a dragon that yanks its victims to the bottom, strangles them and then flies off with the bodies.

Barrat's sister, Margaret Lindsay, is engaged to George Meeker. And, when George takes a nose dive into the pool and fails to come up, nobody feels too bad about it. In fact, Lyle Talbot has been feeling like ducking the guy three times and pulling him out twice for a long time, because he loves Margaret, too.

However, after draining the pool and finding nothing but dragon footprints, Warren William is called in to put on the "what-do-you-make-of-it-Watson?" business.

Before he's finished another man is

(*Please turn to page* 98)



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WITH X-Cream Deodorant you can safeguard yourself against any trace of offensive perspiration or body odors. This snow-white, pleasant deodorant cream is cooling, soothing, and positive in its action. Harmless to skin or fabrics—does not interfere with nature. It's the best cream yet!

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If you want a dazzling smile and firm, strong, beautifully clean teeth, be careful what you put in your mouth. Your doctor prescribes salt as a gargle, your dentist prescribes salt as a mouth wash—and that is why salt forms the base of this new Worcester Salt Toothpaste. It cleans teeth safely, it heals tender gums, it restores the natural beauty of your teeth. 35c in the large tube; 10c in the guest size. Order a tube today.



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Hundreds of thousands gladly paid $1 for DeWANS, because it is pleasant and gentle . . . safe for the face.
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so anyone can afford to use it on arms, underarms and legs. Therefore, why use anything else?


What to Expect in the New Films

(*Continued from page 97*)

killed and the butler almost fatally hurt. And by this time, you'll be suspecting everybody in the place, including Jack Warner!

The old maestro of mystery, S. S. Van Dine, concocted the shivery tale, and H. Bruce Humberstone directs the jitters.

Between shots, the six-foot pool was used to good advantage, with Robert Barrat giving an exhibition of plain and fancy diving that would put a lot of professional swimmers to shame.

The most fun was a tubby, middle-aged fellow who dives from a springboard and stays under water for all of three minutes with a lighted cigar. He finally comes up, turns the cigar around, and continues to puff away like a mid-winter chimney!

STUDENT TOUR
•
M-G-M

Director Charles F. Reisner is having the laugh of his life, and all because of the extemporaneous antics of those two clowns, Jimmy Durante and Charles Butterworth. The lads have taken over the entire show, and Reisner can't do anything about it for laughing!

On the set, Durante was supposed to be delivering a long spiel (and funny enough!) to the sober Professor Butterworth.

The rehearsals were okay, but, when the cameras started clicking, Jimmy ups to Charlie, parks his schnozzola smack on the Butterworth beak, and goes through the lines, with everybody having hysterics on the side-lines! And Charlie, the Spartan! holding a perfect dead-pan all the while!

Butterworth, as we said before, is a professor and Durante is the comic trainer of the rowing crew, headed for England to try to defeat the British champs.

The Prof's niece, Maxine Doyle, is considered pretty much of a dud by the boys, because she wears glasses and can pronounce three-syllable words. But, when she comes out in a moth-eaten Peter Pan suit at a masquerade ball, the lads see her hidden possibilities and the rush is on.

Needless to say, our crew whips the Britishers, and Maxine gets the boy she's had her eye on, right from the start.

Arthur Bloch and George Seaton wrote the story, with revisions by Durante and Butterworth.

ELMER AND ELSIE
•
Paramount

George Bancroft must have missed his lunch the day we visited the "Elmer and Elsie" set, because, between shots, George's handy man, Herman Turk, tied a napkin around the boss's neck, handing out cheese-on-rye and steaming coffee to the big fellow. Maybe to give George the courage to stand up under the cold tea high-balls he was supposed to toss off in the subsequent shot! We'll never know . . .

Here we have George and Roscoe Karns, life-long buddies, who work together on a piano company's truck. That is, they're life-long buddies until Frances Fuller, a piano teacher from the East, walks into their respective lives and leads the willing George down the old aisle to the altar. With the result that the disconsolate Roscoe is obliged to move his other collar off the Bancroft dresser and find another place to hang it.

The boys are invited to attend a banquet, given by the Big Shot of the company, and the promotion of one or the other seems to depend almost entirely on the merits of an impromptu speech they are expected to make.

Bancroft buys, and memorizes, a fancy speech, but, before he has a chance to deliver it, Karns ups and recites the same one!

To fill the awkward gap, Frances explains that her husband has lost his voice temporarily, and *her* little extemporaneous speech wins the coveted promotion for Bancroft.

Karns, jealous of the female interference, spills the well-known "beans," and George is fired.

But, again the little woman steps into the breach, smooths out the difficulties, and the finish finds George reinstated and everybody happy.

STAMBOUL QUEST
•
M-G-M

Myrna Loy, who has been doing right well by herself of late, plays a beautiful German spy, in this exciting tale.

The story begins in a sanitarium, where Myrna is a victim of insanity, a condition brought about by the realization that she has been tricked into sending her lover, George Brent, to his death.

After showing you the effect, Director Sam Wood obligingly flashes back to give you a peek at the cause.

Sent, by German government officials, to Stamboul for the purpose of checking up on the shady doings of C. Henry Gordon, Myrna meets and falls in love with George Brent, innocent victim of a suspicious government that believes him to be an enemy spy.

In order to unmask the activities of Gordon, Myrna pretends that she is working for the same British forces by which he is employed. And, knowing that she loves Brent, the nasty man (Gordon) tests her alleged fidelity to England by leading her to a window that looks down upon a courtyard where Brent is about to submit to the services of the firing squad.

Privately assured, by one of her own people, that the execution is just to test her, Myrna smiles calmly as the firing squad raise their guns and fire.

Convinced that she is the "McCoy," Gordon reveals valuable government secrets which Myrna uses to advantage. But, when the gentleman who promised that George would not be harmed, hangs his head and admits that he has been obliged to betray her for the cause, Myrna goes stark, staring mad. Which brings us to the sanitarium we viewed in the first reel.

The ending may be changed, thereby allowing Brent to appear later and revive his girl friend's sanity.

On the set, George Brent was con-

What to Expect in the New Films

tinually barking his shins on a crazily constructed Oriental table. The poor fellow was positively black and blue!

And, to make matters worse, a humorously inclined assistant director had installed a brass gong, for the sole purpose of ringing up each new contact of the table leg versus George's!

Whenever George acquired a new bruise, a property man solemnly struck the gong. And, by the time the picture was finished, George's knees were purple and the gong was running him a close second for punishment!

YOU BELONG TO ME

•

Paramount

You Tracy fans would have been thrilled over the grand reception accorded Lee when he stepped onto the Paramount lot to star in this picture, written by Elizabeth Alexander and originally titled: "Fifty-Two Weeks for Fleurette."

It is the story of a nervy little small-time vaudeville artiste, who, after the tragic death of her husband, carries on bravely, but hopelessly, to support her little son.

Lee plays the Good Samaritan, a vaudeville comedian, whose wife has left him, years before, because of his seemingly irremediable passion for the "cup that cheers."

When Lee finds Helen Mack and her boy practically starving to death, he takes them under his generous wing, gets Helen a job singing in a beer garden, and arranges for the little fellow to enroll in a military school.

After hearing Helen Morgan sing at a benefit, the child (David Holt) goes to her dressing room, tells her about his mother, and wins his way into the Morgan gal's heart, via his cuteness.

While he is with Miss Morgan, Tracy comes to deliver the sad news that Helen (his mother) has died. And there it develops that Helen Morgan has been his wife of years before!

Between them, they decide to tell David that his mother has been booked for fifty-two weeks in vaudeville.

The reunion of Lee and his wife, and their adoption of the small David, gives the play a satisfactory ending.

Al Werker, who rode to fame for his work on the "House of Rothschild," directs the touching story.

Incidentally, the husky Al nearly got the worst of it the other day on the set when David and his small stand-in tangled over the technique of young Holt's thespic efforts!

David had just finished rehearsing a scene when his "shadow" began kidding him.

"Humpf!" he snorted cynically. "That wasn't so hot! I bet I can act better than you can! . . . Phooey!"

David's professional pride was hurt. "You can *not* act better than me!" he yelled. "You take that back . . . you, or I'll smack you one!"

"Ya-aah . . . you don't dare, you ham actor!" the stand-in held his ground.

And the "ham" probably turned the trick, for, within a split second, the two kids were in each other's hair and swapping haymakers like anything!

In trying to untangle them, Director Werker forgot to keep his shins clear, and it still looks as though he got the bad end of it!



"MAY I HELP YOU?"—the girl behind the counter says it *with a smile!*

The salespeople in department stores want to give you *friendly, helpful* service. The girl behind the counter has been selected for her ability to meet you pleasantly and serve your needs intelligently. Usually she has had special training to do her job well. She is glad to help you make the most suitable purchases and to give you the benefit of her knowledge of merchandise.

Now this description must remind you of some shopping experience you have especially enjoyed in a department store. Tell us about it! Tower Magazines are awarding its readers $1,000 in cash for the best letters—$250 first prize.

Tell us about your most enjoyable shopping experience and share in $1,000 in CASH

For an official voting ballot and complete details about these cash awards, turn to pages 12 and 13 of this magazine.

TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.

55 FIFTH AVENUE -:- NEW YORK, N. Y.

OCTOBER

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She's an ex-AIREDALE



Hollywood saw that she was beautiful, but movie people work under pitiless lights, play in glaring sunshine. They called her an "*Airedale*" because her arms and legs betrayed superfluous hair.

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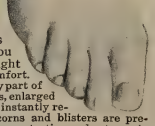
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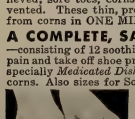
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MAKE-UP BOX

Lotions and Loveliness . . . A New Skin Sheen and A New Skin Cream in This Month's Beauty Notes

Thirsty Skin Drinks Up Cream

ALL you sufferers with *dry skins* rally 'round now while we tell you about a grand new preparation which perks up skins and banishes those annoying tired little lines. It's a thick satiny cream which you use right after your face is thoroughly cleansed. Stroke it on, up and up, and around the weary eyes and let it rest for ten minutes. You can almost feel the thirsty dry skin drinking up its nourishing goodness. Wipe off any excess with a soft tissue and then have a look at yourself in the glass. You're younger! You're prettier! You're refreshed! After two weeks of use, your skin becomes normalized and you discontinue its use for a while. We believe you will want to know all about this and have written fully about it in this month's beauty circular . . . it's yours you know, just for the asking.

"Down" and Out with One Paste

BEACH shorts, scanty bathing suits, and the revealing evening gowns of this season have made the use of a good



depilatory a prime requisite for the well groomed. One of the newer preparations which melts away down to even darker growths is a pleasingly fragrant powder which is non-smarting, non-greasy, and non-staining. It doesn't make the skin red or rough nor does it encourage renewed growth of hair. Another good feature about it is that this depilatory has a pleasant odor. Do you remember when some of the depilatories had such unpleasant odors that your family threatened you with all manner of punishments for using them in the house? Well, this one will be welcomed with loud cheers for its delicate fragrance. A treatment every two or three weeks will be adequate to keep your skin soft and smooth to the eyes and touch.

If you would like further information about the articles described and other beauty news, write to the Beauty Editor, Make-up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

A Few Posters for Toasters

GO beige but not brown this Summer if you want to be really smart. Toasting yourself until you're burned and blistered is no longer a la mode.



It's bad for the skin and bad for the disposition. The new sun-proof lotion pictured below lets you turn a nice healthy beige without going through the unbecoming broiled stage. It prevents blistering and peeling and isn't greasy. The other bottle contains the snow lotion, an exquisite liquid foundation in either peachbloom or rachel. What we like about it is the youthful sheen it gives the skin. Here's a thought too, if your complexion is reasonably good, you can go without any make-up except for an application of snow lotion and a dash of lipstick. When make-up has a tendency to look messy on a warm day, it's often wise to follow this procedure.

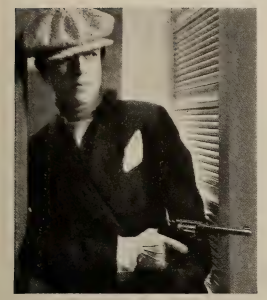
THE Make-Up Box circular also contains news of four numbered perfumes for the teens, twenties, thirties and forties . . . a double-whipped cleansing cream . . . a peach-beige anti-sunburn foundation lotion with a cool greenhouse floral odor.



CLOSE-UPS

INTERESTING PEOPLE OF THE MOVIES AND WHAT THEY DO . . .

(*Continued from page 94*)



Claire Du Brey

THE TOUGHEST GUY IS A LADY

By RAMON ROMERO

THE daily rushes at Columbia were being run. A face flashed on the screen that looked like all the hardness and bitterness in the world carved on one set of features. Then the close-ups opened into full shots and a row of prison cells came into view. The toughest bunch of hoodlums Hollywood had ever collected for one scene. Suddenly the picture cut back to the first face. It was without a doubt the toughest of the bunch.

The lights in the projection room switched on. The director turned to a stunningly dressed woman who had been nervously watching the film unreel.

"I must congratulate you, Miss Du Brey," he said. "You are the toughest guy in Hollywood!"

She laughed, pleased with the compliment, and answered, "Yes, I even frightened myself. I'll be afraid to sleep with myself tonight."

The role taken by Miss Claire Du Brey in the picture, "Men of Sing Sing" had been one of the hardest to film in the history of the Columbia casting office. The script demanded a woman who, dressed as a man, operates as an underworld power, without the secret of her sex being discovered until late in the story. Dozens of actresses tried out for the role, but in the end Miss Du Brey won because she alone seemed to possess the skill to make herself over into a soulless piece of human scum. The transition is all the more amazing when one realizes that Miss Du Brey has always had a reputation as being one of the best sirens of feminine allure in the industry.

The Columbia prison picture is her first as a free lance. She took it as a lark. She knew it couldn't type her. It was nice to be tough—because so often it's tough to be nice!



Dr. Josif Ginsburg

HE BEAUTIFIES UGLY DUCKLINGS

By HENRY M. FINE

HE makes weak chins strong, ugly noses beautiful, ordinary eyes exotic, and poor mouths kissable. All with the deft strokes of his surgical scalpels. He gained this ability remodeling the shattered faces of wounded soldiers of the World War.

Dr. Josif Ginsburg, Hollywood plastic surgeon, through his talents as a sculptor of human clay, has assisted many toward screen success.

A sculptor and artist as well as a surgeon, Dr. Ginsburg never works on a patient until he has studied that person's character and facial features thoroughly. For this reason his operations change the face so subtly that it can be hardly noticed.

When war broke out in Europe in 1914, Ginsburg was a student of medicine and surgery at the University of St. Caroline in Prague, Austria. He immediately dropped his studies, returned to his native country, Russia, and enlisted in the army. He was taken prisoner and sent to a prison camp at Prague, where he had studied. There a doctor recognized him as a former student and had him assigned to the hospital staff.

For four long years Ginsburg worked with some of the most skilled surgeons rehabilitating broken men.

Later he met a wealthy Los Angeles tourist who on hearing of the doctor's plastic surgery work during the war, suggested that he come to Hollywood. Ginsburg did in 1923.

His skill soon brought him to the attention of screen personalities. Naturally, many of those he beautified insisted on secrecy. However a few gained considerable valuable publicity from their plastic changes. Among these were Johnny Weissmuller, Alice White and Vivienne Segal.



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Hollywood Goes A-Partying

(*Continued from page* 47)

professional life is make-believe, are just a little bit better at this sort of make-believe than the rest of us are.

So naturally the Laemmle affair, given at the great mansion on the huge Benedict Canyon estate, was heaps of fun. You forget entirely to be overawed by the Laemmle magnificence, when you go to that hospitable home.

Polan Banks stirred up the greatest excitement by coming dressed as Catherine the Great, wearing Marlene Dietrich's costume, which she wore in her picture. Polan is a young novelist, a great friend of Carl Laemmle, Jr., and a privileged character about the place.

Masked as he was, nobody recognized him. He mingled with the ladies who happened to be discussing him. Finally the reports reached Rosabelle Laemmle Bergerman's ears, and she hastily sent word to the detective on the job, to "watch that woman! This may be a hold-up."

And then there was the incident of Ed Hillman, Marian Nixon's ex-, and Irene Hervey, which might have ended in a duel between Ed and Polan if Eddie Buzzell hadn't saved the day.

Ed went alone out into the patio to see some performing snakes which were a part of the entertainment, and Polan, who is pretty keen about Miss Hervey, himself, moved in. They went out to the bar, in the big tent, and when they came back, sat down in a far corner of the room. Hillman came back, searching for his lady.

Eddie Buzzell came to the rescue. "She's over there with a lady!" he explained.

JUNIOR LAEMMLE is probably the real sheik of Hollywood. And that French officer costume of his was very fetching.

Jack Oakie brought Toby Wing, and tried to have every dance, but Carl, Jr., carried her off for two dances in succession. And she's still wearing Junior's star-sapphire ring, too. Though they do say that Jack Oakie doesn't like it very well.

But speaking of Eddie Buzzell—who came as a king, all in ermine and with a crown on his head—he brought Sally Clarke, and told friends confidentially that they, too, would be married soon.

Florine McKinney was cute as Peter Pan; Norma Shearer was lovely in a black-and-white Victorian gown, with hoopskirts and wearing curls to her shoulders; and Claudette Colbert was lovely as DuBarry; while Nancy Carroll and Rochelle Hudson were gowned in French period costumes.

Rochelle told us she had made a hurried trip to Oklahoma to visit the oil wells she inherited from her granddad, but hadn't had time to stay and count them!

The music room was hung with tin pans and caricatures of musicians, and the big whoopee tent had huge paper dolls' bodies, through which you stuck your head to be photographed.

And a bird told us at the party—no, no, that's not slang, but poetry, speaking of a bird telling us—that the romance between Gloria Shea and Winslow B. Felix is getting warmer.

We got Jack Oakie off in a corner and made him tell us why he didn't get married.

"Well," drawled Jack, "it's a cinch I wouldn't be understood. The only chance I'd have of finding a girl to understand the situations which pictures naturally place me in, is in a studio. She would have to be a member of the acting profession too. Even then I'd be taking a big chance on her not getting the right slant on my work."

BIGGER 'n better outdoor parties this year are *presaged* by the very amusing one which the James Gleasons gave, celebrating Jim's birthday. It was breakfast, and there were swims in the big pool and then breakfast at long tables on the lawn. And Kalmar and Ruby and Irene Franklin singing old songs.

Some Hollywood folks seem to be forgetting that parties are for fun, but not the Jim Gleasons, and there was gaiety galore.

But son Russell Gleason said he had been bunkoed—his father's birthday had been three days before, and he had had to give him a present every day!

Irvin Cobb was getting off a lot of his nifties as he consumed his coffee and ham—and—. Irvin is at the Hal Roach studios, and he remarked:

"The outstanding difference between a comedy lot and a dramatic lot is that, where both of them are awfully funny, the folks on the comedy lot know it!"

Carol Tevis is quick witted, too. She and Glen Boles were playing tennis.

"My game is terrible today," said Glen. "I never played so badly before."

"Oh, so you've played before!" retorted Carol.

And there was a spot of romance at the Gleason party, too, although the crowd was mostly gay nineties. Heather Angel came with Henry Wilcoxon, and they seemed to be getting up quite a current.

Oh, those talkative clothes that Sam Hardy wears! He was wearing merely a bright blue suit at the Gleason powwow.

"I may have to go home and change my clothes," said Sam. "Folks think I'm in mourning!"

Will Rogers Entertains Cast

Don't think I ever heard of Will Rogers giving a party before. But he did give one out at his ranch for the cast of "Ah, Wilderness."

Usually Will just says to any friend he chances to meet, "Why don't you come out and see us—we're always at home!"

But on the occasion I mention, though his invitation was informal, it really was a party. Mrs. Rogers, of course, aided in the entertaining.

The stables were opened to the guests, to select each his own steed to ride, and nearly everybody availed himself of the opportunity for a gallop over the hills, through streams, all part of Will's ranch.

William Janney and Charlotte Henry (she was Alice in Wonderland, you remember) especially distinguished themselves with their horsemanship.

And that luncheon in the patio, beside the barbecue pit, was something to remember, especially with Will eating steak with one hand while he

Hollywood Goes A-Partying

waited on guests with the other.

Then Irvin Cobb wanted Will to take him for a ride over the ranch in a buckboard, hitched to mules, which Will did. But the harness broke, the mules ran wild, and both Rogers and Cobb were shaken up before Rogers could stop the team—and not a wise-crack out of either of them when they came back!

The McHugh Cocktail Party

Cocktail parties outdoors on Sunday afternoons are popular in Hollywood, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank McHugh had guests scattered over a couple of acres of lawn.

There it was that Mrs. Ralph Morgan told us about her colored maid and smoking.

"I have a new colored maid," said Mrs. Morgan. "I noticed she always seemed to look disapprovingly at me when I smoked. She came into the library and found me puffing, the other day. 'You don't like cigarettes, do you, Chloe?' I asked. 'No, ma'am,' she answered. 'I don't care for cigarettes, but I like a cigar once in a while.'"

Sandra Shaw Doesn't Like Farm Life

This back-to-the-farm movement that has been going on so merrily among the stars is getting something of a set-back. Some of the wives don't like it so well.

A farmerette's life doesn't appeal to Sandra Shaw at all, for instance. In fact she has persuaded Gary Cooper to move back to Beverly Hills from their San Fernando Ranch home.

But the little birdie tells me that Sandra didn't win out without making an important concession. Gary loves big game hunting, and Sandra has been a bit against it, fearing he may get hurt or sick during the long trips into the wilds. But Gary consented to move back to town on condition that he be allowed to go hunting. And Sandra has even consented to go with him, like a good little wife, when he goes to the frozen wilds of Alaska for some Kodiak bear.

Unhappy Bluebird—Yes, There Is One

Bluebirds are supposed to be harbingers of happiness, but the one which Dorothy Mackaye and Paul Kelly found the other night needed a bit of cheering up itself.

In their back yard they discovered a fledgling bluebird that had failed to make the flying grade with its brothers and sisters, and which had broken its wing.

Miss McNasty is the name of their Scottie, and the Scottie adores having the bluebird, which they have named Ace, ride on her back. But now it looks as though Miss McNasty may have to surrender her burden of love, for the parents of Ace, the bluebird, have decided that their child is unsafe with the Scottie, and at every opportunity they swoop down and try to transfix Miss McNasty with their sharp bills.

You Tell Us

(*Continued from page* 53)

Russ Columbo in "Wake Up and Dream," with June Knight, ought to get down to your part of the world pretty soon, Nora.

Melodrama a la Mode

As far as I'm concerned "Manhattan Melodrama" is in itself the ten best pictures of the year. It brought us two already great screen personalities at dramatic heights they have never before reached.

In "Men in White" Clark Gable was merely Clark Gable, well-known movie star; in "The Thin Man" Bill Powell was merely Bill Powell, one of the screen's few real gentlemen. But in "Manhattan Melodrama" Clark was Blackie Gallegher, Broadway gambler, and Bill was Jim Wade, great counsellor at law. They actually seemed to live their roles in this truly great film.

The story itself was worthy of these two great stars' greatest performances and the direction was excellent.

The rest of the cast of this hectic drama were well chosen and carried their parts admirably. Nat Pendleton and one of my old favorites, Myrna Loy, turned in especially fine performances.

What this fan needs is more pictures like "Manhattan Melodrama"—and I don't mean cheap imitations of this really great celluloid accomplishment—*Robert Leonard Russell, 825 Casey Avenue, Mt. Vernon, Ill.*

Your comment and attendance at the theater are factors which help in getting the kind of pictures you want.

Historical Appeal

PRODUCERS are at last aware of the fact that the public is fed up on gangsters, musicals and all this modern balderdash. Evidence of this awakening is heralded by the appearance of three pictures—Henry VIII, Queen Christina, and Catherine the Great. They are as refreshing as a breeze on a warm night, after being literally stifled with second-rate stories. Henry and his famous wives, Queen Christina and her ill-fated lover, Catherine the greatest of all—are people who have lived down through the ages making history glamorous and exciting.

Many people do not care to glean their knowledge of yester-year from dry books, but when dull subjects are portrayed by such delightful personalities as Greta Garbo, Charles Laughton and Elizabeth Bergner, the matter becomes a distinct pleasure.—*Lucille Hanson, 2630 N. 41st Street, Milwaukee, Wis.*

The producers are preparing pictures like "Cleopatra," "The Affairs of Cellini" and "Du Barry" to meet the demand for historical pictures.

(*Please turn to page* 104)



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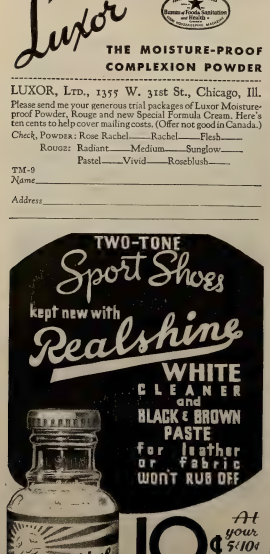
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You Tell Us

(*Continued from page* 103)

Wanted: One Title

WHY is it that the names of the shows are changed so often? It's not the name that the public wants. It's the show—the actor. And—many times this is missed. Why? Just because someone thought a new name would go over bigger.

Please! Producers! Decide on a name before you advertise the movie. I waited months to see "Transcontinental Bus," and when it failed to arrive, I inquired for it and found to my disappointment that my desired picture had slipped by, incognito, as "Fugitive Lovers." And so I send in my appeal to the directors to stick to one name, for the title matters not. 'Tis the picture we want.—*Margaret Boland, care of Mrs. Carroll, 40 Leory St., Binghamton, N. Y.*

We'd like to add our personal complaint and recommendation, too, Margaret.

Wants Cast Announcements

WHY can't the cast of each picture be shown at the end of the picture? Many times an unimportant actor or actress appeals to us, but we cannot find out who it is. You can't memorize the cast that is shown before the picture, but if the cast were shown after the picture it would be easy to tell who the actors are.—*Lula Cash, 3515 Parthenia Avenue, Louisville, Ky.*

We agree with you, Miss Cash. And sometimes characters aren't even listed in the cast!

Revival of Silents

I WOULD suggest that producers delve into their old files, marked, "Silent Pictures." There they would find no end of grand material for new talkies.

I'd love to see re-makes of:

"The Old Homestead" (ideal for "State Fair" fans).

"To Have and To Hold" (the Betty Compson-Bert Lytell silent. Freddy March and Elissa Landi for the talkie).

"The Magic Garden" (Romantic enough for Marian Nixon-Gene Raymond team).

"The little Minister" (a natural—for Gaynor).

"Twinkletoes" (Lilian Harvey, of course!)—*Helen Franzeen, 619 Vermont Street, Quincy, Ill.*

Perhaps some of the old silent pictures will be made into talkies, if there is enough demand for them.

Elsie, Take a Bow

BECAUSE you treat the technical as well as the entertainment side of the films, I believe you have it all over the other fan publications.

I am sure there are many other fans like myself who are anxious to know the men behind the scenes: those who make the wheels go 'round. Your present producers series is great. Now, let us have similar ones on other producers. I am sure they would go over big.

Meanwhile, here's to Elsie Janis, the best fan writer in the business. Here's hoping she'll be with New Movie a long, long time.—*Margaret Greene, 10129—126th Street, Richmond Hill, L. I.*

New Movie *tries to give its readers the best in every line.*

How About It?

EVERYONE seems to be suggesting new combinations on the screen. Here's a thought! Why not Mae West and "Buster" Crabbe? Can't you imagine the "Sophisticated Lady" on the screen, taming the wild man of the jungle? That would be something.—*Kay Ericson, 26 Adams Street, Medford, Mass.*

That would *be something! Gr-r-r!*

Pictures for Youngsters

I AM only a girl of fourteen but I do like to see a good picture, and it is very seldom that one is suitable for children.

We were going to see "Eskimo" one night, as we had seen the previews and it looked exciting, but Mother heard from a good many people that it "Wasn't fit for children." Lots of pictures get the same remark with the exception of a few *very* good pictures that have been produced. "Little Women," "Tarzan," and I remember one when I was young called "The Thief of Bagdad" which, I have heard a good many people say, is the best picture ever produced.

Douglas Fairbanks has been the hero of many very excellent pictures including "Robin Hood." If that were given again I'd be willing to bet anything that it would go over as big as "Little Women" did.

The pictures nowadays are all full of silly mush. I wish they could produce a few pictures, full of adventure and excitement, that kids can enjoy. I haven't seen "Tarzan" yet, but I know it is a good one.

Do *please* produce a picture, exciting, adventurous, that kids will like. I don't enjoy writing letters especially, to a place where so many come, but I do enjoy a good movie and so do lots of other children.—*Barbara L. Leonard, Bryn Athyn, Pa.*

Wait until you see Jackie Cooper and Wallace Beery in "Treasure Island," Barbara!

Evelyn Still Going Strong

LET'S have more, much more, of Evelyn Venable. Where has she been all this time? I saw her in "Death Takes a Holiday" and also in "Double Door." She is a beautiful little actress and has brains to match her charms.

Best wishes for the good ole' New Movie Magazine. Long may it stand. —*Mrs. Mae Priest, P. O. Box 396, Starke, Florida.*

P. S. I almost forgot to give a boost to my favorite actor. Can you imagine anyone forgetting to mention Fredric March? Impossible!

Evelyn Venable will be in "A Village Tale." Fredric March will play in "The Affairs of Cellini." So there!

More About Bit Players

WHY don't the producers give us the names of the lesser players in the billing? For instance, I adored "Marmee" of "Little Women" but it was weeks later before I learned that Spring Byington was to be credited with the fine performance.

Likewise, the little sick girl was marvelous in "Men in White," but no one knew her name.

You Tell Us

These bit players do a lot toward making a good picture and deserve part of the praise. Then why not give us their names? It is only fair that we know who they are.—*Lucy Wilson, 905 Floyd Avenue, Richmond, Va.*

Your complaint in these pages will reach the producers. NEW MOVIE *is glad to help.*

DeMille—An Artist

I AM a self-confessed movie student. That doesn't mean "critic." It's only that, from constant observation, I've engendered a certain proficiency which helps me distinguish sincere acting from hokum, spontaneity from imitation, good from bad direction.

Directing is a peculiar art. Surprising, when you realize that a director must possess the aggregate knowledge of his actors and his crew, as well as of their work. He needs vision, imagination, subtlety, a sense of balance, rhythm, color, tempo and humor. A movie is as great as its director—no greater.

I have an ideal director: Cecil B. DeMille who is now directing "Cleopatra," starring Claudette Colbert. Mr. DeMille has more finesse than any other man in his line whose work I have seen; more wisdom, more sense of the fitness of things. He is credited with unfailing success. He knows people—he knows Life. He is rising toward true greatness. I recommend him to the future as the director of the

"GREAT AMERICAN FILM"

—*Jessie Strader, 516½ So. Figueroa St., Los Angeles, California.*

There are many great directors and De Mille is, without doubt, one of them.

Cleaner Films

WHY can't we have cleaner and more artistic pictures? Surely, it is possible to make a warm and human story live on the screen, without the constantly over-emphasized sordid details now creeping into most pictures.

Look at "Little Women." Could anything be more delightful, and yet inoffensive?

Imagine a beautiful picture featuring Katharine Hepburn and Conrad Nagel. That would be something to look forward to.

Here's hoping!—*Mrs. Raymond Crubert, 58-29 Lawrence Street, Flushing, Long Island.*

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE *is always in favor of clean films.*

Suggestions

WHO would be afraid of the "big, bad, box-office depression," if:

Edward G. Robinson were cast as "Ulysses" (by Homer) and Jean Harlow played "Circe".

Charles Bickford did Theodore Roosevelt's life.

Gene Raymond played the dashing French general "Lafayette."

Otto Kruger portrayed "George Washington" (whom he strongly resembles).

Ramon Novarro did "Ivanhoe" and

Warner Baxter would be given the role of "Pasteur," the great scientist, instead of being gypped out of it, as he was "The Tale of Two Cities."—*Ruth King, 2 Hamilton Avenue, Cranford, N. J.*

And now it's up to the producers, Miss King.

Less Slush, Please

PLEASE, Mr. Producer, put more clothes on Jean Harlow.

Forget to produce sex pictures, the public is getting tired of them. Give us more variety in pictures. A good musical or human interest picture would satisfy us all.

Produce more Westerns. At least, they're different from this other slush. Give the Western actors more publicity and bigger breaks.

Stop Joan Crawford from being so tragic. She is much nicer and more beautiful when she smiles. Ditto, Adrienne Ames.—*Marie Bledsoe, 207 Douglas Street, Anna, Illinois.*

You've asked for a lot, but your requests seem to be quite reasonable, Marie.

Singing to Fame

CHEERS for Bing Crosby! That boy's got what it takes; an irresistible combination of charm, character, poise, voice and good looks. At last a radio star has crashed the golden gates of Hollywood and emerged an actor with millions of fans all over the country. What's more, he's perfectly splendid medicine for cheering people up.—*Alice Koumjian, 219 Arsenal St., Watertown, Mass.*

See our story, "Radio or Pictures?—Your Preference, Please," in this issue, Alice.

Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page* 17)

According to a jeweler friend of ours, the sale of solid gold, jewel-encrusted telephones has increased puhlenty these last few months.

From struggling along with ivory and generally standard "Hellozies," the stars are now rushing to the fore and demanding these fancy gold affairs, priced anywhere from $250 to $500.

Bet they still get just as many wrong numbers as we do!

•

When they took Fred Keating, new Columbia contract player, down to our Mexican Village, in Los Angeles, he just stared and stared.

"I couldn't believe my eyes!" he told a friend, later. "Why, it looked more like a studio set than anything else! I honestly expected to see Marion Davies dash out and do her black-face act, every minute!"

As usual with a new player, the Columbia publicity department descended on poor Fred with a thousand and one questions about his likes and dislikes, Past, Present, and Future.

"Wait a minute!" Fred protested as (*Please turn to page* 106)

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Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page* 105)

they crowded him into a corner. "I hate sunshine . . . don't like babies . . . and despise spinach! If you ever catch me spending a quiet evening at home with my pipe, my book, and my dog . . . it'll be two other fellows! That's all there is, so help me!"

•

Every day, at exactly eleven-thirty, June Knight gets a long distance call from Florida, where the Only Man is spending several months.

And, if you think it's not serious, you just ought to listen in to the conversation.

Not to mention peeking at the phone bills!

•

Marie Meeker, old friend of Polly Moran and Marie Dressler, who is an old trouper herself, has become a reducing expert. With these two gals behind her, she should do well.

•

Out here, we have an "Esme Ward" circulating library, patronized by the bright lights of filmdom.

An Eastern guest, visiting Dixie Lee, noticed a book lying on the table, covered with one of the library's own covers.

"Is this 'Esme Ward' a good story?" she replied innocently.

Bing Crosby, Dixie's husband, took a look.

"Naw," he said, "that one's not so hot. But there's a swell one out . . . "Carnegie Public—Number 2" . . . you'd like that one!"

•

Six and a half days from London to Hollywood!

That's Binnie Barnes' record and it probably has all others topped for the moment.

Universal was so anxious to get her out here that the charming Binnie was yanked off the boat and pushed into a West-bound airplane before she could draw three deep breaths of New York air!

•

Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton have finally moved into the new home they built for themselves.

So far, they have refused to talk, but, whenever a stork flies by, they look at one another significantly?

•

Jimmy Durante keeps everyone on the set, including the director, in a state of hysteria with his crazy ad libbing. He has changed practically every speech in his part of the script, and the result is so funny that they're letting the nosey comedian have his head.

Between Durante and Charles Butterworth there isn't a solemn moment in any day's work.

The other day, Butterworth, as the college professor, brought Jimmy a glass of something that was supposed to be a seasickness remedy. We haven't yet discovered what the stuff was, but anyway, when it got within range of Durante's cigar, it exploded with a mighty roar!

If you see plaster flying all about the grounds of Barbara Stanwyck's home, don't be alarmed. It's just Barbara, feverishly tearing out the old walls to make way for the newer style of panelling that has caught her fancy.

•

When Kay Francis found herself locked out of her own house recently, rather than wake her maid, who was peacefully sleeping, Kay took her slipper and broke the glass in the back door.

In reaching through the shattered pane to get the key, she cut such a gash in her arm that twenty-four stitches had to be taken. Now, though the arm is entirely healed Kay will be scarred forever. What a reward for her thoughtful consideration!

•

Joan Blondell is determined that her visit from Mr. Stork shall occur on American soil. So, when she and husband George Barnes discovered that homeward bound boats ran on a one-a-month schedule, they decided not to risk the long-planned trip to Tahiti.



Douglass Montgomery and his dog, Gaelic King. The photo was taken by Ralph Morgan.

Jackie Cooper is having the usual run of grief with his love life.

For a long time, Cora Sue Collins had top billing in his heart. But since Carol Ann Beery has been coming on the "Treasure Island" set every day . . . well, it's pretty tough on a fellow's auricle and ventricle equipment!

To keep the lad from walking into street cars, or cutting paper dollars, Otto Kruger has been teaching Jackie to whittle.

To date, only two fingers have escaped serious damages.

•

Before leaving for West Point, on location with the "Flirtation Walk" company, Dick Powell's last Hollywood date was with . . . nope, you're wrong! Not Mary Brian, but Margaret Lindsay!

Mona Barrie is so proud of her new garden and its progress that, the other night after dark, she took her dinner guests out with flashlights to give the unborn spinach and broccoli a thorough once over!

•

Here's something else for you to mull over!

Every hour of every day, wherever he may be, Franchot Tone telephones Joan.

It's really a sweet thought, or so the ladies tell me, but a trifle bewildering. Because, the other night, when Tone was calling on the lady of his heart, the telephone rang.

"I'd better answer that," Joan murmured. "Maybe it's you!"

•

May Robson is the swellest person to interview! After an hour or so of congenial chatting, the gracious May dons a kitchen apron and stirs up a batch of her famous muffins.

It's a good thing she gives you the story you're after, first, because with a plate of those super-colossal, golden-brown, hot buttered biscuits before you . . . any interview in the world would go to pot in short order!

•

Is Louis B. Mayer following in Sam Goldwyn's footsteps? The entire M-G-M studio is all agog over the advent of Mady Christians, a German importation, who is destined (or so they say) to be another Garbo, with perhaps a bit of an edge on the slumberous Swede.

If we had a new suit for every "second Garbo" that has been crammed down our unwilling throat, we'd be the best-dressed hombre in these parts.

However, the test is the thing. And Mady's tests are really something to stand up and cheer about.

•

The tragic Rule of Three has again fulfilled its destiny in Hollywood.

With the untimely passing of Dorothy Dell, the triangle is completed again, as it has been completed so often in the past.

And, strangely enough, at the death of her good friend, Lew Cody, Dorothy sorrowfully remarked:

"I wonder who the third will be."

•

The opening day of the stage presentation of "Cavalcade" at the Pasadena Playhouse, a shortage of scene-shifters and property men was holding things up, no end.

To speed things up, the masculine members of the cast, including Victor Jory and Onslow Stevens, jumped into the breach and began wrassling the olio like good fellows.

Everything was great, until the union heard about it and descended upon them with fire in their eye, "Don't ever do-oo-o that!" in their mouths, and copies of the Union rules in both hands!

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presented by

SAVAGE



. . . a really exciting new face powder that glorifies every-day skin to the glamour-glow of a moon-bathed tropic night . . . enchanting . . . caressing . . . softly thrilling as a jungle rhythm. A powder as light in weight as stardust . . . luxuriously fine-textured . . . finer than any you have seen before. Its lightness, its fineness, its subtle smoothness make SAVAGE Face Powder cling to your cheek as enchantment clings to *it . . . savagely* . . . temptingly . . . regardless! You'll find it unbelievably flattering. And the shades? Four. You simply must see them.



SAVAGE LIPSTICK

Transparent, highly indelible, yet keeps lips seductively soft. Four luscious hues: Tangerine, Flame, Natural, Blush. 20c.

Large size in silver case, $2 at the leading smart shops.

SAVAGE ROUGE

For cheeks and lips. Amazingly smooth. Same shades as Savage Lipstick. 20c.



NATURAL (Flesh) . BEIGE . RACHEL . RACHEL (Extra Dark)

20c AT ALL LEADING TEN CENT STORES

OCTOBER

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER



TIRED?

No matter! Here's a delightful way to restore your flow of energy ...as now revealed by Science



"When I'm tired and feel the need of a 'lift' I smoke a Camel and soon feel like my real self again!"

GEORGIA COLEMAN
OLYMPIC DIVING CHAMPION

After swimming... after a hard day's work... any time when you need new vim and energy —light a Camel. And as you enjoy its cool, rich flavor your flow of natural energy will be restored.

This "energizing effect" in Camels, a discovery confirmed by a famous research laboratory in New York, occurs in a harmless and utterly delightful manner. As your latent energy is made available, your fatigue and irritability become a thing of the past!

And so we say, whenever you need new energy, "get a lift with a Camel!" You can smoke Camels all you wish without concern over jangled nerves. For the *finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS in Camels never get on your nerves.*

CAMEL'S Costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves



Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — Turkish and Domestic — than any other popular brand.

"Get a LIFT with a Camel!"

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company


OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER



NOVEMBER

DECEMBER



Norma Shearer won this award for "Smilin' Through", Fredric March for "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"... Chas. Laughton for "Henry the Eighth".

THREE "BEST" STARS IN A STAR PICTURE

Romance...tuned to the beat of your heart...as three winners of Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences "Best Performance" awards...are teamed in a romance greater than "Smilin' Through." As a stage play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" scored a three year triumph. As a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presentation it brilliantly dominates the 1934 cinema scene!

NORMA SHEARER

FREDRIC MARCH

CHARLES LAUGHTON

in *The* BARRETTS *of* WIMPOLE STREET

with

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
KATHARINE ALEXANDER

From the play by . . . . Rudolph Besier
Directed by . . . . . Sidney Franklin

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Isn't It A Shame!

SHE'S TERRIBLY IMPORTANT AT THE BANK!—BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



Helen's eyes are brilliant—and her hair lies in soft, natural waves. She's charming to look at, and invaluable at the bank. But—there's a "but" about Helen.



And Helen's contract is so marvelous that she could go into tournaments if she didn't work in a bank! But—the "but" about Helen gives her many a bad moment.



Men like Helen—they like to play bridge with her. But they don't like to dance with her—and they never propose. For the "but" about Helen is her teeth!



When Helen touches up her pretty lips with lipstick—can't she see that her teeth look dreadful? They're dingy. "Pink tooth brush" could easily be the cause of that!



Helen's dentist would soon explain that tender, bleeding gums need massage with Ipana. With Ipana and daily massage—her gums would soon improve.



Once Helen's teeth were bright and attractive again—there'd be plenty of young men asking her out to dinner and to dance! Romance would come running her way!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

IF YOU—like Helen—have allowed your teeth to become dingy and ugly because you have allowed "pink tooth brush" to go on and on—get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste.

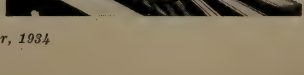
Clean your teeth twice a day with Ipana. It is a splendid modern tooth paste which cleans not only the surfaces of the teeth—but deep into every tiny crevice. It really *cleans* your teeth. Then—because Ipana contains *ziratol*, which aids in stimulating and toning tender gums—massage a *little extra Ipana directly into your gums.*

Today's foods are neither crunchy nor coarse enough to exercise your gums properly. That is why gums today tend to become flabby and tender—and to leave a trace of "pink" upon your tooth brush. "Pink tooth brush" may be the first step toward gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease. It not only may *dull* your teeth—but may *endanger* your teeth.

But with Ipana and massage, the dangers from "pink tooth brush" are minimized—and your teeth shine out when you talk and smile!

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS —WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE



NRA CODE

VISIT
"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"

SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Building No. 4—Chicago, June—October, 1934.

NOVEMBER DECEMBER

THE whole world was shocked to hear of the death of Marie Dressler, whom we all had learned to love and admire for the human quality she had brought to the Motion Picture Screen. Out of the depths of despair, she had come to us to bring joy and happiness to a multitude of fans, the extent of which cannot lightly be determined. Her own life was a succession of ups and downs. One moment she was famous and the next almost forgotten. But the courageous heart of Marie never faltered. Whatever her fortune, whatever her fate, she met the world bravely; never for a minute did she lose that magnificence which was so characteristic of her life as well as of her movie impersonations. Marie has gone from us, but in another sense, she has not died. She will live forever in the hearts and minds of all who had the good fortune to see her. She is immortal in moving pictures. In this issue we are proud to present a glowing tribute to Marie, written especially for the New Movie Magazine by May Robson, who was for thirty years Marie Dressler's closest friend, and is herself, one of the really great actresses of the stage and screen.

THE New Movie MAGAZINE

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher*

VOL. X, No. 4 | ONE OF THE TOWER MAGAZINES | OCTOBER 1934

THE BEST OF THE MONTH'S STORIES OF THE STARS

Singing Her Way to Stardom.....John T. Casey 6

Little Miss Temple as seen by Elsie Janis..... 30

My Friend Marie.....May Robson 34

The Authentic Story of My Life (concluding installment).....Jean Harlow 32

That Tantalizing Hepburn.....Jack Harrower 36

There's Actin' Going on Here.....Charles Darnton 38

Pals—William Gargan-Leslie Howard.....Whitney Williams 43

Hollywood Taboos.....Eric Ergenbright 46

Are the Movies Immoral?..... 50

"Pamp" Tone Makes Good.....Ethel Hoffman 54

Princess in the Tower.....Jack Jamison 59

NEWS OF COMING FILMS

What to Expect in the New Films.....Barbara Barry 52

NEW MOVIE'S SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

Junior Hollywood Parade.....Henry Willson 8

Hollywood Day by Day.....Nemo 10

New Movie's Hollywood Fashions..... 39

The Boulevardier Speaking.....Herb Howe 44

Hollywood Hi-Jinks.....Grace Kingsley 48

You Tell Us..... 56

New Lips in Hollywood..... 58

Joan's Hollywood Home..... 60

Hats for Cora Sue Collins..... 66

Music in the Movies.....John Edgar Weir 68

The Make-Up Box..... 94

FRANK J. McNELIS, *Managing Editor* | BERT ADLER, *Eastern Editor* | MARY MARSHALL, *Director of Home Service* | JOHN C. MITCHELL, *Western Editor* | HUGH RYAN, *Art Director* | VERNE NOLL, *Art Editor*

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ADVERTISING OFFICES

55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
919 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Russ Building, San Francisco, Cal.

ON SALE AT WOOLWORTH STORES AND NEWSSTANDS THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH



Sally's pretty and Sally's *smart!*

She uses cosmetics as she always has but removes them thoroughly the Hollywood way—guards against unattractive Cosmetic Skin!



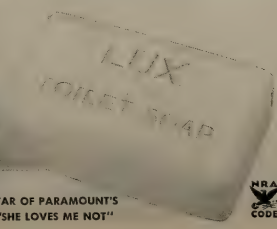
SCREEN STARS are wise in the ways of loveliness! And thousands of clever girls all over the country are adopting Hollywood's beauty care to guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin—keep their complexions exquisite.

Have *you* seen warning signals of this distressing modern complexion trouble—enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, dullness—blackheads, perhaps?

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*. Many a girl who *thinks* she removes cosmetics thoroughly actually leaves bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores day after day. Then the pores become clogged, distended—Cosmetic Skin develops.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap removes cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you apply fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, use this gentle white soap!



MIRIAM HOPKINS STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "SHE LOVES ME NOT"

NRA CODE

NOVEMBER DECEMBER

Singing Her Way to Stardom



Here is the story of a girl who didn't wait to be discovered, but went out and fought her way to success

By
JOHN T. CASEY

ETHEL MERMAN is the charming secretary who made good in the big towns of New York and Hollywood.

Every office and every community has its "Ethel Merman." You all know the girl. She is around 20, maybe a stenographer, or department store clerk or school teacher. She does her daytime job well and then at night is the life of the party.

But most of these "Ethel Merman's" are never heard of in Hollywood or on Broadway. And why? Because they are unwilling to work and fight for stardom. Because a pretty face and figure and a sweet little voice, are not the most important requirements. It's really all a matter of courage. The kind of determination and never-say-die attitude which brought the real Ethel Merman to the peak of success.

There is no theatrical strain in Ethel Merman's family. And there was no urging of her mother to persuade Ethel either for or against a stage career. Mrs. Zimmerman (Ethel cut off the Zim) told her 18-year-old daughter to weigh the problem carefully and then if she still wanted to go on the stage, to go to it and succeed.

Ethel did a (*Please turn to page* 70)



(Below) Ethel's one weakness is "Scraps" her fox terrier, and if she can't have him, she'll take his double in "rags."



Ethel, joyous in the prospect of returning to Hollywood for her second picture "Kid Millions," opposite Eddie Cantor.

• Coming events cast their shadows before



You will soon be seeing MAE WEST in her new picture, "BELLE OF THE NINETIES," with ROGER PRYOR, John Mack Brown, John Miljan, Katherine DeMille and Duke Ellington's Orchestra. Directed by Leo McCarey. A Paramount Picture

The Junior Hollywood PARADE



Wide World

All the latest news of the younger set fresh from Hollywood to you

By HENRY WILLSON



Wide World

Mitzi Green, almost seventeen, playfully feeds Trent (Junior) Durkin, also grown up, a large, luscious doughnut. Above, at left, Irene Hervey and George Woolcott starting off in search of a soda.

THE Hollywood Younger Set makes way for its first juvenile director. Twenty-four-year-old John Flory, Yale graduate, is in Hollywood today under contract to Paramount studios, to start a directorial career. He was signed by Emanuel Cohen in New York as the result of a six hundred foot film—"Mr. Motor Boat's Last Stand"—a comedy of an unemployed negro, made in six m.m. film among the piano box depression homes along the Hudson River in New York. If Flory succeeds it will undoubtedly open the minds of producers to try new young talent in fields other than acting. It will give the college man a chance in Hollywood and prove the worth of such excellent schools of theater training as the Baker School at Yale, which John Flory attended.

George Woolcott, the young actor M-G-M brought out from New York several months ago, has discovered his big mistake. For three months George has been pondering over the fact that he hasn't been put into a picture as yet—and today he finally figured out the answer:

"You know what it is? I didn't fly out here. I came by train—that's the whole trouble. You see, in Hollywood, to be appreciated, one must be rushed from New York by plane. All the big stars, producers and directors constantly fly East and fly West—it's the only thing. A studio must see you in a play, sign you up—then you plan to leave the following morning, and 'fly to the Coast.' I did all that. I appeared in a play—was signed by a studio—but then came my big mistake, darn it—I took the train. But I'm going back to New York—then fly to Hollywood."

* * *

Girls—rush to ye local sweet shoppe. Hollywood's younger female members of the cinema are now trying to *PUT ON* weight. Mae West has nothing to do with it—it's just an idea started by Irene Hervey, and followed by most of her friends. Each afternoon she persuades one of the boy friends of the moment to take her soda-fountaining. Charles Laughton started the idea of four o'clock tea on the set—but the young people can't seem to down the tea so sodas it will be. Figures are mounting along with the studio commissary cash registers.

* * *

Helen Mack claims it's quite natural to "go Hollywood"—and confesses that given the opportunity she will "go Hollywood" in a big way.

"What is considered the putting on of a lot of flash and glitter," Helen said, "is merely fulfillment of a long-felt, natural desire. There is no cause to condemn a star for living in a house that looks like an Oriental palace, and driving a car a block long. These are things which they never had in any degree before. They cannot be blamed for doing so when the opportunity presents itself. Most of the (*Please turn to page* 90)



Wide World

William Henry, narrowly escaped being assaulted by strikers while yachting.

The warmth of Sten! The brilliance of March! The genius of Tolstoy!
The vision of Mamoulian! The wizardry of Samuel Goldwyn!
. . . here truly is a romance of unforgettable beauty!



ANNA STEN and FREDRIC MARCH

in SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S PRESENTATION OF

We Live Again

a ROUBEN MAMOULIAN PRODUCTION

From the novel, "Resurrection" by Leo Tolstoy • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

HOLLYWOOD DAY by DAY

By NEMO

PASSING Clark Gable's dressing room, on our way to the set, we were startled to find that democratic gentleman industriously polishing his riding boots and whistling over the job as though (believe it or not) he thoroughly enjoyed it!

Well, there's nothing like finding out just how the other half of the world lives!

•

WHEN Lee Tracy's mother came out to Hollywood to visit him, you never saw such an excited boy in your life!

The Tracy cyclone toted the little lady all around the lot, showing her off to everybody from the president to the office boy, until she was gasping for breath and begged for a recess!

But don't think she didn't love it, bless her!

•

Several days ago, three of Warren William's dogs got loose, invaded a neighboring chicken ranch and did in seventeen examples of high-class poultry.

Without any argument, Warren pulled out his wallet and paid the farmer off, spanked the frolicky pups and wended his way home.

Next morning, the appreciative farmer appeared on the William back stoop, bearing the seventeen deceased hens, all beautifully dressed and ready for the oven!



Incidentally, Warren has invented a revolving dog-pen that makes the job of feeding the critters much simpler and more convenient for both dogs and the feeder.

And, if you know of any dog fanciers owning more than a dozen canines, tell 'em to check with Warren.

•

Little Cora Sue Collins has a passion for bright red fingernail polish but Mother says no dice. So, when the make-up man presented Cora Sue with a left-over bottle of the scarlet dye, she did a neat and gaudy job of painting up her pet canary's toenails.



And the poor bird's been so busy trying to pick it off that he hasn't chirped a single tune for more than a week.

•

Joan Crawford has a new "inspiration" these days. It's Phil Regan, Warner Brothers' recent acquisition, and . . . how that lad can sing! Incidentally, he's a New York York policeman, so be careful!

To get herself in the "mood" for a scene, Joan was relaxing in her portable dressing room, while her maid played just about every record Phil had ever made.

Then, when her mood had reached the proper pitch, Joan went through the scene, which was merely a matter of walking in, putting on her galoshes, and . . . walking out again!

Ah, it's a fatiguing business.

•

WHEN Richard Cromwell gets to feeling so low that he could put on his high hat and walk under a duck he makes a date with Helen (*not* "the boop-a-doop") Kane, a pal of his early school days.

There's a psychology to it, because he dislikes all her friends; and she has little use for most of his, so-oo-o . . . by the time they've finished lunch, the two of them have worked up such a dandy "mad" that Dick successfully forgets what he was low about in the first place!

•

WHEN the news of Garbo's youthful apprenticeship in a Swedish barber shop hit the front

(*Please turn to page* 14)



For "You Belong to Me," Lee (Schnozzle) Tracy gets a beak that will make Jimmy Durante sob with envious grief.



Freulich

(Above) Jeanette MacDonald had a birthday while she was making "The Merry Widow" and Maurice Chevalier and Ernst Lubitsch arranged a party for her. (Right) Margaret Sullavan in *her* favorite position—readin' and eatin'.



NEWS ABOUT THE MOVIE FOLK YOU KNOW



A Blonde Writes

"The Summer left My Hair Streaky and Dull —but I've Made it EVEN and LUSTROUS again with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash . .

Maybe too much summer sun has streaked or dulled your pretty blonde hair. Now you, too, can EVEN-UP the shade, make it look NATURALLY EVEN, without dark and light spots, with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. By diluting Marchand's and rinsing the entire head, you can bring out a thousand tiny highlights in your hair—giving a soft golden gleam.

Refined girls like the skillful, NATURAL way that Marchand's restores normal brightness to blonde hair. The blonde who is proud of her hair—the girl who is sensitive about what people think she is doing to her hair—they always prefer Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

REMEMBER—when diluted with warm water, Marchand's gives blonde hair a lovely NATURAL brightness. Do it at home yourself. Simple directions on the label. To be sure of beautiful results be sure you get the genuine.

The same reliable Marchand's makes dark excess hair INVISIBLE—like the light unnoticeable down on the blonde's skin. This avoids shaving and coarse re-growths. Makes limbs dainty and attractive.

Ask your Druggist or Get By Mail—Use Coupon

C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., N. Y. C.
45c enclosed (send coins or stamps). Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. T.M.-1034

Name.....

Address.....City.....State....

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH

Makes Streaky Blonde Hair EVEN and LUSTROUS

FREE TRIPS

AWARDS FOR SALESPEOPLE

for the best letters about friendly, helpful service

Receipt in our office of 5 ballots (see opposite page), bearing your name, admits you to membership in the 1934 TOWER Retail Sales Honor Roll. You will be presented with an attractive bronze HONOR badge of identification. 10 ballots, similarly received, entitle you to membership and a silver HONOR badge. 25 ballots, similarly received, give you membership and a gold HONOR badge—highest recognition of all.

10 FREE TRIPS to New York

Each 1934 TOWER Retail Sales Honor Roll winner will be provided an opportunity to obtain still greater reward. A FREE trip to New York—FAME—as one of the nation's best salespersons. This is the final goal for each of these best retail Salesmen or Saleswomen . . . 10 in Grocery Stores, 10 in Department Stores . . . who write the best short statements about what constitutes *Friendly, Helpful* Service. Be the store salesperson from *your* city to earn this glorious visit to the center of retail activities. Civic and merchandising leaders will be here to acclaim you for your achievement!

STORE SALESPEOPLE:

Earn One of these 20 FREE TRIPS to New York—*National* FAME—in the 1934 Tower Retail Sales Honor Roll

Grocery salespeople: closing date for your entry—September 15

Department store salespeople: closing date for your entry—Oct. 15

Beautiful Display Seals for Stores

Dealers—Beautiful *Friendly, Helpful* Service Window Seals are yours for the asking. They identify you as co-operating in this tremendous, nation-wide movement to improve retail store SALES and SERVICE. Write Ben Irvin Butler, TOWER MAGAZINES, 55 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

HOME • MYSTERY • SERENADE
TOWER RADIO • NEW MOVIE

TOWER

$2,000 IN CASH

AWARDS FOR TOWER READERS

for the best letters about enjoyable shopping experiences

Think of that joyous vacation trip of which you've often dreamed . . . Of those smart new housefurnishings you want to buy . . . Or the extras in clothing and incidentals a little additional money would provide for your family . . .

All these—many more—of your personal desires can be *easily* and *quickly* realized. Yes, indeed! All you need do is write us an interesting, short letter telling of an *enjoyable shopping* experience. Mention some item you bought in a Grocery or Department Store. Put the name of the store salesperson on the ballot below and attach it to your letter. That's all. It takes but a few minutes—so jot down your thoughts *now* and enter this program in plenty of time to WIN!

You need not buy anything to compete. Letters will be judged on their merits: value of salesperson's service to *you*—manner in which Department Store experience is told—its *simplicity*, its *clarity*. (Entries may be used by publisher in any manner desired and will not be returned.) Duplicate awards in case of tie. Decision of judges final. TOWER employees and their families are excluded. Only *one* statement per person for each of the monthly cash offers in this series.

•

FRIENDLY, HELPFUL SERVICE PROGRAM

for Grocery Stores . . . closes Sept. 15, 1934

for Department Stores . . closes Oct. 15, 1934

Get your letters in before midnight, these dates!

If you wish to write a separate letter about both a grocery store and department store shopping experience, you can use this ballot for one vote and make a facsimile of it for the other vote.

Friendly HELPFUL Service — TOWER MAGAZINES HONOR ROLL

82 CASH AWARDS:

(1) First Prize for the best letter . . . $250.00
(1) Second Prize for the 2nd best letter . 100.00
(1) Third Prize for the 3rd best letter . . 50.00
(4) Fourth Prizes for the 4 next best letters, ea. 25.00
(25) Fifth Prizes for the 25 next best letters, ea. 10.00
(50) Sixth Prizes for the 50 next best letters, ea. 5.00

(Awards given ONLY in accordance with rules stated in left-hand page of this announcement)

MAIL THIS OFFICIAL BALLOT TO SHOPPING EDITOR, TOWER MAGAZINES, 55 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Write, clearly, in this space, name of your most *helpful* Retail Store Salesman or Saleswoman, together with name of store in which *he* or *she* is employed. Mail this official ballot (or facsimile) completely filled, to Shopping Editor, TOWER MAGAZINES, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

.....CHECK
(Store Salesperson's Name) (Man?) (Woman?) WHICH

.....
(Name of Store in which employed) (Department of Store)

.....
(Address of Store)

.....
(Check which Contest) (Grocery Store?) (Dept. Store?)

.....CHECK
(Your Name) (Married?) (Single?) WHICH

.....
(Your Address—Street, City, State)

.....
(No. of children in your family) (Occupation of head of family)

Do you OWN?....or RENT?....(apartment?).....(house?).....
CHECK WHICH

MAGAZINES

NEMO KNOWS—DAY BY DAY—AND NEMO TELLS

(*Continued from page* 10)

pages, M-G-M executives went into a frantic huddle and matched pennies to see which one of them would carry the bad news to Her Pictorial Highness.



Of course, Garbo seldom reads the fan magazines, so . . . as Mary Livingstone would say: "Somebody had to do it!"

When the unlucky fellow approached the lady's dressing room his bridge-work was chattering. Tensely, he waited while the great Garbo carelessly perused the headline . . . the opening paragraph.

Finally, she turned to him. "So?" she smiled. "That *iss* amusing. Did you write it?"

That was all. And when the pale exec wobbled weakly into the front office, you could have sold the rest of the lads down the river!

•

TO initiate their new offices, Paramount threw a swell cocktail party.

One minute, the bar was packed to the gunwales with thirsty females; the next, it was as deserted as Scotland on tag day!

And for why? For because the dashing Francis (I-kiss-your-hand-Madame) Lederer had been detected sneaking down the corridor and the gals were hurrying to see who could get their paddies in first!

ONCE, while turning a corner, we came upon an individual whom (from the back) we took to be either an ambassador from the House of David, or Peter the Hermit, Junior.

When we got around in front of the white-trousered, sport-shirted person whose dark hair hung nearly to the waist, it turned out to be (of all things!) Evelyn Venable, who had dashed off the set to grab a sandwich for herself!

•

ONE of the publicity boys dusted off an antique when he announced to the press that Dick's car had been stolen.

It was all right until the insurance company read about it and dashed out to the Cromwell residence, prepared to do right by Dick.

And, there stood the car . . . and a pretty flustered Dick who did his best to explain to them the strange and wonderful intricacies of a studio publicity department!

•

WHEN Austin Parker was seeing Miriam Hopkins, he was so ashamed of the fact that he wore old-fashioned steel-bowed glasses that, whenever he was out with the light of his life, he tucked them away in a deep dark pocket.

While Miriam seemed to enjoy his company, still he just couldn't bring her to the yes-stage, and it worried him, no end.

One day, when they were dining out, Miriam handed him the menu and asked him to order for her. And, there he was . . . ketched!

Reluctantly, he donned the steel-rimmed glasses. And was he surprised when Miriam squealed:

"Austin! I'm so glad you wear glasses! . . . I noticed those red marks at the corners of your eyes and I was deathly afraid you'd had your face lifted!!"

•

ELISSA LANDI is a cat and dog fancier to the tune of five each (which makes it come to a cat apiece for every bow-wow).

One morning, while taking her daily ride, a-la-horseback, she noticed, near the end of the bridle path, a tent that had been pitched by two boys who were camping out.

She also noticed two fine bloodhounds that seemed to belong to the lads.

The next morning, and the third, the camp was still there. But after a week, during which time she had failed to pass the spot, Elissa returned to find that the boys had gone, leaving the poor dogs, practically starved to death, behind them.

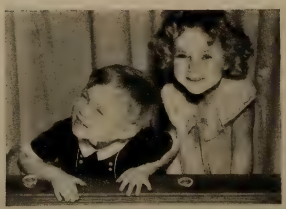


Gathering the whimpering animals into her arms, she headed for home, where, over a good meal, the two feeble tails began wagging again.

And now the generous lady has become too attached to the hounds to give them up.



(Below) Shirley Temple and Baby Le Roy play with a make-up mirror. And (left) Otto Kruger, Bob Young, and Wells Root play with an electric hoist while making "Paris Interlude." You see—age makes no difference!





Virgil Apger

(Above) Wallace Beery teaches little Carol-Ann Beery to take snapshots.

GLASSES VS. FACE-LIFTING—ELISSA'S 5 CATS

THE LATEST NEWS OF STARS AND PLAYERS

THE kids around Balboa Beach think Jimmy Durante is just about the swellest guy in the world, because when the "Student Tour" company was there on location, Jimmy gave 'til it hurt to entertain the youngsters.

He stood on his head, built sand castles, played leap-frog . . . in fact, if it hadn't been for THAT THAR NOSE, you couldn't have told him from the kids!

On the same trip, Maxine Doyle, who is playing the lead, had an amusing though rather unpleasant experience.

Maxine was supposed to be coxswain for the rowing crew. Ensconced on the little seat, facing the crew, she waited for the call for "Action!"



Suddenly it came. The boys dug their oars in the water. The boat shot forward. And Maxine shot backward!

But you can't beat that gal for stick-to-it-iveness! As soon as they fished her out and dried her off, Maxine went right back and beat that slippery seat at its own game!

•

AT the Biltmore Bowl the other night, a society matron was thrilled silly when Clark Gable and party sat down at the table just next to hers.

And while a dozen photographers swarmed around to snap the lion of the evening, the lady twittered. And twittered.

Probably in self defense, the husband motioned one of the photographers to his side.

"Why don't you take *my* picture?" he wanted to know. "I'm just as important in my line of work as Gable is in his. Give us a break."

"Sure," said the photographer. "For five dollars, it'll be a pleasure!"

And, not being a piker, the lady's husband dug down and the picture was made.

When the print was delivered, the missus took one look and gurgled herself into a state of coma. For there . . . just as plain . . . was Mister Gable, peeking over her shoulder and registering familiarity!

•

SINCE discovering their bonanza for 1934, M-G-M has been working Otto Kruger almost to prostration.

Arriving home the other night, in a state of nervous exhaustion, he lost his temper over some trivial thing that his ragged nerves had magnified a thousand times.

The next instant he opened his mouth to apologize and was horrified to discover that he could not utter a sound! In fact, the poor fellow couldn't even get his mouth closed!

If the studio isn't careful, Otto will be stepping out to get himself fitted for a nervous breakdown!

•

WITH three thousand miles between them, Richard Dix suddenly discovered that his morning bacon and eggs would be no more than ashes and dust if his pretty secretary weren't sitting on the other side of the breakfast nook.

So, after a frantic long-distance call from New York, the girl of his dreams hopped a plane and, before she could reach for her powder puff, Richard hustled her off to the parson and the knot was tied.

"She's the girl I've been dreaming of and searching for all my life!" said Dix firmly.

IT sounds like a gag, but it's the gospel truth, so help me.

Mary Boland had her hefty concert grand piano moved four times in one week! An she's still *uncertain about whether or not it's on the right spot.*



When the piano jugglers got the fourth call to go out and do their stuff, they grabbed a box lunch and their over-night bags, and, the last we heard, they're sitting on Mary's front porch, just waiting for the lady to make up her mind!

•

HURRYING through the outer office at Pathe, we heard the switchboard operator excitedly putting in a call for Gene Raymond.

"You've got to find him!" she exclaimed in the transmitter. "It's VERY important! Mary Pickford is calling!"

Romance?

•

THE rear of Alice White's new home overlooks Hollywood Bowl. So, just to make it comfortable for her friends, Alice has installed an immense barbecue in the back yard, and all the guests will have to do is sit in the yard, munch sandwiches and listen to the glorious

(*Please turn to page* 16)



(Above) Edward Everett Horton, doing something we'd all like to do some time—listen to our own voices

(Right) The riotious Slim Summerville and ZaSu Pitts emote with a goldfish in "Afterwards." (Below) Even Mary Pickford is an Anna Sten fan! Mary spent two whole hours on the "We Live Again" set, looking on.



Wide World



BOLAND'S PIANO MOVERS—DURANTE AND KIDS

NOVEMBER DECEMBER

NEMO KNOWS—DAY BY DAY—AND NEMO TELLS

(*Continued from page* 15)
music of the Bowl concerts which are being given this season.

•

OUR much-touted climate will have to take a bow to this:

Jean Muir says that since coming to the "land of sunshine" her feet have grown until she is now wearing a size nine and one-half shoe. One side, Garbo!

•

GINGER ROGERS lost her footing while on a solitary fishing trip and landed . . . plop! . . . into



just about the deepest part of Lake Arrowhead. (Where Garbo plays!)

There wasn't a soul within miles, so the sputtering Ginger grabbed a slippery rock, fortunately, and pulled herself to safety.

But if you want to see a first class shiver, just remind Ginger of the incident.

•

ADRIENNE AMES merits the right to be filed under Smart Wives.

Because hubby Bruce Cabot is an out-and-out golf fiend, Adrienne has had a putting green, with one long-distance drive, installed in the rear of their lovely home. Not for Bruce, but to learn the game herself.

But, putting and driving aren't everything. Wait until she finds herself in a sand trap and without the regulation golfer's vocabulary?

•

IT may not be Spring . . . tra-la . . . but Cupid is THAT busy these days.

Even as you read this, Evelyn Venable may be giving Niagara Falls the once-over in the real life role of a Mrs.!

Evelyn is a strict vegetarian, but when she was invited to the James Cruze menage for dinner the other evening, Evelyn secretly determined to eat whatever was put before her without letting on that it was upsetting her routine.

Imagine her surprise then when, with the others loading up with chicken and stuff, the servant placed a steaming platter of mixed vegetables before her!

Meet Mister Cruze, the perfect host!



•

CARL BRISSON is very particular about his wardrobe. Consequently, he has all his clothes exclusively designed and made by a high-class tailor in London.

Imagine his embarrassment when, upon taking his dogs out for their daily constitutional, he suddenly snuck up on an exact replica of himself, even to cap, tie, and socks!!

And his sartorial double was none other than Maurice Chevalier!

Now they can't figure out which one the tailor has been double-crossing.

•

GORDON WESTCOTT is still chuckling over a recent polo game in which he conducted himself most creditably.

For a year he has been under contract to Warner Brothers. Then came the polo game.

When Westcott finished the chukker with a nifty goal, Jack Warner dashed out onto the field, all excited, and asked to be introduced to the goal-making lad.

For half an hour they talked about the game, with plenty of enthusiasm on both sides. Finally Mister Warner reluctantly took his leave, saying, as he wrung Gordon's hand:

"It's been a pleasure to met you, Mr. . . . er . . . ah . . . um . . . What did you say the name was?"

Which only goes to show you it pays to know your own business. . . !

•

NANCY CARROLL was lunching on the Boulevard when an old friend called at the house.

Knowing that her mother would be disappointed over missing the visitor, Nancy's young daughter played pinch-hit hostess most graciously.

Confidently, the child went to the telephone and called the Vendome, explaining to the visitor that she wanted her mother paged.

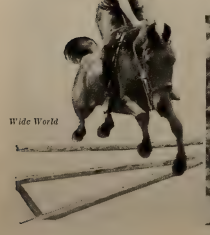
"My gosh!" she whispered hoarsely to the caller. "I wonder what name Mother's going under today?"

•

WHEN the tension gets too great on the "Merry Widow" set, Director Ernst Lubitsch sits down at the property piano. And nobody laughs. Because Herr Lubitsch can play just about any selection you might mention, from old classics to ultra-modern numbers. And with all the flourishes of a Paderewski. Or a Gershwin.

And, speaking of tension, it's amusing to watch Chevalier and MacDonald preparing to go into a love scene.

There they stand, practically toe



Wide World

(Left) Elissa Landi has a regular steeplechase course on her Beverly Hills estate. Her horse, a magnificent jumper, is named "Bourbon."



Even comedians must eat. Frank Terry, gag man, Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy, Mrs. Laurel and Charles Rogers, director, gather 'round the hard-boiled eggs on location. Evidently they enjoy picnics, even as you and I

Stuz

FISHING—VEGETABLES—GOLF—AND POLO

THE LATEST NEWS OF STARS AND PLAYERS

to toe, cold as mud. Suddenly, Lubitsch calls for action, and, boy! . . . in a split second, they're sizzling!

That's *acting!*

•

STEP into the automatic elevator in Mae West's apartment house and, if a stiff odor of "Christmas Night" beats you to your knees, you'll know that the voluptuous Mae has just arrived. Or departed.

Incidentally, Miss West (to ME, drat the luck!) has started a new style in formal attire that may be taken up by the entire film colony. And, then again, may not.

Anyhow, the lady went to a formal dinner the other evening wearing black crepe de chine pajamas, a white polo coat trimmed with white fox, and a pink taffeta beret.

•

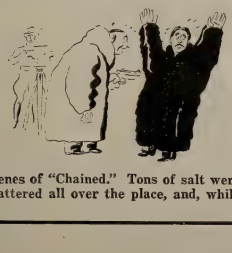
ON the RKO lot, Dorothy Lee and Pert Kelton are flashing watches that aren't watches at all!

Dorothy's contains cold cream, just enough for an over-night trip, and the Kelton gal's is a tricky perfume atomizer. Just press the stem!

•

Nowhere but in this topsy-turvy movie country would you find anything like this:

On the hottest day in the year, M-G-M proceeded to shoot the snow



scenes of "Chained." Tons of salt were scattered all over the place, and, while Old Sol blistered down, dozens of extras passed in review before the cameras, bundled to the ears in fur coats, and to the ankles in wool-lined galoshes!

One fellow had tucked a big handkerchief around his perspiring neck, between shots, and forgot to take it out. Then he innocently walked into the next scene!! Of course, it had to be shot again . . . sans hankie. Director Clarence Brown was amusedly tolerant about the accident, so all members of the set had a short rest—galoshes—mackinaws—and all!

OUR favorite story is the one about the foreign director who was signed by a major studio to come over here and do his stuff.

Week after week, the lonely man sat in his isolated office, utterly ignored by all and sundry. And, week after week, as surely as pay day rolled around, there in the box outside his door was a check for $2,000.

After several months of this sort of hibernation, the fellow got tired of it all. Vainly he tried to contact the studio executives. Finally he packed up his family and went back to the old country.

Over there, the agents who had arranged the contract were frantic.

"Please!" they wailed. "Over in America it is different! You must be patient . . . wait! Go back . . . apologize, and maybe . . . just maybe, they will forgive and take you back!"

So, without even unpacking a tooth brush, the bewildered director turned right around and shuffled back to Hollywood, ready to apologize to the master-minds and take his medicine for going A.W.O.L.

In the studio once more, he stopped before the door of his little office before going out to meet his fate.

And there, in the box, were four envelopes each containing a check for $2,000.

A COUPLE of diaper concerns have been after Baby Le Roy to indorse their product. "And at My age, too!"



snorts the Babe indignantly. "I'll bet that old W. C. Fields is at the bottom of this!"

•

WHEN your old favorite, Charles Ray, was given a small but meaty part in Paramount's production, "Ladies Should Listen," there were holes in his shoes and he was driving back and forth to work in an ancient flivver that no smart used-car dealer would have traded for twenty-five dollars.

The other night, when the picture was pre-viewed, Charles probably got the thrill of his life. Because when he walked into the scene, the preview audience broke into a round of applause that has never been duplicated!

And when two producers, in view of his excellent performance, offered him contracts, the lump in Charlie's throat was so big that he couldn't say a word!

Welcome home, Old Timer!

•

LAST Sunday, Madge Evans and Tom Gallery took ZaSu Pitts' two children to the beach for a picnic spree.

(*Please turn to page* 88)

No, Irvin S. Cobb isn't joining "Our Gang," but he works at the same studio, and the kids love to have him tell them stories. (Right) Phil Regan, New York "copper," and Betty Grable, in a romantic sequence from M-G-M's "Student Tour," a new kind of college picture.





Stutz

CHARLIE RAY'S COMEBACK—MAE'S NEW FAD

NOVEMBER DECEMBER

Amazing Colors discovered in Human Skin suggest

Flattering New Powder Shades



Natural brightens fair skin. Excellent shade with graying hair.



Rose Cream gives a "bloom" to blonde and fair brunette skin.



Light Cream makes lily-pale blonde or brunette skin look clear and velvet-smooth.



Brunette (Rachel) gives glow and radiance to brunette skin. Does away with paleness.



Rose Brunette . . . a *warmer* shade . . . makes sallow skin sparkle. And it modifies ruddiness.



Dark Brunette . . . exactly right for very dark brunettes and alluring with sun-browned skin!



Mrs. Manuel J. Bon de Sousa ivory-skinned and light-haired, says, "Pond's is the smoothest powder. The Brunette shade brightens my skin."

FINEST POSSIBLE INGREDIENTS ONLY 55¢



10¢ ¼ the actual size

HIDDEN TINTS *in these New Powder Shades make blonde skin radiant, brunette skin clear . . .*

SCIENCE has discovered that the clear, creamy skin of the perfect blonde owes its loveliness to a faint hint of *brilliant blue* that lingers in it.

That the clear, olive tone of the perfect brunette skin is due to a note of *bright green* that echoes through it.

This amazing discovery was made by an optical machine which can *read* the skin. With the aid of this machine, you can actually see tints in the skin which the eye cannot detect—tints which make the complexion "perfect," or too pale, too sallow, too florid.

These are the hidden tints in Pond's new Powder.

Many girls' skin analyzed

When this sensational discovery was made, Pond's examined the skin of hundreds of girls. Girls with radiant "movie-star" complexions—girls with skin that was dull, tarnished, flushed, dark.

That's how Pond's learned the exact colors needed to make blonde and brunette skin beautiful.

They mixed into each of their new face powders just a tinge of blue and green. You cannot detect these tints in the powder, but you recognize their glamorous effect.

New powder shades flatter all complexions

Pond's powder shades are different from any others. The moment you smooth them on, blonde skin becomes transparent, pearly . . . brunette skin becomes clear, magnolia-like.

Best of all . . . Pond's Powder clings and clings. Yet never cakes—never streaks—never clogs the pores. Its texture is superfine. And its perfume lasts to the very depths of the jar.

Yet Pond's Face Powder jar for 55¢ contains as much as many $1.00 boxes. The extra-big jar is $1.10. Five-and-tens and variety stores carry 10¢ and 25¢ sizes

Send the coupon below for your samples at once. You'll be amazed to see how these new face powder shades will make your complexion clear—radiant—breath-taking.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. K
92 Hudson St., New York City

I enclose 5¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for Two Special Boxes of Pond's *new* Powder and an extra sample—three different shades in all.
I prefer 3 different *Light* shades ☐
I prefer 3 different *Dark* shades ☐

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company



Years of acting haven't spoiled the sweet and captivating charm which has endeared Madge Evans to everyone since childhood. Her next picture will be [illegible] Interlude."

Clarence Sinclair Bull

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S

GALLERY of STARS



Clarence Sinclair Bull

We have always said the studios ought to pick stars according to public demand instead of trying to build up unsympathetic people with publicity—and Herbert Marshall is a sample of what the public is demanding. You'll see him next in "The Green Hat" with Constance Bennett, then with Garbo in "The Painted Veil."



Clarence Sinclair Bull

For years everybody has been wondering why they didn't star Myrna Loy, and at last the studios did, in "Stamboul Quest." Myrna can be the swell, freckle-nosed American girl she is, or the last word in exotic oriental glamour, a comedienne or a slinky siren. She ought to reach the top fast now.



Eugene Robert Richee

Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor played together for the first time in "Cradle Song." Since then, they have been co-featured continuously because the fans demanded it. Paramount's "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" makes the fifth time they will be seen together. It seems to hark back to the old days of the Gaynor-Farrell team. And across the page—



Eugene Robert Richee

Here is another brand new team. The popular Jean Parker, who has been a featured player in many M-G-M pictures and who will soon be a star in her own right, with Charles Boyer, whom Fox brought all the way from Paris to make this picture, "Caravan," for you. Will they prove to be another favorite team in the future?



Freulich

The way these youngsters pop up! It's almost enough to make you think children must be born with make-up on their faces these days. Anyhow, this li'l gal is Binnie Barnes. She'll be in Universal's "There's Always Tomorrow," after having made a record-breaking, seven-day trip from London to Hollywood.



Clarence Sinclair Bull

With the first picture Jackie Cooper ever made the studios knew they had a "find." But they were afraid they'd never be able to dig up enough stories in which a boy of his age could star. It looks as if there's no cause for worry, because Jackie is following "Treasure Island" with that other boys' classic, "Peck's Bad Boy."

NOVEMBER DECEMBER



Clarence Sinclair Bull



Russell Ball

When Virginia Bruce married John Gilbert she said she would never appear in another picture. She was absolutely sincere in what she said, but her divorce absolved her from the promise and now she has a long-term contract with M-G-M.

And we're printing this one of Franchot Tone just to show you that it's possible for you to see him without Joan. He looks as if he misses her, at that though, doesn't he? Franchot is in so many pictures right now we haven't space to name them, but his latest is "Straight Is the Way."









NAMES OF THE MOVIE MONTH—(Upper left) Warner Baxter plays all parts deftly. This time, he plays that of a dashing young man with a flair for horses, in Columbia's "Broadway Bill." (Upper right) Richard Arlen seems too carefree to be ready for love, but Paramount's "Ready for Love" is actually the title of his next picture. (Above, left) Gene Raymond, another versatile young actor. He portrays the part of a playwright in Columbia's "Sure Fire." (Above, right) Walter Connolly won stardom in "Whom the Gods Destroy," plays the Captain in "The Captain Hates the Sea," then joins Warner Baxter in "Broadway Bill."

Little MISS TEMPLE

AS SEEN BY ELSIE JANIS

AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM! I quote from the greatest book of all with reverence and because I firmly believe that Shirley Temple is about the nearest thing to a miracle that a shock absorbing public has blinked at in many mad modern moons. There we were, saturated in sex stories, gorged on gangster glories, muddled by murder melodramas, with censors outscreaming the Blue Eagle when, as if by magic, a tiny but exceedingly bright guiding star appeared to prove that the world couldn't be as bad as it was photographed.

Looking back over the last four years of crashing standards it is gratifying to observe that every time we were given a chance to come up for air we grabbed at it feverishly. The four outstanding, over night sensations of the films have been Marie Dressler, Mae West, The Three Little Pigs and Shirley Temple. A strange conglomeration, but each proving in a way that we want our cinema fare dished out in plain American style, no smothered in a sauce of innuendo and triple meanings.



A recent picture of Elsie Janis, taken at the Tower Studios

I think that Mae West has done 'em more good than wrong. Every one was bent on calling a spade everything from a stiletto to a derrick when she stepped in, dug up all the hidden suggestions, put them on a gilded tray and served them hot. To see a character which starts out bad go on being bad and finish in a triumph of badness is not demoralizing. To see a pure young Lily turn into a passion flower, wither and droop for a few reels, then end up in the arms of the right man and usually more beautiful than before the fall is apt to make the younger Lilys think it's all fairly simple. It's a pity that the pendulum of public approval, which has been swinging so far to the smutty side, should suddenly fall back and sock Mae West. She is a great personality and I'm only hoping that she will come out in one of those hard boiled but soft hearted characters who are always helping people and don't want any one to know it. She might well write a story about herself and play it, now that it is going to be fashionable to be decent.

THE lecture being completed, we will move on to The Temple at whose twinkling little feet I join the throng in abject adoration. If the Prince of Wales had been coming to tea I couldn't have been more excited. If Dillinger had arrived at my front door, which I opened myself to admit Shirley and Mrs. Temple, I could not have been more fearful of doing something to displease. My two Pekinese, who are very old ladies and resentful of children, sprang at the Santa Monica miracle. She looked at them calmly and without a change of expression said, "Aren't they cute, Mum?" Mrs. Temple agreed that they were cute as I carried them screaming in spinster rage into the kitchen and closed the door.

We did not say, "How do you do," or "Glad to meet you." Shirley does not encourage platitudes. "Let's go into the garden.



Otto Dyar

"Thanks for the boat!" were Shirley's parting words to Miss Janis after her visit to Elsie's house.

Oh, the wonder of that child, says Elsie; she is like royalty. Free, easy and natural, she sets the pace and you follow

I've got lots of birds and boats," I said, leading the way through my sweetly small house. "Birds and boats!" Shirley echoed, obviously puzzled by the combination, but she followed me without hesitation, "Mum" forming the rear guard. She stopped on the steps that lead from my bedroom into my back yard paradise, but only for a fleeting "once over" of a new playground. She looked quite serious and business-like.

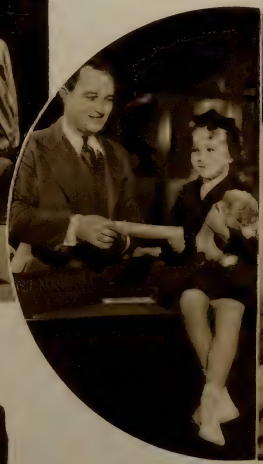
I'm not much good on what the well dressed miracle should wear, but the vision of her standing there under an arbor of pink roses, the spotless white of her little tailored coat and hat relieved only by the spun gold of her curls, which framed tenderly the small oval face with its large questioning eyes, will linger in my memory long after those golden curls have gone up or off according to future fashions. She gazed around appraisingly, then she smiled. The much advertised California sunbeams bowed low in the presence of their superior.

She was carrying one of those new silky stuffed cats. As if to cast aside any slight vestige of (*Please turn to page* 72)



(Below, left) Shirley with Carole Lombard and Gary Cooper after a morning's work on the "Now and Forever" set. (Right) "Ooooh!" exclaims Shirley, as she is perched perilously on the roof of her doll's house.







(Left in circle) Shirley opens a bank account at her father's bank. George Temple, her father, accepts the check. (Right, in circle) Shirley with her mother, whom she calls "Mum." (Left) Jimmy Dunn, who has played Shirley's father in pictures, is one of the most devoted of her many admirers.

The authentic story

The concluding instalment of the life story of the glamorous platinum blonde in which she relates all that has happened to her since the filming of "Hell's Angels," up to the present time

WHEN I was given the role of the girl in "Hell's Angels" and signed a five-year contract with Howard Hughes, the producer, I thought that I was the luckiest girl in the world.

Dozens of girls had been tested for the one feminine role. And from all those girls I had been selected. It seemed too good to be true. I knew that, if I made good in the part, it would mean fame overnight. It is hard to describe my feelings. I was so frightened and excited and bewildered that I didn't know what I felt.

Since they had discovered me, Jimmy Hall and Ben Lyon took a brotherly interest in helping me to succeed. They knew, without being told, that I was frantic with the fear that I would fail. So, before each scene, the two boys took me to a quiet corner and rehearsed the speeches and actions with me, advising me in the reading of my lines—the very first I had ever spoken on a stage or into a microphone—coaching me in the technique of the actions. I don't know what I should have done without them.



Franchot Tone, Hale Hamilton and Jean Harlow as they appear in "The Girl from Missouri," formerly called "Born to be Kissed," her latest starring picture.



Jean Harlow, her ex-husband, Hal Rosson, Mrs. Marino Bello, her mother, and Marino Bello, her step-father, photographed together before Jean's separation from Rosson.

of my life.



Jean in the library of the home she built, surrounded by the autographed pictures of various Hollywood stars. Funny to think of a star being an ardent autograph collector!



(Above) The late Paul Bern, whose tragic death marked one of the most distressing episodes of her life.

We finished the picture in January and the world premiere was scheduled for the Chinese Theatre in Hollywood in May. Day after day I waited for a call for work.

It was during those long, idle months between the end of the picture and the premiere that my friendship with Paul Bern developed into the rare and beautiful thing which it was destined to become. When I am working, I never go out in the evenings.

But, during those months, I had no work to do. So, gradually Paul and I drifted into the habit of seeing each other at least once, and sometimes two or three times, each week.

Paul loved people and parties. He liked the color and gaiety of crowded rooms, soft lights, lilting dance music, laughter and conversation. He taught me to share his enjoyment of it.

But Paul was not always (*Please turn to page* 91)

by Jean Harlow

AS TOLD TO ELEANOR PACKER

MY FRIEND

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As a tribute to Marie, her picture, "Min and Bill," recently played a return engagement at the Capitol Theatre in New York—the first time in the history of that theater that a picture was shown again after its first play there. Other theaters throughout the country are doing likewise.*



MARIE DRESSLER'S friendship was one of the great inspirations of my life. To the world, she was primarily, I suppose, a brilliant actress; to me, she was far more than a great actress, she was a great human being. My admiration for her remarkable talent was keen, but it was secondary to my love for her as a remarkable woman.

Courage was the very keynote of her life story—courage and the indomitable will to surmount every obstacle which Fate could throw in her path. She was a woman of many sorrows. A weaker heart would have faltered and broken under the adversities which were heaped upon her. But adversity only tempered the fine metal in which she was cast by nature. She shook off her burdens, no matter how heavy, and barged ahead with her Falstaffian laugh—a little more understanding, a little more loving, a little more human for each trouble she faced. It is such women as Marie Dressler—and the world has been granted too few of them—who inspire their fellow-beings and push them ahead to worthier goals.

WE were friends for more than thirty years. Friends in the truest sense of the word, for we shared our thoughts, our troubles and our joys.

(Top) Marie Dressler in a characteristic pose—as she won the hearts of most of her fans. (Directly above) some of the celebrities present at the Roosevelt Hotel in New York to pay tribute to Marie on her sixty-second birthday were Maida Read, President of the Twelfth Night Club, Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Chairman; Jack Pearl, noted star of radio, stage and screen; Marie Dressler and Bessie Beatty, President of the Actors' Dinner Club.

•

Wallace Beery and Marie putting their footprints and signatures in the cement of Grauman's Chinese Theatre during the run of "Trader Horn," in 1931.

MARIE

By
MAY ROBSON

"Marie Dressler, the actress, was the world's property — known by everyone. But let me tell you about the woman whom only her intimate friends knew," says May Robson, in this touching tribute to her dearest friend



(Above) A recent picture of May Robson.



We roomed together, traveled together—and grew old together. I have had an easier life than Marie's, yet, characteristically, time and again she laid aside her own more pressing problems while helping me to solve mine.

Let's forget that she was a great actress. You have seen her on the stage or the screen and formed your own appreciation of her talent. Dressler, the actress, was the world's property, known by everyone. I want to talk about the woman, whom only her intimate friends have been privileged to know. Judged by ordinary standards, she faced life under two severe handicaps.

She had no schooling. Not a single day of her childhood was spent in a classroom. Yet she was the most brilliantly educated and best-informed woman of my acquaintance. Her inate curiosity, to a large extent, was responsible. She always wanted to know the whys and wherefores of everything and never would be satisfied until she had discovered just what "made the wheels go 'round." Her naturally alert mind soaked up information as greedily as a sponge absorbs water and, once grasped, a fact never escaped her memory. She rubbed elbows with interesting people the world over. And, because of her overwhelming interest in everything pertaining to humanity, she brought away from every such contact a new fund of information. Moreover, she was an avid reader. Her interests were as wide as the world's horizons. She could talk interestingly and with real knowledge on almost any subject. More important still, she was an excellent listener. Her thirst for knowledge was always too keen to tolerate any interference from her pride. Marie never hesitated to admit ignorance when faced by authority and an opportunity to harvest information.

HER second handicap was the lack of physical beauty. A shallow mind might have dwelt on that lack, magnified its importance and made it an insurmountable obstacle—Marie, on the contrary, dismissed it as a triviality and actually made it one of her stepping stones to greatness.

And right here I want to say, with all possible emphasis, that many young girls have wrecked otherwise promising careers on the stage or the screen simply because they were unable to forget their beauty. If an actress is beautiful, why, so much the better—the world is in love with beauty and she owns a natural asset. But she must put her appearance completely out of her mind while she is giving a performance. If her role calls for tears, she must cry convincingly—and how can she, if she is everlastingly afraid that her emotion will mar the beauty of her face? (*Please turn to page* 100)

NOVEMBER DECEMBER

THIS TANTALIZING Hepburn

She has been accused of being a trickster and a shrewd self-publicist, yet each of the stars with whom she has worked has a different impression of her

BY JACK HARROWER

WHAT is the secret of Katharine Hepburn's tremendous glamour and charm?

Why does she make such fascinating "copy" for journalists and magazine writers? Why does the public want stories that will give them a new viewpoint of this elusive, paradoxical girl of countless moods? Why is it that the mere mention of Katharine Hepburn's name in a group of film devotees arouses more animated and intense discussion than does that of any other screen star?

The tantalizing Hepburn has been accused of being a poseur. A clever trickster. A remarkably shrewd self-publicist. A keen student of mass psychology. All these and many other explanations have been advanced to account for the remarkable hold that she has upon the public.

Yet the truth of the matter is that upon numerous occasions she has dodged the limelight—made frantic efforts to get away from the eyes of the world for a few brief hours so that she could live her life in her own way.

Without any apparent effort on her part, the great searchlight of publicity is constantly endeavoring to keep her in focus as millions of fans demand more news. She is grand "copy." Every newspaper editor, reporter, columnist and magazine writer realizes that.

So—what *is* the secret of the Hepburn's glamour and charm?

We sat down and gave the matter a lot of thought. As one who has been writing a daily column of inside facts for the thousands employed in the motion picture industry for many years, it has become second nature with us eternally to ask "Why?"—and keep asking till we get the right answer. And we think we have found the right answer in this case by the simple process of going to the folks who should know more about Katharine Hepburn professionally than anybody else. The leading men with whom she has worked in her pictures. Simple, isn't it?

THERE are eight of them, all told. That number includes prominent players in the pictures as well as her leading men. But they were all on the set with her day after day, and are therefore qualified to give their opinion from first-hand experience. They are all popular in their own right, so that makes their opinions doubly interesting.

Now—this is the big surprise. Every one of them visualizes a *different* Hepburn! She seems to be all things to all these men—to paraphrase an old adage—yet no two of them have caught a closely identical impression of her. She has conjured up an individual Hepburn to every one of them!

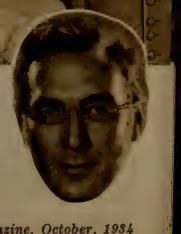
As you scan the appraisals of the lady given to us by these men who have observed her intimately, we are sure you will agree with the truth of this conclusion.

We give first place to John (*Please turn to page* 98)







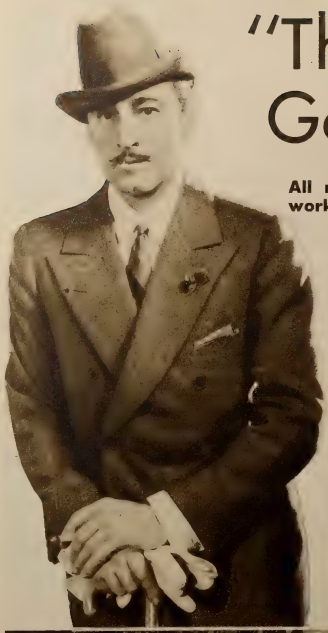


(Above, left) Douglass Montgomery, who played in "Little Women" with Katharine, says: "I think she is the most exciting girl I have ever known. (Above, center) Katharine Hepburn and Robert Young in a scene from "Spitfire." (Above, right) Colin Clive, who appeared in the Broadway production "The Lake," and in "Christopher Strong," with the star, states: "She is charming to work with, not in the least conceited." (Right) Paul Lukas, who appeared in "Little Women," says she has a definite commanding personality."





(Above, left) "Katharine is a swell person and a genius," acknowledged Ralph Bellamy enthusiastically. He was with her in her latest picture, "Spitfire." (Above, center) "Highly intelligent. The girl thinks clearly and to the point," remarked John Barrymore regarding her first screen performance with him in "A Bill of Divorcement." (Above, right) Adolphe Menjou says expressively, "She is entirely different—unique." And Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., admired her freely, saying: "My work with Miss Hepburn was a stimulating experience." They both played with her in "Morning Glory," the picture that won for her the prize award of the movie year.



"There's ACTIN' Going on Here"

All men, says John Barrymore, boast of their work. It's their way of dramatizing themselves

By CHARLES DARNTON

DRAW up your chair and meet John Barrymore, the comedian. For, by all the signs of the zodiac, the gypsy's curse, and the devil's blessing, this is the real Barrymore.

If you happen to lead a sheltered life you may be shocked. But whatever the case, you may be sure of one thing—you won't be bored. If John Barrymore likes you, count yourself in for as good and gay a time as this sad world rarely offers; if he doesn't, run, don't walk, to the nearest exit.

To know the youngest of the Barrymores for what he really is you must meet him, of all places, in domestic surroundings. Outside he's shy, defensive, elusive. As luck would have it, I first met him at the New York house of his sister Ethel shortly after the birth of her first child.

"I'm trying to feel like an uncle," he grinned.

"And how do you feel?" I inquired.

"Like King Lear," he confessed. "I'm now going out to have my long white beard trimmed."

At that time the avuncular Jack was in his early twenties and his late hours. For example, I was going in to see Willie Collier one day when a visitor who was leaving turned to say: (*Please turn to page 75*)



Walter Connolly, John Barrymore, Carole Lombard and Roscoe Karns in one of the most amusing sequences of the Columbia picture, "Twentieth Century."



NEW
MOVIE'S
Hollywood
Fashions

Here is an example of the simpler fashions now favored by well-dressed women in Hollywood, and worn by Dorothy Tree, Warner Brothers player, appearing in "The Dragon Murder Case." The gown is made of midnight-blue, triple sheer crepe with a bodice cut high in the front with a low decolletage at the back, draped with a white cowl. The sleeves, slit from the shoulder to the elbow, add another interesting touch.

GLENDA FARRELL

CHOOSES OXFORD GRAY AND FLESH-COLORED LACE

Below is shown the oxford gray wool frock that Glenda Farrell wears in the Warner Brothers production, "Kansas City Prince." Notice the unusual arrangement of the piqué scarf and the round silver buttons on the piqué undersleeves.

Photo by Scotty Wellbourne





Photo by Scotty Wellbourne

In the same picture Glenda Farrell also wears a charming evening gown made of pale flesh-colored, angel-skin lace. The gown is long enough to trail a little all around and is very simple in design, depending on the morning glory pattern of the lace for decoration. A single flower adorns the front neckline of the dress which may be worn with double breasted lace jacket.

THEY ARE WEARING



Personality portrait by Elmer Fryer

Black ribbed crepe is contrasted here with undersleeves and a long tie sash of brilliant orange, worn by Dorothy Tree appearing in Warner Brothers' "Du Barry" and "Hey Sailor." The dress, designed for restaurant dining, is worn with a hat which has a shallow turned up brim of black pleating and the tiniest possible forehead veil.



Photo by Elmer Fryer, Warner Bros. and First National

Margaret Lindsay, charming player appearing in Warner Brothers picture, "The Dragon Murder Case," poses in this flattering autumn evening ensemble of pencil stripe velvet. The silvery gray of the bias cut gown is contrasted in the darker gray of the collarless swagger wrap. The gown also features a slight train.

VELVET GOWNS IN HOLLYWOOD





Above, suit of two-toned electric-blue ostrich cloth, worn by Dorothy Tree in Warners' picture, "The Dragon Murder Case." The suit is made with a plain skirt and a slip-on jacket. There is a hip-length swagger top coat lined with cadet blue to match the vestee.

Photo by Scotty Welbourne

Left, Margaret Lindsay, leading lady featured in "The Dragon Murder Case," wears this striking black and white velvet afternoon tunic. Interesting style features are the long, straight sleeves with gathered caps at the top and the plain upstanding collar.

Photo by Elmer Fryer, Warner Bros. and First National

Well dressed women in Hollywood endorse more closely-fitted fashions and snugly shaped straight sleeves

PALS

By WHITNEY WILLIAMS

Though their tastes are widely different, there is a strong tie that binds Leslie Howard and William Gargan in one of the finest friendships in Hollywood

THE friendship existing between Leslie Howard and William Gargan, is one of the finest in Hollywood.

Unlike as Summer and Winter, Howard is quiet, reserved, studious. . . . Gargan, diametrically opposite, typically the lovable roughneck.

Where you find one, it's almost a certainty the other is in the immediate vicinity. They're as inseparable as the fabled Ike and Mike, and neither will accept an invitation for dinner, the theater, ball or banquet without the other attending also.

Their friendship is so deep-rooted that it extends as well to their wives. At night, the two couples invariably dine and pass their evenings quietly together.

Staunch friendships, of course, are frequent in the film colony. The late Ernest Torrence and Jack Holt were as close as two men could possibly be, and the devotion Janet Gaynor and Margaret Lindsay feel for each other is well known. To list the outstanding cases of Hollywood intimates would be to mention scores of famous names . . . but never once could you find two persons with such widely divergent views, yet linked by such bonds of harmonious understanding, as Leslie Howard and William Gargan.

UP until five years ago, the two men were Mr. Howard and Mr. Gargan to each other. Gargan had appeared in a play directed by Howard on Broadway, that lasted less than three weeks. The latter already had established himself as an actor of parts, but it remained for the former yet to prove himself for popular acclaim. After the closing of the show, they didn't see each other for nearly a year.

During this period Howard went first on the road, then made a trip to England. Gargan entrained to the Middle West, for a Theater Guild engagement, where a friend forwarded him a copy of Philip Barry's latest play, "The Animal Kingdom," in which Howard later was to be starred on Broadway.

When he read the script, Gargan knew what he wanted most in life . . . to play the part of the hard-boiled butler. Ever since embarking upon his theatrical career he had striven to appear in one of Barry's plays, and this part, he knew, suited him perfectly.

For six months he lived the role of the butler, testing every phrase, every nuance of the part, until he felt he could play that character better than anyone else. He met Howard at the dock when the Englishman returned from London, recalled for Howard's benefit their previous association and asked to be permitted to play the role.

"I don't think you're old enough, my lad," Howard remarked, "but come along, anyway. We'll give it a try."

After the first rehearsals, the English actor went over to the younger man, wrung his hand enthusiastically and said, "I was wrong. You were ripping." Gargan won the role, and the company went out to Pittsburgh for a try-out.



"OUR friendship started from the moment Howard grasped my hand and said I was okay for the part," Gargan relates. "We seemed to click from the start, and on the way to Pittsburgh we really had a chance to get acquainted.

"Mrs. Howard accompanied her husband, and both accepted me as one of the family. The play made a great hit at its first try-out, so much so that Barry declared my part, the butler, too important for the sake of the starring role. He told Howard he'd cut it down.

"'You won't cut down any of the parts,' Howard informed him. 'If you have to make the play stronger, build up the star, but don't chop any of the lines the others have.' At that opening night, too, Howard

(*Please turn to page* 89)

THE Boulevardier Speaking



(Foreword: Mr. Howe has been persuaded at last to say a few words concerning Mae West. No other writer perhaps is in a position to tell the true story of Miss West's life. The Wests and the Howes came over on the Mayflower together and Mr. Howe believes they are related as it took a long time to cross the ocean in those days.)

NOW it can be told! Mae West's Life Story! For the first time!!! The really truly TRUE STORY. I have affidavits, photostats and fingerprints to prove!

Miss West springs of old Puritan stock. Her ancestors came over on the Mayflower. Indeed the boat was named for one of them—May Flower—voted the hottest hymner aboard. Shortly after landing Miss Flower was bustled off in a patrol wagon and placed in the pillory. Her extremities projecting therefrom attracted the attention of passing Elders. She was voted Miss America, thus inaugurating one of our Fundamental Institutions—the Bathing Beauty. She then was signed for the Pilgrim's Chorus by Elder Ziegfeld, thus inaugurating another of our Institutions—the Follies. Her shimmy shook the chips off Plymouth Rock. This was too much for the Petticoat clubs. They took action. Miss Flower was burned as a witch. It is from her Miss West inherits her heat.

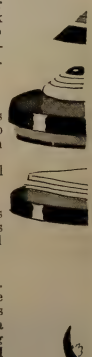
(To be continued—heat permitting.)

In California the plumage of the male is as bright as that of the female.



IN announcing Dante's "Inferno" Fox says it will be a "modernized version." Hell up to date? Has it been having a depression too? Just no place to go to any more.

Wonder if churchmen will insist that Hell be cleaned up.



IT seems those notches in Ivan Lebedeff's monocle are aids to gripping, and I always thought they were for all the girls he had slain.

THE Youth Movement has hit Hollywood. And because Hollywood is always extreme our youth is the youngest youth to take things over: Shirley Temple, Jackie Cooper, Cora Sue Collins, Baby Le Roy—bassinets arriving every day with new stars. I'm for them. I'll harmonize at any bar with Mussolini on the chorus of "Giovanezza." My solution of the world problem is to scrap everyone over thirty-five (on a champagne dole, of course). What Hollywood needs now is a young Brain

HERB HOWE, New Movie's gallant pilgrim, reveals his own truly true story of Mae West; bits about voices, and color schemes in Hollywood

Illustrations by
D. B. HOLCOMB



George Arliss will not eat anything he can pet.



Mae West: Did her ancestors come over on the Mayflower, as reported by Historian Howe?

Trust to replace old guard producers. Irving Thalberg is proof that the younger the better. And since Czar Will Hays has failed to discipline the wicked old nabobs I suggest he be supplanted by Spanky McFarland.

THE Wampas have been hatching Baby Stars annually. But the supply is insufficient to meet the needs of this censorial hour, so every studio is incubating. Here are Paramount's cute little rascals: Ida Lupino, Evelyn Venable, Elizabeth Young, Helen Mack, and Frances Drake. Out of respect for censors they are not called babies. They're called Paramount's protégées. Censors disapprove mention of babies right out.

No wonder there's a dearth of leading men. All the baby stars are girls. That's a Hollywood stork for you!

Hope my revelation of infantile triumph will not start a caravan of baby carriages in the direction of Hollywood. Too many mamas peddling moppets as it is.

The best way for a man to break into pictures is to attend U.S.C. or U.C.L.A. University athletes are on call from studios all the time. They play everything from themselves to baboon mobsters. "Student Tour" has a fine gang of them. Local campuses grow the world's best specimens. Joel McCrea is a sample.

CALIFORNIA'S chief product is not oranges, but youth just as golden. From my Malibu window I see school kids stunting on the beach. The girls beat Botticelli's Venus of the waves and the boys are stacked more symmetrically than Michelangelo's David. Their hides glow like the gold we used to see. Between them and the sun there is nothing to notice. Trunks have shrunk to loin cloths. And the less they wear the less they're body-conscious. Recently at Malibu I saw the Hollywood young set circusing: Tom Brown, Dick Cromwell, Patricia Ellis, Bill Janney, Mary Carlisle, Betty Furness and others. Eavesdropping like an old uncle I heard one mermaid say to her *Poseidon:* "In a few years we'll look back and laugh and say, "In 1934 we wore bathing suits!" I had my laugh then, because (*Please turn to page 77*)

Hollywood Taboos

In your town, do you see the same movies they see in the next city? Here is the truth about those scenes that are "taboo" in one section and all right in another

By ERIC ERGENBRIGHT

HOLLYWOOD, like Eden, has its taboos, its tempting but forbidden fruits. On rare occasions, some rash producer defies the mandate, loots the orchard—and usually pays the price.

Taboo means—touch-it-not—and Hollywood has learned from bitter experience that certain subjects are too controversial, too lurid or too distasteful to be screened.

Taboos? Hollywood is ruled by them!

Censorship, both official and unofficial, hangs like a storm cloud over the picture industry, ready to hurl down its torrents of wrath whenever a taboo is violated. Producers, writers, directors and stars are in a continual agony of apprehension. Will the barbers resent that scene in the beauty parlor? Will the censorship board delete that joke about the farmer's daughter? Will the Associated Banana Venders sue for millions if the banana-eating hero is shown with a tummy-ache?

There's never a picture filmed which isn't preceded by a host of conferences—and there's never a conference which doesn't bewail and consider the dangers of breaking some taboo.

Any producer rash enough to touch upon religious controversy in a picture violates the most potent of all Hollywood commandments. Filmtown avoids religious argument as it would the plague. And no wonder, when even such pictures as "The Ten Commandments" and "King of Kings" were responsible for thousands of torrid letters from certain sects. And, since Hollywood's market is world-wide, the studio czars must treat *immam, lama, fakir* and *mullah* with the same respect accorded to priest, rabbi and minister.

Another iron-clad taboo prohibits anything which might offend the people of a foreign nation—a nation, that is, which buys pictures from Hollywood.

Governments have repeatedly, furiously and *formally* protested against pictures which, in their opinion, revealed their nationals in an unflattering light. Usually, the protest is lodged by the offended nation's consul in Los Angeles. The implied threat is that the picture will be banned in the country concerned—and, on many occasions, the threat has been put into effect.

Harold Lloyd broke the taboo when he produced a picture in which Chinese were the deep-dyed villains. It was a comedy, but the Chinese failed to see the humor. And Lloyd, formerly a prime favorite in the Land of the Dragon, has been a dead issue there ever since.

Thousands of feet of film had to be re-shot before "Scarface" could be released, because, in its first version, the gangland killer was definitely identified as a man of Italian parentage. The Hays Office taboo experts finally convinced Howard Hughes, the producer, that countless law-abiding Italians would be mortally insulted. In the final version, "Scarface" was a man of undetermined nationality.

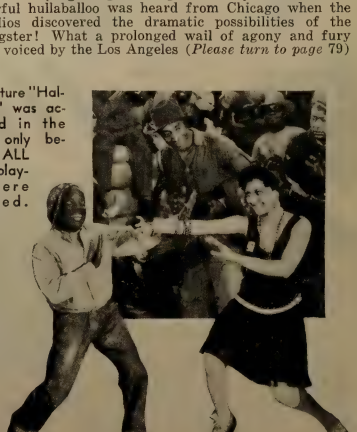
By habitually showing Mexicans and Italians as illiterate criminals, Frenchmen as "Oo-la-la-ing" fops, Englishmen as "Silly awsses" and Germans as beer-swilling militarists, Hollywood came near losing its foreign market. For a time the odium was placed on Russia and screen bad-men donned long beards, felt boots and astrakhan caps—the reason being that the Soviet government had already banned American-made pictures as the product of capitalism and nothing more need be feared. Now, however, Russia is again in the film market and Hollywood heavies have had to shave.

Eddie Cantor's laugh-fest, "The Kid From Spain," may have been one prolonged howl of glee to American audiences, but it was received in Mexico with burning indignation. A *Gringo* had dared to poke fun at the sacred sport of bull fighting. "Viva Villa," long before its completion, raised a hurricane of ire which raged from Sonora to Yucatan—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who made the picture, trod with the most excruciating care and the story was re-written again and again until it was finally free from offense to the people south of the Rio Grande.

"Gabriel Over the White House" is another picture which had to be doctored before it could be released with safety abroad. In their enthusiasm, its producers showed their mythical president of the U. S. A. coercing the European nations to pay their war debts by measures which were dramatic but most undiplomatic. Sober judgment prevailed in time and the feelings of Europe were saved—and also, the profits from "Gabriel's" showing in Europe. It was feared that the first version would have caused anti-American riots in more than one European capitol.

Hollywood is learning that our neighbors across the water are sensitive. Why, not long ago, tiny Transylvania sued Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for a few millions, charging that a certain "mythical kingdom" romance produced by the defendant had placed Transylvania in a ridiculous light.

Unduly touchy? Perhaps—but hardly more so than some of our own societies and organizations which have sworn undying vengeance against Hollywood. What a fearful hullabaloo was heard from Chicago when the studios discovered the dramatic possibilities of the gangster! What a prolonged wail of agony and fury was voiced by the Los Angeles (*Please turn to page* 79)



The picture "Hallelujah" was accepted in the South only because ALL of the players were colored.

TABOOS LASHED AND SLASHED THESE PICTURES



(Above) 1. "Sacred and Profane Love" was the original name of the picture you saw as "Chained," with Clark Gable and Joan Crawford. It was rewritten time and time again to suit the censors. 2. "Gabriel Over the White House," with Walter Huston, would have provoked riots in European capitols if released in its original form. 3. Harold Lloyd lost many Chinese fans by showing Chinese villains in "Welcome Danger." 4. And the Mexicans were indignant when Eddie Cantor made fun of their adored bull fights. 5. "The Wet Parade" was attacked by both Wets *and* Drys. 6. Unlike "Hallelujah," "Hold Your Man" was taboo in the South until the colored preacher in this scene was replaced by a white man. 7. "The Ten Commandments" treated religion with great reverence, but attracted furious complaints just the same.



Wide World

Miss McDonald, Helen Twelvetrees, Claudia Morgan and Janet McLeod enjoy a friendly game of cards, at the luncheon given by Claudia's mother.

Hollywood HI-JINKS!

GRACE KINGSLEY, New Movie's Hollywood society editor, takes us for another round of the gay whirl in the film capital, to the Fathers and Sons party given by Sol Lesser; the luncheon given by Mrs. Ralph Morgan, and another of the famous Van Dyke parties

IT is painful to relate, in our social recordings from Hollywood, an occasional roughhouse battle. But our Hollywood stars will mix once in a while, and the latest two-round impromptu battle between film celebrities was waged between Jackie Cooper and Jackie Searle.

It all happened at the Fathers and Sons party given by Sol Lesser at the Uplifters Club at Santa Monica.

There has been some rivalry between the youngsters for some time, it appears. Professional? Oh, dear no. Simply as to who played the best baseball and the keenest game of marbles.

And the trouble flamed up into a hot fire when Sol Lesser, with that obtuseness sometimes registered by the most astute, introduced the two Jackies as "my two Peck's Bad Boys." (You see, Jackie Cooper is playing "Peck's Bad Boy" for Lesser.)

"I'm not a bad boy," exclaimed Jackie Searle. "He—" pointing to Jackie Cooper, "is the bad boy!"

"Me?" howled young Cooper, following instantly with an uppercut to young Searle's jaw, which went wild, while Jackie swung with his left, landing near Jackie Cooper's eye, and was retaliated with a swift kick on the shins by Jackie Cooper. That's when the impromptu referees intervened, and another bloody battle was prevented.

In fact, such was the diplomacy of the interveners that Messrs. Cooper and Searle were shortly seen amicably eating ice-cream cones together.

There were all sorts of contests, both indoors and outdoors. Baseball contests between fathers and sons, with the papas coming out first, particularly Pat O'Brien and Harry Bigelow, little master Cooper's step-father. And there were singing matches, with the boys winning.

Vince Barnett came dressed as his own son, while Vince's son dressed as the father.

W. S. VAN DYKE'S parties are always like celebrations. None of this old formal stuff for Van! Every day is just like the Fourth of July for him.

So when we saw that big blimp overhead, or rather heard it first, as some sort of firecracker was fired off that made us look up from his swimming pool and garden, we weren't at all surprised to read neon signs that said, "Telephone to your wife," "Time for another drink," etc. A new contraption, that neon, which writes individual messages in the sky.

Don't know just what we were celebrating. Maybe romance. At any rate there was a lot of it about.

As for Van himself, he admitted that lovely Ruth Mannix is the particular object of his affection these days. Of course she was at the party—had been in swimming with our host that morning, she said, though it was cold in the pool.

And we had thought all the time that it was Muriel Evans to whom Van was attached. Well, certainly there were no hard feelings, for Muriel was there, too, and having a very good time.

Nick Stuart and Irene Hervey, Miriam Marlan and

George May, Johnny Farrow and Maureen O'Sullivan, were there as well as Martha Sleeper and Hardie Albright—Monte Blue and his wife, and Karen Morley and Charles Vidor, Otto Kruger and Sue McNanamy, Robert Montgomery and Mrs. Montgomery.

About the only unattached one was little Mickey Rooney, that child wonder, who played the piano for us—classical music—though he is but twelve, and who speaks four languages, including Japanese, which he learned at Military School, taking ten cents off his fifty cents lunch money every day to tip the Japanese servant to teach him five words a day.

Even little Mickey has his romance, though, we hear—a little blonde girl he met on location. Van teased him and said, "I'm going for her myself."

"That's right!" retorted Mickey. "*I* pick 'em and you take 'em!"

IT seems as though no star can go abroad these days without bringing back a protege.

And so it was that Mr. and Mrs. Joe E. Brown were introducing a charming, cultured young Chinese girl to Hollywood, at a tea the other day.

The girl rejoices in the poetic sounding name of Tsingy Tsang. She is nineteen, of fine family, and speaks excellent English, as she was in this country a few years ago, studying art. The Browns met Miss Tsang in Shanghai.

Joe is introducing the young Chinese lady at the studios with a view of her securing a job in an art department.

HOLLYWOOD still is puzzling over the romantic problem as to whether Jeanette MacDonald and Robert Ritchie are really going to be married—or whether they are already married, as some people contend.

In fact some of the guests of the party which Jeanette gave for Ritchie on the occasion of his birthday rather were on tiptoe expecting an announcement of some sort. But nothing happened in that line.

So everybody settled down to having a good visit.

Eddie Cantor compared notes with Ritchie about a trip abroad, Eddie being on the eve of going and Ritchie having returned not so long ago.

Eddie said he was going to Holland, for one place, to see whether the song-writers have been lying about that little Dutch mill!

And then Eddie and Freddie March discussed the bringing up of children, and Eddie remarked, "The thing to try to dodge these days is having your children bring you up!"

Jeanette, who always appears happy seemed more joyous than usual that day, and Maurice Chevalier kidded her about being so "happy because Bob had been born."

Grace Moore appeared with her Spanish husband, Valentin Parera, and seems more in love with him than ever!

Janet Gaynor was laughing as she told Norma Shearer about having washed Will Rogers' dishes the other day! It seems she had to play a dish-washing scene in her picture, and somebody kidded her that she didn't know how really to launder the table utensils.

"So I made them take me into the studio cafe kitchen, and there I washed up Will Rogers' dishes!" she explained.

Ginger Rogers came with Lew

(*Please turn to page* 106)

(Right) W. S. Van Dyke, greets Mr. and Mrs. Hardie Albright.



Wide World

(Below) Mrs. Edward Robinson, Claudia Morgan and Mrs. Otto Kruger exchange notes. Are the wives giving the bride some hints, now that Claudia is married to Robert Shippee?



Wide World





Wide World

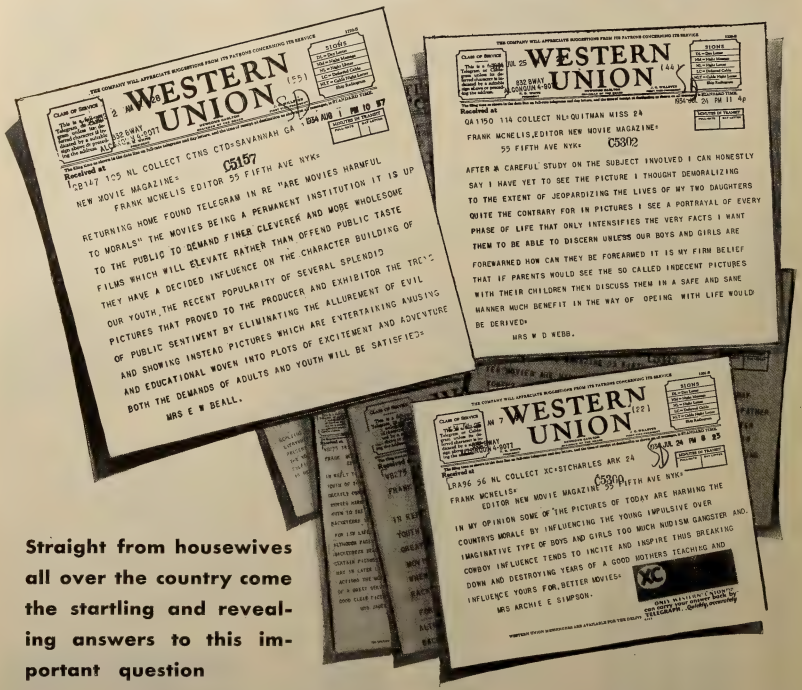
(Above) Remember Tom Meighan, that popular star of yesteryear? He's coming back in "Peck's Bad Boy," and was also a guest at the Fathers and Sons Breakfast.

(Left) Jackie Cooper, the child star, made quite a sensation at the Fathers and Sons Breakfast

NOVEMBER

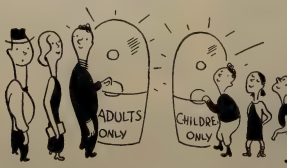
DECEMBER

THE DECENCY



Straight from housewives all over the country come the startling and revealing answers to this important question

TWELVE million people of these United States have enlisted in the movement to purify the films, according to the reports credited to the Legion of Decency, which inaugurated the drive. Sponsored by the Catholic Church, the movement has gained significant headway, with virtually all of the large Protestant bodies, as well as the Jewish, making a common cause of the crusade.



Will we one day have theaters for adults with an annex for the kids as suggested by Mrs. Carmalita Moore, of Louisville, Kentucky.

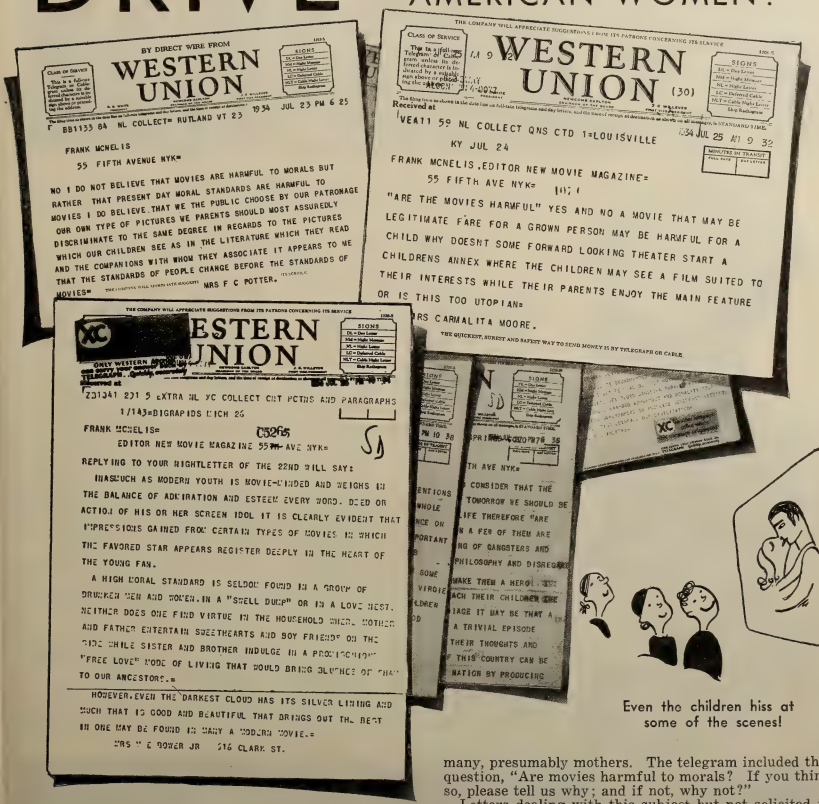
Purity to the complete retreat of realism is the essence of the demand, around which have rallied these millions of adherents of every faith. Augmenting these numbers are the memberships of women's clubs, educational associations and welfare organizations.

Emotional in its appeal, the campaign has made itself felt upon the box-offices of the country, but not, apparently, to the degree which might be expected considering the numbers of men and women who are reported to have enrolled. Signing a purity pledge does not necessarily mean the boycotting of the movies for the reason that there is a vast difference of individual opinion as to what is moral and what is immoral in screen entertainment.

NEW MOVIE magazine has always been a strong advocate of clean motion pictures. Without departing from its position, it does recognize this difference of individual opinion, as well as that divergence of judgment which tradition fosters in different sections of the

You will find representative comment on the Decency Drive in the People's Academy on pages 56 and 57

DRIVE HAS IT THE SUPPORT OF AMERICAN WOMEN?



BY DIRECT WIRE FROM WESTERN UNION

SIGNS

1934 JUL 23 PM 6 25

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FRANK MCNELIS

55 FIFTH AVENUE NYK=

NO 1 DO NOT BELIEVE THAT MOVIES ARE HARMFUL TO MORALS BUT RATHER THAT PRESENT DAY MORAL STANDARDS ARE HARMFUL TO MOVIES I DO BELIEVE THAT WE THE PUBLIC CHOOSE BY OUR PATRONAGE OUR OWN TYPE OF PICTURES WE PARENTS SHOULD MOST ASSUREDLY DISCRIMINATE TO THE SAME DEGREE IN REGARDS TO THE PICTURES WHICH OUR CHILDREN SEE AS IN THE LITERATURE WHICH THEY READ AND THE COMPANIONS WITH WHOM THEY ASSOCIATE IT APPEARS TO ME THAT THE STANDARDS OF PEOPLE CHANGE BEFORE THE STANDARDS OF MOVIES= MRS F C POTTER.

WESTERN UNION (30)

SIGNS

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FRANK MCNELIS .EDITOR NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE= 55 FIFTH AVE NYK=

"ARE THE MOVIES HARMFUL" YES AND NO A MOVIE THAT MAY BE LEGITIMATE FARE FOR A GROWN PERSON MAY BE HARMFUL FOR A CHILD WHY DOESNT SOME FORWARD LOOKING THEATER START A CHILDRENS ANNEX WHERE THE CHILDREN MAY SEE A FILM SUITED TO THEIR INTERESTS WHILE THEIR PARENTS ENJOY THE MAIN FEATURE OR IS THIS TOO UTOPIAN=

MRS CARMALITA MOORE.

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EDITOR NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE 55 FIFTH AVE NYK=

REPLYING TO YOUR NIGHTLETTER OF THE 22ND WILL SAY: INASMUCH AS MODERN YOUTH IS MOVIE-MINDED AND WEIGHS IN THE BALANCE OF ADMIRATION AND ESTEEM EVERY WORD, DEED OR ACTION OF HIS OR HER SCREEN IDOL IT IS CLEARLY EVIDENT THAT IMPRESSIONS GAINED FROM CERTAIN TYPES OF MOVIES IN WHICH THE FAVORED STAR APPEARS REGISTER DEEPLY IN THE HEART OF THE YOUNG FAN.

A HIGH MORAL STANDARD IS SELDOM FOUND IN A GROUP OF DRUNKEN MEN AND WOMEN IN A "SMELL DUMP" OR IN A LOVE NEST. NEITHER DOES ONE FIND VIRTUE IN THE HOUSEHOLD WHERE MOTHER AND FATHER ENTERTAIN SWEETHEARTS AND BOY FRIENDS ON THE SIDE WHILE SISTER AND BROTHER INDULGE IN A PROMISCUOUS "FREE LOVE" MODE OF LIVING THAT WOULD BRING BLUSHES OF SHAME TO OUR ANCESTORS.=

HOWEVER, EVEN THE DARKEST CLOUD HAS ITS SILVER LINING AND SUCH THAT IS GOOD AND BEAUTIFUL THAT BRINGS OUT THE BEST IN ONE MAY BE FOUND IN MANY A MODERN MOVIE.=

MRS " E HOWER JR 516 CLARK ST.

Even the children hiss at some of the scenes!

country. But what may shock a conservative community is not necessarily strong meat for another.

So, for the purpose of learning what the typical wives and mothers of the country think about motion pictures, this magazine directed its inquiry straight to them. For they, after all, are the ones who have most to do with theater attendance in their home towns.

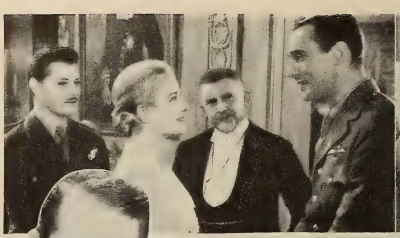
Choosing at random from the names of women who, in recent months, have written letters, not only to NEW MOVIE, but to the other Tower Magazines—*Serenade, Home, Mystery* and *Tower Radio*, a list was compiled. Care was exercised to see that every state in the Union was included, for what was wanted was a cross-section of women's opinions of motion pictures. To each name chosen, a telegram was sent—all were housewives, and many, presumably mothers. The telegram included this question, "Are movies harmful to morals? If you think so, please tell us why; and if not, why not?"

Letters dealing with this subject but not solicited in this telegraphic canvass may be found on pages 56 and 57.

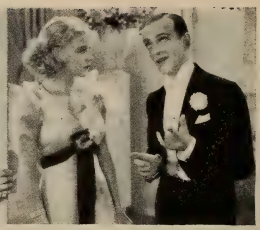
With the promptitude which is characteristic of the American woman, the replies came back. An analysis of them showed a lack of the deep indignation which might have been expected, considering the heat which has marked the condemnation of films in the public reports of the progress of the nation-wide campaign.

The answers were direct, intelligent and suggestive. A very few were wholly condemnatory; the majority commendatory. On the whole they reflected an important segment of national opinion which cannot safely be discounted. It is perhaps remarkable to note that the great majority of the replies did not decry motion-picture entertainment as detrimental to public morals. While some suggested the elimination of certain scenes and subjects, none called for (*Please turn to page* 82)

See "HOLLYWOOD TABOOS" on pages 46 and 47 to learn what producers are up against







(Upper left) Ann Harding and Brian Aherne share a moment's respite in the tense drama of RKO's "The Fountain," Charles Morgan's popular novel. (Right) Alice Brady registers amazement as she looks in on Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire in RKO's "The Gay Divorce."



Franchot Tone in a tender embrace with May Robson, his screen mother, in "Straight is the Way," a revised version of "Four Walls."

WHAT TO EXPECT IN THE

NEW FILMS

BARBARA BARRY, NEW MOVIE'S studio sleuth, reports wide variety in the film offering being readied for early release. Many well known novels and plays are included in this group.

THE PAINTED VEIL
•
M-G-M

PROBABLY the most interesting event of the month is Garbo's return to her public in Somerset Maugham's popular story, "The Painted Veil."

To escape a dreary existence and the domination of an almost tyrannical mother, Garbo marries Herbert Marshall and goes away with him him to far-off China.

Marshall loves the lady, but, like so many doctors, spends so much time at his profession that, to fill in the time, Garbo takes up with a handsome attache of the diplomatic service. Coming home unexpectedly Marshall discovers them.

Hurt to the quick, he tells the interloper that, unless he divorces his wife and marries Garbo, he (Marshall) will take her into the interior, where he is going to fight a dangerous epidemic of cholera. But, the cowardly attache, scared stiff at the thought of scandal, runs for the nearest exit, Garbo to follow her stern husband into the interior.

Watching her handsome husband give almost his very life to quell the dread disease, she comes to love him deeply. And when the remorseful interloper returns and begs her to leave with him, how she does tell him off in no uncertain terms!

Stabbed by a Chinese, Marshall hovers between life and death. And, at his bedside, he and Garbo find the love that brings the picture to a happy ending.

The finely-tempered direction of Richard Boleslavsky bring out a Garbo that we haven't seen since the good old days of "The Torrent" and "Flesh and the Devil."

WE LIVE AGAIN
•
20th Century

WITH Boleslavsky stepping into directional position with Garbo, the First Lady's



With the enthusiasm of race followers, Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy try to cheer their horse, "Broadway Bill," in the picture of the same name, now in production at Columbia Studios.



Tolstoi's classic "Resurrection" is again brought to the screen as "We Live Again," with Anna Sten making her second starring picture for Samuel Goldwyn Productions.



Pauline Lord and ZaSu Pitts wrapt in the quiet of rural domestic life in Paramount's picturization of Alice Hegan Rice's well-known novel, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."



Warren William, as Perry Mason, talks it out with Grant Mitchell and Allen Jenkins in "The Case of the Howling Dog," first of a series of Erle Stanley Gardner's thrillers to be filmed by Warners.

rumored romancier, Rouben Mamoulian, steps over to the Anna Sten camp, to bring beauty and finesse into the direction of your old favorite, "Resurrection," renamed, "We Live Again."

This time, Fredric March plays the dashing "Dmitri" to the simple little peasant girl played by Anna Sten, who adores him.

Not understanding her deep love, March goes away without even saying good-bye.

Some time later, the repentant Freddie finds her in an evil-smelling prison, about to be sent to Siberia.

At first, she is bitter and will have none of him. But, after a wild ride through the snow and biting cold, March effects her pardon and takes her back with him to love and happiness.

Need we mention that Leo Tolstoi wrote the classic?

FLIRTATION WALK
•
Warners

Warner Brothers are producing what promises to be the biggest picture in months.

Dick Powell, a private in the U. S. Army, is stationed in Honolulu when he meets Ruby Keeler, daughter of an army general and engaged to John Eldredge, a lieutenant.

Assigned to act as chauffeur, Dick takes the pretty lady for a long drive in the Hawaiian moonlight, and . . . there the trouble starts. Because while the steel guitars sob out the native love songs, Ruby and Dick forget everything . . . well, not everything, but particularly the fact that she has promised her heart and hand to another man.

When Eldredge finds out about the romantic business, he threatens to have Dick cashiered. And Dick, caring for nothing but his newfound love, decides to desert, and the heck with the Army!

To protect his honor, Ruby sends word that she didn't really mean any of the pretty things she had said the night before. Heart-broken then, Dick decides to stick it out, go to West Point, and make the lady sorry for trifling with his affections.

And wait'll you see him in his cadet uniform! You'd be sorry, too!

Some time later, Ruby and her papa attend the dress parade at West Point, where she sees the handsome Dick, now battalion commander of the cadets.

Unable to hide her feelings, she goes to him, but Dick, thinking it's just the uniform she's fallen for, brushes her off his brass buttons, making her so darn mad that she ups and announces her engagement to Eldredge.

When Ruby is selected by the cadets to play the lead in a play they are putting on, with Dick as

(*Please turn to page* 101)



(Right) Florence Rice, John Gilbert, Victor McLaglen and Fred Keating, four of the jolly principals in Columbia's version of Wallace Smith's gay and amusing novel, "The Captain Hates the Sea."



In Paramount's "The Pursuit of Happiness," Joan Bennett and Francis Lederer will try to prove that the elements of young love were no different in 1776 than they are in 1934.



The second co-starring appearance of Irene Dunne and John Boles is in RKO's picturization of Edith Wharton's "Age of Innocence," a novel with a 19th Century background. Remember "Back Street"?

"Pamp" Tone Makes Good

The home town story of the young man from Niagara Falls, New York, who is rapidly making a name for himself in the movie capital

By ETHEL HOFFMAN

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.—Honeymooners here are getting something new with their excursion tickets. It's something the local guidebooks don't mention but the honeymooners sure will when they get back on the native heath.

For the famous Horseshoe Falls, the Cave of the Winds, Abe Lincoln's signature in the Cataract House register—all these ancient landmarks have a rival. The Falls has a native hero to point to! None other than Franchot Tone!

The Falls has gone Tone-conscious with a bang! We serve Tone sandwiches in the local drug stores. Barber shops feature Tone cuts. Bridegrooms grow restless and brides absent-minded as the local dragomen pilot tourists down Buffalo Avenue, pointing to a dark roof rising above thick trees—"Franchot Tone's home"—etc., etc., etc.

THE dragomen could have saved several hundred syllables a day if they'd accepted the nickname by which all his childhood friends call him—"Pamp."

He's Pamp because a kid cousin, Betty Franchot, couldn't negotiate the double consonants of Franchot and dogged her handsome young relative's footsteps piping "Pampo . . . Pampo!"

"Sounds like a cocker-spaniel or something!" cracked another cousin and watched to see if Franchot would wince. Not a twitch. The kid could take it! So the clan graciously elided the nickname to "Pamp" and it's stuck. I don't believe it would have made a great deal of difference to Franchot what they called him. He never took his opinion of himself from the reaction of the gang. He lived in a world of his own and measured himself with his own footrule.

Not that he was anti-social, not by a long shot! His mimicry of the Episcopalian minister pepped up many a dull adolescent party. He skated with the rest of the mackintoshed youngsters on the Loop—a little pond within spray's distance of the silver Rapids. Not well, no figure eights, but he skated.

He swam when the Tone family shrouded its Duncan Phyfes in white linen and hied themselves off to the Lake of Bays for the Summer.

He played marbles and did the customary "scribbling" with chalk on the neighborhood sidewalks. But he never let the crowd absorb him.

The Devlins say that even as a baby, Franchot was silent, aloof, darkly reticent. Sam Devlin and his wife have known Pamp since he was born. They dawdled Pamp and his elder brother Jerry on their knees and taught them some of their first steps. Yet



L. J. Schiva & Son



(Left) Mr. Frank Tone, Franchot's father, who is the President of the Carborundum Company. (Above) The spacious Tone home at Niagara Falls where Franchot spent his early years, long before he ever had any ambitions to go on the stage. (Right) Gertrude Franchot Tone, the movie star's mother.



With Joan Crawford in one of their pictures together. Joan's and Franchot's names have been linked many times by screen writers.

Hurrell

today, they shake their heads and admit that Pamp was the one neighborhood lad who never beat a path through their pantry.

Jerry, broad-shouldered and with an infectious laugh, was a regular customer at the Devlin cookie jar. But never Pamp.

Franchot will tell you today, I believe, that a strange sympathy and understanding existed between him and Mrs. Devlin. It was uppermost when he was engrossed in creating a role. Or, I should say, The role. For he was always Charlie Chaplin. Everyone on Buffalo Avenue remembers Pamp's penchant for dressing up as Chaplin. Yards and yards of black serge pants, a coat whose shoulders sagged like tired bats' wings over his slender arms, derby and mammoth shoes. Scuffling, trotting and taking corners on one leg, he would make his way down Buffalo Avenue—only it wasn't Buffalo Avenue to him but the Bowery or the Barbary Coast or some of Chaplin's typical locales.

Lots of the neighborhood kids "dressed up" but none played his part with the thoroughness of Pamp. Without a glance, he'd pass by his mother's friends to whom he had graciously handed a plate of mushroom paste sandwiches at tea the afternoon before. The more obtuse of them would call gaily: "Good-afternoon, Pamp, how is your mother today?" When he looked through them glassily, they'd bridle a bit and mutter into their nose veils—"Well, if he was my child, I'd see that—" etc., etc., etc.

What they failed to realize was that Pamp wasn't being rude, in fact, he wasn't being Pamp. He was Charles Chaplin. And as Charlie Chaplin, these amiable, well-groomed dowagers, strolling Buffalo Avenue in the shady afternoon, just didn't exist.

Among his mother's friends, however, was Mrs. Devlin, who did understand. With infinite tact, she would pass the grotesque little figure without a smile or a nod. They understood each other, those two.

Cornell sheik, idol of New York debbies, favorite leading man for such sirens as Jane Cowl and Joan Crawford, yet Pamp's growth and development has been most intimately affected by two white-haired women and a demure, calm-browed school m'arm.

The first is Madame Franchot, his maternal grandmother—fine, independent, blue stocking matriarch of the House of Franchot, who at present makes her home in Washington, D. C. It was Madame who taught Pamp and brother Jerry reading. It was she who combed the Falls until she found the kind of teacher to whom she felt she might turn over the boys for further instruction in the three "R's". It was she who insisted that they study Latin from their earliest years.

Franchot took up music at his grandmother's suggestion and, in doing so, laid the foundation for a love of music that was to last through his years at Cornell, where his collection of operatic records enjoyed campus-wide renown. To this day, Franchot calls his first and only music teacher "Aunt Alice," dainty Miss Alice Trott.

Years ago, when Pamp was a Trott pupil, Falls folk had to journey the 25-odd miles to Buffalo to satisfy their taste in arpeggios and arias. The adult Tones, in tail coats and llama wraps, made their pilgrimage in to Buffalo's Elmwood Music Hall or Twentieth Century Club in the evening. But Pamp watched from the upper windows without disappointment, for, as a rule, he had gone in himself in the afternoon aboard a fat, rocking yellow trolley with Miss Trott and a score of her pupils.

"Pamp enjoyed the recitation recitals," reminisces Miss Trott today. "On the journey home, when the other children were jumping about in their seats or fetching innumerable drinks from the water-cooler, Pamp would come and sit quietly beside me and discuss what the lecturer had said.

"I remember one ride back, when he stared out at the snowy fields rushing by in the twilight and suddenly turning to me with an air of discovery, he said: "That woman was right, wasn't she (*Please turn to page* 83)

YOU TELL US

This department is the People's Academy. The people whose names appear here attend the movies. Their letters serve as a guide to the type of entertainment they like or dislike

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.



"As Doctor Ferguson in 'Men in White,' Clark Gable gave one of the best performances of his career," says one of his fans.

Gable Scores

I send my orchids to Clark Gable for his fine performance in "Men in White."

He put into it all the tenderness and kindness that endear him to the hearts of his fans. As Doctor Ferguson, the perplexed young interne, he gave one of the best performances of his career. Come on fans, let's hear more about Clark.—*Miss C. Goldsmith, 215 W. 75th St., New York City.*

Keeping Willie Home!

I have just finished reading articles in two newspapers, in which some of our very "moral" people have voiced their decision to "clean up" pictures. Among the pictures condemned (and there were many of them), were "Little Man, What Now?" "This Man Is Mine," "It Happened One Night," "Stingaree," "The Life of Vergie Winters," and among those "indecent in spots" was "Little Miss Marker" (a picture that my three children and I saw and enjoyed thoroughly). If, in condemning these, we can visualize what "good" type of pictures they plan for the future, our hope of entertainment is shot. If the average adult person is to be forced to accept pictures suited only to minds of five-to-fourteen-year-old persons whose mothers are too indolent to determinedly forbid them visiting picture theaters when an adult picture is shown, the motion picture producer had better close up shop and go into the picture post card business. I admit "Little Women" was "sweet" but too much sweetness in our pictures would soon pall. The type of picture can very easily be determined by the leading characters. Norma Shearer, Leslie Howard, Robert Montgomery, Herbert Marshall and artists of that type would never be found in Little-Red-Riding-Hood pictures, whereas other equally good actors would never be found in sophisticated pictures. Mothers can easily keep their children from viewing pictures "undesirable" for childish minds, but the same pictures are not necessarily "undesirable" where an adult is concerned. I have three children and I know. If the lead doesn't happen to wear as many clothes as Mrs. Small Town, the picture isn't necessarily indecent. If the small talk in a picture holds keener wit than the Callaghans and Murphys use over their back fence, it isn't necessarily immoral. After all this is the Twentieth Century and the average grownup knows most of the answers. For goodness sake, let the mothers "snap out of it" and keep Willie home from seeing "When Ladies Meet" and "Riptide" and let him go when Buck Jones or Tim McCoy are offering a horse opera or the "Three Little Pigs" are joyfully capering around, and let the average adult continue seeing pictures that take them out of the terribly boring rut of every-day humble tasks and offer entertainment suitable for minds over fourteen.—*Mrs. Emily Dunham, 11 Maple Court, Bay Shore, L. I.*

A Father's View

With all this church propaganda against indecent movies, I, a common movie goer, rise to protest.



Another Sten enthusiast declares: "I've never seen a more beautiful, gorgeous, glamorous star than Anna Sten!"

I have just returned from witnessing "Little Miss Marker." According to the list issued by the Archdiocese of Chicago of the Catholic church, this picture is "offensive in spots."

I detest dirt and vulgarity in pictures but I found nothing at all offensive in this one. And I claim to have as fine sensibilities as the average man. I am the father of four children, ages ten to sixteen, and did not hesitate to let them all see this fine performance.

All pictures cannot and should not be brought down to the mental and moral level of a twelve-year-old child. I believe the motion picture industry is putting out a better brand of clean entertainment today than the legitimate stage has or ever will.—*Edward O. P. Thaw, Rutland Country Club, Rutland, Vermont.*

A NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE FAN WILL PRESENT THESE AWARDS

The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1934 in the films.

Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards. It is your vote that counts!

These letters may be addressed to either The People's Academy or to the Dollar Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

You are the judge and the jury. Write us what you think. The medals will be given for the following:

1. BEST ALL-AROUND FEATURE PICTURE
2. BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTRESS)
3. BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTOR)
4. BEST MUSICAL PICTURE
5. BEST HUMAN INTEREST PICTURE
6. BEST MYSTERY PICTURE
7. BEST ROMANCE
8. BEST COMEDY
9. BEST SHORT REEL PICTURE
10. BEST NEWSREEL PICTURE
11. BEST DIRECTION
12. BEST STORY

When all these votes are counted, the winners will be named. Then the fan whose vote most closely tallies with the final compilation will be given a trip to New York or Hollywood to present the awards. The stars and producers who win the medals will be there in person to receive them, wherever production schedules permit. All expenses to and from Hollywood or New York and entertainment, hotel accommodations, etc., will be borne by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. Cast your votes carefully and YOU MAY WIN THIS THRILLING TRIP.

Producers Beware! I believe that the directors have made a big mistake when they chose Loretta Young to star in "Born To Be Bad." On the contrary, she was really born to be good, and while she plays the part excellently, it is not because she relishes the part, but that she is an excellent actress.

Loretta Young is a future headliner, and will gain no dazzling lights on Broadway if she is starred in any future pictures which can be described as indecent, rotten, scandalous, etc., and I think the producers should see that a more careful survey is taken before they pick her for a part like she plays in "Born To Be Bad."—*Raymond Wagner, 4824 Eddy St., Chicago, Ill.*

Good Example It's about time a movie showed a husband and wife getting along so nicely as William Powell and Myrna Loy did in "The Thin Man." Most movies have too much flirting, cheating, divorce or scandal in a married couple's life.

If more pictures presented harmonious living, what a grand example the movies would present to those who take the Road to Reno instead of the Royal Road to Romance.—*Rose Mercurio, 134 West Fourth St., Pittsburgh, Calif.*

The Stage? Among many advantages the cinema

(*Please turn to page* 95)





(Left to right) Loretta Young, Otto Kruger, Norma Shearer and William Powell were four of the stars whose outstanding performances received favorable mention from the fans this month. We are proud of our readers' judgment in recognizing worth-while entertainment in the movies.

NEW LIPS
IN HOLLYWOOD

Girls like Bette Davis adopt a more convincing use of lip make-up

SO you have heard they aren't using much lipstick in Hollywood. We have too, but it is not precisely true, because girls who set the styles in motion pictures are making as liberal use as ever of lipstick, rouge and other cosmetics designed to improve the lips. But they are using it more adroitly. They realize that off the screen it should be applied so as to bring out the natural contours of the lips instead of serving as a glaring red mask over the mouth, and when making up for the screen the wide exaggerated lipstick is used only when that type of make-up suits the character portrayed. Bette Davis provides a good example of this newer use of lip cosmetics. Off screen, she uses the lighter make-up that reveals the elusive charm of her own lovely lips. In her recent depiction of Mildred in Warner Brothers' "Of Human Bondage" she appears with the exaggerated lip make-up that fits the character of Mildred.

You know how it was a few years ago—off the stage as well as on. Whatever prejudices there were against the use of this form of cosmetic had disappeared, so we used it with the lavish hand of a child dipping into the new box of water-colors. Red lips were the fashion. They made us look strong and brave and we thought they made us look young and beautiful. Screen stars followed, or led the fashion. We got used to it, just as we get used to any other fashion—knee-length skirts or green enameled fingernails.



Personality portrait by Elmer Fryer



● Bette Davis of Warner Brothers and First National with lighter make-up.

● She takes time between shots to beautify her lips.



Photo by Bert Longworth

● A one-sided bang and a wide coating of heavy lip make-up give an entirely different expression to Bette Davis's lovely face.

One or two of the stars went in so heavily for this exaggerated effect that in some cases, now that the reaction has set in in favor of more subtly made-up lips, orders have been issued from studio headquarters to destroy the old photographs showing the thick over-made-up lips with the hope that the dear Public will forget. Sure enough they are gone—but not forgotten, and the remembrance of them contrasted with the present subtler use of lip cosmetics will help us not to repeat the mistake.

But don't let the edict for more delicately colored lips lead to negligence. In our own opinion lip make-up, even when it is over-done, is one of the most valuable of all cosmetics uses. The immediate purpose of it all is naturally to improve the shape and color of the lips, but aside from that the regular use of good lipstick keeps the lips soft and smooth, preventing chapped, rough lips that were one of the usual cold weather beauty problems of girls in the pre-lipstick era.

"This is why I prefer Camels ——"

Mrs. Henry Field

OF CHICAGO



Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

■ Before her marriage to the grandnephew of Marshall Field, the founder of the family, Mrs. Henry Field went to school in Washington, in Switzerland, and in England. She collects French and American contemporary paintings, she writes, she plays, she is keenly interested in the theatre, and she prefers traveling by air. She loves to dance, goes constantly to balls and parties, and always smokes Camel cigarettes.

"The main reason I like Camels so much better than other cigarettes is because they taste better," says Mrs. Field. "I can smoke as many as I want because they are mild and don't make my nerves jumpy. I find, when I am tired, that smoking a Camel renews my energy, gives me a 'lift.'"

Camel smokers have noticed for a long time that they do get an increase in their flow of energy from Camels. This release of your latent energy is produced by Camels in a wholly safe and natural way. So, whenever you feel tired—smoke a mild, fragrant, *refreshing* Camel.



Camels are Milder

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS— TURKISH AND DOMESTIC — THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.

NOVEMBER DECEMBER

NEW— *actually good for your nails*

CUTEX CRÈME POLISH





DOES NOT SETTLE IN BOTTLE

- One great big advantage of Cutex Crème Polish is that it does not separate and settle in the bottle.
- The perfect companion to Cutex Crème Polish is the new Cutex Oily Polish Remover—contains a special oil to keep nails from becoming brittle.

CUTEX was the first to give you Liquid Polish . . . then a complete range of Colored Polish . . . and now here's *Crème* Polish that is actually beneficial to your nails!

The new Cutex Crème Polish absolutely will not make your nails dry or brittle. So you can stop worrying about broken or split finger nails.

And you'll find that the new Cutex Crème Polish goes on more divinely than ever, wears even longer without peeling or chipping. And has far more lustre than you've been accustomed to.

Also you know how you hate those ugly ridges in your nails—and those annoying little white spots. Cutex Crème Polish covers them up completely—hides every blemish!

Now—you might expect Cutex Crème Polish to cost more. But it *doesn't!* You actually get it for exactly the same price—just 35¢ a bottle. Crème or Clear.

8 lovely shades

It comes in eight delightful, authentically styled shades—Natural, Rose, Mauve, Coral, Cardinal, Vermilion, Ruby and Mahogany. At your favorite store. Better stock up on the right shade for every frock and every open-toed sandal in your closet.

*Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris



There is no pose that Fay can take without looking lovely. But that is not the secret of her charm—

Princess in the Tower

By JACK JAMISON

DO you know that the girl who has appeared in more pictures than any other star, this past year, is Fay Wray? "I haven't kept count," she says, "but I know there were an awful lot of them—thirteen, fifteen, something like that." . . . If she is in that many pictures, it means she must have some strong appeal all her own. What would you say it is?

Fay, herself, oddly enough, hasn't the least idea. She thinks there are three types of women in the world—but, when she tries to apply them to herself, she doesn't fit into any of the three types.

"If you're on a studio lot, or just walking through a department store," she believes, "there are certain definite types of feminine personality that stand out and take your eye. Everybody agrees about that.

"I divide them into three kinds. First, there is the well-groomed woman. She is severe yet feminine. She is beautifully dressed always. She looks refined, every inch a lady, and you know instantly that it isn't put on. Catch a glimpse of her eyes and you see at once that she is intelligent, an aristocrat. Norma Shearer is one of these women. She is always stunning.

On the screen, Fay Wray is like the heroine in a novel, who appeals to the gallantry of every knight in shining armor . . . .

"Then there's the vivid type. I don't mean she's vivid in the manner in which she dresses, but in her bearing. What shall I say?—she radiates a good deal of electric vitality. You probably think I have Clara Bow or some girl on that order in mind. It may surprise you when I tell you I'm thinking of Katharine Hepburn. She's what I mean by vivid.

"The third type I don't happen to be so keenly interested in, myself, but I don't doubt that women of this type are highly attractive to men. This is the demure girl—soft, fluffy, feminine in a girlish, kittenish way. She always has dreamy eyes and gives you the impression of innocence. I can't think of a woman to represent this type off-hand, but say Janet Gaynor in her screen parts. Janet is a lot of fun, but I am thinking of her only in her screen characterizations.

"Now, if those are the three types of women, as people say they are, I ought to be able to fit myself into one of them, but I can't. The most I can do is say I hope I fit into the first—the stately type, if you want to call it that. Yet I have a good strong hunch that I don't."

Don't you think that's rather amusing? Here is Fay, who is forced by public demand to play in four times (*Please turn to page* 86)

NOVEMBER DECEMBER

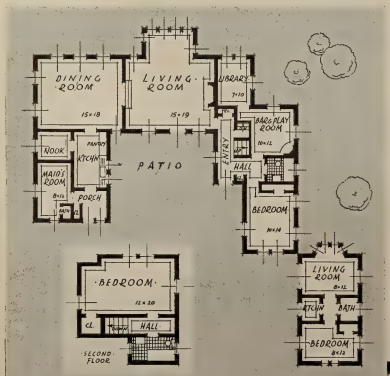
Joan's Hollywood Home

The Hollywood Hills home of Joan Blondell, lovely film star, and her husband, George Barnes, is situated on beautiful Lookout Mountain

LOW and rambling in the true California style is this lovely home of Joan Blondell, lovely film star and her husband, George Barnes. It started out to be quite a small house but now that a Joan or a George junior is due to arrive a very private little wing was added to be his or her very own.

The plan of the house is quite unusual and interesting. The living room is large and square with a big open fireplace and a windowed nook which gives a wonderful view of the lovely California mountains. Then there is the small library and the bar and playroom with its little corner fireplace. The dining room is exceptionally large and has plenty of wall space, the kitchen is small but is conveniently arranged and complete in every detail. The main portion of the house contains two bedrooms each with a connecting bath, one on the first floor and the other upstairs.

The new little wing is a small apartment in itself containing a bright and sunny living room, a tiny kitchen for preparing baby's meals, a bedroom and a bath.



The architectural style of the house is of the early California Spanish type. It is situated on the south slope of the Hollywood Hills on Lookout Mountain and has, without a doubt, one of the most beautiful views available in that section of the country. The exterior is constructed of whitewashed brick topped by a shingle roof. The bright blue shutters and cunning little iron balconies give an appearance of gaiety and informality to the house.

Joan loves flowers and likes to see them grow, which is quite evident in her lovely garden. Shrubs and plants of all kinds and colors occupy every available space and Joan takes care of them herself.

The interior decoration and furnishing of this little house are most expressive of Joan's own personality. The color schemes are bright and cheerful, the furniture is simple and comfortable and the entire atmosphere of the house is cosy and home-like.

Like a great many of the movie stars Joan was her own decorator; she also worked with the architect on the plans of the house while it was under construction.

Do you like Joan Blondell's house? We should like to know what you think of it and we should also like to know what other stars' homes interest you most and which ones you would like to see in pictures and plans. Send your comments and suggestions to Tower House Editor, in care of NEW MOVIE Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



The secluded patio with its bright plants and flowers is always an inviting spot.

Bottled Health



One quart of milk supplies about the same amount of bodily energy as 9 eggs, or ¾ lb. beefsteak, or 4/5 lb. chicken, or 6½ oranges, or 2 lb. potatoes, or 3 lb. string beans.

All of these foods build health and are important in the diet. The comparison merely brings out the essential part milk plays in contributing fuel or energy to the diet.

MILK, as an all-round food, is one of the most essential of our everyday foods. Milk gives you much for little. In choosing your foods, be sure that milk is among the first on the list.

For health, milk is conceded to be the almost perfect food. It contains practically all the elements that the human body needs: minerals, vitamins, proteins, sugars and fats —all necessary for building a healthy body and for warding off disease.

The form in which milk is taken is not important. Some persons like it cold. Others take it when they are ready for sleep and prefer it hot. Still others like it better when it is flavored with cocoa or chocolate or used in soups, sauces or desserts.

Milk should not be regarded as a beverage; it is a food. Sip it slowly; get the flavor out of it. Don't use it merely to quench thirst, and don't drink it rapidly. The gastric juice of the stomach causes milk to curdle shortly after you swallow it. If milk is drunk rapidly digestion is likely to be slow and difficult.



Children especially need plenty of milk. Rest has no charm for them. No healthy child will stay parked while awake. He waits a minute or two perhaps, and then he is an acrobat again. An active, growing child must have fuel and building material for his body. Give him good, fresh milk—a quart a day if you can. And give the grown-ups a pint a day. For underweights and convalescents, a quart. For expectant or nursing mothers, a quart.

Milk has unsurpassed food value. To take milk regularly is the surest and easiest way of making certain that you give your body the variety of food materials it needs to keep you in good physical condition.

To know milk as you should know it, ask for a free copy of the Metropolitan booklet "Milk—An All-Round Food." Address Booklet Department 1034.B.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Give a Hollywood Party



Fox Film players enjoying Sunday breakfast. Left to right, Iris Shunn, Elsie Larson, Nadine Dore, Anna Neagle, Rochelle Hudson, Dorothy Dearing, Pat Paterson, Rosemary Ames and Drue Leyton.

Youthful film players rally round the lavishly spread table for breakfast on Sunday morning

MIDDAY on Sunday morning with plenty of good things to eat in the kitchen and pantry and half a dozen friends or more asked to drop in for a spread. There you have the preliminaries for the kind of party that Hollywood hostesses like best. Weather permitting in Hollywood, the breakfast will be spread on the lawn or in a patio, but wherever it is served it should have something of the informality of an outdoor meal.

Steaming platters of midget sausages, broiled bacon, strips of broiled ham, chicken livers and creamed chipped beef—with platters of eggs in sundry fashion—scrambled, shirred or fried. Coffee, of course, with bread sticks, small breakfast rolls, bran or corn muffins and hot biscuits with plenty of country butter and jam or preserves give the lie to those who say that Hollywood girls all follow a rigid diet.

It's a most agreeable sort of party and suits every one. Those who have gone partying on Saturday night may lie abed till noon and still arrive on time, while more energetic guests who rise early on Sunday morning for golf, riding or a swim are ready for a keen appetite for this noon day feast.

The dining room is set much as it would be for a buffet supper with the dishes piled, according to size, and forks nearby. The size of the party determines the number of coffee services to be placed on the table or buffet. It is wise to keep the steaming coffee in the kitchen and fill up decorative coffee pots as needed. And there should be several pitchers of cream and as many bowls of sugar so that no one has to wait long for coffee.

In fair and warmer weather guests select their food from the dining table and go outdoors or into the patio, where cozy tables and chairs await them. Many important players in Hollywood, however, have the breakfast dishes actually served from the lawn. When this is done several steam tables are brought outdoors so that the food will not chill too easily. Often a large table is set up on the lawn so that the guests have the fun of sitting down together like one large family.



The outdoor breakfast buffet showing cantaloup, orange juice, berries, ham, bacon, sausages, scrambled eggs, rolls, toast and coffee.

At the home breakfast party the hostess usually has a room devoted to pingpong and other games where those who prefer to remain indoors may play or not as they will. If the grounds are spacious enough, a tennis or Badminton court lures the visitors, and even a croquet set offers many a laugh and just enough of the competitive element to make it interesting.

The informal, buffet style lawn breakfast as shown in the accompanying photographs were made at Fox Movietone City, where the younger Fox starlets gather.

He rated their skin 10 years younger than their age

Dermatologist's Examination proves Society Beauties' Skin flawless as they were ten years ago





SKIN YOUTH, dermatologists say, depends upon the activity of the skin's circulation . . . its tone or elasticity . . . the virility of its oil glands.

From 16 to 20, they report, the skin is at the height of its loveliness. Then it is thin—smooth—transparent—line-free—radiantly fresh. Blemishes are unknown.

But its youth is quickly fleeting. Before you are aware, your skin begins to fade—starved for the precious youth-giving oils once created by the active glands deep within it. Then it appears more and more rough—sallow—wrinkled.

If you prize the youth of your skin, you must arouse its languid circulation—replenish the lazy glands—give the skin youth-sustaining oils.

One cream answers all skin needs

In Pond's fragrant Cold Cream there is a rare blend of specially processed oils. They are combined with such precise and knowing scientific skill that they quickly seep into the very depths of the skin. Their effect is instant! Their continuous use a tonic to the skin!

EVERY NIGHT . . . smooth Pond's Cold Cream over your face and neck. Pat it in briskly for just a moment. You will feel its gentle oils seeping into the pores—floating out and away the day's accumulation of make-up, dust, grime—dissolving incipient blackheads.

The rich oils in this cream do more than cleanse. When laughter lines, worry lines . . . crepiness appear, when coarse pores and harsh texture threaten—these rare oils help to keep the skin young. You notice at once how smooth your skin becomes.

You'll be amazed to see how evenly powder and make-up go on. Delighted to find it still fresh after hours and hours.

This remarkable ability to cleanse deeply, to erase age signs, to flatter the skin to new smoothness, has been Pond's passport around the world. Women who can "have everything" choose Pond's Cold Cream. The wisest budgeteers use it. It is the cream of millionairesses and of the millions.

Pond's also makes a new cream that liquefies instantly on the skin—Pond's Liquefying Cream. It contains the same specially processed oils as Pond's Cold Cream.

Send coupon for 3 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream and 3 other Pond's effective beauty aids.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. K
48 Hudson Street, New York

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for 3 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream with samples of 3 other Pond's Creams and special boxes of Pond's Face Powder.
I prefer 3 different *Light* shades of powder ☐
I prefer 3 different *Dark* shades ☐

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

Mrs. F. Grover Cleveland

"Mrs. Cleveland has a fine, delicate skin. No defects are patent. Her skin looks ten years younger than her age."—*Dermatologist's Report.* Mrs. Cleveland says: "I wouldn't be without Pond's Cold Cream for a day."

Princess Xenia of Russia

"Princess Xenia has a perfect brunette complexion. Texture fine. No blemishes. A youthful freshness usual in the early twenties."—*Dermatologist's Report.* The Princess says: "I have used Pond's Cold Cream for six years."



Pond's Cold Cream **cleanses—corrects skin faults—prepares for powder. Used by 1 out of every 5 women who use cream. *Pond's Liquefying Cream* serves the same purposes. Quicker melting.**

CORRECTS THESE SKIN FAULTS *in 20's*



FIGHTS OFF THESE AGE SIGNS *after 30*



Look in your mirror. Test your skin on all these points . . . they denote Skin Age. *Correct them with this specially processed cream.*

NOVEMBER DECEMBER



In 1930, Anna Neagle was a chorus girl in an English play, "Wake Up and Dream." Perhaps the title of the play spurred her on, but at any rate, she's won stardom since then. She was seen in "Bitter Sweet," played the lead in "Nell Gwyn," and will grace "The Queen's Affair." She is expected here soon to play opposite Ronald Colman in "Clive of India." Quite a career packed in those few years!

Why does the Smart Woman use FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS?



. . . BECAUSE SCIENTIFIC TESTS HAVE PROVEN THEM EQUAL TO $1 TO $3 BRANDS IN QUALITY AND PURITY — YET THEY COST ONLY 10¢!

THERE isn't a law in the land that prevents you from paying $1 to $3 for your beauty aids, if you wish. But common sense dictates that if you can buy similar quality and purity for 10¢ — *that* is the smart thing to do.

And that's exactly why more and more women every day are turning to Faoen Beauty Aids. Their exquisite fineness is proven by the following report from a famous Research Laboratory:

"every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for $1, $2 and $3.".

No longer must you pay high prices for the best. Faoen has made loveliness inexpensive. Be smart—start using Faoen Beauty Aids—today!

FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS ARE 10¢ EACH

PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
(FAY-ON)
Beauty Aids

SOLD AT F. W. WOOLWORTH CO. STORES

● CLEANSING CREAM · COLD CREAM FACE POWDER · ROUGES · PERFUMES ●

NOVEMBER DECEMBER

HATS for CORA SUE

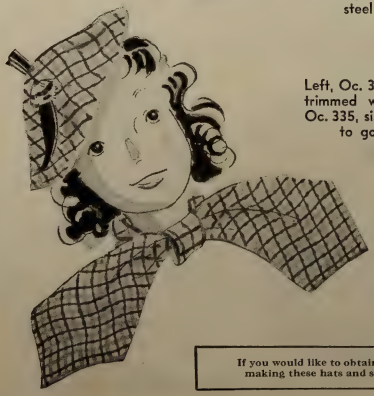
Up-to-date hats for autumn school days approved by Cora Sue Collins, M-G-M starlet of "Treasure Island" fame



Cora Sue Collins, youthful actress now appearing with Jackie Cooper in M-G-M's picture, "Treasure Island," chooses these hats for brisk days in Autumn and Winter.



Left above, Oc. 332. The Scotch cap designed for Cora Sue, and Oc. 333, the matching scarf with steel ring fastening.



Left, Oc. 334. A new style beret trimmed with a small feather, Oc. 335, simply constructed scarf to go with the beret.



Above, Oc. 336. Bonnet turned jauntily up at the front with a peak at the back. Oc. 337. Scarf of woolen material to match.

If you would like to obtain patterns and directions for making these hats and scarfs please turn to page 74



Tintex

Makes Faded Home Decorations NEW —for Just a Few Cents

Keeps your Wardrobe Color-Fresh, too . . .

•

HERE'S money-saving news for Fall! There's no need to buy new slip-covers, curtains, drapes, or other home-decorations just because your present ones are faded or out-of-fashion in color. For a few pennies Tintex will make them like new...or give them a different color, if you wish. No bother, either . . . simply "tint as you rinse."

Remember, too, Tintex is color-magic for your wardrobe. It gives *professional* results in the twinkling of an eye...without muss, without fuss. That is why smart women always depend on it to keep their apparel color-fresh—color-new. 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose. Keep your favorite colors always on hand!

PARK & TILFORD, *Distributors*

Use TINTEX for *Underthings · Negligees Dresses · Sweaters · Scarfs · Stockings · Slips Men's Shirts · Blouses · Children's Clothes Curtains · Bed Spreads · Drapes Luncheon Sets · Doilies · Slip Covers*

On sale at drug stores and notion counters everywhere



Tintex *World's Largest Selling* **Tints & Dyes**

By
JOHN EDGAR WEIR



MUSIC IN THE MOVIES

The new season's array of musical pictures opens with the Technicolor short, "La Cucaracha."

BIGGEST HITS

"TROUBLED WATERS," played by Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Victor)

"ALL I DO IS DREAM OF YOU," played by Henry Busse and his orchestra. (Columbia)

"JUNGLE FEVER," played by Red Nichols and his World Famous Pennies. (Bluebird)

"THE SUN IS 'ROUND THE CORNER," played by Ray Noble and his orchestra. (Victor)

IF you saw "Viva Villa" a few months back, you may remember the marching song of the famous Mexican bandit, Pancho Villa. Now Pioneer Pictures have embodied it in a Technicolor short for you. A new idea, this putting music on to the screen with color, and an interesting experiment. The picture is called, simply, by the name of the song, "La Cucaracha."

Paul Whiteman has recorded "Beach Boy" and "Nothing Else to Do," from the picture, "Down to Their Last Yacht"; and both "Flirtation Walk," the Warner Brothers film laid at West Point, and "Romance in the Rain," will be full of tunes. Who said musicals were dead? The screen is bringing us more and more good music week by week.

And here are the best of this month's selection of recordings.

"Troubled Waters" from the new Mae West picture is played by Duke Ellington and his orchestra. This is a tune that is right in style for the Duke, and he presents it in his own original way. Plenty of weird brass effects, and swell Ellington harmony. The vocal is sung by Ivie Anderson, and she certainly puts it over. If you like smart dance music, don't miss it.

"My Old Flame," another tune from the same picture is on the other side, and this is also played by Duke Ellington and his orchestra. It is the same type of tune, played to slow tempo, with excellent vocal work by Ivie Anderson. (Victor)

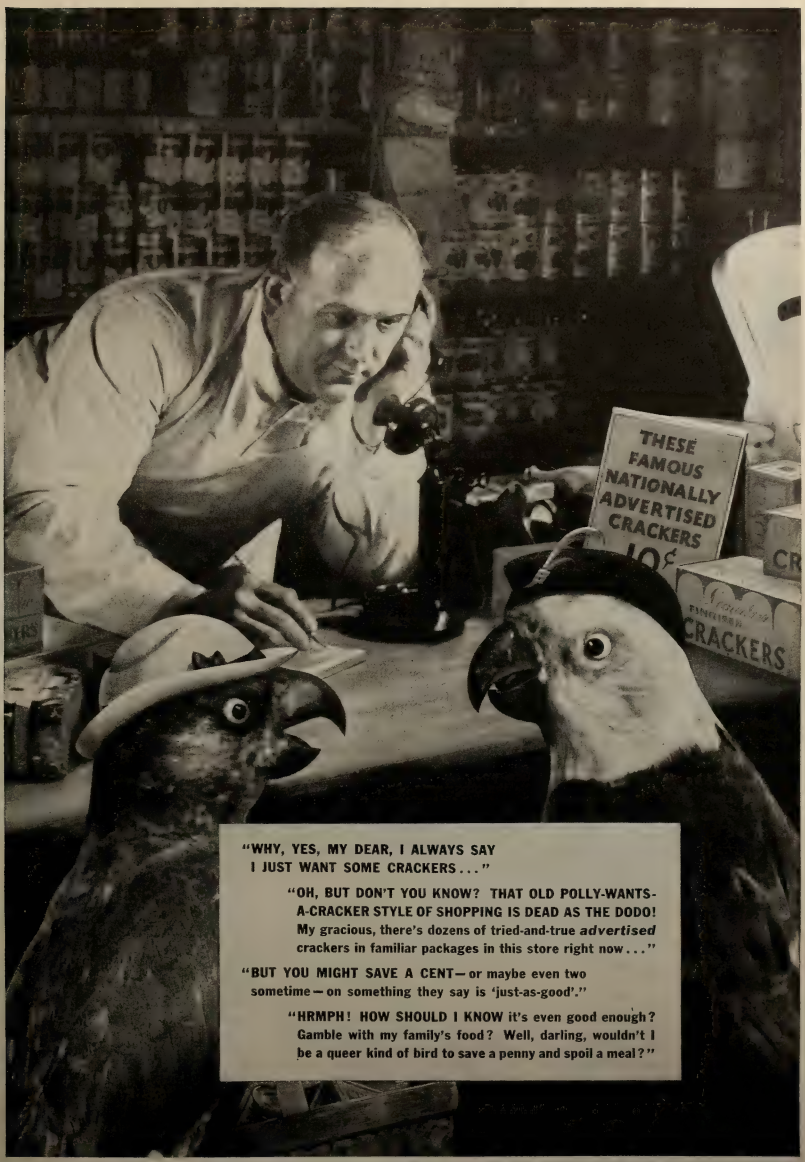
"All I Do is Dream of You" from the M-G-M film, "Sadie McKee," is played by Henry Busse and his orchestra. There is no doubt but that Busse has a fine band, but the recording people make a mistake when they have him record tunes without featuring his famous trumpet playing. After all, that's what made him famous, and that's what we want to hear. I'm sure that if Busse made a record of "When Day Is Done" the sales would be tremendous. There is a vocal chorus in this by Rex Griffith.

"Fool that I Am" is the tune on the other side, and this is also played by Henry Busse and his orchestra. A good tune and well played, with some very good vocal work by Dot, Kay and Em. (Columbia)

"Jungle Fever" played by Red Nichols and his World Famous Pennies, is great. This is from the M-G-M film, "Operator 13," and is another tune written by Walter Donaldson. I think that Red has been in the music game as long as anybody, but he never seems to go stale. His trumpet playing is still right on top, too. The singing, done by the *Songopators*, is great.

"Rockin' in Rhythm" is on the other side. This is one of Duke Ellington's compositions and wait until you hear Red and the boys get off with this one. Really good team work on the part of the saxophones and as usual, Red Nichols himself doing the trumpeting. (Bluebird)

"The Sun is 'Round the Corner," played by Ray Noble and his orchestra, is another example of this English band's fine work. I don't think that we'll ever hear a bad record with Noble's name on it. There is some great muted brass work in it, not to mention the vocal refrain. However, as in (*Please turn to page* 87)



"WHY, YES, MY DEAR, I ALWAYS SAY I JUST WANT SOME CRACKERS . . ."

"OH, BUT DON'T YOU KNOW? THAT OLD POLLY-WANTS-A-CRACKER STYLE OF SHOPPING IS DEAD AS THE DODO! My gracious, there's dozens of tried-and-true *advertised* crackers in familiar packages in this store right now . . ."

"BUT YOU MIGHT SAVE A CENT— or maybe even two sometime — on something they say is 'just-as-good'."

"HRMPH! HOW SHOULD I KNOW it's even good enough? Gamble with my family's food? Well, darling, wouldn't I be a queer kind of bird to save a penny and spoil a meal?"

Think of TOMORROW when you take that laxative TODAY!

It's easy enough to take a laxative that "works"! But what of tomorrow? What of the harm that might be done to the intestines? What of the danger of forming a habit?

Violent laxatives are bad for you. They shock your system—you feel weak—your day is marked by embarrassing moments. And worst of all—you may find yourself more constipated than ever. For the frequent use of "purging" cathartics often encourages chronic constipation—they may form a habit.

EX-LAX—the laxative that does not form a habit

There *is* a laxative that avoids these bad features. Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative, acts so easily and so gently that you scarcely know you have taken anything. You take Ex-Lax just when you need a laxative—it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

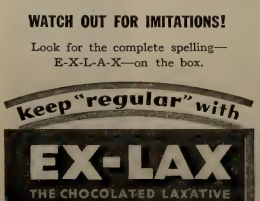
Ex-Lax is gentle—yet it is thoroughly effective. It works overnight without over-action.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate flavor. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it to be thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

Over 50,000 druggists sell Ex-Lax—in 10c and 25c boxes.

WATCH OUT FOR IMITATIONS!

Look for the complete spelling—E-X-L-A-X—on the box.



Singing Her Way to Stardom

(*Continued from page 6*)

curious thing. She went down to her very precise old Scotch grandmother. She asked the conservative grandparent for advice and was told to do what seemed to be best and be prepared for plenty of hard work. Ethel decided to go on the stage and every new performance since then has been honored by the presence of her grandmother, Mary Gardner, who makes a trip up from Long Island to see each Merman opening. And what a thrill that dear old grandmother gets of going back stage after the performance and seeing her "little Ethel" among the greats of show business.

PARENTS who attempt to restrain ambition for the screen or theater in their children should talk to Grandmother Gardner and Mother Zimmerman. They would quickly dispel the notion that the stage "is not a good place for a nice girl" or that a girl cannot earn a thousand dollars a week on the screen and still be a sweet home-loving type.

If you are a private secretary and are tired of hearing Mr. Whosis drone "take a letter Miss Adorable," and you think that you'd rather have Mr. De Mille screaming "action" in your ear, Ethel Merman has solved your problem. She has pioneered on the highway from office to screen star. Merely take note of her experience and you too may be appearing in NEW MOVIE one of these days.

Away back in 1929, when most of us were busy watching the stock market or rushing around making instalment payment on everything from flivvers to fishing tackle, Ethel was very busy being private secretary to a noted sportsman and industrial magnate. Just out of Bryant High School a few months, and the daughter of Edward and Agnes Zimmerman of Astoria, Long Island, she was just a small town girl who was working awfully hard to be a good secretary.

But just being a good secretary was not the only thing which Ethel wanted. She was deadly in earnest about going on the stage some day. Ever since the World War days, when as a child her father used to stand her on the piano to sing to the soldiers in the Long Island cantonments, Ethel had always had the hope that some day she would get a chance to go in the movies or sing in a musical comedy.

Today, only five years afterward, Ethel Merman is as important as any star in the musical comedy world. And in screenland, she is close on the trim heels of the Harlows and Crawfords. Having established herself as a hit in a featured role opposite Bing Crosby in "We're Not Dressing," her first picture, she was immediately signed to play the lead opposite Eddie Cantor in his yearly screen effort under the direction of Sam Goldwyn. Playing the lead for a Cantor-Goldwyn combination certainly means stardom right away. And it seems that other talented girls who are willing to work hard as Ethel did, can make a success too!

Ethel has been so busy making a success during the last five years, that she had almost no time to notice that most young men her age and even older, were lucky to be making $25 a week. And when a fellow hasn't much left over living expenses, he's not likely to foster his romantic inclinations towards a girl who can make three thousand a week. Yet Ethel admits there have been plenty of times when she only wished that someone would call her up and take her to the movies, just as they used to do when she was "only a secretary."

And when there have been other young men, romantically inclined who had no problem of finance. Fellows with family fortunes and successful young brokers. All have tried their persuasions on Ethel without success. She is unmarried and intends to stay that way until . . . well, until the right young fellow comes along.

She has plenty to say on this matter of love and marriage, and the "futility" of combining marriage with a career. She quickly admits that she never has really been in love but that when that right man turns up, the movies, stage, and radio will have to look elsewhere for entertainment. No dual roles for Ethel! She is convinced that there is no such thing as a wife successfully combining business and home.

Hollywood, according to Mr. Cantor's new leading lady, is the dullest town which she has ever visited. She says its so dull that everyone is bored and lonesome and, although not always realizing it, the people there often marry just to have company, and hoping love will follow. When troubles come, there is no love to bind the ties and divorce follows. And she says no place has she ever seen so many beautiful girls. Hundreds of them walking the streets aimlessly. No jobs. And those with jobs, bored to death, and with almost no diversions, there being about five girls to every man in the town.

PROBABLY of all the countless thousands of girls who sit all day in offices tapping away on typewriters, there aren't a half-a-dozen who wouldn't accept immediately, should Mr. Zukor or Mr. Mayer drop in with a film contract. Five years ago Ethel Merman was one of those girls. But instead of waiting to be "discovered", she went out and did something about it. She worked nights after the office, singing whenever and wherever she could until finally she was signed to sing in the Russian Restaurant on West 57th Street in New York City. She was not over-confident however, and kept her job in the office, rushing home each night for a few hours rest, and then going to the "night-shift."

Ethel says that it is helpful to be able to sing and act if going into the theater professionally, but unless girls know how to dress well, they retard their chances of success tremendously. In the matter of being attractive to men, she feels that it is all a matter of "clothes personality." Pretty faces may help, but it is clothes which tell the story. Good taste and simplicity in dress, whether in expensive creations or basement bargains will do much to put any girl on the road to success.

It was while working in the Russian Restaurant that Ethel signed her first movie contract. Lou Irwin, a Broad-

Singing Her Way to Stardom

way agent saw her and introduced her to Archie Mayo of Warner Brothers. Mayo was so impressed that he signed her for six months, with the terms of her contract forcing her to give up her other jobs. Six months passed, she drew her salary regularly and never got a chance to appear before the camera. At the end of the half-year, her option was not taken up.

Ethel had one bitter disappointment while she was still a secretary. Enough to make many people quit. But not Ethel! She got her employer to give her an introduction to his friend George White, who was just casting the 1929 "Scandals". Mr. White gave her an audition and then said, "I'll give you a job as a show girl". But, she insisted, "I'm a singer". Mr. White didn't think so and Ethel went back to being a secretary, refusing to believe that she wasn't a singer. Mr. White had to admit he was wrong a few months later when Vincent Freedley gave Ethel the leading role in his musical show "Girl Crazy" which took Broadway by storm and played to capacity houses for nine months, not only putting Ethel over but also making another young hopeful, Ginger Rogers.

The ladies and gentlemen of the press were so glowing in their praise of the "Freedley find" that the swanky Central Park Casino engaged her for after-theater. The Casino is the night club in New York's Central Park where in those days a late evening snack could be had for a hundred dollar bill. There gathered nightly the international playboys, the then mayor, Dapper Jimmy Walker, and a host of other celebrities.

Johnny Green, the young fellow who wrote "Body and Soul", the song which carried Libby Holman to fame, also wrote a series of musical shorts in which Ethel appeared for Paramount. Johnny, grand composer that he is, denies the assertion of some people who confuse the Holman and Merman voices. He says that Libby's songs are quite throaty and impassioned, while Ethel's delivery is knife-like, clear in quality and her songs hot and peppy.

When "Take A Chance" opened in Wilmington, Delaware, on Thanksgiving, 1932, Ethel found herself playing the lead of another smashing musical comedy hit, and receiving unstinted praise from all the important critics. The show was in New York until the following spring, when the movie companies got busy and started dangling attractive temptations before Ethel. She was won over and went to Hollywood. When "We're Not Dressing" opened on Broadway, the cycle was complete.

Ethel Merman . . . school girl . . . secretary . . . night club singer . . . musical comedy star . . . movie success!

Be on the lookout for Herb Howe's interesting and amusing articles in the NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, on sale the first of every month.

LET ME TELL YOU HOW A GOLDEN NAPTHA SOAP GAVE ME A MILLION-DOLLAR WASH





Ann Prescott: "Tickled?...you bet! My clothes aren't gray any more—they're *white*, Betty. They're gorgeous! And I found out what was wrong . . . That *'trick'* soap I used to wash with wasn't getting all the dirt out of my clothes. Then..."



Ann Prescott: "I bought a few bars of Fels-Naptha Soap—and I never saw the beat of it for hurrying out dirt. Here, smell the reason yourself—there's *lots of naptha* in that golden bar!"

M-M-M!...Linens so white they fairly gleam! Clothes that are fresh as a breeze! Washes that make you pop with pride!

Here's the *easier* way to get them—*change to Fels-Naptha Soap!* You'll like the way it loosens grimiest dirt. You'll like the way it makes *suds that stay sudsy—nice and creamy and rich*. You'll like the way it hustles along the wash.

What is Fels-Naptha's secret? . . . It is two lively cleaners instead of one. *Golden* soap that's richer—and *plenty* of dirt-loosening naptha in every bar.

Fels-Naptha Soap is so gentle, you can use it for daintiest things—lingerie, silk stockings, woolens. It's kind to hands, for there's soothing glycerine in every bar. It's a willing worker in tub or machine—in hot, lukewarm or cool water—whether you soak or boil clothes.

And more happy news—Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost twenty years! Get a few bars today! . . . Fels & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

© 1934, FELS & CO.

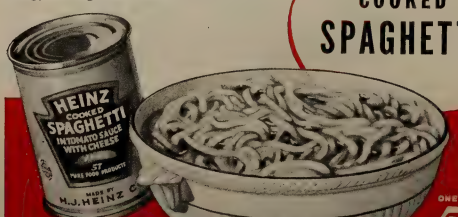
NOVEMBER DECEMBER

"MAN···I LOVE THIS ITALIAN SPAGHETTI"



EVERY man relishes Heinz Cooked Spaghetti because it's the genuine Italian kind—cooked and blended after the recipe of a famous Italian chef. The spaghetti is meltingly tender and wholesome—made by Heinz from choicest Durum wheat—dried in washed air. And what a savory, flavory sauce is cooked *through* every delicate strand! You taste the tang of snappy imported cheese—and the rich, juicy goodness of red-ripe Heinz tomatoes, zestfully spiced! Keep a liberal supply of Heinz Cooked Spaghetti on your emergency shelf. Use it frequently for delicious, energy-making home meals.

HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI



ONE OF THE 57

Little Miss Temple

(*Continued from page* 29)

restraint, she handed it to me. "Hold my kitty, will you please?" she said. "I brought him because I thought you might want to interview him." From this remark I gleaned that she had been told she was in for another session with a scribe, but with the passing of the "Kitty" all that she may have dreaded was forgotten.

She glanced at the birds on her way to the back of the garden. I have over a hundred of them, all colors and sizes. I also have a small fleet of miniature sail boats which we race in the swimming pool. Shirley had spotted them from beneath the rose arbor. The birds were out of luck. Curls bobbing in the breeze, she ran to the edge of the pool and up the steps.

"Shirley," 'Mum' called, "Don't go on the top step. We don't want to have to fish you out!"

"How deep is it?" Shirley, the practical, called, eying the boats which she couldn't reach without mounting the forbidden top step.

"Plenty deep! Wait a minute, we've got a life guard." I called the young man to whom I am married and still cannot refer to as "my husband." I introduced him to Mrs. Temple and we joined the miracle who was patiently waiting to take over command of the fleet. "This is Gilbert, Shirley," I said.

"Hello!" The precious dimple leaped into action as she stood smiling up at his six foot one of blondness. He was wearing swimming trunks and an old sweat shirt. I'm sure she believed he was a life guard, but who he was didn't matter, he was definitely hers. His arm made the top step safe. The fact that he had made the biggest ship in the fleet himself impressed her. That he stood with his arm about a miracle and didn't ask questions made him eligible for second in command. The cup race began. Rear Admiral Temple started to work in earnest. Frank, my chauffeur, appeared with another ship. The admiral launched it with a sail sopping above. "Look at it go!" she chuckled with all the gusto of an "Old Salt." We landlubbers, "Mum" and I, felt slightly *de trop*.

"They will take good care of her. Let's have tea," I said and led the way back to the Patio.

Mrs. Temple is decidedly Mrs. Temple and not just Shirley's mother. She is charming, humorous, and has both feet on the ground, despite the fact that she is attached to about the most sensational rising star yet seen in the cinema firmament. You will have read in practically any film magazine you pick up that Mr. and Mrs. Temple are just nice folks who live at Santa Monica, California. Mr. Temple is manager of a bank. Mrs. Temple, until a short time ago, was the wife of a bank manager who had one son eighteen and one fourteen. After much wishing, longing, and no little amount of pre-arrival difficulty Mrs. Temple brought into the hectic world of 1929 the miracle. Mrs. Temple only wanted a baby girl. She had no special plans or specifications. The baby girl was most attractive and Mrs. Temple thought she might be prejudiced in her opinion that her baby was unusually bright, but as the little one wanted to dance as soon as she could walk, she was put into dancing school at the age of three.

Little Miss Temple

Out here dancing school is a natural entree into films for tiny tots. The Miracle made hers very soon after she mastered her first tap dance routine. Until a short time before she was five she appeared in many Educational Pictures, better known as Short Subjects. She started doing bits, and finished as leading lady, then came the Fox Feature picture, "Stand Up and Cheer." Everybody did and the Miracle, which I maintain began at the birth of Shirley, was completed when James Dunn said, "Baby, Take a Bow!" Baby has been taking them ever since but the joy of it all is that she still prefers boats to spotlights.

Mrs. Temple and I had lots to talk about. I went on the stage at five and was a star at seven. Just as planes have it over trains for speed, radio is an improvement on the telephone and talkies far ahead of silent pictures, so is Shirley at five much more astounding than I could have been at seven; but as I sat watching Mrs. Temple watch Shirley I wondered if with her other interests, her two boys and the father of the Miracle who after all must share her love, she will be able to devote her time and attention to the little girl. I hope so. It is most essential, if Shirley is to soar to the uppermost heights and still remain unspoiled and natural as she is now.

Mrs. Temple is more grateful than impressed, which is swell. We discussed the ever present complication that goes with sudden fame—salary. Mrs. Temple is quite sane on the subject and not unaware of the fact that a year ago one hundred and fifty dollars a week sounded grand. Today Shirley could add a string of zero's to those figures if she were free, but Fox Studios gave her the first real chance and so thoughts of thousands a week are out. Shirley will receive twelve hundred and fifty dollars a week from now on. Not bad for an old lady of five.

ONE thing I had read intrigued me, the fact that making pictures had to be a sort of game for our Miracle, that she thought it was all in fun. I suspected that Shirley knew what she was doing when she had a crowd of experienced and talented players working their heads off to keep up with her in "Little Miss Marker." Mrs. Temple tells me that the little one studies her roles as she reads them to her, that she cries if the scenes are sad and laughs if they are funny, without direction. Well! Was I relieved! A Miracle without a heart and a brain would be too miraculous.

"Look, Mum," she called. "I'm fishing for the boats." She would push them in one end and then retrieve them at the other end of the pool with a long stick which the "life guard" had found for her.

"Don't you want a cookie, Shirley?"

She launched another ship before replying, then she straightened up and looked at me steadily. "Why, yes, I guess I might. Thank you!" she added as she came skipping over to the table. "He's going to give me a boat, Mum!" She nibbled thoughtfully, then smiled.

Oh! the wonder of that smile! You want to grab her and hug her out of breath, but you don't because Shirley has the great dignity of childhood. She is not cold, her eyes and smile warm

(*Please turn to page* 74)

"AND I LIKE THE HOME KITCHEN FLAVOR OF HEINZ KETCHUP"



WHAT wonders Heinz Tomato Ketchup works with even the simplest foods! How its spicy fragrance reminds you of simmering tomatoes and seasonings in the old home kitchens of long ago! That's because Heinz uses only the finest ingredients in making this rich condiment—the choicest, juiciest ripe tomatoes grown from Heinz seed in favored regions, where they are picked in full freshness, cooked and bottled *hot* from the kettle. Rare, Oriental spices bought by Heinz own representatives in the Far East, first grade cane sugar and mellow Heinz vinegar blend in their own distinctive flavors, too. Use Heinz Ketchup generously in your everyday cooking—for sauces and gravies. You'll soon discover why it outsells all others—regardless of price.

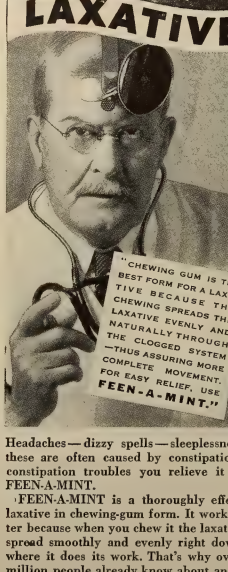
HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP



NOVEMBER DECEMBER

for effective relief from Constipation

CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE

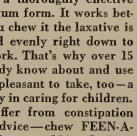


Headaches — dizzy spells — sleeplessness — these are often caused by constipation. If constipation troubles you relieve it with FEEN-A-MINT.

FEEN-A-MINT is a thoroughly effective laxative in chewing-gum form. It works better because when you chew it the laxative is spread smoothly and evenly right down to where it does its work. That's why over 15 million people already know about and use FEEN-A-MINT. It's pleasant to take, too — a great point, especially in caring for children.

Whenever you suffer from constipation take the doctor's advice — chew FEEN-A-MINT. It's inexpensive, too, 15¢ and 25¢ at your drug store.

MAMA SAYS IT'S MEDICINE, BUT IT'S JUST LIKE THE NICEST CHEWING GUM I EVER TASTED.



Feen-a-mint

The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE

Little Miss Temple

(*Continued from page 73*)

you right to the tips of your toes, but there will be no careless cuddling of that one. Her huge eyes are Stop and Go signals. She is like Royalty. Free, easy and natural, but she sets the pace and you follow. She only took the one cookie and started back to the fleet.

"We must be going, Shirley!" her mother said. I was relieved to hear no "darlings" or "babys" tacked on to her mother's every phrase. Endearing terms have been so bandied about by grown-ups that I don't think they are good enough for children.

"May I watch him feed the birds, Mum?" If she had looked at me like that and said, "May I cut your throat, Miss Janis?" I would have said "Yes!" and furnished the knife.

Mrs. Temple looked at her wristwatch in an attempt not to make it appear too easy. "Yes, but then we must go. It's nearly your supper time." Mrs. Temple has a lovely smile too.

Shirley followed Frank around as he fed the birds and gave them fresh water. She watched every detail. When she had gone, taking what was left of the sunshine with her, Frank said, "Miss Elsie, she's wonderful! She could have gone right around and fed those birds herself. I had to explain everything I did and she understood perfectly." Of course she understood. She was born with understanding, that's part of the Miracle.

"I want Daddy to see the birds, Mum!" she started to run out the driveway.

"Wait, dear, it's too late now." She stopped still in her tiny tracks. If looks were arguments she would be a prosecuting attorney.

"Where's Daddy?" I said.

"Out in the car."

Her eyes caught and held mine with a do-something-about-it expression.

"We must get him. Come on," I cried as we ran together out to the car where Mr. Temple had been patiently waiting for over an hour. Daddy is nice too. In fact I think the Temples were well chosen as parents for the Miracle by whoever you believe performs these wonders.

If you don't believe, then riddle me this. How come two people with absolutely no theatrical background, no pre-natal plans, no suspicion of what they had until Destiny drew a diagram for them, unconsciously contribute a blessing like Shirley Temple to a world that was beginning to believe it had no heart? In a hundred ways Shirley has already helped people. Who could go to see "Little Miss Marker" and come out nursing a grouch? I'll bet business at the orphan asylums has picked up a lot since her advent. Think of the little girls who are going to be given dancing lessons, get their hair curled and be the pet of the place in the hope that they will turn out to be another Shirley Temple! Of course they won't, but they will have a good time while there is still hope.

As the Temples were leaving, some friends arrived. They were thrilled at the sight of Shirley and dumb before her charmingly spoken greeting. "Did you see all the birdies?" one asked in the tone that most folks reserve for children.

"Yes, thank you, I've seen them and now I want to go home!" As she announced the brutal truth she smiled, and roguishly. She knew well that she was not talking as a sweet little baby girl should talk according to rules, but Mrs. Temple is teaching Shirley to be honest and natural. A foundation of those two qualities will stand a lot of shaking. I asked her how the boys felt about Shirley's success. Surprised but proud, was the answer. The eldest brother wants to be her secretary. He has the typewriter and is working hard in preparation. Poor boy, when that fan mail really starts from all over the world, he will wish they had given baby sister back to the stork.

When we reached the car, the Miracle hopped into the back seat, where she settled herself, the prop kitty in her lap, her little precious feet sticking straight out in front of her. Mother and Father got in the front seat. I stuck my head in the window.

"So the Duchess sits alone in state," I said.

The Miracle was examining her boat. "Mum" answered as the Admiral was busy. "Yes. She used to sit up here between us, but she likes to sit back there and so——" Her voice trailed off. She didn't need any better reason as far as I was concerned.

"Good-bye, Shirley! I hope I'll see you when you come back from your vacation."

Do you know I can remember people trying to make conversation with me when I was a child wonder and they invariably interrupted some train of thought or cut in on my playtime. I understood so thoroughly when Shirley smiled somewhat wearily and just said "Yes!" I would have sunk to the curb in despair if Mrs. Temple had said, "Tell Miss Janis what a nice time you've had!" She didn't. She said she had had a nice time. We shook hands again and made dates for some future time.

The Miracle had evidently decided that the boat was O. K. for just as I was stepping back from the car she said, "Thanks! for the boat!"

Well, Shirley, I wish it had been a steam yacht, but you'll be able to buy your own, little one. Maybe as Daddy works in a bank he will have sense enough not to allow you to do so. Here's hoping!

To obtain circulars described on page 66, write to Miss Frances Cowles, care of NEW MOVIE Magazine, enclosing four cents for any one circular, ten cents for three circulars, or fifteen cents for all six. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.

"There's Actin' Going on Here"

(*Continued from page* 38)

"A friend of yours, Willie, dropped in to see me last night. John Barrymore. He didn't go home till five this morning."

"Ah," remarked Collier, "he's improving!"

NOW, as we crossed our legs and crooked our elbows in his Beverly Hills home, higher than taxes and loftier than movie salaries, I marveled at the imperishable youth of the screen's most amazing actor. All the strawberry festivals he had attended in his time had left no mark on him. I could put this down to only one fact —the comedian in Barrymore.

When I surmised that his uproariously maniacal Oscar Jaffe in "Twentieth Century" must have been a lot of fun for him, this prince of comedians added:

"And a lot of work. I had to get up at three o'clock in the morning to study my part. There wasn't time to learn the lines on the set for the simple reason that 'Twentieth Century' was so fast it made the chariot race in 'Ben Hur' look like an Easter parade. How Carole Lombard ever managed to stand the pace is more than I can imagine. But she took it in her stride, giving a whirlwind performance day after day and always fresh as a daisy. Her terrific industry frightened me. Not that I'm afraid of work—when I can't get out of it—and there's no dodging it in pictures. You have to keep everlastingly at it. If you don't you can't last here. You think you have Hollywood in your pocket, then it jumps out and bites you in the leg."

"Maybe work's good for you," I consolingly remarked, idly clinking the ice in my glass.

"Good for me!" he snarled. "Let me ask you something. I know you've often gone to bed at three a.m., but have you ever gone to work at that ghastly hour? Ha! And have you ever tried to be funny on a lonely mountaintop long before dawn was beginning to kick off its bedclothes? It's just about as funny as playing tag with a bunch of rollicking ghosts. I shivered and shuddered over that spectral manuscript. A twig that kept tapping at my chamber door had me so jittery that I found myself reciting Poe's 'Raven' instead of Oscar's ravings. It was all eerie, not to say airy, with no heat on and the wind howling like a pack of wolves. My heart sank at the mournful cries of a bronchial hootowl and I jumped out of my bedroom slippers at the fury of a mountain-lion roaring for its ham-and-eggs. Try as I would to concentrate, I could only palpitate. And you've got the nerve to sit there and say it was good for me!"

So that's how Oscar Jaffe was created, out of quivering gooseflesh and, I suspected, the spirit of David Belasco. Barrymore admitted as much, adding modestly:

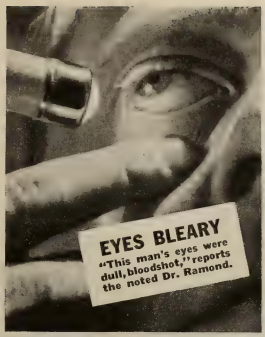
"And a bit of myself."

"Then you think a producer is also an actor?"

"Of course he is. If he weren't he couldn't tell actors how to behave."

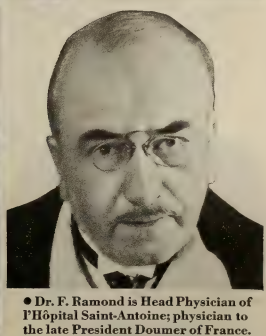
"Belasco," I recalled, "once boasted

(*Please turn to page* 76)









● Dr. F. Ramond is Head Physician of l'Hôpital Saint-Antoine; physician to the late President Doumer of France.

"His case showed *great improvement* in 3 weeks"

says Dr. RAMOND, great French stomach specialist.

If you have any of the troubles shown above, this typical "case history" can greatly help you!

"MR. Z——," Dr. Félix Ramond reports, "had been overworking, lacked exercise." Besides a tired body and swollen stomach he "had bad headaches, couldn't sleep . . .

"The X-ray," he adds, "showed his digestive system was 'lazy.' He was constipated—his digestion slow.

"My advice—yeast—proved just what he needed. As his digestion and elimination improved, he slept well, looked better—regained his former energy."



As Dr. Ramond says, "Poisons absorbed by the tissues affect health in *many* ways . . . To counteract this condition, I recommend yeast as the best corrective."

Then poisons cease to flood your blood. Eyes get back their lustre. Tiredness soon goes.

Why not give Fleischmann's fresh Yeast a really thorough trial—for say 30 days, at least? You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Just eat 3 cakes every day, following the directions on the label.

It's rich in vitamins B, D and G. Start to eat Fleischmann's Yeast . . . now!

Copyright, 1934, Standard Brands Incorporated

NOVEMBER DECEMBER

End the vegetable strike!



Here's a wise, *easy* way to persuade Baby to change his mind about his carrots and spinach... give him Clapp's! Baby Foods!

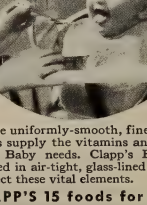
Home cooked vegetables cannot be uniformly *smooth* . . . Why not do as so many other mothers are doing—

Tempt Baby with Clapp's!



These uniformly-smooth, fine-flavored foods supply the vitamins and mineral salts Baby needs. Clapp's Foods are cooked in air-tight, glass-lined kettles to protect these vital elements.

CLAPP'S 15 foods for babies



ONLY 15¢

In the New Enamel Purity Pack

Your doctor will tell you which of these fifteen Clapp's Foods to give your baby—and a druggist or grocer nearby can supply you with them: Baby Soup Strained, Baby Soup Unstrained, Vegetable Soup, Tomatoes, Asparagus, Spinach, Peas, Beets, Carrots, Wax Beans, Apricots, Prunes, Applesauce, Beef Broth and Wheatheart Cereal.

Send for FREE BOOK

HAROLD H. CLAPP, INC.
Dept. 75, Rochester, N. Y.
Please send me your free book, "Before Your Baby Goes on Vegetables".

*Name*_____

*Street and Number*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

"There's Actin' Going on Here"

(*Continued from page 75*)

to me that he even knew how to use a fan."

"I can plainly see him," agreed the imaginative Barrymore, "turning into a geisha right before your eyes. And as for boasting, all men, given half a chance, boast of their work. It's their way of dramatizing themselves. They're just acting."

"How about women?"

"Women," he risked, peering furtively over his shoulder, "are actresses from birth."

"Meaning that men aren't natural actors?"

"I wouldn't go so far as to say that," he protested. "Tell me, have you ever in your wild social life encountered the seemingly harmless burglar who suddenly turned into a raging after-dinner actor, using his home for a stage and his guests as an audience? Well, I have. Once I was asked to the house of an eminent authority on gorgonzola cheese. At table, in an unguarded moment, I spoke flatteringly of the cheese, whereupon my inspired host proceeded to hold forth eloquently on that rich subject and kept it up for the rest of the evening. Unwittingly, I had roused the artist in the man, and he gave a magnificent performance. He gave, no less, the Private Life of the Gorgonzola, glorifying it from lacteal infancy to ripe maturity. From first to last he was so tender, so human, that since that night I haven't had the heart to touch gorgonzola."

HERE was John Barrymore, the comedian, letting himself go just for the fun of it. Then, noticing my admiring glance in the direction of two old, superbly carved doors across the room, he swung back to his "Twentieth Century" inspiration with:

"Belasco and I always got along delightfully together because we'd both been stung by antique dealers. Not that he didn't have, as you know, a marvelous collection of priceless treasures. Most of mine weren't worth a nickel."

"Anything in particular?"

"Yes," he mused, a stained-glass light in his eyes. "For one, I bought a figure of the Madonna — solemnly represented as having been raised from the dead ashes of Pompeii. Reverently I placed it in a sacred niche of my otherwise profane New York hideout. There it stood like a shrine until cold weather set in and I had to turn on the steam. Then, to my holy horror, I found one day it had melted! Something, filled me with the dark suspicion that it was synthetic, made of prewar tallow perhaps but with a light coating of Volstead shellac, and had come, not from the ruins of Pompeii, but the cathedral town of Paterson, New Jersey."

Shocked to the soul, I demanded to know what he had done about it.

"I came to Hollywood and waited," he muttered, lifting that sinister left eyebrow. "To be precise, I waited four years. Then, going back to New York, I laid my plans. These included a week's growth of beard. With a 'bush' which the sharpest eye could not penetrate and an old suit of clothes any self-respecting tramp would have scorned, I made my way to that dingy antique shop hard by the East River. There I found the dealer who had wantonly destroyed my faith in his persuasive kind. He failed to recognize me. Gloating under my beard, I told him I had come to buy something for one of those Hollywood actors who knew nothing about art and that the price would have to be as low as my patron's taste. Most sympathetic to my withering opinion of movie actors and never dreaming me to be one of them, he gave me the freedom of the shop and I proceeded to wreak my Hollywoodian revenge. Sleuthing around, I came with covetous glee upon that ancient and honorable pair of doors from a Spanish castle that you see over there. After much dickering, friend the enemy agreed to let me have them for three hundred and fifty dollars. When I gave him my check he exclaimed, 'So *that's* who you are!' 'Yes,' I sternly replied, 'and now we're even for that home-made Madonna you sold me.' 'All right,' he laughed, 'let's go out and have a drink.' We had two."

STRANGELY enough, this tale of Hollywood triumph over art made us both glass-conscious, and it was not until after a gurgling moment that I asked Barrymore how it felt to be a comedian.

"Perhaps," considered the greatest Hamlet of his time, "I've never been anything else. At any rate, I seem to have been funny from the start. That was at Coytesville, New Jersey, where I made my first stage appearance at the rash age of sixteen. The occasion was a firemen's benefit for which my father had written a one-act play boldly entitled 'A Man of the World.' I don't remember what he was, but I'll never forget that I was naïvely described in the program as 'a young seducer'. To add to that menace I wore a fierce black mustache. The moment I came on an appalling number of firemen were overcome, and it wasn't by smoke."

Choking over this thrilling bit of dramatic history, I realized that John Barrymore got his shoulders from his father, Maurice Barrymore, amateur middle-weight champion of England before he became an actor, his profile from his mother, Georgie Drew Barrymore, and his wit from both.

"Did you continue being a comedian in spite of everything?"

"'In spite of everything' is right," he assured me. "My next laugh was won in 'Magda,' and you *have* to be funny to get a laugh in that play, what with the heroine raising the family roof and her old man throwing a fit. The next thing I knew I was thrown out of the cast."

"What then?"

"Then," said Barrymore, pridefully, "I played the free lunch circuit with great success. It was, indeed, a triumphal tour of fried liver. But no sooner was I happy in the thought it would go on forever than Ethel, for some incredible reason, declared I would have to go to work. Against my manly struggles, she got me a part with her in 'Sunday' on the road and I immediately scored another comedy hit."

"But 'Sunday' wasn't a comedy," I reminded him.

"What of it?" he demanded. "My comic genius overcame that trifling

"There's Actin' Going on Here"

obstacle. I played Ethel's noble young brother and I had to avenge her honor, or anyway a dirty crack the villain had made. It was up to me to shoot him and and then say with grim finality, 'He had to die!' Now that's no laughing matter, but somehow I made it so. Ethel would drag me up to her room night after night and make me go over that fateful speech again and again, but the effect on an audience was always the same—roars of laughter. I didn't mind, but Ethel did. There seemed to be no way out of it until we played Denver. Then, after the first performance there, the chief of police took me out with him to do the ice-cream soda places. We had such a pleasant, care-free time together that he made me a present of his gun. It was twice the size of the one I used in the play, so that next night I pulled it, thinking the very sight of it would scare the audience and keep it from laughing. The only drawback to this solution of the mystery that was driving Ethel mad was that the gun wouldn't go off. The villain went down the first time I pulled the trigger and said, 'He had to die!' That made it so awkward that the poor fellow just had to lie there and die slowly of kidney trouble."

I stood up, saying, "So long, and thanks for a good story."

"Well, all I hope," said Barrymore, opening the door, "is that writing it will keep you up till three in the morning!"

The Boulevardier

(*Continued from page* 45)

from where I sat at my window I couldn't see any.

WE have our platinum boys. The sun platinums most of them but some, I'm told, have their hair harlowed in beauty salons. On the Boulevard yesterday I saw a lad with curly hair sapphire blue. The Janet Beecher influence.

In California the plumage of the male is as bright as the female. Boys wear white cords mostly, some gabardine and linen slacks in green, blue and yellow. Pull-overs are scarlet, turquoise, canary and rainbow-striped. California youth has the colorful pageantry that European peasantry used to. A young hellion in purple and egg-yolk-yellow was saluted by his gal with: "How'yuh, ol' Easter egg!"

Speaking of color. Men are blackmailed even by their wives in Hollywood. The first time a male star was sued by a deceived blonde his wife forgave him—for an ermine coat. The next time—a diamond bracelet. The star is not young. As Gene Fowler gravely observed: a man has to watch his step after fifty—if he can take a step.

Is vocal personality stronger than physical? John Gilbert catapulted from the Sierras to the Barrancas when he spoke. Corinne Griffith's beauty did not avail when the mike failed to agree

(*Please turn to page* 78)

TAKE YOUR MIND OFF YOUR NOSE!



Any Face Powder

THAT NEEDS REPLACEMENT IN LESS THAN 4 HOURS ISN'T WORTHY OF THE NAME!

By *Lady Esther*

I get over ten thousand letters a week. Among them are not a few from men. And most of them have the same thing to say—or rather, the same kick to make.

It's this nefarious habit women have of constantly daubing at their noses in public and in private.

In a radio talk a few weeks ago, I said I wondered what young men think when a perfectly lovely girl takes out her powder puff and starts to dab at her face and here is the letter that answers my question from a young man of Detroit, Michigan, who signs himself simply "Dave."

"Dear Lady Esther: Your radio talk last night hit the nail squarely on the head. I know many of us would like to voice our opinion but can't. I hope you will repeat your message to the women of the world so often that not one will miss hearing you. What can be worse than seeing a woman using her make-up box in public, on the street, in the stores, at the table where she dines. Please, Lady Esther, I hope you will be the means of putting a stop to this."

Shiny Nose, No Longer a Bugaboo

There is no question that it is annoying, if not a wee bit disgusting, to see a woman constantly peeking into her mirror or daubing at her nose. It suggests artificiality! But to be perfectly fair to women there *was* a time when they were justified in worrying about their noses. The only face powder they could get did not cling or hold. It was no sooner put on than it was whisked off, leaving the nose to shine before the whole world.

But when I brought out Lady Esther Face Powder, I ended the bugaboo of shiny nose. Lady Esther Face Powder is distinctive for many things, not the least being that it *clings!* By actual timing under all conditions it clings perfectly for at least four hours, not needing replacement once in that time. Yet, as adhering as it is, it does not clog the pores. It goes *onto* the skin, but *not* into it.

In other words, while this face powder forms a veil of delicate beauty over the skin, it lets the skin breathe. This not only permits the skin to function, which is essential to true beauty, but it also helps keep the powder intact. This is one reason why Lady Esther Face Powder does not cake or streak on the face.

All 5 Shades FREE

You may have tried all kinds of face powders, but none like Lady Esther. None so soft and smooth. None so adhering. None so flattering. But I don't expect you to accept my word for this. I expect you to prove it to yourself *at my expense!* So I say: Accept a generous supply of all the five shades in which I make Lady Esther Face Powder. Let your mirror prove which one is the most becoming to you. Let your clock prove to you that this powder stays on for four hours or longer and still looks fresh. Mail coupon today. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)
LADY ESTHER
2020 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

FREE

Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. (7)

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Address.....

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NOVEMBER DECEMBER

The Magic of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids



will instantly transform your eyes into glowing pools of loveliness

● Beautiful, expressive eyes are within the reach of every girl and woman in the simple magic of the famous Maybelline eye beauty aids. Their magic touch will reveal hitherto unsuspected beauty in *your* eyes, quickly and easily.

Just blend a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with Maybelline Eye Shadow and see how the color of your eyes is instantly intensified. Now form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Finish your eye make-up with a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline Mascara to make your lashes appear *naturally* long, dark, and luxuriant, and behold—your eyes become twin jewels, expressing a new, more beautiful YOU!

Keep your lashes soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream, and be sure to brush and train your eyebrows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline eye beauty aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Accept only genuine Maybelline products to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.











The Boulevardier

(*Continued from page 77*)

with the camera. Chaplin is afraid speech would destroy his pantomimic creation. On the other hand, certain stars have achieved the heights by voice. Pitch can be regulated by the sound-mixer but not flexibility, color, tone, range, diction. Of oral stars Ann Harding and Leslie Howard rank first. In "The Animal Kingdom" their conversation had the effect of illusion; the screen evaporated and they were actually present. My nomination for leading vocal mesmerists: Ann Harding, Leslie Howard, Margaret Sullavan, Paul Muni, Wally Berry, Elizabeth Bergner, Clark Gable, Katharine Hepburn, Greta Garbo, Herbert Marshall, Pat Paterson, Bing Crosby speaking as well as singing.

DOLORES DEL RIO is the feminine exquisite. Everything about her is right—face, figure, dress, voice, manner. True, she has the awareness of the peacock but this is not unbecoming. I think the most beautiful women in the world are Mexican: Spanish fused with Indian. Many of these, like Dolores, have faces reminiscent of primitive madonnas. Just as I'm about to place the diadem on exquisite Del Rio I see Arline Judge. Arline's lush sparkle recalls Mabel Normand's, and Miss Judge is developing as a comedienne, too. Mary Astor is another brunette for Mahomet. I think I favor the dark, then I think of Joan Bennett and Virginia Bruce and Thelma Todd. Ah, one never knows, does one? Life, life!

MR. George Arliss eats fish but not meat. Says he will not eat anything he can pet. With all there is to pet around the United Artists studio you wouldn't think a man would bother about domestic animals.

Bing Crosby's ululalala-ing pleases me, and he has a nice honest personality. Lanny Ross is also a good lark with an incandescent smile. Still I'm baffled by women's love of crooners in pictures. You know what they'd do if their boy friends in the big rapturous moment started to moan about the beat of their hearts instead of doing something about it. Jury would acquit, too.

Hollywood is full of heiresses—all squirming to act in pictures. Instead of paying them salaries a shrewd producer would make them pay him. He'd probably lose at that.

George Raft as a cape-twirler and balcony-bounder will never scale the heights. "Why make a gentleman of him?" was a question in "The Trumpet Blows." Oui, pourquoi? He's a cold steel hypnotist. When he turns that glitter into his eyes I'm ready to weave like a yogi's snake.

FRANCIS LEDERER says acting is practically a useless art and the movies a highly over-rated, overpublicized business compared to the vital professions. If Diogenes could only have lived! Mr. Lederer sees his popularity as a medium for influencing toward world peace. Hollywood thinks Mr. Lederer takes himself too seriously. Mr. Lederer, on the other hand, thinks Hollywood takes its acting too seriously. He sounds like what the "preparedness" press calls "a visionary idealist" in contrast to the practical, big armament boys.

MORE Bathing Bruties. Paramount is bringing over a boatload of Hawaiian beach boys for its musical "Beach Boy." These gigolos of the surf-board have been so successful in collecting from Yankee mamas, teaching them to ride the waves, that studio pychologists think they may have the box-office wheel. Lei's ladies also being imported. All okay with me providing they don't get stroked on poi and oke and go to harmonizing on "Aloha" which gives me worse miseries than "Sweet Adeline."

Bruties, as well as their sisters of the beach, have their pride. Johnny Weissmuller striding into the commissary was admired by the gals, envied by boys. Then Maxie Baer cast his shadow and Johnny wasn't seen there any more. Maxie made Tarzan feel like the midget in Mr. Morgan's lap.

DOROTHY DELL—so ripe with life on the screen she makes death seem the illusion. Belatedly, in a Long Beach theater, I saw "Shoot the Works" and muttered the eternal why? My melancholy was dispersed by recollection of what Greta Garbo said to Eva Von Bern, the young German girl imported as a triumphant discovery only to be shipped back in tears of humiliation. "My dear," said Miss Garbo, pressing the girl's hand in farewell, "You do not know how fortunate you are to be going home and leaving all this."

Elsie Janis, who writes exclusively for the NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, sent us a newsy, intimate story about Myrna Loy, that honest-to-goodness one-hundred-per-cent American girl who, after years of consistently good acting, has at last come into her own as a star. It will be in the November issue of the NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, on sale October 1st.

Hollywood Taboos

(*Continued from page 47*)

Chamber of Commerce when a newsreel producer, lucky enough to catch authentic "shots" of buildings crumbling in the Long Beach earthquake, not only released them as news pictures, but also sold prints to several studios to be used in the ensuing earthquake dramas!

National pride and civic pride must be upheld; Hollywood, watch your step!

Closely akin to the taboo against prejudicial treatment of nationality is that which prohibits an actor playing the role of a living ruler. Hollywood has found it much safer to put over the ruler's presence by using an offstage voice.

One of the most amazing—and amusing—incidents on record occurred when Fox attempted to release "Cavalcade" in Italy. The picture opened and closed with a medallion of King George and the British national anthem. Mussolini viewed it and promptly banned it.

Eventually, the Fox representative had an inspiration. He guilefully substituted medallions of Il Duce for those of King George; he substituted the Italian national anthem for "God Save the King"—and "Cavalcade," the all-English film, dressed with those incongruous touches, played to record business in Italy.

If the taboo on nationality is dynamite, that placed on the race problem is T.N.T. Many pictures are provided with alternate, interchangeable sequences, one for release north of the Mason-Dixon Line, the other for showing in the deep South. It's taboo to show a too-close relationship between members of different races. For instance, in "Hold Your Man," you saw Jean Harlow and Clark Gable being married by a negro preacher—if you live in the North. Below the boundaries of Dixie, white fans saw the Gable-Harlow nuptials conducted by a minister of their own race.

Ridiculous? Possibly, but Hollywood has learned the wisdom of over-caution when dealing with the race question. Such pictures as "Hallelujah" were popular in the South, but, please note, the cast was *all*—negro.

Equally drastic is the taboo as applied to contacts between the white and yellow races. And in that taboo you find the reason why Anna May Wong, playing a long succession of seductive roles, has never been kissed—on the screen—by a member of the Caucasian race. Taboo! And again, taboo!

Hollywood carefully avoided—and still avoids—the prohibition question on the screen. The controversy was and still is too bitter. Too many on either side of the fence are ready and anxious to be offended. True, Metro, the most daring of the major companies, did find courage to film a picture called "The Wet Parade," but how careful they were to present *both* sides of the argument! And, even so, they found themselves in the position of the unfortunate bat which couldn't decide whether it was bird or beast. More than thirty thousand furious letters were received from both rabid drys and rabid wets.

Now, since repeal, every scene show-

(*Please turn to page 80*)

Charm him tonight...

with a complexion that stays

MIRROR FRESH

all evening long



New face powder stays on from 4 to 6 hours... *thanks to newest discovery of* RICHARD HUDNUT

WIN his compliments all evening long with a complexion as fresh and smooth as the moment you left your mirror. You can, you know, because Richard Hudnut has perfected a new kind of face powder.

This powder, rightly enough, is called *Marvelous*. It clings as you've always wanted powder to cling—and never thought it could. It actually stays on from four to six hours by the clock.

Marvelous, indeed, is a different kind of powder, a different blend, developed by the Richard Hudnut laboratories after years of searching for a new, longer-clinging powder. The Marvelous blend contains a substance entirely new to face powder—with a remarkable power to cling to your skin. In a sense, it becomes part of your own skin texture.

Marvelous Face Powder, therefore, never looks *powdery* on your skin. It looks like a new, more freshly tinted, softer complexion *of your own!* And think of it—this flattering effect remains from four to six hours. What's more, Marvelous Face Powder stays on without clogging the pores. Its purity is guaranteed by the fifty-year reputation of Richard Hudnut.

Put Marvelous Face Powder to *any* test. So sure are we of the results that we will send you free trial packages of Marvelous in four new, popular shades—so you may select your own shade and compare Marvelous Face Powder with any face powder you wish. (Note coupon.)

Or, if you'd rather not wait for the postman, you can buy a box of Marvelous Face Powder right now—at any drug store or department store. The cost is amazingly low. Only 55 cents—and the box is *full-size*.



55¢

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Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Hollywood Taboos

(*Continued from page 79*)

ing the drinking of intoxicating liquor brings in a deluge of protests from militant dry organizations. Yet liquor is a legal commodity. What to do about it?

"We have established a hard and fast rule that liquor shall not be shown in a picture unless it is demanded by the plot. What more can we do?" answers the Hays Office.

Birth-control, also, is taboo in Hollywood as a screen subject. So is illegitimacy—and so are half a hundred other very controversial subjects.

Have you seen "Tomorrow's Children?" It deals, very sensationally, with sterilization, and it violates a taboo. According to the thousands of indignant letters from Mr. and Mrs. Public which are pouring into the Hays Office, it also violates the tenets of decency, and the rules of good taste. Once more the major producers are frankly apprehensive, for the release of such a picture invariably causes its critics to issue a blanket indictment against Hollywood, against the innocent as well as the guilty. As a matter of fact the Producers' Association employed every means in their power to stop the production of "Tomorrow's Children." They also tried to stop the release of "Elysia," the nudist picture which was filmed by the same producer, Brian Foy. Their fears in that instance have been justified by the countless letters received, charging that Hollywood is crusading for nudism.

IN addition to the hornets of major taboos, Hollywood's producers are stung painfully and often by the gadflies of organized censorship. And how those gad-flies swarm!

In one state the State censor board watched the despicable roué, Mickey Mouse, bestow a kiss on Minnie's scrawny neck. They blanched with horror and indignation, wielded their scissors—and alack-a-day for Mickey's romantic moment!

Jackie Cooper, in "Skippy," slyly wet his toothbrush and returned it to its rack, unused. The censors screamed with rage—Hollywood, the iniquitous, was trying to corrupt the hygiene habits of American youth. The scissors clicked and youth was saved.

" . . . What's the use?" demands Anita Loos, veteran scenarist. "When my present contract is up, I'm going to quit. The censors have made it impossible to deal honestly with any screen subject."

Excuse her despair. Anita was adapting the current Gable-Crawford picture, "Chained," and she had written, re-written and re-re-written the story, while everyone in the studio conned the censorship records and tried to anticipate the objections of every board.

At present, eight States, namely: New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Florida, and Kansas maintain state boards. In addition, 268 large cities have censorship. So do all of the Canadian provinces and so do most of the foreign countries which book Hollywood pictures. In all, seventy-eight percent of the United States' theaters are in censored territory.

And no two censors seem able to agree on their verdicts. Still worse, the same board which condemns a scene today will pass its duplicate without question tomorrow.

"Strangers May Kiss" was banned in its entirety in Saskatchewan and passed without change or deletion in blue-law Kansas. Mae West's second opus, "I'm No Angel," found the censors recovered from the daze into which they had been thrown by "She Done Him Wrong," and they proceeded to tear it limb from limb. Never was a picture, with the possible exception of "Hell's Angels," so mangled—yet no two boards agreed on their cuts.

What to do about it? Hollywood has given up trying to find the answer.

A few very definite rules have been established by each board and those few have been listed by all the major producers as taboos.

Some are amusing, some are obviously sensible. Some are observed by the majority of censor boards, some are cnforced in one district only. With occasional lapses, Hollywood tries to obey them—for most producers, according to their own testimony, regard censorship necessary because there is keen competition in this business of picture-making and with it the constant temptation to achieve sensation by overstepping the bounds of good taste.

Scenes showing in detail the technique of a crime, scenes showing too much brutality or physical suffering (particularly cruelty to animals), scenes showing the use of habit-forming drugs, scenes showing the birth of a child or a dumb animal, scenes featuring profanity—all are barred by practically every board. But there the definite "Don'ts" end. The rest are so vague that they leave Hollywood bewildered and guessing.

Every scenario before filming, is submitted to the Hays Office experts on censorship. They designate the scenes which may offend in each territory and —usually—the producer changes the script.

Unofficial censorship also imposes its legions of taboos and adds new terrors to the nightmares which haunt the studio czars.

The screen career of Roscoe Ates was nearly ruined because thousands of stutterers resented his comedy, felt that it called attention to their misfortune and considered it a personal insult. Furthermore, school teachers and Parent-Teacher bodies deluged the Hays Office with demands that Ates be suppressed because school children, trying to ape him, were acquiring permanent speech impediments.

The American Chiropractors, as a body, arose in wrath when one of the characters in a recent Columbia picture rejected the services offered by the screen chiropractor to his stricken friend and spoke this line:

"No, I want him rushed to a real doctor."

The American Bar Association forgets its dignity in its fury whenever a movie boasts a crooked shyster in the cast of characters. Those William Powell underworld dramas, in which he played a gangster's mouthpiece were a red flag to the lawyers.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is everlastingly up in arms against Hollywood. Their latest assault was brought on by

Hollywood Taboos

George Raft's picture, "The Trumpet Blows." Finally convinced that the bull fight scenes had been filmed in Mexico, they were still unappeased and argued that such a picture might incite cruelty to animals in the United States, no matter where the scenes were filmed.

During every major political campaign, *both* Republicans and Democrats accuse the studios which produce newsreels of being in the pay of the other party. In the presidential campaign of 1932, such accusations were particularly frequent and fiery.

Any picture which shows a policeman in an unflattering light draws down a barrage of ire on Hollywood. The producers are told in no uncertain terms that they must not undermine the public's respect for its law-enforcement agencies.

The American Druggists' Association burned when a recent film showed an unscrupulous druggist selling dope, and all of Hollywood's arguments, anent the fact that there might be *one* dishonest druggist without any reflection being cast on the profession at large, failed to put out the fire.

Pity the poor producer! If ever a man was hounded by "Thou-Shalt-Nots," it is he.

To do him justice, he tries to observe the "Don'ts" and please everyone—but did you ever read Aesop's fable of the man, the boy and the ass?

Hollywood's producers know it by heart!

Ed. Note—Here is the fable:

A man and his son were once going with their donkey to market. As they were walking along by its side, a countryman passed them and said, "You fools, what is a donkey for but to ride upon?" So the man put the boy on the donkey and they went on their way. But soon they passed a group of men, one of whom said, "See that lazy youngster, he lets his father walk while he rides."

So the man took the boy off the donkey, got on himself, and they went on their way. But they hadn't gone far when they passed two women, one of whom said to the other: "Shame on that lazy lout to let his poor little son trudge along."

Well, the man didn't know what to do, but at last he took his boy before him on the donkey. By this time they came to the town and the passersby began to jeer and point at them. The man stopped and asked what they were scoffing at. The men said, "Aren't you ashamed of yourself for overloading that poor donkey of yours—you and your hulking son?" The man and the boy got off and tried to think what to do. They thought and thought till at last they got down a pole, tied the donkey's feet to it and raised the pole and the donkey to their shoulders. They went along amid the laughter of all who met them till they came to Market Bridge when the donkey getting one of his feet loose, kicked out and caused the boy to drop his end of the pole. In the struggle the donkey fell over the bridge and his forefeet being tied together, he was drowned.

"That will teach you," said an old man who had followed them:

"Please all, and you please none."

Fudge that is Fudge!



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CHOCOLATE FUDGE

2 cups granulated sugar — 3 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 cup water — 1 cup nut meats (optional)
1 cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk

Mix sugar and water in large saucepan and bring to boil. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and boil over low flame until mixture will form firm ball when tested in cold water (238° F.—240° F.) Stir mixture constantly to prevent burning. Remove from fire, add chocolate cut in small pieces. Chop nut meats and add. Beat until thick and creamy. Pour into buttered pan. When cool, cut in squares.

● Even beginners will get a marvelous result with *this* recipe. A melt-in-your-mouth smoothness, a glorious creaminess! ● But remember—this recipe calls for *Sweetened Condensed Milk.* Don't confuse it with Evaporated. Just ask for Eagle Brand.



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For official Tower voting ballot and complete details, see page 12 of this magazine.

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NOVEMBER DECEMBER



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The Decency Drive

(*Continued from page* 51)

the reduction of film productions to the old-time formula of sweetness and light.

Chief among the objections stated were the emphases on sex, gangster and crime films, and there was expressed some resentment at the casting of popular players in questionable roles. Another thought, expressed or implied, running through many of the telegrams, was that censorship should begin at home; and another that mothers should give proper guidance to their children in picture selection. There was some agreement, also, in the belief that adult pictures were one thing and children's entertainment another, and that provision should be made to meet both demands.

See Pictures With Your Children?

A liberal attitude was expressed by Mrs. W. D. Webb, of Quitman, Mississippi, who wired: "After a careful study, I can honestly say that I have yet to see the picture I thought demoralizing to the extent of jeopardizing the lives of my two daughters. Quite the contrary, for in the pictures today I see a portrayal of every phase of life that only intensifies the very facts I want them to be able to discern. It is my firm belief that if parents would see the so-called indecent pictures with their children, and then discuss them in a safe and sane manner, much benefit in the way of coping with life would be derived."

Mothers' Teaching Destroyed?

A sternly opposing viewpoint came from Mrs. Archie E. Simpson, of St. Charles, Arkansas. "In my opinion the pictures of today are harming the country's morals by influencing the young, impulsive, over-imaginative type of boy and girl. Too much nudism, gangster and cowboy influences tends to incite them, and thus destroys years of a good mother's teaching."

Are Morals Harmful To Movies?

An interesting viewpoint is that of Mrs. F. C. Potter of Rutland, Vermont —a viewpoint which incidentally coincides with the producers' declaration that they give the people the kind of entertainment they want. "No, I do not believe that movies are harmful to morals," quoting Mrs. Potter, "but rather that present-day morals are harmful to movies. We choose our type of pictures. We parents should most assuredly discriminate in regard to pictures our children see in the same degree we do in the literature they read and the companions with whom they associate. It seems to me that the standards of people must change before the standards of the movies will."

Children's Annex?

Mrs. Carmalita Moore of Louisville, Ky., believes that the movies are harmful and also that they are not, in that "legitimate fare for a grown person may be harmful for a child." And she advances a suggestion which might well be seriously considered by exhibtors: "Why doesn't some forward-looking theater owner start a children's annex where children may see a film suited to their interests while their parents enjoy the main feature. Or," asks Mrs. Moore, "is this too Utopian?" (Owners of theaters which boast of large rest rooms, lounges, spacious lobbies and corridors might well consider this suggestion as they look to the future development of their fields.)

The Silver Lining

Censure, but not complete condemnation, is meted out by Mrs. M. E. Bowers, Jr., of Big Rapids, Michigan. "A high moral standard is seldom found in a group of drunken men and women in a 'swell dump' or in a love nest," she wires. "Neither does one find virtue in the household where father and mother entertain sweethearts and boy friends on the side, while brother and sister indulge in a promiscuous free love mode of living. . . . However, even the darkest cloud has its silver lining, and much that is good and beautiful, that brings out the best in one, may be found in many a modern movie."

Let the Public Demand

It is up to neither the crusaders nor the producers to clean up the movies, in the opinion of Mrs. E. W. Beall of Savannah, Ga., but up to the public. "The movies, being a permanent institution, it is up to the public to demand finer, cleverer and more wholesome entertainment," her telegram reads, "films which will elevate rather than offend. The recent popularity of several splendid pictures proved to the producers and exhibitors the trend of public sentiment. By eliminating the allurement of evil and showing pictures which are entertaining, amusing and educational, woven into plots of excitement and adventure, the demands of both youth and adults will be satisfied."

Clean Up "Real" Life First?

Mrs. Joseph Cimnino of Torrington, Conn., is outspoken in her idea of the decency drive. "All this fuss over the 'immorality' of moving pictures works up my ire," her telegram declares. There are so many things that are much more immoral in the eyes of this mother. Until a curb can be put on the activities of 'real life,' there is no need of curbing 'reel life.' . . . At least a mother can choose what pictures her children shall see. A movie once seen is probably not seen again. There is nothing that keeps bombarding the brain with naughty scenes. I feel that if these people (the crusade leaders) would devote the same energy to improve real life, by giving a word of comfort, a helping hand, or by a smile, that they would truly become their brothers' keepers. If they do not believe a certain picture is good for their morals, let them stay away. They ought to know from past experience what happened to them when, because they did not drink themselves, they tried to take away that personal liberty from others."

"Pamp" Tone Makes Good

(*Continued from page 55*)

Aunt Alice? Bach really isn't dull."

Miss Trott's face clouds a bit when she admits that Franchot never actually "did" anything with his music. "He could have, he was a perfect mimic. I would show him the various kinds of staccato touch and he'd wave me aside with 'I get you, Steve!' and like THAT, he'd do it perfectly."

Once, Miss Trott remembers, it did look briefly as if Pamp was going definitely musical. He dashed home from a winter holiday at Placid with a little poem he had written about a neighbor's dog. It was entited "The Christmas Dog" because the canine was called Chris. Pamp wanted very much to hear his poem set to music, so he and Miss Trott collaborated on a melody. Miss Trott can hum a few bars of it even today. But that, however, was Pamp's only venture down Tin Pan Alley.

Miss Trott feigns irritation and says, "pshaw!" when you tease her about being a Tone fan but if you catch her in a frank moment, she closes her right eyelid in a delicious, incongruously wicked wink and makes a confession. It is, that all the way home from Buffalo, after seeing Franchot in "Gabriel," she went through traffic lights with blithe abandon and drew up in front of her door in a daze muttering: "How can the girls resist him?"

And, speaking of "girls," Falls friends of Pamp's raise their eyebrows a little scornfully when they see his name linked with that of any movie charmer. "Pamp's not the marrying kind. . . . Pamp's got his feet on the ground. . . . I pity any girl who tried to rope him!" is a consensus of hometown comment.

Debbies and youthful divorcees have been trying the lariat stance on Pamp since they were ten and he was eight and went to Mrs. Constance Otis' school in the Lochiel Apartments, Buffalo Avenue and Third Street.

Let Mrs. Otis tell about it:

"Pamp was always the perfect gallant, charming, courteous and all that, you know, but he never had much interest in girls. Even when he came back to me for tutoring, after he'd been to the Hill School, although he was sixteen and might legitimately have been at the girl-crazy stage, he didn't seem much affected."

But the ladies could never take Franchot or leave him. Many a young Falls matron, now happily married and the mother of several blond, stocky infants, remembers when Franchot's dark, fawn-like face danced in her dreams.

He never had a Falls girl though. He and Anita Cookman, now Mrs. Read Ruggles of Niagara Falls, Ontario, used to draw miraculous chalk sketches on Buffalo Avenue sidewalks. Pamp and Carolyn Woolworth, now Mrs. Howard O. Babcock of Buffalo, used to sit next to each other at Mrs. Otis' school and rifle that good lady's sugar bowl together. But of sentimental connections with Falls girls, Pamp was not guilty!

Nor do Franchot's oldest friends back home—most of them conservative frontier socialites—wince and worry

(*Please turn to page 84*)



BE LIKE A PARISIENNE

PURSUED. . . ADORED. . .

Irresistible

Yes, French women are known the world over for their irresistible lure and their secret is that no matter how smart their Paris gowns are, they always complete their toilettes with a touch of exciting, seductive perfume...such is Irresistible Perfume. Mysteriously exotic...this perfume glorifies your personality and gives you a strange new power over hearts.

New loveliness awaits you in the other Irresistible Beauty Aids, too. They protect and improve your skin because they are guaranteed to be as pure and fine as the most expensive cosmetics you can buy. Irresistible Lip Lure, so new, so different ...has a cream base that melts into your skin. Not a trace of paste, not even transparent film remains...Just soft, warm, ripe, red color that makes your lips beg for kisses. Four glorious, new shades to choose from. Irresistible Face Powder, so creamy-fine, so clinging, gives you a peachbloom skin that invites caresses.

Be irresistible tonight...Buy Irresistible Beauty Aids today...big, full size packages only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

PERFUME
LIP LURE
FACE POWDER
VANISHING...
LIQUEFYING..
COLD CREAM
COLOGNE
BRILLIANTINE
TALCUM POWDER



Irresistible Beauty Aids . . . . . FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

NOVEMBER DECEMBER

LIPS THAT MAKE A MAN SAY "will you?"



Colorful, yet never coated with paint

THESE are the lips that men long to kiss. *Soft, natural lips.* Never coated with red paint. Simply alluring with natural-looking color . . . color that you, too, can have by using the lipstick which isn't paint.

Tangee contains a color-change principle which makes it intensify the natural coloring in your lips . . . so much so, that men think Tangee color is your own!

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

In the stick, Tangee looks orange. But on your lips, it changes to rose—the one shade of blush-rose most natural for your type!

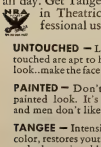
Moreover, Tangee's special cream base soothes and softens dry, peeling lips. Stays on all day. Get Tangee—39¢ and $1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. (See coupon offer below.)



UNTOUCHED — Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look...make the face seem older.

PAINTED — Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE — Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.



Cheeks mustn't look painted, either. So use Tangee Rouge. Gives same natural color as the lipstick. Now in refillable gun-metal case. Tangee Refills save money.

Don't be switched! Insist upon Tangee. And patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

★ **4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET**

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY TG104
417 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature **Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder.** I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin).

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

*Name*_____
Please Print

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

"Pamp" Tone Makes Good

(*Continued from page* 83)

when they see him termed by gossip writers on the Coast as one of Hollywood's most famous burner-uppers.

"Pamp's always done things thoroughly!" they laugh. "And he's usually doing a good deal more serious studying of human reactions in various social situations than the casual observer would imagine. He's not just a playboy!"

There have been instances to prove it. That time, for instance, when Franchot commandeered the family limousine to take a troupe of showgirls who had been playing the Falls to their next stop at Hamilton, Ontario. He drove them to the Canadian town, then stayed behind scenes, talking with broken-down vaudeville hams, listening to soubrettes, watching, absorbing an atmosphere that would have been bred into his bones if he had been a stage-child, cradled in a trunk—instead of a Tone trundled about fashionable Falls streets by a uniformed Nana in the latest high-wheeled English carriage. At 5 A.M., Pamp drove under the Tone *porte cochere*, bounded up the stairs and banged the folks out of bed to tell them about his adventure.

It is characteristic of the Tone household that both parents were serenely sleeping when Pamp returned.

No lamp in the window, no white-faced mother. You can't imagine Gertrude Franchot Tone being sickly sentimental about anything or anyone. Vivid, individual, living her own life and fulfilling the needs of her own nature according to her lights, she has been the ideal mother. She has never attempted in any way to influence Pamp's actions, his curriculum at school, his taste in ties or his choice of a profession.

When someone asks her "Didn't anyone ever try to get Pamp into his father's business?" (Mr. Tone is president of The Carborundum Company), Mrs. Tone's dark eyes, deep-set like Franchot's, sparkle and she shrugs, "Of course not, why should we? We've always let him choose for himself."

You can't imagine Franchot's mother being shocked by his choice of the stage—just because no other Franchot Tone had ever trod the boards, except Cousin Pascal, who backed the Buffalo stock company where Pamp got his first part.

You can't imagine any family council of reparation presided over by a sorrowing mother when Pamp, the rebel, stood against the school's rules of discipline and was fired from the High School—for the good of the school, as the tale goes.

Mrs. Tone has kept her finger out of Franchot's pie and has consequently remained a fascinating, friendly woman companion to her adoring son. He is proud of her legendary social life as chatelaine of the Tones' mansion.

Of red-brick, set upon a high bluff on the river front, the dark secret face of the house is further shrouded by a deeply wooded front yard. To the rear, balconies overlook the deserted paths where occasional lovers stroll beside the churning silver Rapids.

It was here, in this house, in the years of the New York State Suffrage campaign, that Mrs. Tone and Dorothy Thompson, (Mrs. Sinclair Lewis), then just out of college, whipped up plans to stir the suffragists in the counties of Western New York to organize to win the voters for the Cause. Together, they went on many barnstorming tours, through the State. Countless young women, sent by the New York State Woman Suffrage party, passed through that house. Mr. Tone gave them all the once-over. So did Pamp. Some were fat, some were thin. All were clever. Some were very charming. Neither Mr. Tone nor Pamp seriously objected.

In addition to being a pioneer Falls suffragette, Franchot's mother was also one of the first women in the town to smoke. Characteristically, it was Franchot, later to become the family's pioneer actor, who defended his mother's advanced notions against the conversation of his little friends.

His reticence, his air of authority and his aristocratic mien were usually enough to dominate any situation in which he found himself. But one night, he had to tell the gang off.

They were gathered on the curb in front of his house with their chalk sticks, drawing a large house in the street. A handsome thing in pale yellow, pink and blue, it occupied the entire width of the street and had every room conceivable within it. So thought the more unimaginative kids, who straightened their backs as they squatted on their haunches and looked complacently, heads on one side, at their handiwork.

But to Pamp it was incomplete. "Let's have a ladies' smoking room," suggested Pamp. The little girls pursed their lips and looked at each other and then a bolder one spoke up.

"Ladies don't smoke, Pamp." she said grimly.

"Oh no?" asked Pamp sarcastically. "My mother smokes and she's a lady, I guess, I guess!" The additional room went on!

FRANCHOT'S Hollywood career has made all the Falls decidedly movie-magazine conscious. I don't know if the subscription files reflect this new high because we are inveterate newsstand buyers, the town being dotted with myriads of out-door souvenir and candy counters. But read 'em we do! And woe unto the article that contains misinformation about Franchot.

Loud was the laughter, for instance, when a publication once printed an article saying that "Pamp" had also been the elder Tone's nickname at Cornell. "Pop" is what they called Mr. Tone back in the 1890's at Ithaca . . . and what his classmates still call him at reunions.

Francis D. Bowman, family friend, who has handled the Carborundum Company's advertising for a quarter of a century and whose figure skating interested young Pamp, in those far-off days of the Loop, bridles at the merest suggestion that Franchot's acting is luke-warm.

"Gad, can't they see this boy is giving them the real thing? Pamp's going to teach movie audiences to go back to watching actor's faces again, instead of keeping their eyes below the belt to see where the hero's next uppercut or boot is going to land on the leading lady's anatomy!"

Bow tells the story of the time that

"Pamp" Tone Makes Good

Franchot went abroad for a Summer's study at a university in Northern France, as far away from the Folies Bergere as a *wagon lit* could carry him. But he made immediate arrangements with the college authorities to spend Thursday to Tuesday week-ends in Paris!

What was Pamp doing in Paris? Absorbing as much Parisienne stage atmosphere as he could hold—just as years before he had taken the soubrettes to Hamilton to see what made the show go 'round, behind scenes.

Another of Bow's whimsies is a story of standing one hot Summer night behind the scenes when Franchot was with the Group Theatre in New York. He stood in the wings watching his performance.

"My, he looked stunning out there!" recalls Bow. "Completely the gentleman—top hat, ivory-headed cane, perfectly creased trousers and overcoat and snowy white muffler. When the act was over, Franchot came tearing into his dressing room, fiddling with the coat buttons. When he took it off, he hadn't a thing underneath—naked from his hips up—not a thing on, excepting the trousers and the white muffler."

Franchot's childhood friends all rub their hands with glee when they think of what a swell fight Hollywood producers will have on their hands if they try to discipline him in the time-honored ways—typed roles, salary cuts, inferior pictures, press-agent stunts. "Of course, he'll do anything if he sees clearly, with that fine mind of his, that it will further his career," says Sam Devlin, "but unless he can see it, well, I don't know—you see Pamp's never been managed. He's had everything all his life. Plenty of money . . . a LaSalle to fool around with when he was home, impeccable background and ample backing to do whatever he wanted. No compromises . . . no dictation from anyone. . . ."

"He was never unmanageable!" Bow will leap to his defense. "He was simply allowed to make his own decisions and he was expected to abide by them."

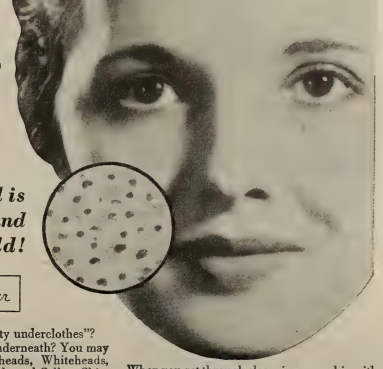
Not even at school was Pamp coerced.

"I never tried to discipline him," admits gentle Mrs. Otis. "He was an affectionate boy. He had to be ruled indirectly, through switching his attention or asking him to do you some small service. He was always an exceptional boy and I treated him as such. He was very fond of making faces, for instance. He would run the gamut of emotional expressions in the midst of algebra. I could see him in my bookcase window.

"If I had forbade, he probably would have kept right on. Instead, I casually questioned him why he did it and, after sheepishly admitting that he hadn't thought I noticed him, he promised to stop. He did. We remained the best of friends. He used to come and visit my classes and recite for them, to their delight, long after he had gone away to school."

Well, maybe that's a tip for producers and directors. Just mention it to Franchot casually, gentlemen, 'cause he ain't never been broke to the bit.

Does Your Face Wear "Dirty Underclothes"?



Horrible, but True!

A Blackhead is Dirt that is 3 and 4 Months Old!

By *Lady Esther*

Is your skin guilty of "dirty underclothes"?

In other words, dirty underneath? You may not know it, but Blackheads, Whiteheads, Enlarged Pores and Muddy and Sallow Skin, are signs of concealed dirt.

Yes—shrink as you will—a blackhead is dirt *that is three and four months old!*

You may be the most fastidious woman in the world and still have blackheads. Why? Not through any carelessness on your part, but simply because you're an innocent victim of inadequate cleansing methods. You think you are reaching the dirt in your skin, but you are not. You are only reaching the outer and not the under layer of dirt.

Make This Test!

If you want to see how a real face cream works, make this test.

First, cleanse your skin as you now do it. If you use soap and water, use plenty of it. If you use cream, use three or four applications. Keep cleaning your skin until you think it absolutely immaculate.

Now, take Lady Esther Face Cream and clean it. Just smooth or pat on the cream and leave it there a few minutes. Now take a clean cloth or tissue and wipe off the cream. Look at the cloth! That skin you thought absolutely clean has left it streaked and smudged.

It Reaches Pore-deep Dirt

Ordinary face creams stop at the top layer of dirt. Lady Esther Face Cream penetrates to the bottom of the pores and dissolves the underneath layer of dirt. It gives your skin a complete pore-deep cleansing. Lady Esther Face Cream reaches the bottom of your pores because it is a unique, readily liquefying cream. It melts the instant it touches the skin. Thus, without the necessity of being rubbed in and without stretching the pores, it penetrates the little openings all the way to their depths. There it dissolves the accumulated dirt and grime and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

When you get through cleansing your skin with Lady Esther Face Cream, you KNOW it is clean because your cloth will show no sign of soil.

Also Lubricates the Skin

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleans your skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies it with a fine oil that ends dryness and keeps your skin soft, smooth and supple.

There is no face cream you ever tried that is at once so thoroughly cleansing and delicately lubricating as Lady Esther Face Cream. One trial will show you an amazing difference in your skin.

At My Expense!

Write today for the liberal 7-day trial tube I offer and see for yourself how thoroughly clean and how exquisitely soft Lady Esther Face Cream leaves your skin. There is no cost for this 7-day tube. Your name and address on the coupon below or on a penny postcard bring it to you free and postpaid.



Pass your fingertips all over your face. Does your skin feel satin smooth? Or do you feel little bumps? If you do, then be sure your skin is suffering from "dirty underclothes."

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) **FREE**

LADY ESTHER
2020 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois (7)

Please send me by return mail your 7-day tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

NOVEMBER DECEMBER



How a
"scrap of paper"
led me to loveliness

I wish every girl could read my story and find out how easy it is to become lovely. I used to be considered plain and seldom was asked to parties. I brooded over my unpopularity until I became so sullen and sad that everybody let me alone.

That was a lucky day when I wandered into the 10¢ store and took the free perfume card sprayed from the Blue Waltz Giant Atomizer. Girls, that little "scrap of paper" changed my whole life. I gasped with pleasure at the exquisite perfume and bought a bottle immediately. I bought the other Blue Waltz Beauty Aids, too, because the salesgirl told me they were "certified to be pure" and as fine as a $2 or $3 quality.

Next day I made up carefully with Blue Waltz Lipstick and Face Powder. I finished with a touch of Blue Waltz Perfume. My mirror told me that I had never looked so lovely before and I started for the office smiling. Both men and girls were friendlier and soon I began to be asked for dates.

Girls, go to the cosmetic counter of your 5 and 10¢ store... get a free sample card sprayed from the Blue Waltz Giant Atomizer ... you'll love its enchanting fragrance. Buy the Blue Waltz Perfume and all the marvelous Blue Waltz Beauty Aids ... only 10¢ each.

Seize this opportunity to ensemble your beauty preparations. You find the same alluring fragrance in Blue Waltz Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Cold Cream, Cream Rouge, Brilliantine, Talcum Powder. Only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.



Blue Waltz
FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

Princess in the Tower

(*Continued from page 59*)

as many pictures a year as Garbo or Dietrich. Fay must know there is some reason why people like to see her. Yet, when you ask her her secret —what she herself thinks of her own personality—she is completely bewildered.

"Well—when people write in to you —fans—what do they say about you?" you ask her.

"They say I'm sincere. They seem to like my sincerity."

But any really good actress is sincere, so that doesn't help much.

She even attempts to explain herself by going back in her memory and trying to recall the reasons boys used to like her as a kid. That's fairly difficult, because Fay led an extraordinarily sheltered life as a girl, and hardly ever went out with boys at all. But she remembers two or three fellows. All of them told her the same thing.

"Fay, you're the kind of girl I want to marry," they said.

That helps, because, when boys say that, they generally mean that a girl is quiet, sweet, reserved, womanly. Like their own mothers. They may want to go out on dates with a hot-cha gal, but when their thoughts swing around to marriage—even at fifteen or sixteen they want a quiet, sweet girl. It's true, Fay is like that. Even more so, now, than when she was a child. You know she's a born wife when you hear her talk about her own husband, who happens to be John Monk Saunders, the writer. "A man should always feel he's the head of the house," she says firmly.

"A man should feel he's the head of the house—even if he isn't?" you hint slyly.

"I didn't say that," she smiles.

But, although she hasn't the least idea of it, she gives away nearly the whole story of the charm she has for so many people when she speaks of her own ideal of womanhood. "It seems to me a good combination is a touch of the old-fashioned girl plus the modern spirit," she says thoughtfully. "I mean, today a girl has to be very much alive—not only for the sake of men, but in order to meet her own everyday problems. So she should have the modern manner. But at the same time, to appeal to men and be happy within herself too, she should have the old, honest, deep-rooted feminine charm. I don't mean a clinging vine. I loathe a clinging vine as much as I loathe a girl who's cheap and flashy. Every girl should have within her the quality which will let you respect her as a wife and adore her as a mother. That is womanwood, to me."

And then, still without knowing, she comes even closer to it. "You know," she says, "I've been doing these horror pictures lately, King Kong, and Doctor X and the later ones, and I've been getting letters from little boys. Isn't it queer that little boys should like those pictures so much? But what interests me is that they all say the same thing—and I think it's so dear of them! You know what they say? They say, 'Dear Miss Wray. Gee, you are always in trouble. I would love to rescue you!'"

AND there you have it! Little boys —and every man alive is a little boy, grown up—all want to rescue her from the dreadful plights she gets into in her pictures. (Which is why the producers, who know it, put her into just such pictures.) Fay is the princess in the tower, appealing to the gallantry of every knight in shining armor. She's the same way in real life. You want to protect her and take care of her the minute you meet her. When she asks you, "Is it going to rain?" you want to say sternly, "Not if I can help it!" and rush to bring her an umbrella and rubbers.

Fay is the perfect heroine in distress. She was born that way.

DELICIOUS BREAKFASTS

This month's food circulars have been planned to help you get the breakfast. If you follow the recipes and suggestions they contain you will be able to give your family breakfasts that are tempting, wholesome and easy to prepare for as much or as little as you choose to spend. Here are the subjects:

1. Breakfast menus
2. How to prepare fruit for breakfast
3. Fruit juices for breakfast
4. Ways with cereal
5. Muffins and other small breakfast breads
6. Breakfast breads in larger forms
7. Eggs for breakfast
8. More hearty breakfast breads

If you would like copies of these circulars, send ten cents to Rita Calhoun, care of NEW MOVIE Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Remember, they are printed on loose leaves, so that you can keep them in a losee-leaf binder.

Music in the Movies

(*Continued from page 68*)

the case of some of the European recordings, the acoustics are not as good as they might be, and you get the impression that the band is playing in a large dance hall. This does not detract from the enjoyment of the record, however.

"Oceans of Time" is the tune on the other side, also played by Ray Noble and his orchestra. Another swell number with some nice piano playing by Ray himself. (Victor).

And here is another recording of "My Old Flame," this time by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. Of course, this is absolutely different from the Ellington record, and done in true Lombardo style, so you can have your choice. Carmen Lombardo sings the vocal chorus.

"The Lights are Low, the Music is Sweet" is the title of the tune on the reverse side, also played by Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. A true Lombardo tune with Carmen doing the singing. (Brunswick).

"A Bowl of Chop Suey and You-Ey," played by Sam Robbins and his Hotel McAlpin orchestra, is from the Ben Bernie film, "Shoot the Works." Despite the title it's a presentable tune, and Robbins does a good job with it. Sam Robbins has certainly made a name for himself with dance lovers during the last year, and we hope that he continues his well deserved popularity. The vocal is sung by Sam.

"Is I Gotta Go to School Ma" is the title of the song on the other side, and this is also presented by Sam Robbins and his orchestra. Nice singing by June Joy and Sammy Robbins. (Bluebird).

"MOONGLOW", played by Benny Goodman and his orchestra is another example of the subdued hot style of these boys. This is played to slow tempo, and contains some very good renditions by the boys in the band, including Benny and his clarinet.

"Breakfast Ball" is on the other side, and is also played by Benny Goodman. There's nothing to the tune, but the boys in the band have a lot of fun, anyway. (Columbia).

"No Calling Card" played by Wingy Mannone and his orchestra is another record of hot music, played in the same style as the number just above. I understand that Wingy hails from New Orleans. You'll find this one reminds you of some of the stuff Louis Armstrong used to do with his small combination.

"Strange Blues" is on the other side and this is also by Wingy Mannone. Slow tempo this time, and in both of these tunes the vocal work is by Wingy himself. (Brunswick).

And finally here's another record of "My Old Flame", played by Ted Hanson and his Normandie orchestra, who do very well, too, although they are new to me. The vocal refrain is by Helen Young.

"I Met My Waterloo" is on the other side. It is from Mae West's new picture, played by Ted Hanson and his orchestra. Good playing, with another nice vocal by Helen Young. (Bluebird).

LINGERING LAGER LICKED BY LITTLE LIFE SAVERS!



When the Stein Song is over... that's the time for a Life Saver. No breath of lager lingers with a Life Saver on the tongue.

IF IT HASN'T A HOLE . . . IT ISN'T A LIFE SAVER!

Don't Miss Out!

$2000 in Cash Prizes for the Best Shopping Experience Letters . . .

See pages 12 and 13 of this magazine for full details.



IN NEW HANDY CANS AND BOTTLES

3-in-One lightens housework—prolongs the life of household devices. As it lubricates it cleans and prevents rust. Get some today!

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER

Good heavens!
those pots and pans again



THAT'S WHERE
S.O.S SHINES
—in double-quick time

Yes—the meanest task of the whole day! But that's just the time to put S. O. S. on the job.

Simple. Wet the edge of an S. O. S. pad—scour—rinse. Those messy utensils will be shining—and you'll be smiling again—before you realize it.

Get another package today. Your grocer, department, hardware or five and ten cent store has it. Or the coupon below will bring you a generous free trial package.



FREE Mail this coupon or a post-card to The S. O. S. Company, 6204 W. 65th Street, Chicago, Ill., for a free trial package of S. O. S. You'll like it!

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ B

Day by Day

(*Continued from page 17*)

A swell time was had by all until Madge and Tom became so engrossed in playing the penny concessions that they completely forgot their guardian duties.

And, when they finally woke up, the kids were nowhere to be found!

After a frantic search, with Madge verging on the hysterical, they hopelessly returned to their blanket on the sand, and . . . there sat the youngsters, building a sand castle as calmly as though nothing had happened!

•

GORDON WESTCOTT and Old Man NEMO cornered a ringside table at the Gay Nineties for the purpose of checking up on a right smart bevy of fan dancers.

It was a good show, no doubt, but we still think the orchids should go to the comedienne who came out with two electric fans . . . and an over-sized suit of long underwear!

•

WE bumped into George Raft and Molly O'Day, arm in arm the other day.

Molly was George's girl friend back in the days before he learned to flip a nickel. Or even had a nickel to flip, perhaps?

Anyhow, they seemed to be playing a return engagement . . . and liking it.

•

PROBABLY the most delightful Bohemian crowd of all time gathered in a tiny studio to hear Saveli Walevitch, famous Russian singer and lutist, give his concert of songs of the People of Russia.

Bela Lugosi squatted on a narrow step, with tears of appreciation on his cheeks as the thrilling tones filled the small room.

Willy Pogany, Julian Eltinge, and dozens of artists from all walks in life, sat spell-bound under the stirring strains of "The Volga Boatman," and other characteristic Russian numbers.

Even ye blase NEMO *was forced to admit that the Russians have something in them besides five-year-plans!*

•

TO celebrate the Fourth of July, Cecil B. DeMille treated a party of friends to a day on his yacht.

There was a grand banquet, favors 'n' everything, and, in his favor, C. B. got the following fortune on a slip of paper:

"Someone of considerable achievement will soon come into your life."

"Hm-m-m-m," mused the great DeMille dryly. "It's about time!"

•

A RAMBLING reporter suggests that Lyle Talbot's corner on all the eligible girls should set the rest of our forlorn males chirping: "Brother, Can You Spare a Dame?"

•

HERE'S an advance tip-off: As a special concession, Paramount hauled "Cleopatra" out of the can and ran it off for the delegates of the sales convention, held here not so long ago.

Now if there are any tougher boys anywhere, we'd rather not know 'em. But . . . what did those cynical guys do, after viewing DeMille's newest "super-colossal," but throw their hats in the air and cheer, long and loud, for the gal who invited Mark Antony to "c'm up'n see me about a snake s'mtime!" So get out your best superlatives and get ready to pay homage to Daddy DeMille for another job well done.

•

WHEN Margaret Lindsay was going to dramatic school in New York, the instructor told her that she might as well give up all hope of ever becoming an actress, because it just wasn't in her!

So what? So Margaret took her accent to England, kept her pretty ears open, and finally came out of the London fog with a flock of broad a's that won her a nice spot in Fox's "Cavalcade."

If that dramatic instructor remembers, we'll bet his ears are plenty pinkish!

•

DIRECTOR Clarence Brown has the makin's of a pretty swell-l-L-L-L husband, we'd intimate.

Because his wife, Alice Joyce, likes to tune in on the local radio programs, while Clarence would rather fool around trying to get distance on his short-wave set, the considerate fellow has fixed himself up with earphones so as not to clutter up the little woman's favorite programs with a Chinese dissertation on the economic situation in Shanghai.

•

AND now William Powell has gone Harlow! At least, he was pretty attentive to the platinum Jean at Ronald Colman's party not so long ago.

And Jean didn't seem to be minding too much, either?

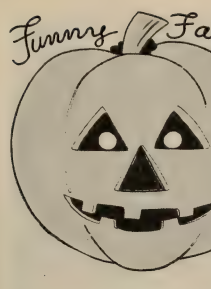
•

IN memory of his prize-fighting days, director Chuck Reisner keeps himself well supplied with expensive silk shirts, all colors of the rainbow.

And I mean dozens and DOZENS of 'em!

•

LAST Gasp of the Month: Max Baer says he's through with wimmen?



FUNNY faces will hide happy faces! Every boy and girl who has the fun of making the Hallowe'en masks and costumes in the October Tiny Tower is certainly going to wear a happy face beneath a cat mask or behind a witch's nose. In fact, there are so many amusing things to make in this issue that they alone are worth several times the price of the magazine.

ADD to these fun-makers the rhyme page about Walt Disney's Wise Little Hen . . . Jack and Jill's adventures among the pumpkin people . . . Hallowe'en magic . . . stories, comics, puzzles and color pages . . . and you have a magazine to delight every young child.

THERE'S no chance for the children to miss a single issue of this delightful magazine if they have a year's subscription to Tiny Tower. Send today for a twelve months' supply of fun . . . only $1.00 a year.

Also on sale at
F. W. Woolworth Co Stores and Newsstands
10c a copy

•

TINY TOWER

•

55 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

Pals

(*Continued from page* 43)

made me take five curtain calls of my own.

"When the show went on to Cleveland, before returning to Broadway, we stopped at a hotel near the station. There was a great deal of noise, which Howard, being an Englishman, couldn't stand. So he inquired regarding accommodations in the residential district.

"Finding a quiet location forty-five minutes by taxi from town, really a delightful place, he and Mrs. Howard engaged a suite and insisted I go along. When we signed the register, my room was thirty-five dollars a week. At the other hotel, I had paid at the rate of sixteen dollars a week.

"On my salary, with a wife and apartment to keep in Brooklyn, I couldn't figure how I could stand the gaff until Howard went into his act and said thirty-five dollars was too much for his secretary's room. 'That's different,' the manager told him, 'in that event, the rate will be twenty-two dollars.' At that reduced rent, I occupied a room adjoining the Howards. After the manager had seen the play, he seemed to get a great kick out of the trick played on him.

"In New York, our wives became chummy and pretty soon we began to spend our evenings together, before the show and after the performance. After 'The Animal Kingdom' closed, and Howard went on tour in another play, we continued to hear from each other by frequent correspondence. Later, we met in Hollywood."

That two such vastly different personalities should become such warm friends is only another indication of the vagaries of human nature. It is all the more strange when you consider Howard represents all that is fine in English culture, while Gargan lives up to his fighting Irish ancestry. After centuries of conflict, the Anglo-Saxons and the Celts are calling it a day and merging their pleasure-seeking talents in Hollywood.

There is something inspiring in the friendship of these two actors, who, through close association, have come even to think alike. Their channels of vision and thought coursed along entirely different lines until they started their comradeship, and each unconsciously has absorbed certain qualities from the other.

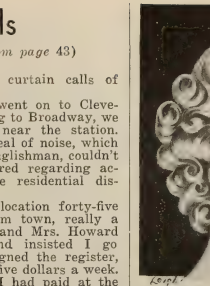
This is particularly manifest in Gargan's choice of language. "When I first knew Howard," he says, "I talked like any chap reared on the sidewalks. I said 'goil' and 'foist' and 'thoid,' for girl, first and third. Howard's diction is so perfect that I soon dropped my former manner of speaking."

From Gargan, Howard converted an already-developed sense of humor into rousing proportions.

Both love the desert, Howard its quietude, Gargan as a romping ground. So when they trek desertward, Gargan and his wife drop off at the popular Palm Springs, while the English couple continue on to La Quinta, an exclusive resort twenty miles beyond, removed from the fanfare most of the picture people prefer.

But even on the desert they hold daily communion. Each rides horseback, and at an hour decided on over the telephone they set forth from their

(*Please turn to page* 90)



Beautiful Hair
IS YOURS FOR THE ASKING

Have the lure and charm of lovely hair without the expense of a hairdresser. It is now possible to keep your hair in a lovely wave at a very nominal cost to you. Dr. Ellis' Special "Quick—Dry" WAVESET keeps your hair soft and lustrous, and it is so easily applied that today it has become the most popular WAVESET at your cosmetic counter.

Prove to yourself that Dr. Ellis' Special "Quick—Dry" WAVESET will give your hair the alluring wave and sheen so popular among stage and screen stars.

Today, instead of getting an expensive hair dress, try this wonderful discovery. You will be amazed how easy it is to successfully dress your own hair with Dr. Ellis' Special "Quick—Dry" WAVESET. Just use a comb or your fingers and set the waves best suited for your coiffure. In a few minutes your hair is dry and free from flakes. Comb out and you have a beautiful lustrous wave and a sheen that will match the attractiveness of your favorite stage or screen star.

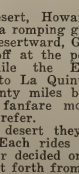
DR. ELLIS' SPECIAL "QUICK—DRY" WAVESET may be purchased in a six-ounce comb dip bottle for 10c at all good cosmetic shops, department and 10c stores.

Dr. Ellis' Lemon-Oil Concentrate SHAMPOO. 1¾ oz. size, 10c.

Dr. Ellis' Original Skin BALM. 1¾ oz. size, 10c.

Dr. Ellis' Special "Quick—Dry" Wave Fluid CONCENTRATE. Makes 1 quart. 10c.

Dr. Ellis' Special "Quick—Dry" Wave-set POWDER. Makes 1 quart. 10c.



Written by Dr. Ellis enroute to Chicago, 8000 feet in the air in his Stinson Plane, piloted by Captain J. B. Franklin, President of the Franklin Airways Advertising Corp., Pittsburgh, Penna.

Dr. Ellis Sales Co., Pittsburgh, Pa. Toronto, Canada

NOVEMBER
DECEMBER

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Glorify Your EYES

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"WHY didn't I try it before?" You'll say to your mirror, after beautifying your lashes with a magic touch of Winx, the super-mascara. Remember, lovely eyes are woman's greatest charm.

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm, I promise you.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx. Darken your lashes—note the instant improvement.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note my trial offer below. Note, too, my Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". I not only tell of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet", wrinkles, etc. . . . LOUISE ROSS.

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WINX

Darkens lashes perfectly



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Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"

Mail to LOUISE ROSS, T-M-10
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Name.....

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

Pals

(*Continued from page* 89)

respective abodes and meet out in the sage, midway between the two playgrounds.

"Sometimes we spend an hour or so talking," the Irish actor explains, "or scarcely speak. Almost always we have a couple of books. Along about twelve o'clock, one or the other of us will say he has to get going for lunch with the missus . . . and we repeat the performance the next day."

BEFORE Gargan's baby was ushered into this world, the two men entered into numerous serious discussions regarding its future. The child would be named Leslie Howard Gargan, no matter whether a boy or girl. Howard would contribute to its professional welfare, if, when old enough to reach a decision, he or she should choose to go on the stage or screen. The future of the happily anticipated child weighed heavily upon both of them.

When the baby finally arrived it was a boy, and immediately was named after the celebrated English actor. Howard started a small trust fund, upon the day of the infant's birth, to assure his having a proper start along the lines he later would decide to follow. And impatiently is awaiting the day he can start the lad's dramatic education.

The friendship of Leslie Howard and William Gargan seems like a single soul inhabiting two separate bodies. Neither is satisfied without being near the other . . . and when the Howards left Hollywood in the early Summer to open their new house in Surrey, outside of London, the Gargans accompanied them. And as you read this tale of Hollywood's most unusual association both couples are enjoying the life of rural England.

Junior Hollywood Parade

(*Continued from page* 8)

film players have come from the stage," she said, "For years they have lived in hotel rooms in various cities which they had no time to see. They spent most of their time in dressing rooms which were generally outstanding in their lack of conveniences. They were never able to own a car, even if they were able to afford one. Traveling with a show for a good part of the year kept them in railroad coaches whenever they did have any traveling to do. They had no furniture of their own. They generally could not encumber themselves with maids or valets, and their whole private existence revolved around a wardrobe trunk."

Helen, having been on the stage since she was about six years of age, knows what she is talking about. She traveled all over the country with a number of shows, never knowing for how long she could spend her time with her folks in New York. Now that she is firmly settled in Hollywood, she is beginning to feel the urge to "go Hollywood."

* * *

Remember Junior Durkin as *Huck Finn* in those two Paramount hits "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn." That was several years ago when Junior was a child. But he's nineteen years old now, and realizing that his name does not fit his years—Junior has been changed to the family name of Trent.

So starting with his role in the new Warner Brothers picture, "Big Hearted Herbert," we will know him as Trent Durkin.

"His success should be just as great now as it was years ago with the name of 'junior'," says his sister, Grace Durkin, "because when worked out in numerology, the names Trent and Junior give the same result."

* * *

One of Billy Bakewell's young fans had followed him around for days. The young fellow met Billy several months before and had been trying to get up enough nerve to renew the acquaintance. One day recently Bakewell entered a drug store and Johnny Taggerd followed close behind. Finally, after a great deal of hesitation, Johnny drew himself together, stalked over to the fountain and tapped the actor on the shoulder.

"You're Bakewell, aren't you?" Billy admitted it. "You remember me, don't you—I'm—I'm (the boy was stumped—he couldn't remember his own name. He snapped his fingers and thought for a second.) "Er—OH,—I'm TAGGERD."

* * *

Muriel Kirkland will not buy an alarm clock. She asks her grocer, garage man or butcher to call her up each morning at nine, to awaken her for the daily appointments. . . . Every day that Bill Henry (last seen in "Operator 13" and "Thin Man") isn't working, he heads for Wilmington where he remains aboard a friend's yacht. It was fun 'til the other day when wearing his smooth-looking yacht cap, Bill narrowly escaped a massed assault from irate long-shoremen strikers who, believing him to be a strike breaker, had every intention of beating him up. Bill's Yacht Club membership card saved him. . . . Fox Studios have changed Tex Brodus' name to Richard Brodus and plan a great future for this handsome twenty-four-year old actor. . . . Jackie Coogan has a new girl and it's Toby Wing. . . . Maurice Murphy and Dick Winslow, taking a half hour off to entertain Dawn O'Day on the set at Universal. . . . Mervin Light, another leading man from the Broadway stage, has arrived in Hollywood and goes under contract to Warner Brothers. . . . And Elisha Cook, Jr., another juvenile of the stage, has come to town and is slated for two pictures at Paramount. . . . And now, perhaps you can tell me why that attractive Marla Hayden doesn't accept one of those picture offers. . . .

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THE Cocktail Hour! The Fifth Avenue Hotel adds another feature to its famous hospitality. Bring your friends to the Amen Corner for cocktails. There the Maitre d'Hotel presides over a choice selection of hors d'oeuvres, wines and liqueurs. Cocktails from thirty cents . . . cordials forty cents . . . Sauterne $1.00 pint, $1.75 quart.

Also delicious meals in the Salon Madrid, and the outdoor Café with luncheon eighty-five cents . . . dinners $1.00 and $1.50.

The entire atmosphere of the Fifth Avenue Hotel is one of luxurious living at modest costs. Make it your center of entertaining whether you live in New York or come on a visit.

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Direction Oscar Wintrab

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The Authentic Story of My Life

(*Continued from page* 35)

socially inclined. Often, at the last minute, he would suggest that we forget about a theater or a party, that we stay at home and spend a long, quiet evening before the fire. It was on such evenings that I learned to know his fine intelligence, his amazing understanding, his brilliant imagination.

Gradually the months passed and the night of nights arrived, the premiere of "Hell's Angels." It is impossible to describe my emotions on that night.

I don't remember even seeing the picture that night. I sat through the entire affair in a cold perspiration, trying to realize that that girl on the screen was really I. Somehow, even now, I always think of the Jean Harlow in the pictures as an entirely different person. I look at her with the coldly critical eye of a stranger. I haven't even seen two or three of the pictures in which she played after "Hell's Angels." I dislike those films and the girl in them so much that I couldn't bear to sit in a theatre—or even in a projection room—and look at them.

AFTER the opening of "Hell's Angels" I was sure that my long period of waiting was finished, that I would be permitted to work again. But once more I was doomed to disappointment. Mr. Hughes had no other pictures scheduled for production and he refused absolutely to loan me to any other studio.

But Mr. Hughes refused to listen to my pleas. Instead, he sent me to make a personal appearance at the opening of the picture in Seattle, Washington. At nine o'clock one evening his secretary called me to instruct me to be ready to leave at six-fifteen the next morning with clothes enough to last for two days. When I boarded the plane the next morning to fly North, I had only my traveling clothes, a street dress and one evening gown. And we stayed fourteen days instead of two in Seattle. My personal appearance was a success and the theatre requested that I remain for the first two weeks of the run.

Immediately upon my return, I was informed by the studio that I had been scheduled to make a personal appearance tour with the picture, a trip which would last, they said, for at least three months.

So Mother and I packed our trunks and said good-bye to Hollywood. That entire trip is a nightmare to me. When we were half way across the country on our way to New York, which was to be our first stop, I received a wire from the studio, ordering me back to Hollywood. We had closed our home in Beverly Hills and made all arrangements to be away for three months. My appearance at the New York premiere had been advertised. We had our tickets in our purses. I made up my mind that I was not going to be shoved around to suit the whims of anyone. So I ignored the wire, went on through to New York and appeared at the theatre as scheduled.

Then I asked Mr. Hughes once more to release me from my contract. He

(*Continued on page* 92)

A TRUE STORY

By A MOTHER



who found the "only thing" good enough for her children

A MOTHER will go to any length to get something which her children need. To her, their welfare is the only thing that matters. That's why this letter from Mrs. Ralph W. Michael, of Lakeville, Indiana, is worth reading. But let her tell her own story.

"Six years ago, before my daughter Marilyn was born, I was a very sick woman. I suffered terribly, and I was sure an operation was the only way out to end my suffering.

"Then my doctor prescribed Nujol. I used it daily for over a year, and from the start found improvement from the constipation which was the main source of my trouble. Because Nujol is a 'natural regulator' and not a 'habit former,' I found I could gradually decrease the amount taken, and at the beginning of my second year I needed only a little every other day.

"My two lovely little daughters, Marilyn, six, and Prudence, who is four, are being brought up on this same safe Nujol which was such a godsend to me. I would not think of trusting their delicate little organs to anything but Nujol. I have had them on Nujol since they were tiny babies and, just as in my own case, I find that it has trained them to daily regularity.

"Yes, indeed, I am always glad to say a good word for my dear old friend, Nujol, and you may publish this letter. It may help Nujol to do for other people the same good that it has done for me."

Follow Mrs. Michael's example. Use Nujol yourself—bring up your children on it to be regular as clockwork. You can get Nujol at any drug store—now in two forms—plain, and Cream of Nujol, the latter flavored and often preferred by children.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been using Nujol for ten years or more, if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address Stanco Incorporated, 2 Park Avenue, Dept. (19T), New York City.

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NOVEMBER DECEMBER

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This great gift of science—Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads—no wonder it has the largest sale of any foot remedy in the world! It relieves painful corns, callouses, bunions or tender toes in *one minute;* ends the cause by protecting the sore spot; soothes and heals; lifts nagging pressure off the nerves; eases new or tight shoes and prevents blisters and abrasions.

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Dr. Scholl has perfected a Foot Comfort Remedy or Appliance for every foot trouble—assuring quick, safe relief. Ask your dealer. Write for valuable booklet on FOOT CARE to Dr. Scholl's, 233 West Schiller St., Chicago.

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International Typewriter Exch.,

The Authentic Story of My Life

(*Continued from page* 91)

was leaving for Europe and promised that, if I would continue the tour as originally planned, he would find me a good role in a good picture as soon as he returned.

The one bright spot of that trip was my three-day visit with my grandparents in Kansas City. I worried a great deal about that first meeting with my Grandfather. I had not seen him since my return to motion pictures. Never had he mentioned the screen in his letters. So, as the train drew near Kansas City, my heart was beating a little faster than usual.

All Grandfather said was, "Well, Harlean, if you're going to do something, do it well. Don't make a halfway job of anything which you undertake."

When we returned to Hollywood, I fairly haunted the studio, hoping that I would be permitted to work. Finally, in November, I was loaned to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to play in "The Secret Six."

I was glad to go to work. The role was very similar to the one I played in "Hell's Angels," a scheming, hard-boiled, heartless creature without one sympathetic quality to make the audiences like her.

I MET Clark Gable for the first time when we were making "The Secret Six." He was just beginning his skyrocket rise to fame at that time and was practically unknown. Compared to him, I was a veteran of the screen. But compared to Wallace Beery and Johnny Mack Brown and the other members of the cast, I was a rank amateur. Clark was a great help to me during that picture. In spite of the fact that he was even newer in the game than I was, he took to it with such ease that he made me less nervous. Little did we dream, Clark and I, that someday we should be playing together as co-stars in that very same studio.

The day that we finished "The Secret Six," I was ordered by the Hughes company to rush to Chicago to appear at the theatre when "Hell's Angels" opened there. Mother and I packed and departed in record-breaking time. We arrived in Chicago on Saturday. The picture was to open the following Sunday night. We had just unpacked and settled in our hotel rooms, when we received a long-distance call from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, telling me that I must return at once to make new scenes for their forthcoming production, "The Secret Six."

Never will I forget the next hour. Our room was a bedlam. We talked first to M-G-M, then to Howard Hughes, then to the Chicago theatre, then to the Kansas City theatre where I was scheduled to appear on the following Monday night. Eight times we packed and unpacked our trunks. Finally we received word that I would not be needed for the retakes and we stayed in Chicago.

After our return to Hollywood I received my wish so far as work went. I made seven pictures in less than a year. But what pictures they were! I don't like even to think about them. The films, themselves, were probably all right, but the character I played was the same detestable, unsympathetic girl.

So I determined to leave Hollywood. When Mother, Marino and I got on a train one morning for New York, I felt deep in my heart that I was saying good-bye to Hollywood and motion pictures forever.

IN New York I signed a contract to make a series of personal appearances at various theaters throughout the country. That tour was the greatest tonic I could have had. It gave me back my hopes and dreams and ambitions. I discovered that I had made hundreds of friends, in spite of the Jean Harlow of the screen. Everywhere we went I found friendliness and interest.

Toward the end of the tour Fate stepped into my life in the form of a dark-haired man named Ben Piazza, a casting director for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. That studio at that time was making a nation-wide search for a girl to play the title role, "Red-Headed Woman." I made the test and was given the part.

So I went back to Hollywood and motion pictures. While Mother found a house and settled our little family back in the routine of Hollywood, I plunged into my work. Here was the kind of role of which I had dreamed, a girl with a saving touch of humor in spite of her hardness, a girl who would bring laughter to audiences instead of a wave of dislike. I was completely happy during the making of that picture.

Everyone at the studio was friendly and encouraging. It was like living in a different world. And the day after the picture was finished Paul Bern returned from his trip. Marino and I went to the station to meet him. Then we went back to our home for dinner. Never will I forget that long, happy evening, talking, talking, talking. I think that that night I realized that our friendship, Paul's and mine, had matured into love.

A few evenings later, Mother, marino and I went to Paul's home for dinner. Mother was suffering from a neuralgic headache and early in the evening Marino drove her home. Paul and I were playing some silly little card game on a low table in front of the fire. Suddenly without any warning, we stopped playing and talked of marriage.

I HAD promised the studio to make a personal appearance for one week at a Los Angeles theater with "Red-Headed Woman." So we decided to be married, quietly and simply, the next Saturday night—I would be finished at the theater on Friday. Almost wordlessly in our surprise at what had happened to us so unexpectedly, we drove home to tell Mother and Marino. Perhaps they were surprised. Perhaps not. I don't know. All I know is that they were happy to realize that I had found happiness.

On the next Monday morning, we slipped down to the court house and

The Authentic Story of My Life

registered our intention to marry. Even then I could scarcely realize what had happened. It had all come about so simply and naturally.

So, on Saturday night, the second day of July, 1932, Paul Bern and I were married in the living room of my home.

A few weeks after our marriage I was assigned to play with Clark Gable in "Red Dust." I looked forward to that picture as eagerly as I had to "Red-Headed Woman." I enjoyed renewing old acquaintanceship with Clark, laughing with him over the "Secret Six" days when we were so new to pictures and so ignorant of the ups and downs of Hollywood. And I liked the girl I was playing, gay and humor-touched and likable.

And then into the midst of my happiness came tragedy. Once again my house of dreams fell around my head, with Paul's death on Labor Day, September the fifth, I felt as if life had ended for me. The only thing which saved me was my work.

"Red Dust" was half completed. One day I went to the studio and begged them to permit me to go on with the picture. They understood. That studio, the sound stage, and my dressing room were havens of rest for me. There were no curious, staring eyes watching my every movement. I was with my friends, people who understood suffering and heartache. With an infinite understanding, everyone acted as if nothing had happened. They helped me to pick up the broken threads again.

As the weeks and months passed I began to regain my interest in life and living. Marino persuaded me to take up golf, knowing that I needed exercise and fresh air. Early every morning we drove to a small neighborhood club and played eighteen holes in the still cool sunshine.

And on that golf course, I renewed my acquantance with Hal Rosson. He had photographed me in "Red-Headed Woman." But it had been merely one of a hundred casual studio acquaintanceships. Then, one morning on the golf course, when Marino had invited him to join us for a threesome, I found that Hal was more than a studio acquaintance, that he was a sympathetic and understanding friend.

When I returned to the studio to finish "Red Dust", Hal, who photographed the picture, didn't say many words to me. But he was always doing little, thoughtful things which showed me his sympathy and understanding more plainly than any speeches could have done. Often, when I was sitting alone at the edge of the stage, waiting to be called, Hal would stroll over to tell me some interesting or amusing bit of studio news. Then he would as casually walk away. He suddenly developed a quiet, dry humor which kept the entire company laughing. And, always, after some quip, he would look toward me to see whether I, too, were smiling. I knew, without being told, that he was doing it for me.

I was very anxious to see the preview of "Red Dust", but I didn't want to face the eyes of the crowds which always gather at the theatres when a preview is advertised. So one afternoon, between the early and late rush hours, Mother and I slipped into the back row of the theatre. I wore a pair of dark glasses, a heavy coat and a felt pulled down low on my head. No one, not even the ticket-taker at the door, recognized me.

When I was called for work in "Dinner At Eight" I was very happy.

I was only a small spoke in a huge, glittering wheel of stars but everyone was splendid to me. I was given the opportunity to know Marie Dressler at that time. I'll never forget some of the advice which Marie Dressler gave me. There is something about Marie which just reaches out and grabs you to her. I don't know what it is.

Most of my scenes in that picture were played with Wallace Beery. Wally took up our friendship, a joking, laughing camaraderie, where we had left it in "Secret Six". Not one word did he mention about all the things which had happened since we worked together in that picture. I never met anyone like Wally. He seems to have an inexhaustible fund of energy. When he wasn't whittling a piece of wood or talking about his small adopted daughter, he was concocting and playing practical jokes. When Wally was on the stage, I kept my eyes watchfully open. I never knew what he was going to do next. Neither did anyone else.

Immediately after we finished "Dinner At Eight", I began work in "Hold Your Man". Once again I was working with Clark Gable and Hal Rosson. Hal was as impersonally thoughtful and attentive on this picture as he had been on "Red Dust". Between Hal and Clark and the director, Sam Wood, there was never a dull moment on the stage.

It was Hal who persuaded me to go out to a public place for the first time. Except for a short week-end trip to Agua Caliente with Mother and Marino, I had not been away from the house in the evenings. Hal insisted that I was spending too much time at home, that I needed the interest and excitement of seing people and listening to music. So one evening we went to a hotel in Santa Monica where we had dinner and I danced for the first time in many months.

That was the beginning of our friendship

After several weeks of happy, friendly good times, we started work together in "Blonde Bombshell". It was while Hal and I were in Arizona, making the desert scenes for that picture, that we decided to be married as soon as the picture was finished.

Now that brief romance and marriage have ended. But our friendship remains. For that I am grateful.

What will happen next, I don't know. My life has been so full of changes, of unexpected happenings, that I don't dare to make definite plans for the future. If I can only keep my self-respect, honesty and my friends, I shall be thankful. No one can ask for a great deal more than that. Love and beauty and fame may fade, but those three things can endure forever.

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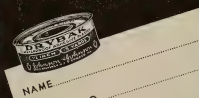
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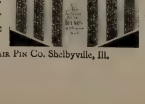
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MAKE-UP BOX

BLEACHES AND BRUSHES AND A TONIC FOR TIRED TRESSES IN THIS MONTH'S BEAUTY NOTES

Cucumbers Versus Freckles

IT'S been a grand Summer, hasn't it, but did you bask heedlessly in the sun for long hours, wearing as little clothing as the law permits? We did, and are we sorry! A terrific coat of tan and a very generous sprinkling of freckles was the result. Now that a Fall wardrobe is a primary consideration, tan and those horrid freckles give complexions a sallow, unbecoming look. Obviously the thing to do is to hasten the bleaching process and cucumber emulsion cream is the very thing! Remember that you cannot hope to change from golden tan to lily white overnight, but applications of this mild bleaching cream for a few weeks will fade the freckles and Summer tan and give your skin the milky-white tone you desire. The cucumber emulsion cream in its May apple-green and white jar is refreshingly cool and pleasant.





We Pry Into the Drys

MORE people have dry scalp and hair than have oily or normal scalps and hair . . . that is, if mail received in the Beauty Department at Tower Magazines is any indication. Long lazy days in the hot sun, sticky salt water, too many finger waves baked by hot dryers . . . all result in streaked, dry, brittle hair instead of soft, gleaming well-cared-for tresses. We did a little scouting around and learned all about the new home treatment kit . . . a gay red box containing the essentials for remedying this condition. It consists of a good size bottle of tonic and a jar of scalp pomade. A few treatments make the hair gleam with highlights as the natural oils are restored. There are also two other packages—one for oily hair and the other for normal hair. A dollar will buy this whole kit and we think that's good news, too.

If you would like further information about the articles described, and other beauty news, write to the Beauty Editor, Make-up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Scrubbing off Pounds

YOU know how it is with reducing—you diet and exercise like a Spartan for perhaps a week, then everything goes haywire and those unwanted pounds sneak up on you. Waistline a bit thick? Arms a little plump? Unpleasant "girdle bulge?" Now is the time to get to work on your figure. A well-known beauty expert whose massage treatments in her famous salon have become enormously popular, has created a Home Reducing and Massage Treatment. It consists of two large cakes of reducing soap and a special circulatory brush with long bristles designed to give as nearly as possible the same effect as hand manipulation. The friction of the brush and the soap work away the subsurface fat and increase circulation. One particularly good feature about this novel method of reducing is that you can lose weight exactly where it is most necessary. So scrub, scrub, scrub away those extra pounds in a sane, sensible and invigorating way. Try it!



You Tell Us

(*Continued from page* 57)

has over stage productions is the safe entertaining of the tired business man.

He can abandon himself along the reeling film paths, without straying from his conventional matrimonial back yard. Gorgeous blondes can convert his will power and manly determination into mush but the absence of backstage temptations averts his weakness, providing a merely pleasant and diverting stimulation.

Epics of national crises will offer a new, normal perspective on business problems that have assumed exaggerated overwhelming importance. They may even aid, and probably often do, in offering a solution to his own miniature entanglements.—*Betty Rackner, 351 N. Ogden Drive, Hollywood, Calif.*

Conquered by Shearer

I WANT to confess. Somewhere in the purple past my grandmother pursed her lips and put a ban on the "flickers". My mother inherited that charming prejudice and naturally I got the tail end of it. But finally I went and saw Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery in "Riptide".

Well, that ended the prejudice in our family—and Norma Shearer did it! To me she ranks among the highest (and I know them all now.) Why doesn't she play in more pictures? I know I'm not her only admirer. She seems to be particularly fitted for the devilish, delicious roles like in "Riptide" but "Smiling Through" proved her dramatic qualities. Isn't there another story like that lying around waiting for Norma Shearer?—*Lillian D. Pelly, 56 Center Ave., Maple Shade, N. J.*

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street" will show her in another contrasting role.

Oh! Yeah!

WE men readers aren't getting a break in NEW MOVIE. I think the editor and the entire staff are a bunch of women. If a man writes in and says he likes Mae West, the entire staff considers it an insult to their own looks and nimbly but with a smile tosses the letter into the waste paper basket. I don't expect to see this letter in print but at least it will make the staff gnash their teeth (if they have any) and stamp their feet in anger, when they find out what at least one fan thinks of them. But regardless of whether the staff is composed of a bunch of men-hating women I've got to admit they do a good job in getting out NEW MOVIE. Gosh darn, I've tried reading some of the other movie magazines but like ice cream and pickles, they give me indigestion and then I have to go out and get me a NEW MOVIE, to regain peace of mind.—*Bruce Vitally, Lincoln Park, N. J.*

Come and visit us some time.

Otto, Take a Bow!

JUST why hasn't someone said something about that most fascinating gentleman, Otto Kruger? Not only fascinating, but a perfect actor—a perfect subject for an interview in your magazine, which I have been looking for in your last three or four issues.

Naturally, I like Clark Gable, Robert Montgomery, John Boles, and any of them but this man has something new in charm.

Just to show you how very sincere I am, this is my very first letter of this kind, and it took just such an altogether charming personality to compel me to write this.—*Mrs. S. S. Reese, 808 S. Forest Ave., Independence, Mo.*

It is Kruger's sincerity that wins you, too, Mrs. Reese.

Get Together, Boys

COME on all you men and boys, don't let the women and girls take up all the space in this department and in your opinions.

I want to mention one of my favorite movies, "It Happened One Night," a picture that introduced to me for the first time Claudette Colbert; boy is she pretty! You bet I'll not miss her now.

People should leave Greta Garbo alone; let her live her life as she wants to. All I ask from her is that she give us more pictures.

I hear that Helen Hayes is coming back to the films in "Vanessa." Three cheers for you, Helen, the best actress in the world.

I can't close without mentioning other four-star entertainers! Myrna Loy—please don't ever sing in another picture again; Ramon Navarro—why not appear in concerts throughout the United States? Eddie Cantor—more pictures would benefit everyone.

NEW MOVIE does not need much improvement but I think a stars' directory would be a big improvement. —*John Szlucha, R. D. 1, Owego, N. Y.*

Well, maybe the girls are better letter-writers, John.

Enchantment Preferred

WE working girls, who bear the grime and heat, the whine, crash and din of an everyday business world; who hear only the hard luck stories of other working girls, not as fortunate, revel in pictures like "Thirty-Day Princess." Somehow they make all our rosy day dreams much more plausible, and besides such a clean, romantic love story is like a long, tall, refreshing drink after the swarm of boring sex pictures which have glutted the screen. Surely love can be thrilling and yet remain clean.

May we not have more such enchanting stories, and much, much more of Sylvia Sidney's piquant charm and sincerity?—*Audrey Storm, 2935 Belmont Ave., Baltimore, Md.*

You will see Sylvia Sidney soon in "Limehouse Nights," and "One Way Ticket."

Cheerio, British Films

IT is my belief that Hollywood supremacy in the movie world is now seriously rivalled by English made pictures.

Last year, "The Private Life of Henry VIII", a British production, won wide acclaim, and now it is "Catherine the great" that is breaking box-office records everywhere.

Elizabeth Bergner, a German actress, makes the piteous, lonely figure of the girl Catherine destined to rule the greatest of empires—breathtakingly beautiful. Small, almost plain, she has a hundred expressions, a hundred cadences in her voice, a hundred moods. She vibrates to emotion like a sensitive instrument. Without the

(*Please turn to page* 96)



"I have always ridden horseback, rain or shine, except for certain days that demanded quiet. Now, I ride without regard for those difficult days because there is no longer any difficulty or discomfort connected with them. My only regret is the time I lost in getting acquainted with Midol."

Do you ride—or do equally strenuous things—or wish you *could* at times when even being on your feet means pain or discomfort? Midol might end this handicap for you—might lead you to give it every bit as strong an endorsement as above. Why not *try* it? Midol acts immediately, and is effective several hours.

Don't be afraid of the speed with which Midol takes hold; it is *not* a narcotic. It is just as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache.

If you decide to try this remarkable form of relief for periodic pain, remember the name of this special medicine,—and remember that Midol *is* a special medicine for this special purpose. Do not take instead, some tablet that is made for aches and pains in general, and expect the same results. Ask the druggist for *Midol.*

NOVEMBER DECEMBER

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MEN love to smooth and caress soft, lustrous hair. When a woman's hair no longer holds glamour and allure—something is wrong. Improper shampooing, most likely, has robbed hair of its natural lustre and beauty.

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You Tell Us

(*Continued from page 95*)

aid of make-up, she grows older, more mature before our eyes, when she has to choose between the adoration of her unfaithful husband and her duty to her people.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., portrays the mad Czar Peter with a skill that Hollywood never brought out in this actor.

Technically, too, the picture is superb, with lighting and photography flawless. The authentic magnificence of sets and costumes, fine acting, and sensitive direction all combine to make this picture a screen masterpiece.

I sincerely advise every fan to see this photoplay, and I advise Hollywood to look to its laurels. English pictures can no longer be regarded lightly by America!—*Hyman Goober, 158 Holland St., Somerville, Mass.*

The latest English pictures are proving very popular with Yankee fans.

Are We Proud?

HURRAH for a magazine like NEW MOVIE, that gives us movie fans a chance to tell each other about our favorites! In one issue NEW MOVIE published forty-nine letters from loyal fans! I don't know of another movie magazine that publishes so many in one issue.

It's certainly great, and we fans appreciate having our opinions printed. If that isn't a privilege, then I'll "be jiggered," if I don't know what is. Just to get things that you have long wanted to say off your chest is a real comfort.

May the NEW MOVIE prosper and live long enough to be the "Old" Movie, and then some.

I haven't missed a copy of NEW MOVIE since I first saw the magazine. —*Mary Belle Walley, Butler, New Jersey.*

Well!—er—thanks, Mary.

Then and Now

HIS life moves on like a tranquil stream—flowing through the hills of hoydenish Hollywood. He doesn't shout from the roof of his Malibu cottage of his preference for dotted neckties—nor does he nauseate his admirers with freak publicity. Neither does he disillusion us by placing his private life upon the altar of sensationalism!

No! He's the same serene and unaffected person, gallant and sincere, possessing that same beloved one-sided smile. The D. W. Griffith young hopeful of many moons ago—then and now — Dick Barthelmess — the grandest movie hero and lover on the screen!—*Mrs. C. E. Padgett, 619 Vermont St., Quincy, Ill.*

After fifteen years of being directed by others, Dick is planning his own producing unit.

One Picture Did the Trick

I READ the NEW MOVIE magazine for this month and I just couldn't help but write and tell you my opinion of the movies.

First of all I want to say that I've never seen a more beautiful, gorgeous, glamorous star than Anna Sten! She's lovely! I saw her in "Nana" and I couldn't help but see it over again! I'm just counting the days until her next picture is released!

My friends are just crazy about her also!

Everyone says that she's just lovely.

No wonder everyone bought the July issue of NEW MOVIE magazine because it had the great Anna Sten on the cover!—*Mrs. Agnes Espejo, 3208 S. Poplar Ave., Chicago, Ill.*

Anna's step to fame and stardom in one picture was one of the spectacular events of the movie year.

Thank You, Miss Thompson

SINCE my letter appeared in The People's Academy many strangers have written asking if I was a real person. Evidently there are skeptical persons who believe the editors write these letters themselves and that no one receives the prizes.

I should like to state that I have found NEW MOVIE absolutely on the square. There *is* a Phyllis Thompson. She received her prize check (it didn't bounce back either) and she appreciates this opportunity to prove the authenticity of NEW MOVIE and to thank the readers of The People's Academy for their interest.—*Phyllis Thompson, 95 Collins St., Lowville, Lewis Co., N. Y.*

NEW MOVIE *would never resort to such a cheap trick on its readers. Have any others of you People's Academy fans had the same experience?*

Hubby Gives In

I HAD my heart all set on seeing "Viva Villa," in which Wallace Beery gives such a fine account of himself. My husband, though, said that it was just another one of those silly westerns and that it would be a waste of money and time to go and see it.

Well, do you think I could get him to take me? No sir, I could not. He said it wasn't worth seeing and that's all there was to it. Then one evening after dinner he lit his cigar and dropped into an easy chair to read the latest copy of NEW MOVIE. He came across the VIVA VILLA, advertisement. I made him read it. "Gee," he said, "It sounds good. Maybe we had better see it." I was taken aback. To think a measly advertisement got him and I couldn't do it with all my coaxing. I got my hat though, and we were off.—*Mrs. Raymond Donovan, P. O. Box 472, Lincoln Park, N. J.*

P.S.—He enjoyed the picture immensely.

It pays to advertise, eh?

On Doctors and Nurses

WHY do the films always present doctors and nurses as unpleasant —to say the very least—characters? "The Girl in Room 419" was a gross travesty. "Registered Nurse" was asinine. "Men In White" will surely destroy all that remains of the confidence of the public in the medical and nursing professions. The average doctor or nurse is sane, conscientious, and decent. According to the movies, they are fairly good imitations of Cellini and Sadie Thompson with a few of the better known traits of Jeeter Lester thrown in.—*Ruth Percy, 2003 Sturgis Street, Norfolk, Virginia.*

There are good and bad people in all walks of life, Ruth.

Art Versus Art

THE play's the thing! You just can't get around it. When Margaret Sullavan went over like wildfire in "Only

You Tell Us

Yesterday," it was not only because she was a splendid actress but because she was given a splendid part in a splendid story that any good actress could have put over in a big way.

In "Little Man, What Now?"—it was undeniably a Douglass Montgomery picture. Margaret Sullavan might have been just any other girl in the case. This was not because she did not give a good performance but because she did not have a good part.

I'll say it again. An actress does not only have to be GOOD, she has to have a GOOD story.—*Marcia Feldman, 1034 Lanier Blvd., Atlanta, Ga.*

This is a subject, Marcia, that actors and writers have been arguing about for centuries! And now you start it again!

Doctor Speaks

HATS off to Myrna Loy and William Powell for their splendid work in "The Thin Man."

A word of praise for Jean Arthur, and Jack Holt for their fine work in "Whirlpool". It was, I think, Jean's best work.

And finally, the many stars have their followings who claim superlatives for them; but the best actor in the United States in moving pictures is Berton Churchill. His latest "Half a Sinner" was perfect, as was his part in "Hi Nellie" and every picture in which he plays. Whether richman, poorman, beggarman, thief, doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief—whether saint or sinner, he is perfect. Never a star, but a feature or character player—he is today movieland's best actor.—*A. S. McCormick, M.D., 115 N. Portage Path, Akron, Ohio.*

The Misses Loy and Arthur and Messrs. Churchill, Holt and Powell will please take the bow.

How Memories Linger!

IN a late issue of NEW MOVIE you published a letter about Grace Cunard. Her name brought on a flood of memories to me. In the old silent days I had a nickel almost every night for the show. I never quite get the thrill any more that I did when seeing the serials made by Grace Cunard, Helen Holmes, Pearl White and Ruth Roland.

More power to your magazine. It's my favorite.—*Mrs. L. Herrle, 3100 Eden Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.*

These stars are happy to know they still have friends who will not forget.

Not Entirely Correct

THERE are rumors in Hollywood that Mala is to play the lead in "The Good Earth". Spaniards, Swedes, Mexicans and Frenchmen have, from time to time, pasted their eyelids into fantastic curves and given their impressions of how Chinese look and act. This was not inexcusable, considering the taboo that prevents genuine Chinese actors from making intimate screen love to American girls. But an Eskimo, without our centuries of inbred, cultured superiority. That is too much!

If the color barrier no longer exists, why not allow one of our many capable Chinese actors enact a story that is so completely ours, written by a sympathetic artist whose intelligent, sincere presentation of our race should put to an end all the cheaply melodramatic "poor butterflies" of synthetic tradition, intolerable to us.

Of American and Chinese breed, I find that my oriental blood often resents the unreasonable "open sesames" my white appearance gains for me. A little white Chinese girl thanks you very much, if you print her letter. —*Fuji Richman, 351 N. Ogden Drive, Hollywood, Calif.*

Casting for "The Good Earth" is not yet complete. Maybe Mala will not play it after all!

The Little Colonel, Again?

EVEN if that miracle picture, "Viva Villa", did nothing else it should be long remembered for the fact that it really furnishes a meaty come-back role for one of the greatest of all actors, Henry B. Walthall. In the part of Francesco Madero, the mild-mannered little hawk of the Mexican revolt, Walthall shows some of the Hollywood moderns a thing or two about old well known thespian art.

I happen to be among those of the younger generation who never saw this great little actor in the good old Biograph days. Despite this fact however I have long been an ardent admirer of Mr. Walthall in his very small parts. I shall never forget him as the old doctor of "Men in White" and the scene in which he explains the true meaning of being a healer to a group of cynical young internes.

It is my most ardent prayer that the Henry B. Walthall of "Viva Villa" and "Men in White" will continue to get better and better roles to play in more and more picture plays.—*Robert Leonard Russell, 825 Casey Avenue, Mt. Vernon, Ill.*

It is your letters to the producers that will help Mr. Walthall to make good his return.

Bravo! Warners

I WOULD like to take this means of complimenting Warner Bros.—First National Pictures for the novel way in which they introduce the casts of their pictures to the audience. It not only gives the player's names but also their faces, which is a big help to those who are not familiar with the different stars. I suggest that other studios adopt this way of showing the casts. It would also help to show the cast after the end of the picture so one could get the name of the player whose performance impressed them.—*Dolores Ford, 2514 Verbena St., New Orleans, La.*

It's a dandy system, and if repeated at the end of the picture many fans would rejoice!

Living de Luxe

I WONDER why the writers and what nots of Hollywood never can show people living on a meager salary, and enjoying life. I get $16.50 a week and we are living off the fat of the land.

We have a nice home, furniture, and own our own car (and we don't make moonshine as a side line). Yet on that $16.50 we live in moderate circumstances, while some people (in pictures) on $25.00 per week are virtually starving. What's wrong, writers?—*Edward Hill, P. O. Box 756, Centralia, Wash.*

Looks like a lot, too, when you haven't got it.

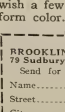
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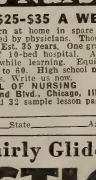
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WORCESTER Salt TOOTH PASTE
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That Tantalizing Hepburn

(*Continued from page 36*)

Barrymore, who starred in Katharine's first picture, "A Bill of Divorcement." He was not her leading man, of course. She had not yet proved her mettle at casting time. Katharine, you will remember, was cast to carry the feminine end of the young love interest along with David Manners.

However, it was Barrymore who made the gallant and sportsmanlike gesture that put Hepburn in the limelight. And can you picture the proud Barrymore doing that for any girl who could not measure up to his exacting standards of what constitutes artistic genius?

He gave her every chance to register decisively, allowing her time and again to take scenes that he with his superior screen technique and experience could easily have dominated. That, coming from John Barrymore, speaks volumes. As a matter of fact, John never grows voluminous discussing other players. He either shrugs his shoulders indifferently, or on the rare occasions when real talent moves him to words of praise, volleys a crisp phrase or two, and lets it go at that. When his opinion comes, it is spontaneous—and at the most unexpected times. Here are a few phrases garnered from remarks he had made to different people in Hollywood anent the subject of Hepburn:

"Highly intelligent. The girl thinks clearly—and to the point."

"She represents the modern American young woman."

"Hepburn has the courage and ability to gain her goal."

"I like that youngster's determination."

Finally, to confirm John Barrymore's expressed opinion that Hepburn is an outstanding screen personality, he has named her as one of the five most interesting women he has ever acted with on the screen. And that's high praise! When you stop to scan the long list of luminaries with whom he has played.

FROM the critical artistic genius with a lifetime of experience we go to a youngster for an expression of opinion—David Manners.

"Working with Katharine Hepburn is like working with two entirely different persons, both of them unique and both amazingly contrasted," confesses David, recalling his experiences with her in "A Bill of Divorcement."

"The Hepburn who reveals herself as soon as the camera starts turning is the serious actress, low voiced and capable. She gives every attention to her work, and even during rehearsals exhibits amazing concentration. And then the camera pauses, and you see revealed a Hepburn who is a complex mass of contradictions. Her voice seems to raise its pitch, and frankly one never knows what she will think of to do next."

Then Manners told a charming little incident that illustrated his point that La Hepburn was an individual from whom the unexpected must always be expected:

"During the filming of the last scenes, after we had been working and sitting around all day, the director called my attention to the fact that, as we were about to start a scene, my shoes were thickly covered with dust.

"It was rather embarrassing not to have noticed it myself, and I looked around quickly for a dust cloth. Before I could find one Katharine, who was wearing a gorgeous evening gown, squatted down on the stage and wiped off my shoes with the train of her dress.

"'Okay,' she said. 'He's ready. Let's go.'

"And we did."

LET us consult the one man who has played with Hepburn on both stage and screen—Colin Clive, the English actor. It was her second picture in which Clive worked with her—"Christopher Strong." Clive made a transatlantic trip especially for this assignment. And through a stroke of fate, or the choice of Miss Hepburn—we confess we don't know which—Clive drew the lot to play opposite Katharine in her stage return show, "The Lake."

"She is wonderful to work with," he enthused, "and also very easy to work with.

"I believe she feels every emotion she portrays, which is one reason for her tremendous screen success—and also one reason for the adverse notices she received in her recent stage appearance.

"On the screen an actor is only called upon to sustain an emotion for minutes at a time. I imagine three minutes is about the average. After which he gets a rest, while the lights and camera are altered for a different angle. But on the stage he must keep going as long as the curtain is up, and he is in the scene. It may be three-quarters of an hour.

"In 'The Lake' Katharine had a highly emotional part which I'm sure she really felt, and she used her wonderful film technique instead of a stage technique. And, in my opinion, on the stage the more you put brakes on an emotion, the greater the effect.

"She is charming to work with," he repeated. "Not in the least conceited. Her off-hand manner which as been criticized so often is in my opinion a form of self-consciousness. She has mannerisms, like most of us have. But they are not put on.

"And," he concluded with admiration, "she has one of the most vital qualities in the make-up of an actor. She can take it on the chin and come back for more."

NOW we approach two most charming men of the screen—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Adolphe Menjou. They played with Hepburn in her third picture, "Morning Glory." It won her the 1933 acting award of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. The role fascinated her, and she was able to impart to it a poignant realism.

Menjou, the suave, the debonair, is a keen analyst. Cornered in the studio, this is what he had to say about the lady:

"To me, Katharine Hepburn is one of the greatest artists who has ever been on the screen. She not only plays a character. She *lives* it. She is a positive inspiration to the people working with her, for the atmosphere she creates enables them to characterize their own roles."

Then we asked: "What do you think of her as an individual?"

Menjou grew suddenly animated as he raised his hand expressively. "One of the most delightful and fascinating

That Tantalizing Hepburn

I have ever known. She is entirely different—unique. I cannot compare her to anyone who has ever come to Hollywood."

But it was really Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and not Menjou who was Katharine's leading man in "Morning Glory." We met Douglas on the Bremen as she entered her pier. He had rushed from his British film activities to accept another role in "Success At Any Price." When we broached our mission, he talked enthusiastically.

"My work with Miss Hepburn was a stimulating experience. She threw herself into her role with the intensity of a Bernhardt. We who were associated with her were not surprised when the Academy announced its award for her work in 'Morning Glory.'

"I know that I speak for every player in the cast in saying that she put her heart and soul into her work. She seemed inspired—and that inspiration was instilled into all of us.

"No doubt she is a girl of moods. But gorgeous moods. The kind that keep you guessing. Oh, well, she's different. That's the word—different."

IN her fourth picture, as in her first, there were two men identified with the cast who represented Youth and Experience, and whose opinions of Hepburn are vastly interesting. In "Little Women" were young Douglass Montgomery and that continental sophisticate, Paul Lukas.

We found Montgomery, like the others, quite eager to talk; which is quite unusual among leading men. They so often resent being used as a stepping-stone to build some feminine star to greater glory that naturally they do not go out of their way to praise. But with Hepburn it is different. Douglass said:

"I knew Katharine Hepburn in New York before she was either a success on the stage or screen, and I always believed in her." He smiled with boyish pride and added:

"Of course it is always easy to say 'I told you so.' But it is a fact that I am on record for predicting she would be a sensational success.

"I do not know any better way to describe her than to say I think she is the most exciting girl I have ever known. She is wonderful to work with. I think she can go just as far as she wants to go, and make of herself what she chooses."

You will easily remember the lovable character, Professor Baer, as played by Paul Lukas in "Little Women." A little incident during the making of that picture gives an unusual light to the colorful personality of La Hepburn.

The two players were in the gallery at the Radio studios. They were making poster still photos for the advertising campaign on the Louisa Alcott story. Lukas, a very busy man at all times, had been without sleep for practically two days, what with retakes at one studio, inserts at another, and scenes at still a third.

The cameraman directed them into each others' arms, and then said:

"Shucks, I'm out of plates. Pardon me a moment while I get some."

When he returned a few minutes later he found Lukas sound asleep on Miss Hepburn's shoulder. She was dutifully holding her pose while she chatted animatedly with a friend—and obligingly holding Paul up sound asleep on his feet! That may give you a slight idea of the kind of girl she is.

So with this incident in mind we approached him.

"In 'Little Women' she proved a natural leader," he began. "She made those who worked with her want to work hard because of her fire and enthusiasm. She has a definite commanding personality—a terrific determination to succeed.

"She is all business, though, and does a good day's job. She arrives on the set on time and leaves at four-thirty sharp. She wastes no time in between. She always shows a delightful sense of humor."

I asked a question: "What do you consider her dominating trait; if any?"

"She is a careerist," he replied after a moment's thought. "And she will sacrifice anything for that career."

That, my friends, probably sums up Hepburn in one word as neatly as it can be done—"Careerist."

STILL following Hepburn's leading men through the chronological order of her pictures, we come to her fifth picture, "Spitfire"—and her leading man, Ralph Bellamy.

He talked Hepburn enthusiastically.

"Katharine Hepburn is a swell person and a genius," he acknowledged. Then he admitted confidentially: "I went into 'Spitfire' determined not to like her as the result of various stories I had heard about her. But she disarmed me completely, and won me over in short order.

"I think the things I like best about her are her honesty and sincerity. Yes—she's swell."

So there you are. Eight outstanding men of the screen have voiced their opinions of Hepburn. They have all worked with her. They should know. It may be just possible that a poll of feminine players would record a tally not quite so enthusiastic, in view of the fact that female rivalries are so keen in Hollywood.

But at least you are assured that the men of the screen who know her and who have played with her, are for Miss Hepburn one hundred per cent.

What do you consider to be the twelve outstanding motion picture achievements of the year. See page 57 of this issue for complete details regarding the free trip that we offer.



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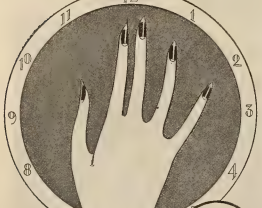
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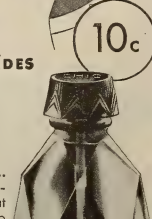
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My Friend Marie

(*Continued from page* 33)

As much as an audience loves beauty, it is quick to detect and resent insincerity.

Marie's sincerity was always one of her predominant qualities. In her work, it endeared her to audiences; in her private life, it endeared her to everyone who knew her. She never posed, never pretended, never assumed an emotion which she did not feel. She went through life, meeting the high and the low and saying, in effect, to everyone, no matter what his station might be, "Here I am, take me or leave me for exactly what I'm worth." If she posed at all, it was to assume a gruff "front" in order to hide her tenderness and quick sympathy. And then, her pretense was too transparent properly to be called a pose.

HER generosity was so great that it approached a fault. Often, to my certain knowledge, she denied herself in order to aid others. I have never known her, during the thirty years of our friendship, to refuse any favor which lay within her power to any person whom she believed to be deserving.

She verged on prodigality in giving financial assistance to needy friends. For instance, I happen to know that she sent a rather large sum of money every month for years to a certain family in England. There have been times when she was hard pressed to earn a living for herself, yet, every month, by some supreme self-sacrifice, she managed to send that check. For more than a year, she was in ill health. Her suffering was severe, and her doctor bills were staggering. Yet, when the United States went off the gold standard and the American dollar lost value in England, she immediately forgot her own troubles in her concern for her dependents there and hastened to double her monthly remittance.

She was even more generous with her time and energy. There are scores of people in the show business today who bless Marie Dressler for some timely assistance which carried them ahead to success. But, if they knew her intimately, they also knew the folly of trying to thank her. She would drop her own affairs, or get up from a sick bed, in order to rout someone else's worries, but she had no time to waste listening to that particular someone's gratitude.

Haven't I tried to thank her for the major part she played in establishing me on the screen? Haven't I tried to thank her for a thousand other thoughtful favors done for me during our friendship?

WHEN I told her that I was not able to keep busy on the stage and that, after forty-two years in theatrical harness, I thought of retiring, she scoffed at me with her customary vigor.

"Why, May Robson, you old ninny!" she cried. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Anyone with your energy and your life-time of experience to talk of retiring, to vegetate! The idea! I'll tell you what—you should go into the talkies!"

I objected that I knew nothing about screen work and that, in all probability, the talkies would have no use for me.

"Nonsense," she shouted belligerently. "You know how to act, don't you?"

And then and there she took me in hand. She bulldozed me into admitting, rather dubiously, that I was ready to try picture work. She bulldozed Louis B. Mayer into seeing me. In short, she bulldozed him into giving me a contract.

When I tried to thank her, she answered, very gruffly:

"Don't be an old fool. I had nothing to do with it. If they hadn't believed in you, they wouldn't have offered you a contract, would they?"

AND that's as far as ever I was able to get in telling her my gratitude. Marie was one of those true Samaritans who derives happiness from the good deed itself, rather than from the thanks earned by the deed. It was inevitable that her friends, when in doubt or trouble, should go to her for aid. Probably they were informed that they are "ninnies," usually they were bulldozed and domineered, but certainly they received every assistance within Marie's power. Her loyalties were as unshakable as the Rock of Ages.

You have heard, perhaps, of her colored maid, Mamie. No story about Marie is complete without mention of that faithful servitor. The devotion which existed between mistress and maid, for more than twenty years, is almost inspirational.

Mamie stuck to Marie through thick and thin, through crushing adversity and through success. I believe, without exaggeration, that she would rather die of slow starvation at Marie's feet than to live in luxury with another mistress.

And I have chuckled, inwardly, again and again, to observe how deftly she managed to dominate Marie. For instance:

During her illness, Marie was on a strict diet—a diet which frequently incited her rather lusty appetite to open rebellion.

We spent many of our evenings together playing double solitaire or doing needle point, of which we were both inordinately fond. Invariably, before the evening was an hour old, Marie called:

"Mamie! Bring me a sardine sandwich. Hurry, now!"

"Yes, Miss Dressler," Mamie answered without a trace of expression. She left the room and went about her usual business.

An hour passed and Marie again shouted for Mamie.

"I told you an hour ago to get me a sardine sandwich! Where is it? Didn't you get it?"

"Yes, Miss Dressler," replied Mamie as stolidly as before and again makes an exit toward the kitchen, not to reappear until she again is summoned, and then only to deliver her toneless, "Yes, Miss Dressler"—but not the sardine sandwich.

MARIE found a great happiness in the management of her new home. Her interest in housekeeping amounted to a passion—perhaps because she was denied a permanent home during her long career on the

My Friend Marie

stage, perhaps because of her natural inclination to organize and manage everything about her. Whatever the reason, she acquired, with the purchase of a home, a major interest in life. And, insofar as her strength permitted she performed all of the duties of housekeeping.

She was an inspired dressmaker. For years, she made the greater part of her wardrobe. I have often seen her plan a dress, cut out the material, piece it together and wear it that same night.

I have spoken of her as a woman of many sorrows. Perhaps a more apt expression would be, "A woman of many disappointments." Her courage was too unquenchable to permit her to spend time in sorrowing because of a disappointment.

Her life was a continuous succession of battles, a seemingly endless series of ups and downs. After being starred on Broadway she was reduced to such poverty that she faced the prospect of starvation. And, characteristically, the woman who had never refused aid to a friend, refused to seek out her friends and ask for the return of her favors. She fought her battles alone and her bravery never faltered. I honestly believe that Marie Dressler was never so depressed by any adversity that she could not find heart to jest about her misfortunes. Every drop of blood in her body was saturated with her humor.

I cherish a picture of her, taken some thirty years ago. It shows her doing a comedy handstand in a vaudeville act—and that, mind you, after she had been a Broadway star. Whatever Fate gave her, she accepted and made the most of.

I also cherish the words she wrote in my autograph book. They read:

"Why try to be clever? We are just old pals—always have been—always will be. No matter where we land, one thing I know—it will be a happy landing.

Lovingly,
Marie.

The entire philosophy of the most lovable woman I have ever known is there, on that page in my book of autographs!

What to Expect in the New Films

(*Continued from page* 53)

leading man, well . . . it's too much for the kids and the dam busts.

After a hectic stretch of complications, Eldredge sees how things are with them and magnanimously retreats out of the picture.

With the past-master, Frank Borzage, directing, this story, by Delmar Daves and Lou Edelman, it promises much.

THE CAPTAIN HATES THE SEA
•
Columbia

If you read Wallace Smith's novel, you're going to be anxious to see what Director Lewis Milestone has done with this cracking good story of exciting mystery and romance at sea.

John Gilbert returns to the fold in the role of a permanently inebriated newspaper man, who has taken the voyage to try and forget a gal in Hollywood.

Victor McLaglen plays a dumb detective, who later proves to be not so dumb when he bests Fred Keating, a fancy crook, escaping to New York with $25,000.00 in negotiable bonds.

Wynne Gibson is a respectably married wife who is treated badly by her husband.

Alison Skipworth is a wealthy widow; and Florence Rice does an accomplice, very much in love with the crooked Keating.

Handled lightly, as the book was written, this picture should hold your interest from beginning to end.

And isn't Columbia doing things these days?

HAVE A HEART
•
M-G-M

David Butler and Bud DeSylva again work together on this original story, with Butler directing, as in their last success, "Bottoms Up."

Jean Parker, doing pretty well for herself in operating a dancing academy for children, is engaged to marry Paul Page.

Paul is an ordinary sort, realizing that, with Jean bringing home the bacon, his future looks pretty much like the life of Reilly.

But, when Jean is badly hurt in a fall and he finds out she will never walk again, the dastardly Paul backs out of the picture, while the broken-hearted Jean settles down by the window to spend the rest of her life making dolls.

And, right here, Jimmy Dunn rides into her life on an ice cream wagon, full of sunshine and Eskimo pies.

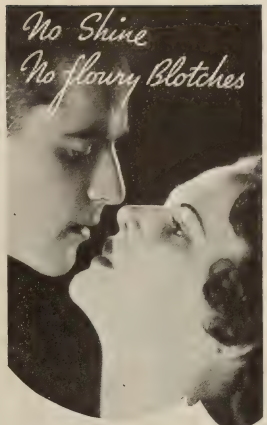
Loving him, Jean tries to keep from him the fact that she has one useless foot, in the meantime sewing frantically on her dolls in order to save the necessary four hundred dollars for an operation.

When Jimmy innocently gets into a jam, Jean takes her savings and gets him out. But Jimmy, man like, feels that she believes him guilty, and, in a fit of pique, signs on a boat as stoker.

When he finally returns and discovers the true state of affairs, you can best imagine his remorse for doubting the child-like Jean.

The operation is performed, Jean can walk again, and all ends as you like it.

(*Please turn to page* 102)



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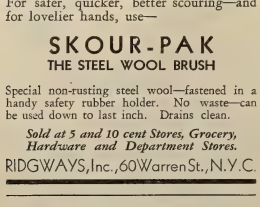
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What to Expect in the New Films

(*Continued from page* 101)

A LOST LADY
•
Warners

If I didn't know surely that Willa Cather had written the tale, I'd be tempted to swear that it was a steal from half a dozen other contemporary productions. Or it's very possible it's vice versa?

Less than forty-eight hours before her marriage to Philip Reed, Barbara Stanwyck discovers that he had deceived her. And, when Philip is shot to death at her feet, Barbara throws in the towel and gives up to a death-like lethargy from which nothing can shake her.

In the mountains, where her anxious uncle has sent her to recuperate, she meets Frank Morgan, a famous corporation lawyer. He falls deeply in love with the stricken girl and asks her to marry him . . . give him a chance to revive her interest in life.

Indifferently, Barbara accepts, warning him, however, that she does not love him.

In the beautiful home he has built for his bride, Frank's junior partner, Lyle Talbot, protests his love for Barbara, and is met with utter indifference.

Not until Ricardo Cortez crashes his plane in her very back yard, does she come to the realization that there is one man in the world to whom she would gladly give her heart.

Understanding, Frank agrees to divorce her and give her up to Cortez. But, before the thing can be done, he is stricken with a heart attack, and, deeply appreciating all he has done for her, Barbara tells Ric' that she must stay with him until the danger is past.

Angrily, Cortez leaves, and some time later, she reads in the newspaper of his marriage to a wealthy San Francisco girl.

At the bedside of the loyal Morgan, Barbara is given a clearer understanding of the man's fineness and, before he dies, kisses him tenderly and assures him convincingly of her honest love for him.

When Cortez returns, debonair as always and quite confident that she will take him back, Barbara gives him the surprise of his life by assuring him that the infatuation she felt for him has passed into the limbo of lost things . . . never to return.

Alfred Green directs the tearful story.

STRAIGHT IS THE WAY
•

Here is another triangular tale, but . . . hallelujah and three cheers! . . . this time it's the man who suffers from an imaginary yen for the wrong girl.

Framed into five years behind the bars by his infatuation for Gladys George, Franchot Tone comes out, determined to give the old gang the go-by and lead an honest life.

His old mother, May Robson, and the girl who has always loved him, Karen Morley, are supremely happy over his decision, but worry when Gladys shows every sign of trying to entice him back.

Franchot has no intention of returning but, one night, she follows him to the roof of the tenement where they live and tries desperately to win him back.

Jack LaRue, her lover, finds them and in the struggle that ensues, Jack falls from the roof and is killed.

At last, Gladys thinks she has Franchot in her power. But he beats her to it, confesses all to the police and is vindicated.

Dana Burnett and George Abbott concocted the heavily dramatic story, and Paul Sloane directs.

THE CASE OF THE HOWLING DOG
•
Warners

After all this romantic intrigue, it's a real pleasure to settle down to a nice, comfortable murder mystery!

It would never do to disclose too much of the story, lest you lose the hair-raising excitement and proper suspense when this really excellent mystery is shown at your neighborhood theater.

Suffice to say that you may well suspect every member of the cast, with perhaps the sole exception of Warren William, crack criminal lawyer, who successfully unravels the mystery.

It seems that Russell Hicks has a noisy police dog. His next door neighbor, Gordon Westcott, driven nearly frantic by the howling of the beast, complains to police headquarters.

Hicks demands that Westcott be put away as a raving lunatic, but, right in the middle of everything. Hicks' wife and Westcott disappear under very mysterious circumstances.

And, shortly after Hicks' wife, Mary Astor, has been seen leaving the house, Hicks and the police dog are found . . . murdered!

Don't ask any questions, but, Erle Gardner wrote the hair-raising story and Director Alan Crosland contributes plenty to the blood-curdling sequences.

ROMANCE IN THE RAIN
•
Universal

When hasn't there been room for just one more Cinderella story on the screen?

Roger Pryor, writer of Livid Love Tales, discovers Heather Angel when her slipper drops from the balcony rail of a movie palace and hits him on the head.

Right away, he induces the owner of his magazine, Victor Moore, to promote a "Cinderella" contest, and, of course, Heather wins. (Director Stuart Walker is no fool . . . and, besides, the script says so!)

Pryor is so excited about his own clever idea that it takes him forever to get the other idea that Heather loves him.

In fact, he bends over backward to find a Prince Charming for her. There is another contest. Paul Kaye, fresh from Oshkosh (and how fresh!) wins, and then, going into a huddle with

What to Expect in the New Films

himself, Roger pops up with the very brilliant idea that the two should have a public wedding in the Yankee Stadium!

All this time, Heather is frantically trying to make him understand that she doesn't want to marry Kaye. But not until the final few scenes does he catch on, drag her into a shower room, and, in the ultimate clinch, accidently turn on the water, drenching them both! (Not so new, but, always good for a laugh.)

Sig Herzig and Jay Gorney write the light-hearted opus.

AGE OF INNOCENCE
•
RKO

Shades of the kerosene circuit! This charmingly written novel, by Edith Wharton, has every earmark of the "East Lynne" era! But, with John Boles and Irene Dunne in the star spots, we could even sit through "Why Lindy Ran Away" again!

New York, in the Eighteen Hundreds, was very Mid-Victorian (if I can believe my eyes) and any mention of divorce was looked upon with utter horror.

Consequently, when Irene Dunne, a countess, arrives from Europe and announces her intention of divorcing her husband, there is a flurry of raised eyebrows and plenty of whispering behind jet-trimmed lace fans.

Irene's cousin, Julie Hayden, is engaged to John Boles, and, as a lawyer, he is appointed to try and talk Irene out of her shocking plan.

They fall desperately in love. But, there was a strong code of honor in those days, and much as he'd prefer to duck, John realizes that he must go through with his marriage to Julie. Or be considered a "cad."

So-o-o-o . . . they are married. But, with Irene still underfoot, John suffers beautifully from wanting her. And Irene doesn't feel any too good about it, either.

Sternly, they try to stifle their ever-growing love, attempting to keep it beautiful and unsullied by their high ideals and loyalty.

Just as they've decided to throw discretion to the winds and do a thing that would have rocked the social structue of New York to its very foundations, Julie gently suggests that maybe blue would be better than pink, after all?

At that, Irene sees her course clearly before her and returns to Europe, leaving John behind to contemplate the sweet mystery of parenthood.

Philip Moeller directs . . . and very correctly, too.

THE HIDE-OUT
•
M-G-M

Robert Montgomery plays an ex-beer baron, who, with the advent of repeal, makes just about as much dough selling protection to shady night clubs.

With the law on his trail and things getting too hot for comfort, Bob jumps into his high-powered car and runs, with the cops in close pursuit.

A bullet in his shoulder caused him to careen into a ditch and he is found, hours later, by a farmer, who takes him home and doctors his wound.

The farmer's daughter, Maureen O'Sullivan, attracts him, and, before you can say "Princess Pignatelli" a great love is born.

Ashamed of the life he has led, Bob tries to keep his identity from the girl, but, one sad day, Detective Edward Arnold arrives with a one-way ticket up the river and Bob confesses his shady past to Maureen.

Loving him all the more for his honesty, she promises to keep his secret and wait for his return, eighteen months hence.

The story is by Mauri Grashin. And that old maestro, W. S. Van Dyke, directs.

BROADWAY BILL
•
Columbia

The finish of this tale is different enough to warrant a bit of hat-tossing from the bleachers. And, for you ennuied souls who are sick and tired of having the hero make a touchdown in the last split-second of the last quarter . . . let us recommend "Broadway Bill."

Warner Baxter is married into a very wealthy and industrially inclined family, but, his great interest in life is . . . horses.

His wife nags at him continually, but her younger sister, Myrna Loy, understands and sympathizes with him, until their mutual interests have drawn them so close together that it is love, no less!

Braving the disapproval of his wife's family, Baxter takes his favorite horse, Broadway Bill, south to the big race track, with the understanding that, should Broadway Bill win, his wife will divorce him and he will be free to marry Myrna, who bravely goes along.

They have very little money and the complications are plenty. The horse is attached for an over-due feed bill, but a millionaire, who has bet two dollars on "Bill" just for a lark, pays off, bails Warner out of jail, where he has been put for fighting, and . . . the race goes on!

And right here you folks are going to get the shock of your lives! Because poor "Bill" is nosed out in the stretch! Can you bear it?

Heartbroken, Myrna goes back to her family. But Warner, undiscouraged, piles the horse into a truck, whistles for Myrna, and they travel down the dusty road, singing a song.

And, unless director Frank Capra changes his mind, that ending will stand . . . precedent or no precedent!

A LADY SURRENDERS
•
Warners

Jean Muir emerges from her chrysalis of gingham and steps into a wardrobe that will give Connie Bennett an uneasy moment, in this story by Mary McCall, Jr.

The daughter of Verree Teasdale, a

(*Please turn to page* 104)

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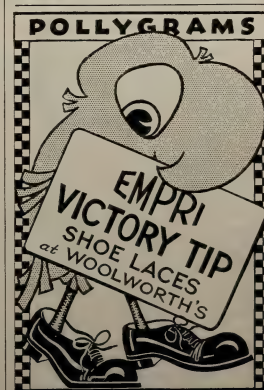


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What to Expect in the New Films

(*Continued from page* 103)

popular actress, Jean has been kept in seclusion by her famous mother, who fears that a grown daughter may have an unhappy effect on her admiring public . . . particularly the male contingent.

George Brent has been more than a little interested in Verree until Jean arrives on the scene, and then, it's all off.

Frantically trying to get her out of the way, Verree brings the child out, introduces her to the "best" people, and finally, forces her into an engagement with Charles Starrett, scion of a too, too wealthy family.

Bewildered, and not liking society a little bit, Jean turns to Brent who hurries to her rescue. While driving, they are caught in a mountain storm and take refuge in a deserted cabin.

Starrett's family hears of this and immediately breaks off the engagement, which doesn't bother Jean and George a particle.

Verree, mad as hops, tries to convince Jean that she (Verree) and George have been lovers. But George has something to say about the matter and the two love birds go away from there in search of a parson.

Director Archie Mayo does his stuff on this one.

GIFT OF GAB
•
Universal

If you think Universal didn't go to town on this one, just give a look at the cast!

To your right . . . Phil Baker, Ethel Waters, Gene Austin, with Candy and Coco; to your left . . . Graham McNamee, Gus Arnheim and the Boys, Ruth Etting, the Beale Street Boys, and the Downey Sisters; in front of you . . . Edmund Lowe, Gloria Stuart, Alice White, Victor Moore, Henry Armetta and Sterling Holloway. Not to mention another dozen well-known radio features!

Boy, what a gang!

Edmund Lowe, born with the gift of gab, high pressures himself through life with few casualties until he works into position as master of ceremonies with the Triver's Liver Broadcasting Company.

Success goes to his head and, after messing up several broadcasts and being pulled out of the fire in the nick of time by Gloria Stuart, who, strangely enough, loves him, his flip tongue involves the company in a libel suit, and he finds himself out on his ear.

Eventually coming to his senses, Lowe puts over a *coup de maitre* that is the means of reinstating him, both with the broadcasting company and the girl.

Karl Freund directs this original by Jerry Wald and Phil Epstein.

THE FOUNTAIN
•
RKO

The studio story departments must have had a convention this month and decided that two plots were enough for all of 'em!

Here we have Ann Harding, married to Paul Lukas and not realizing how much she likes him until the poor fellow is lying on his death bed!

Married to a German army officer, Ann, who is an English woman, finds life rather difficult in the German household, while Paul is away to war.

Interned in Holland for the remainder of the war, Brian Aherne, Ann's childhood sweetheart, is invited to spend his parole at the castle where Ann lives with the in-laws.

Eager for sympathy and understanding, Ann turns to him, and it isn't long until the spark of their youthful romance bursts into full flame.

They are momentarily in danger of being exposed by an unfriendly stepsister, who is in love with Lukas herself.

They are determined to confess their love to Paul, but, when he returns from the war, wounded and dying, there is nothing to be done but keep the secret until the end comes.

In the last few hours, both Ann and Brian come to realize the fineness of the man. So much so, that they mutually agree to give one another up if he lives.

Charles Morgan, the author, has achieved a beautiful and touching finish to the story, and John Cromwell's direction is emotionally subtle.

MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH
•
Paramount

We take it all back! Here's a story that hasn't been done before this month!

Good old Mrs. Wiggs . . . with the inevitable tears and the spontaneous comedy of a generation ago.

Pauline Lord plays the title role, and how well! Mother of five growing children, Mrs. Wiggs is having a difficult time making ends meet since her rather shiftless husband left her to seek gold in the Klondike.

ZaSu Pitts, who comes in to do "plain sewing," is anxious to annex a husband, and when W. C. Fields responds to her ad in a matrimonial paper, there is just one catch. ZaSu can't cook. And Fields won't have a wife unless there is plenty of good eating.

So, with the aid of Mrs. Wiggs' culinary efforts, ZaSu feeds Fields into a state of non-resistance and then leads him gently but firmly up the aisle to matrimony.

Evelyn Venable comes into their lives when she brings a tasty Thanksgiving basket to the hungry kids, and her fiance, Kent Taylor, does his bit toward making life a thing of beauty for the destitute Wiggs' family.

When little George Breakstone dies of an incurable cough, you're going to cry your eyes out. And, when Fields, after the ceremony, finds out that ZaSu can't cook for sour apples, you're going to laugh your head off!

This old classic, written years ago by Alice Hegan Rice, blossoms under the able direction of that grand director, Norman Taurog, who probably knows more about directing kids than anyone in the business (with the admitted exception of Frank ("No Greater Glory") Borzage.

CLOSE-UPS

INTERESTING PEOPLE OF THE MOVIES AND WHAT THEY DO . . .



Wallace Smith



Ann Ronell

CABALLERO Y SOLDADO

By ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

WALLACE SMITH is a Richard Harding Davis hero come to life—a soldier of fortune who's been everywhere, done everything and remembered it all! Just now, he's selling his memories and imagination to Hollywood for the fortune he was too busy to accumulate while adventuring. He's the screen author of "Viva Villa," an artist of international repute, an ex-general of the Mexican army and a successful novelist and short-story writer and one of the best scenarists in Hollywood.

At twenty, he was Washington correspondent for the Chicago American—the youngest reporter ever to hold so important a post.

In 1916, when Pancho Villa was the big, bad wolf of the Mexican borderland and President Wilson asked General Pershing to do something about it, the paper ordered Wally to the scene.

One balmy night, he crossed the border without a passport, penetrated to the little village where the Federals were concentrated—and was promptly arrested as a spy. A last minute telegram from the authorities in Mexico City saved his life, after he had enjoyed the unique experience of being marched to his place of execution.

Mexico having proved its welcome, Wally made the most of his opportunities. He joined the Mexican Federal army and fought two campaigns against Villa; then, to assert his impartiality, he fought two more *with* Villa. His fifth campaign below the border found him a Mexican general, no less.

He has won national acclaim for his illustrations. He has published seven novels, the last of which, "The Captain Hates the Sea," ranks as a best-seller.

QUEEN OF TIN PAN ALLEY

By IRENE THIRER

THE reigning Queen of Tin Pan Alley! Ann Ronell's musical composition work on "Flying Down to Rio," "Down to Their Last Yacht," and—a few months ago—on "The Three Little Pigs," which was symphonized by Frank E. Churchill for the picture of that name, has won her a world-wide reputation. She drew her "Little Pigs" assignment from the Irving Berlin offices. Did her work the same day. Turned it in the following morning. And that was that. On the strength of it, she now has an envied position in the song-writing industry.

And what's she like? Slim, in her early twenties, soft brown hair, greenish-grey eyes, sports clothes type.

She's single; born in Omaha. Then she went off to Radcliffe. Took bows as class musician, writing all the college shows during her years there. Also she worked as a reporter on the Radcliffe paper. And that's where Fate lent a hand. She journeyed to New York one day to interview George Gershwin. In between questions, she told him of her musical aspirations. Gershwin heard some of her material. Told her he thought she had something, but she'd have to work hard. She went back to school. Returned to New York five years ago, eager to begin the career. For two solid years made the rounds but made few nickels. Her songs were artistic but not commercial. She had to learn to be both, before she sold her first piece.

Adores dancing, and is crazy about her brother, Sol Rosenblatt, who is NRA Deputy Commissioner for all amusement codes. Hates housework. Has hundreds of friends, including many pals of her college days. And she is in love with life!

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NOVEMBER DECEMBER

Hollywood Hi-Jinks

(*Continued from page* 49)

Ayres. And Mervyn Le Roy, who used to be engaged to Ginger, brought his new wife! They were all quite clubby together.

So many guests were there that when Jack Oakie arrived, he declared, "I see that only balcony seats are available!"

It being the fashion for ladies in Hollywood to dash from cocktail party to cocktail party and thence on to evening parties, unescorted, we weren't surprised to find that Jean Harlow, Irene Dunne, Miriam Hopkins, Mary Astor and Claudette Colbert had arrived alone.

Mervyn LeRoy was kidding, and Meryvn told the wisecrack that Jean Harlow had gotten off in her "artless, Japanese way," Jean blushing like everything.

It seems that Jean had to administer a smart slap to Lionel Barrymore in a recent picture, and she "pulled" the blow. "Aw," remarked Barrymore, "Slap me hard—that blow wouldn't hurt a flea." "But I didn't want it to!" protested Jean.

MAURICE CHEVALIER would wed again! At any rate he has told that to his friends in confidence. But whether an American girl or a French girl, he won't say.

Chevalier doesn't care much for big parties. He loves to go to the home of his French friend, Marcel Vallee, where Vallee's cook prepares food in the simple French peasant way—the equivalent of the Yankee corned-beef-and-cabbage and hash.

GOLF players usually take their work as seriously as do bridge players. But maybe picture folk will take an unusual slant on most things, even things as grave as golf.

Anyhow the recent golf tournament at the Rancho Golf Club was just a series of ribbings.

For instance, when Ted Healy hit the ball, it proved to be a breakaway, and was dashed into a hundred pieces.

When Johnny Weissmuller got up to tee off, the crowd sounded the Tarzan yell, and he sent the ball wild. But one joke boomeranged when J. J. Cohn sought to destroy Bob Montgomery's stroke. Cohn held a firecracker in his hand, ready to shoot when Bob was planning to let fly, but Bob took too long a time getting ready for his shot, and the firecracker went off in Cohn's hand. So Bob made his shot.

A trick gadget in Otto Kruger's ball made it fly up and hit him in the knee, and when Pete Smith, who recently produced a golf short, walked up to take a shot, somebody turned on the sound-track of Pete's golf picture, which rattled him so that he was completely stopped.

That was the day that Ted Healy told us the story of his stooges.

"We're living in a small hotel in Beverly Hills," said Ted. "A truck ran amuck the other morning, catapulting into the place and making it rock as if an earthquake had struck it, with plaster flying and the pictures falling off the walls. I was eating breakfast down in the dining room when downstairs bounced the stooges.

"What in heaven's name, Ted," they inquired breathlessly, "did you do?"

I SUPPOSE it's just the stimulating effect of a bride giving a luncheon party that brought it out, but anyway Geneva Mitchell, who was there at the luncheon which Claudia Morgan (now Mrs. Robert Shippee) and her mama, Mrs. Ralph Morgan, gave, let it be known that she is going to marry Lowell Sherman. Just when they haven't decided.

And it is said that Helene Costello, former wife of Sherman, but now married to somebody else, is planning to send Geneva her "Mrs. Lowell Sherman" calling cards!

Claudia is going to keep on with her stage work, and Robert Shippee, who, you remember, made those important discoveries of old ruins, down in South America, when he flew his plane down there, is going to keep right on with his exploring.

That was a *patio* party—and aren't these *patios* being put to use nowadays?—and a very pretty one, too.

It's where Claudia and Shippee were married, in front of a shrine out there.

Helen Twelvetrees told us about playing golf with her mother, who has lately come from the East, and who is a golf enthusiast and a skilled player.

"I don't play very well myself," remarked Helen, "but golf is like acting—even if you don't make good at it, you always hang on, thinking that some day you will!"



John Michle

Betty Furness of RKO-Radio pictures, solves the problem of her perfume for evening and daytime by the use of a double bottle.

Janet Beecher told of the fast one which Aline MacMahon pulled on the actor, who remarked superciliously that "California is hopeless."

"Yeah?" said Aline. "Well, here's what I think. California is depressed but not hopeless, while New York is hopeless, but not depressed!"

Trial separations are so much the thing in Hollywood that Chic Chandler and his wife, Jean Fontanne, decided to arrange one "just for fun."

And as it worked out it was a huge joke. Each night Chick returned home, ostensibly for something he had forgotten—and then he neglected to leave again.

But Chic says he learned about divorce lawyers from that.

"In spite of the fact that it was really all a joke," he said, "I've received exactly seventeen and a half offers from various attorneys who want me to get a divorce. The half offer was a bargain—fifty per cent off if I would take prompt action."

WHAT a thrill the socialite young ladies of Beverly got at the cocktail party which Theodore Von Eltz and his lovely young wife gave!

For there were a number of unattached young movie bachelors there. And chief among them no less a person than Ronald Colman, who so seldom goes out, but who is a great friend of Teddy's. Then there were Sidney Blackmer, Reginald Sharland, Eddie Sutherland and Gavin Gordon.

It was there that Charlie Ruggles delivered himself of one of those bright bon mots of his. Pauline Lord was asking him about a car with which he is having a lot of trouble lately. "What model is it?" she inquired. "It isn't a model at all," said Ruggles. "It's a horrible example!"

It met Pert Kelton there, all dolled up in her riding habit, she having been galloping through the foothills roundabout.

"And I've got the right horse today," she told us.

"The right horse?" we inquired.

"Yes, you know I was stopped by a man day before yesterday, who said I was riding his polo pony, and I was, too! You see I visited the ranch of a friend of mine the other day, and saw a horse I took a great fancy to. It had been put to board there, my friend told me, by a man who couldn't pay the bill, and he was sure, he said, that I could have the animal if I would pay the board bill. I took him. Next day while I was cantering along, a quite frantic looking man rushed out and told me I was riding his pony. It seems the horses looked alike, and I had been given the wrong one. I hastened to make the exchange, you bet."

GINGER ROGERS giving up her whole Saturday afternoon, which was supposed to be devoted to Lew Ayres and golf, in order to give out interviews; Jane Baxter going about a lot with Brian Aherne; Nancy Carroll's shadow is still Van Smith; Barbara Robbins carrying around one of those cloth doggies, says he's a standin for her pet Scottie, which is in a hospital; Will Rogers actually going to a party—the one which Helen Flint threw for the "Ah Wilderness" cast appearing at El Capitan Theatre; Heather Angel is the last person in the world you'd think would play polo, but she plays an excellent game, says authority Big Boy Williams; Dorothy Burgess renovating her swimming pool, and having a huge mirror installed in it, in order, she says, to perfect her diving form. (Pshaw, you know what we mean!)



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Caressing as a beam of shimmering tropical moonlight . . . the new SAVAGE Face Powder makes your skin softer to touch. So feathery light . . . so smooth . . . so fine . . . SAVAGE clings to your skin hours after any other face powder would have disappeared. Its enchantment lasts . . . softly thrilling . . . inviting . . . its new shades and exquisite fragrance compelling allure! Four shades: NATURAL (flesh) BEIGE, RACHEL, RACHEL (extra dark)

Large Size Savage Lipstick in an exquisite silver case

$2

at exclusive toilet goods counters.

Savage Lipstick and Savage Cream Rouge come in four thrilling shades: TANGERINE FLAME NATURAL BLUSH

SAVAGE

LIPSTICK ★ FACE POWDER ★ ROUGE

20c AT ALL LEADING TEN CENT STORES

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER


LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
The Cream of the Crop
The clean center leaves are the mildest leaves
They Taste Better!
Copyright, 1934,
The American Tobacco Company.


NOVEMBER
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NOVEMBER 10¢ 15¢ in Canada

A TOWER MAGAZINE

New Movie



DECEMBER

"You can't buy love"

SAY PARISIENNES



But you can buy and be..

Irresistible

LIKE a Parisienne, you can set hearts on fire if you use the lure French women never neglect . . . an exciting, seductive perfume. Such is IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME. This mysteriously exotic fragrance stirs senses...thrills...awakens love. It makes you divinely exciting, glamorous, utterly irresistible.

Try all the Irresistible Beauty Aids...each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Irresistible Lip Lure melts into your lips leaving no trace of paste or film... just soft, warm, ripe, red, *indelible* color that makes your lips beg for kisses. Four gorgeous shades to choose from. Irresistible Face Powder is so satin-fine and clinging that it absolutely hides small blemishes and gives you a skin that invites caresses.

Irresistible Beauty Aids are guaranteed to be of purest, finest quality...like $1 or $2 preparations. Be irresistible tonight...buy IRRESISTIBLE BEAUTY AIDS today...full size packages only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.



Irresistible Beauty Aids

FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



Isn't it a Shame?

Graceful girl . . . lovely manners . . . but her teeth are dingy, her gums tender!



SHE'S as gracious as she is graceful. She is intelligent...friendly. It's just too bad that the shadow of neglected teeth makes most people overlook her natural charm.

Yet sympathy is really misplaced. She ought to know better. The "pink" that appears on her tooth brush and dims the natural lustre of her teeth ought to warn her that *brushing the teeth is not enough.* Those tender gums say that gingivitis, Vincent's disease, even pyorrhea, may be just around the corner.

IPANA is needed

Modern soft foods that give our gums no work or stimulation are often responsible for our gum troubles. But in spite of our daily menus—it is possible to have sparkling teeth and firm, healthy gums.

Ipana and massage is the way. Clean your teeth with Ipana twice a day. And after each brushing, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums with your fingertip or brush. The massage and the ziratol in Ipana help tone and fortify the gum walls. Start with Ipana today and keep "pink tooth brush" out of your life.



DON'T TAKE CHANCES!

A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury

TUNE IN "TOWN HALL TONIGHT" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVES. —WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE



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73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

NRA CODE

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name_____

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The Girls on the Cover

EVERY MOTHER IN AMERICA has wished that Janet Gaynor were her own daughter, and every mother has wished the same, in a little different way, about Shirley Temple. That is the best and shortest way to describe the appeal of both Janet and Shirley. Soon you will see Shirley in "Bright Eyes," an apt title for the little lady; Janet's next will be "One More Spring." Armand Seguso is the artist.



THE New Movie MAGAZINE

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher*

VOL. X, No. 5 — ONE OF THE TOWER MAGAZINES — NOVEMBER 1934

THE BEST OF THE MONTH'S STORIES OF THE STARS

Mary Pickford's Choice....Irene Kuhn 30
Go Ahead and Laugh....Dorothy Manners 32
Marvelous Myrna....Elsie Janis 34
All God's Chillun Grow Up....Gloria Moss 36
Motherhood for Joan Blondell....Edwin Schallert 42
To Hollywood They Would Go....Ruth Hardy 38
He Followed His Nose to Success....Sidney Skolsky 43
Her Future From a Tea Cup....Nanette Kutner 46
Can Pauline Lord Take Marie Dressler's Place? —Ramon Romero 50
A Woman Is Always Acting....Charles Darnton 58

NEWS OF THE COMING FILMS

What to Expect in the New Films....Barbara Barry 48

NEW MOVIE'S SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

News of the Younger Set....Henry Willson 6
Hollywood Day by Day....Nemo 8
You Tell Us.... 16
New Movie's Hollywood Fashions.... 39
The Boulevardier....Herb Howe 44
Hollywood Goes A-Partying....Grace Gingsley 52
Music in the Movies....John Edgar Weir 54
Alice Faye Knows.... 56
Hollywood's New Dessert.... 60
John Foran's Bungalow.... 62
Things You Can Make.... 64
The Pioneer Prince of Ballyhoo.... 73
The Make-Up Box.... 88
White Bird—Hollywood's Indian Casting Director.. 94
Casting Around.... 104

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ON SALE AT WOOLWORTH STORES AND NEWSSTANDS THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH

Betty's ready for 8 hours Beauty sleep..

What about her SKIN?







Let's hope Betty removes daytime make-up Hollywood's way—guards against unattractive Cosmetic Skin

BEAUTY sleep's *important*—for you and for your *skin*, too. So don't go to bed with daytime make-up clogging your pores—spoiling your beauty.

Many a girl who *thinks* she removes cosmetics thoroughly leaves bits of stale rouge and powder still in the pores. It is this *choking* of the pores that causes unattractive Cosmetic Skin.

Look closely in your mirror now. Do you see enlarged pores, tiny blemishes—blackheads, perhaps — warning signals of this modern complexion trouble? Then it's time to start using gentle Lux Toilet Soap—Hollywood's beauty care!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, swiftly carries away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, use Lux Toilet Soap—the gentle care that for years has guarded Hollywood's priceless complexions.

In this way you can *protect* your skin—keep it lovely!

Claudette Colbert STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "CLEOPATRA"

CODE

News of the Younger Set

The month's doings of the Hollywood youngsters, who can show their elders a thing or two

By HENRY WILLSON

MAYBE it's true—all right, all right—that Toby Wing and Jackie Coogan are married. When this article appears on the stands, the details may be known, but Jackie now admits that he and Toby were married in Mexico (which Jack says is not legal elsewhere). Of course, Coogan is known "fer miles around" as "the olde funster," but this time he swears he's not kidding, so I pass it on to you for what it's worth.

Your Sunday school may give some swell picnics, but it would have to go some to beat the father-and-son outdoor breakfast which Sol Lesser, producer, and his son gave for some three hundred of Hollywood's prominent fathers and (for the most part) more prominent sons. Undoubtedly one of the most refreshingly different events of the year, and one that now promises to be an annual occasion. Seated at long tables—producers, directors and actors breakfasted, sang old songs and played tricks on one another, just like the Sunday school picnics we used to have in my home town and yours. After breakfast the fair-haired boys challenged the "old men" to a fast game of baseball—and I have to admit it, the fathers won the golden bat. Peanuts, soda and popcorn helped entertain the offspring, while beer and cigars were consumed by the dads. Here's hoping the Lessers will repeat themselves yearly till Jackie Cooper (guest of honor for the day) is playing character roles.

(*Please turn to page* 83)



Alex Kahle

Mary Blackford got a swell part in "Serenade," and Dawn O'Day is no less than the leading lady of "Anne of Green Gables," with her name changed to Anne Shirley. Here they're swapping autographs with Reg Denny.



Wide World

The Million Dollar Kid, Jackie Coogan, is a grown-up gent these days. Toby Wing is the girl friend. Between conflicting rumors, and Jack's being such a kidder, folks don't know if these two are engaged, married, or just stringing us.



Wide World

And here are Anne Shirley, Tom Brown, and Patricia Ellis with Henry Willson, the author of these "Younger Set" stories every month in *New Movie*. Next month, when Henry goes on his vacation, one of these famous young friends of his is going to write his article for him. We won't tell you which one, yet, because we're keeping it for a surprise, but we know you're going to like the article.



Russell Ball

In pictures less than two years, Jean Parker has made the most rapid strides of any of the younger Hollywood players. Her poignant performance in "Little Women" almost stole the acting honors from the magnificent Hepburn. In "Have a Heart" she comes to you as a star in her own right. Opposite her will be the dashing Jimmy Dunn, borrowed from Fox.

HOLLYWOOD DAY by DAY

By NEMO

WELL, Nemo is up to his old tricks again—skulking down the boulevard, hiding in manholes, popping out of doorways and scaring people half to death, disguising himself with false whiskers made out of old feather boas, and what not.

And all so you can have the latest news from Hollywood, hot off the telegraph wires!

All for you!

Old Nemo doesn't mind, though. The only thing that really pains him is the memory of that time he tried to crash the secret Garbo set. It seemed like a good idea at the time. Nemo had himself nailed up inside a box labeled "Anvils" and delivered to the studio in a truck. The only trouble was that somebody mixed up the labels and the box was put on a train instead and sent to Mexico City. The trip took a week, during which time a diet of pine splinters and wrapping-paper can become very boring, and it was a long walk back. So far, however, no international complications have ensued.

•

WHEN Clark Gable goes on a vacation he doesn't fool. After finishing "Chained," he definitely shook the dust of M-G-M from his heels, dashed home and started packing, preparatory to hunting white pigeons in the wilds of some place.

Thinking to catch him for one more interview before his departure, the publicity department phoned and politely requested that Mr. Gable be called.

"It's the publicity department," his servant whispered hoarsely, forgetting to cover the mouthpiece.

Distractedly, Clark looked up from his packing.

"Tell 'em I'm not in!" he yelled, loud enough to be heard in 'Frisco. "I haven't been in! . . . I won't be in! And will they please forget they ever heard of a guy named Gable, for the next six weeks!"



Incidentally, Clark started away with a bang. About fifty miles out of Hollywood, he noticed a fleet of motor cops rapidly bearing down on him. Imagine his surprise when they stopped him, not to present the expected summons, but to get the Gable autograph. And was Clark relieved?

Jackie Cooper is really growing up! A few days ago his mother had to summon the family doctor in a hurry, for Jackie had been experimenting with his uncle's cigars. Jackie, finding his uncle's box of cigars in the library, decided to take just one puff—then another, and another, with the well-known results. Jackie has now sworn off of cigars. At least for a few years anyway.



•

SINCE a costly fire broke out in one of the major studios, smoking is strictly forbidden on any and all sets, and a squad of firemen have been put on the job to see that the ultimatum is obeyed.

The other day, Nemo saw Jack Warner stroll onto a set, puffing valiantly on a big, black cigar.

A determined fireman tapped him on the shoulder and said: "No smoking, buddy. Can't you read?"

"Wait a minute!" Mr. Warner protested. "Do you know who I am?"

"No . . ." the brawny fire fighter shook his head, "and I don't care if you're Santy Claus . . . you don't smoke in here!"

For a moment, it looked like fireworks. Then, the Big Boss grinned.

"O.K., Captain," he said agreeably, grinding out the offending cigar with his heel. "You're the boss!"

Which only goes to show that there are a lot of real folks in this crazy business.

•

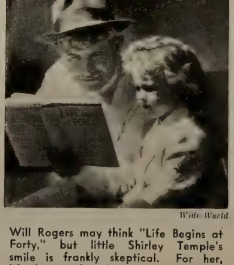
AND it is a crazy business. During the hottest spell Nemo perspired through in many a day, Columbia was shooting winter scenes, wherein every member of the cast was bundled in fur coats to the eyebrows!

(*Please turn to page* 10)



Wide World

This picture is so personal we almost didn't print it. After years of separation, Alice Brady's dad came to visit her. At the station, both openly wept.



Wide World

Will Rogers may think "Life Begins at Forty," but little Shirley Temple's smile is frankly skeptical. For her, life began (in the movies) at four.

Geraine Greear, Ethelreda Leopold, Martha Merrill, Victoria Vinton and Rosalie Roy, five of the pretty girls you see in Warner Musicals, take to roller skates.



NEWS ABOUT THE MOVIE FOLK YOU KNOW

WITH A WALTZ IN YOUR HEART

Surrender to the happy seduction of Ernst Lubitsch's most glorious picture holiday! When Maurice Chevalier with delicious gaiety flirts, sings, conquers Jeanette MacDonald, the rich and merry widow, it's your big new screen thrill! Because Franz Lehar's romance is the greatest operetta of our time M-G-M has spared no expense to make it memorably magnificent! With the stars and director of "The Love Parade".



In the hush of a lilac-perfumed night to the soft sobbing of gypsy violins . . . they danced the dance of love . . . the "Merry Widow Waltz".

MAURICE
CHEVALIER
JEANETTE
MacDONALD

an ERNST LUBITSCH Production

THE
Merry Widow

with
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON • UNA MERKEL
GEORGE BARBIER • • • MINNA GOMBELL
Screen Play by Ernest Vajda and Samson Raphaelson
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

NEMO Tells About Dick Powell's New House; Crosby's Ike & Mike

(*Continued from page* 8)

After the first take, Alan Mowbray called for a pair of scissors, and, peeling off the heavy top coat, proceeded to carve the sleeves from his dress shirt.

After the second shot, "snip!" went the tails, front and back! And, by the middle of the morning, the dripping Mowbray had whittled a perfectly good dress shirt down to nothing more than the collar and about four inches of dickey!

•

NED SPARKS is so fond of his bulldog that he's had a bed made for the beastie, an exact replica of the one in which Ned parks his weary chassis of a late evening.



When Ned climbs in, little doggie climbs in, stretches out full length, places his ugly head on his own downy pillow and snores away.

AND, speaking of beds . . . you should see Ginger Rogers' newest spread! It's made of snow-white polar bear-skin and should be just too cozy these nights when the thermometer has stuck around ninety and hasn't enough ambition to snap out of it?

At least, it should be an inducement to the Hollywood moths to go off the bathing suit diet and concentrate on squaring up the Alaskan situation. We'll bet you never heard a live polar bear complaining of moths in his wardrobe, did you?

o

BING CROSBY'S brand new twins have been the cause of no end of exclamatory comment, even among the movie kids.

When Jackie Searle excitedly carried the news of their advent to Jackie Cooper, the latter commented:

"Aw, that's nuthin' but a publicity stunt . . . anybody knows that!"

Master Searle considered the idea carefully. "Well-ll-l," he said at last, "maybe you're right. But I'll say this for him . . . he's got some press agent!"

•

INCIDENTALLY, Bing has their colored maid all worried. The other morning, she telephoned a friend of the family: "Mistah Blank," she said anxiously, "does you-all know what Mistah Crosby is 'tendin' to name them there babies?"

The friend was obliged to admit that he hadn't heard a single report, to date, but asked why she wanted to know.

"Well . . ." the girl was apparently worried, "all he's been callin' 'em so far is 'Mike' and 'Ike', an' if they is got othah names, seems like somebody ought to do somethin' about it!"

•

JOEL McCREA would rather forget it, but, when he was twelve years old, he had the distinction of being the only boy pupil in the very exclusive Hollywood School for Girls!



Seems as how the McCreas didn't live within miles of any other school, so, to save him a long walk, the faculty of the girls' school made arrangements to place the bashful lad on the roll.

And don't think Joel liked it!

•

FOLKS are dodging around corners and sneaking up alleys to keep out of Dick Powell's way this month.

Ever since he started building his own house, Dick's polite conversation runs to patios, parquets, and shingle nails, almost exclusively, he's that excited!

Caught unawares and unable to make a quick get-away, we politely suggested that it looked like wedding bells in the distance.

"Nope," Dick sighed, "I'm afraid not. You see, my contract with Warner Brothers forbids my getting married for two years, and . . . I'm afraid Mary won't wait that long for me."

Now he couldn't be meaning Mary Brian—could he?

(*Please turn to page* 12)



Bert Longworth

Helen Trenholme, who looks a great deal like Maureen O'Sullivan, wins a part with Warren William in "The Case of the Howling Dog."

Ted Healy gazes longingly at Cecilia Parker's chocolate ice cream cone, just outside "The Painted Veil" set.



Here's a fair share of Hollywood's masculine charm, all in one box. The box, and Bob Montgomery and Gene Raymond, are in the grandstand at the annual frolic of the Beverly Hills Junior League. Going stag, too!

Wide World



THE LATEST NEWS OF STARS AND PLAYERS



If any further proof is needed that the depression is gone, even Hollywood's young hubbies can play the rich man's game nowadays. Here are Johnny Mack Brown and Charles Farrell ready for several chukkers of polo. Enthusiasm for the game is spreading rapidly throughout the movie colony. Charlie recently traded his racing boat for a stable of the wiry polo ponies.

NEMO Tells About John Boles' Blushes. Hollywood Chauffeurs

(*Continued from page* 10)

THE three-year-old daughter of Bebe Daniels gave the beauty operators a stiff work-out the other day when Bebe took her in for a shampoo.

At 11 o'clock in the morning, young Barbara Bebe started "No-ing" the adoring operators who clustered around her. At three in the afternoon, the kid was still going strong and the worn-out shampoo-ers were leaning wearily against anything that was strong enough to hold them up!

They told her fairy stories, recited nursery rhymes, let her smell the "nice" shampoo soap, and even poured a drop or two into her tiny palm in a desperate effort to convince the young lady that the big, bad wolf was not hiding in the bottle.

But Barbara didn't want a shampoo, wouldn't have a shampoo.

So the defeated coaxers threw in the towel and Barbara was carried triumphantly home to see what her favorite nurse could do about it.

•



THE other afternoon, John Boles stopped by the very exclusive Westlake School to pick up his young daughter.

Now John has been the target fortwitterymatinee females, lo, these many years, and could take it.

But, when one of his daughter's thirteen-year-old playmates started telling him how wonderful she thought he was, with superlatives and gestures, poor John just stood helplessly rooted to the spot, turning all shades, from lobster-pink to magenta red, and back again!

•

DAWN O'DAY has been in Hollywood for fourteen years, playing kid parts, at first, and then doing little bits here and there, all unrecognized, until your own NEW MOVIE Junior reporter, Henry Willson who is, incidentally, an agent for the younger set, discovered the young lady, changed her name to Anne Shirley, and, in no time at all, set her with RKO to play the title role in "Anne of Green Gables!"

•

DID I mention that Mae West's whole family had moved into the same apartment house with the "St. Louis woman"?

Anyhow, her sister Beverly, and husband, have one of the front suites and, while waiting for orders from headquarters, their chauffeur parks in front of the building and amuses himself by turning the auto radio on, full blast.

The other morning, Beverly's husband stuck his head out of the window.

"George!" he called. "Hey . . . George!"

Without quieting the din from the radio one iota, George disinterestedly looked up at his master.

"Whadda ya want?" he demanded loudly.

"Dust the car, will you, George?"

His master's voice was most conciliatory.

"Naw." George declined the job stoically.

"Come on, George . . ." pleadingly, "we're going over to Glendale and Bev wants the car to look nice. Dust it, will you, George?"

"Nuttin' doin'!" George turned the radio a couple of notches louder.

In despair, brother-in-law West turned to the little woman. "Make him dust the car, will you, Bev? . . . I can't do a thing with the guy!"

Ah, Hollywood! Where men are men . . . and chauffeurs have the last word!

•

THE Preston Fosters are furnishing their new home, piece by piece, and, so far, they have only four chairs. So, if six people come to call, two of 'em have to sit on orange crates, nail kegs, or squat on their heels!



Maybe, this new interest in the good old hearthside was a result of Preston's recent boating experience. While peacefully fishing in the bay one bright day the boat began to rock violently. It was a huge whale that had evidently mistaken the yawl for a back-scratcher. And did Preston leave that vicinity quickly?

(*Please turn to page* 14)

The ruthless Raft is so changeable that there's really no knowing whether this is a romance or not. At any rate, George squired the chic Virginia Pine to the opening of the swank Bath and Tennis Club.

Wide World



"See that gal, Mom? That's Marlene Dietrich," says Lee Tracy, pointing out celebrities to his mother as they lunch together.





The x-eyed Ben Turpin goes western in a big way in "The Law of the Wild." Western and w-wild! Aren't you glad to see Ben back on the screen again?

THE LATEST NEWS OF STARS AND PLAYERS



Photographed exclusively for The New Movie Magazine by Harvey White

Una Merkel smiles happily these days and for good reason, too. For many years Una has struggled along in meagre roles, which were not up to her splendid capabilities, but now her unique comedy talent is being recognized. You'll remember her brilliant performance in Harold Lloyd's "The Cat's Paw," and now she comes to you again in a sparkling new characterization as the Queen in "The Merry Widow."

NEMO KNOWS—DAY BY DAY—AND NEMO TELLS

(*Continued from page* 12)

CARL BRISSON was host at a cocktail and swimming party on his beautiful Beverly Hills estate, one day last week.

The enthusiastic guests went in for lots of tennis, ping-pong, billiards, and croquet, but the most fun was when Brisson tossed several handfuls of quarters into the pool and turned the divers, good and bad, loose to see who could bring up the most!

Somebody stepped on our neck, just as we were about to win the tussle, and, what happened after that, we wouldn't be a-knowin'!

Grace Bradley, Frances Drake, Louise Fazenda, and Toby Wing made themselves comfortable with a cup of tea apiece, preferring to be damp within, rather than without.

•

THE waiters in our Hollywood eat spots fight for a chance to do the honors whenever your old friend Marshall Neilan drops in for a bite and a pot of tea.

That's because when they bring him his change, Mickey leaves everything but the pennies, which he says he's saving.

•

CORA SUE COLLINS went shopping with her mother the other day and, because Cora Sue promoted so many good reasons as to why she should have roller skates, Mrs Collins finally gave in and purchased a pair.

Before going home, they stopped in to see the youngster's agent for a moment and the tiled corridors were so tempting that Cora Sue begged to be allowed to try out her new skates. Of course, Mother explained that that was quite out of the question, so Cora Sue plumped herself disconsolately in a big chair and waited for Mrs. Collins to finish her conference with the agent.

Some time later, Mother discovered that her talented daughter was missing! Also, there was a strange, rattling bumping noise in the corridor!



Looking cut, they saw Cora Sue, gliding down the hall, brown curls streaming out behind, and with such a beatific expression on her face that nobody had the heart to do anything about it!

•

IN "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," there was a cute pup who, before the picture was finished, won his way into nearly every heart on the set.

With the last scene shot, the pup's master approached Norma Shearer and asked if she wouldn't like to buy the animal, but, at that time, Norma didn't think she would.

However, at the preview of the picture, it rather looked as though the frolicky animal had all but stolen the picture from the stars, so, reconsidering, Miss Shearer went to the man and asked how much he would take for it.

Where he had asked $25.00 before, the wily bargainer now demanded the amazing price of $1,000.

"Good heavens!" Norma protested. "What do you think you've got there? . . . another Rin-Tin-Tin?"

JIMMY CAGNEY is just a little bit hot around the ears. Columbia wanted to borrow him to make a picture under the direction of Frank Capra, whom Jimmy admires whole-heartedly, man and director.

Cagney's contract with Warner Brothers calls for only four pictures a year, but the studio powers-that-be have been rushing the lad through his fourth effort in the hope of talking him into doing a fifth. Which would have been O.K. by Jimmy. That is, up until Warners put thumbs down on the Columbia-Capra proposition.

As it is, all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't persuade the disappointed Jimmy to so much as stick a nose into another Warner story until next year.



Assistant directors are supposed to be the most hard-boiled species of the Hollywood lots—but so often this theory is disproved by discovering assistant directors in very human situations. Very compromising, too, when a hard boiled reputation must be upheld. The most recent exposure was



We're printing this picture especially for Mr. and Mrs. Joel McCrea. It's an old one. The commissary of a big studio at noon, with stars all around you, is the most interesting place in the world. There's George Bancroft, as big as life—or bigger—in his shirt-sleeves. But that isn't why we print it. See Joel, over there in the corner? Well, the girl at the right, completely engrossed in somebody else, is Frances Dee. She and Joel didn't even know each other at the time. Now they're married. How time flies!

CAGNEY'S PEEVE — HOP-SCOTCH IN HOLLYWOOD

THE LATEST NEWS OF STARS AND PLAYERS

watching Tommy Atkins in the act of being human. He was teaching a couple of child actors on the RKO lots to play hop scotch—and him an assistant for thirteen years, too.

•

NERVOUS as a new father, Otto Kruger played the wedding march at Claudia Morgan's wedding.

Otto wasn't nervous for himself, but was just afraid that his little daughter, Ottilie, a charming flower girl if we ever saw one, would drop her basket, or trip over her long dress.



Partly because of the wedding and partly because of picture work, Otto was unable to take his usual vacation to the Kruger farm in New York state. But his caretaker, fearful that Otto would miss the "home-growns," shipped him fresh produce every day.

•

FRED ASTAIRE got so jittery over the throng of visitors that paraded on and off the "Gay Divorce" set that, out of pure kindness, Director Mark Sandrich requested that the set be closed.

JEAN PARKER was so thrilled with the new car she bought in honor of her new contract with M-G-M that she couldn't bear to let it out of her sight. So, instead of leaving it in the parking lot, she drove it right onto the outdoor set on which she happened to be working.

Between shots, she would dash over to her new treasure, wipe a few dust spots, sit in the front seat, sit in the rumble seat, and generally, have the time of her young life until the director called another shot.

Not more than a split second after she had climbed out and walked on the set, something frightened several horses that were being used in the picture. Terrified, they flung themselves about blindly, heading straight for Jean's new car!

Finding an obstacle in the path of their escape, the poor animals reared high in the air, coming down with full force on our little Nell's pride and joy!

After an hysterical few minutes, the quivering horses were extricated with no broken bones, but, Jean's new car was a mess!

The top was beaten down to a level with the body . . . the rumble seat was caved in . . . and poor little Jean's heart was broken!

•

WHEN Adolphe Menjou was nearly finished with his latest picture, rumor got about that he was planning to give a farewell gift to every member of the company (that is, prop men, juicers, cameramen, etc.)

Consequently, the gang followed him around with chairs, lighted his cigarettes . . . in fact, did everything but salaam whenever the potential philanthropist stepped on the set.

When the last scene was shot, the boys stood about expectantly. Menjou reached into one pocket. You could have heard a ten-pin drop. Taking out a cigarette case, he leisurely selected a smoke. A sigh went over the crowd. Reaching into another pocket, he casually extracted a lighter. Another sigh from the ensemble. After lighting up, Menjou calmly replaced the lighter, picked up his make-up box and . . . walked off the set!!

The boys are still looking for the guy who double-crossed them!



Wallace Ford is always up to some antics. He is the kind of guy that tears down his garage to get his car out—and then laughs himself sick. His most recent escapade was to try driving down the Boulevard on his handlebars, in preparation for the next six-day bike race. His wife, Martha, claims he keeps her in stitches—oh well, it doesn't mean anything—just one of Wally's typical jokes.

(*Please turn to page* 106)



Remember our cartoon on this? You see, we weren't kidding. Gary Evan Crosby, left, and Richard Ralston Arlen, right, have sworn to carry on their dads' golf-link feud to the bitter end. Susan Ann, daughter of Virginia Bruce and John Gilbert, referees.

Below: Three people we all like a lot. Jolly Eugene Pallette, svelte Kay Francis, and the fast-moving James Cagney are good studio pals. Right: Hollywood fashions affect the whole world. A guest of Joe E. Brown at the studio is Tsingy Tsang, come all the way from China to study costume design and make-up for the benefit of the Chinese native screen.





FRED ASTAIRE'S JITTERS—JEAN'S TOUGH BREAK

YOU TELL US

This department is the People's Academy. The people whose names appear here attend the movies. Their letters serve as a guide to the type of entertainment they like or dislike. These opinions are their own and do not represent NEW MOVIE'S point of view.

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.



"Why this seeming neglect of Alice White? Certainly she is a fine actress and a great little trouper."

Why the Neglect? Why this seeming neglect of Alice White? Certainly she is a fine actress, and a great trouper. She proved her popularity in vaudeville. Then she returned to Hollywood, and still they are giving her no more consideration than before. Not so long ago I heard her give a dramatic sketch over the radio, and it certainly proved that she is capable of dramatic roles, as well as her repeated ingenue roles.—*Mrs. J. J. Schulte, 804 State, Quincy, Ill.*

Alice seems to be a difficult player to find parts for. That's the only reason we can see.

The Long and Short of It What's all this about Hepburn? I think she is rather silly in trying to be another Garbo. I wouldn't walk across the street to see her act, while I would walk twenty miles to see Garbo act, so I say to Hepburn, "Come down to earth and stop trying to be a Garbo." There's only one and always will be only one Garbo.—*Mrs. Paul Huffaker, Rd. 1, Wellington, Okla.*

But maybe she's just trying to be Hepburn!

Praise for Ann Harding Ann Harding was great in "The Life of Vergie Winters." Her acting is so realistic that I came away from the picture feeling that I had been eavesdropping on scenes which I had no right to. When a player's performance gives you that feeling, it goes beyond mere entertainment and is lifted to the high plane of art. Ann's name, in connection with a film, has become to me an absolute guarantee that I'll see a fine picture.—*Mrs. E. S. Durham, 74 Entrada Avenue, Oakland, California.*

Thank you. And we hope Ann reads this.

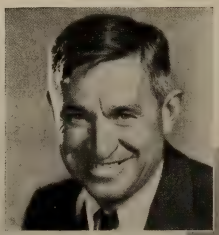
Maybe, Who Knows? It is a great satisfaction to know that Fredric March won NEW MOVIE'S Gold Medal Award for the best performance of the year 1933. I can think of no other star whose every performance is as excellent. He really lives each character he portrays. He is mystery—romance—the perfect actor.

Who knows? He may win the Gold Medal Award for three successive years—a record as yet obtained by no other actor.—*Mrs. Ray Clark, 61 Maple Avenue, Rahway, N. J.*

We certainly think that WOULD be something, Mrs. Clark.



Left: "Ann Harding was great . . . her acting is so realistic that I came away from the picture feeling that I had been eavesdropping on scenes I had no right to."



Left: "Here's to Will Rogers. His comedy is human and unaffected." Below: "In the excitement over Shirley Temple's sweetness . . . I'm making this a plug for a fine actor, Charles Bickford."



Want Them Teamed? After seeing Myrna Loy and Bill Powell in "The Thin Man," I am moved to burst into loud cheers for their swell performances. I always admired both players, but seeing them together made me appreciate their talents as never before. Why doesn't some bright producer co-feature these two in several sophisticated domestic farces? "The Thin Man" was just an appetizer. Incidentally, I was so interested in the Powell-Loy scenes that I couldn't concentrate on the mystery angle of the picture.—*Mrs. Louis A. Vanderpool, 403½ East Broadway, Cushing, Okla.*

You're a good picker, Mrs. Vanderpool. It's a team you will be seeing.

Another Temple Tribute Many people wish that the charming little Miss who has marked a definite place for herself in screen history were twins. Parents need not fear sending their young and impressionable offspring to the movie in which Shirley Temple is cast. What demoralizing effect could she have on anyone? With her naïve ways and her twinkle-toes, she has cast a magic spell over all, grown-ups and children alike. So stand up and cheer, folks, while Little Miss Marker takes a bow.—*Mrs. P. Grippo, 691 E. 230th Street, New York, N. Y.*

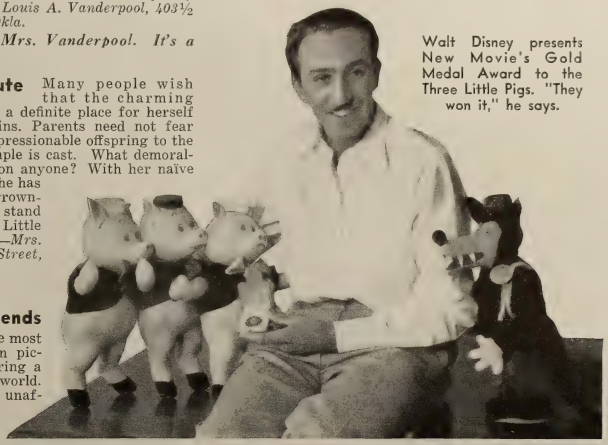
We thoroughly agree.

NaturalnessPaysDividends

Here's to Will Rogers—the most natural and lovable actor in pictures! What ability—to bring a laugh to the lips of the world. His comedy is human and unaffected, instead of exaggerated and forced, as with so many of his famous contemporaries. Let's have more of his witty philosophy and less of the "hot-cha-cha-cha" type of comedian.—*Grace J. Morel, 307 N. Poplar Avenue, Wildwood, N. J.*

It's because a million people feel as you do that Will retains his popularity, Grace.

(*Please turn to page* 89)



Walt Disney presents New Movie's Gold Medal Award to the Three Little Pigs. "They won it," he says.

A NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE FAN WILL PRESENT THESE AWARDS

The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1934 in the films.

Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards. It is your vote that counts!

These letters may be addressed to either The People's Academy or to the Dollar Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

You are the judge and the jury. Write us what you think. The medals will be given for the following:

1. BEST ALL-AROUND FEATURE PICTURE
2. BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTRESS)
3. BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTOR)
4. BEST MUSICAL PICTURE
5. BEST HUMAN INTEREST PICTURE
6. BEST MYSTERY PICTURE
7. BEST ROMANCE
8. BEST COMEDY
9. BEST SHORT REEL PICTURE
10. BEST NEWSREEL PICTURE
11. BEST DIRECTION
12. BEST STORY

When all these votes are counted, the winners will be named. Then the fan whose vote most closely tallies with the final compilation will be given a trip to New York or Hollywood to present the awards. The stars and producers who win the medals will be there in person to receive them, wherever production schedules permit. All expenses to and from Hollywood or New York and entertainment, hotel accommodations, etc., will be borne by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. Cast your votes carefully and YOU MAY WIN THIS THRILLING TRIP.

The GIBSON FAMILY

MARTY, AS CLUB MAID, gives a good performance when she tells Jane to use Ivory Flakes for her stockings just as fine stores advise.

Good stores *do* tell you to use Ivory Flakes for your stockings. And here's why: The sheer silk of stockings is very sensitive. It needs a *pure* soap. Ivory Flakes are so pure that both the makers and sellers of fine stockings recommend them. These people know silk. They like the way Ivory Flakes are shaved up into tiny, curly wisps, too. Ivory Flakes won't flatten down on your stockings to cause soap spots and *runs!*

And here's a thought for you thrifty girls—Ivory Flakes cost less than other "silk stocking" soaps. There are lots more ounces in the box! Just hold on to that thought and the next time you're at your grocer's merely say, "A box of Ivory Flakes, please."

IVORY FLAKES · 99 44/100 % PURE



IN THE DRESSING-ROOM
"'Scuse me, Miss Jane, but yo' sho' is luxurious on stockings. That soap yo' use must be pow'ful strong. Why doan yo' use nice gentle Ivory Flakes the way stores tell yo' to?"



"LADY, WHY YO' LEAVE dis chile wif me?" gasps Sam. "Yo' train goin' soon."

"Where's the station drug store? Where's my head?" demands Nurse Tippit. "Why did I forget to pack Jerry's cake of Ivory?"

"Lots o' time," says Sam, turning smooth as a chocolate custard, now that he knows the reason. Then he chuckles to Jerry, "So she's goin' to keep yo' 99 44/100% pure."

"PURE IVORY SOAP FOR BABIES" SAY DOCTORS



"REMEMBER THIS HAT, HENRY?" asks Mrs. Gibson softly.

"Sure!" says Mr. Gibson. "It chaperoned us on our honeymoon, Sara. And we knew we were made for each other because we'd both brought Ivory Soap!"

"It's still the finest complexion soap," declares Mrs. Gibson.

"Absolutely!" agrees Mr. Gibson. "Your complexion is as clear and fine as the day I first kissed it, 17 years ago!"

SENSITIVE SKINS ARE SAFE WITH IVORY SOAP



Poised, debonair, yet bitterly wise, the keynote of her beauty, her smouldering, heavy-lidded eyes, Constance Bennett remains the first sophisticate of the screen. Next picture, "Outcast Lady."

Clarence Sinclair Bull

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S

GALLERY of STARS



Eugene Robert Richee

Across the page is the comedy team in a serious picture, and here we show you the serious team in a comedy. Francis Lederer, romantic foreigner, and Joan Bennett appear with Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland in "The Pursuit of Happiness." That title comes straight out of the Declaration of Independence, so we can stand up and cheer—here and now.



Eugene Robert Richee

Why no one ever thought before of teaming ZaSu Pitts and W. C. Fields is just one of those mysteries. Either one of them is good enough, and to have both of them in one picture, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," is just too marvelous. Pauline Lord, famous stage actress, has the title role in this beloved story that is half laughter and half tears.



Elmer Fryer

CONTRAST: Paul Muni. Vienna. Real name, Weisenfreund—but no one would pronounce it. Black hair, black eyes. First stage appearance as an old man of eighty. Prefers the stage. Will play only interesting roles that do not type him. Will make only two pictures a year. Next, "Border Town." And is one of First National's best bets.



Scotty Welbourne

CONTRAST: Lyle Talbot. Pittsburgh. Real name, Hollywood—but no one would believe it. Brown hair, blue eyes. First stage appearance as a boy magician. Prefers the screen. Will play any old part for the fun of it. Will make all the pictures they'll let him. Next, "Dragon Murder Case." And is one of First National's best bets.



● Here is something you don't see once in a blue moon—a photograph of Greta Garbo at work. This is the wedding procession scene from "The Painted Veil." Garbo and Herbert Marshall you can pick out without any trouble. Beside the camera, wearing a raincoat and with a pencil



Milton Brown

tucked behind his ear, is director Richard Boleslavsky. And over at the right, on the steps, find Beulah Bondi, Jean Hersholt, Cecilia Parker, and Billy Bevan, who used to play in comedies years ago. Notice the raised boards Garbo walks on to increase her height? Marshall is a six-footer.



Jack Freulich

● The rumor went around that there were no parts to suit Diana Wynyard's unusual face and British personality. Nothing can better dispel that rumor than her sensitive, fine, performance in "One More River."



Jack Freulich

● How many years have gone by since Charlie Chaplin gave Adolphe Menjou a saxophone-playing part in a comedy! Here he is, married now to Verree Teasdale, as suave as ever in "The Human Side."



Russell Ball

● Elizabeth Allan's fresh, dewy beauty does no harm to her career, but she has ability, too. "Men in White," "The Green Hat," "David Copperfield,"—her parts grow steadily, and her artistry with them.



Clarence Sinclair Bull

● One of the screen's truly great character actors, Charles Laughton brings his wit, his talent, and his jolly bulk to the part of Norma Shearer's father in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Elsie Janis writes about him next month.



Robert W. Coburn

Faith, an' we don't have to tell ye the lad is Irish! Brian Aherne made his stage debut at 3, went to dramatics school at 10, and, after that early a start, quit to become a clerk. He took up acting again as a stop-gap until he could land a better job, and it took leading parts with Marlene Dietrich and Ann Harding to change his mind. Next, "The Fountain."



Eugene Robert Richee

"The Lemon-Drop Kid"—now, there's a title to make your mouth water! Damon Runyon wrote it, and Mrs. Tracy's boy Lee is bringing it to you on the screen. As in "You Belong to Me," Lee is trying to get away from being typed—bringing you a new characterization. You wish him luck. So do we. That makes it unanimous.

Mary Pickford's CHOICE



Evans Studio

Mary Pickford at the time she was known to the whole world as "America's Sweetheart."

SIXTEEN years ago two young women whose names flamed bright in the white light of publicity, who symbolized youthful innocence and loveliness to millions of movie fans, stood side by side on the enchanted peaks of success.

Each had an appointment with destiny. The paths diverged toward the distant rendezvous. One led down from the pinnacle of professional success into the lush green valley of quiet and obscure romance.

The other wound higher yet, up to a virtually unattainable peak that promised even richer rewards.

Today, in retrospect, each must wonder, as humans are wont to do, which took the better way.

MARGUERITE CLARKE, heroine of "Prunella," "Snow White," "Baby Mine," and a dozen successes of her day, chose to preserve the illusion she had created for millions by disappearing from view and leaving a fixed, imperishable and lovely memory.

Mary Pickford, yet to thrill to the "perfect romance" with Douglas Fairbanks, elected to continue the illusion and enhance it. Even then she was formulating plans for her own producing company, the great United Artists of current fame and prosperity, to which, starring in her own pictures, she could give the maximum of effort and reap the maximum in financial and professional success.

The brown-eyed, diminutive Marguerite of the prewar stage and film era, chose to end a career at its height; to begin a new one, marriage; to substitute private adoration for public adulation. She married Harry Palmerston Williams, then a lieutenant in the Engineers' Corps, U.S.A., in Greenwich, Conn., on August 15, 1918, after a short, formal engagement. They had met but once before in seven years.

With her marriage to Williams, a rich New Orleans lumber and sugar king, she disappeared into the romantic recesses of the deep South, lost to her adoring public, and counting the world well lost for love.

Where Mary Pickford complicated her life, unwittingly, Marguerite Clarke simplified hers.

Tower Studios



(Left) Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford photographed with Heywood Broun, during an interview for New Movie Magazine.



(Right) A recent photograph of Mary Pickford and (below) Douglas Fairbanks as he looks to-day. There has been little change in their appearance.





Wide World

Marguerite Clarke at the time she was with Famous Players—every bit as popular as Mary.

Can a motion picture star combine marriage and a career successfully? Marguerite Clarke Williams didn't think so; Mary Pickford Fairbanks took the great gamble. Who was right?

By IRENE KUHN

Mary, moving upward continuously, as an artist and a power in the motion picture business, married Douglas Fairbanks in 1920. World famous, wealthy, with a popularity unsurpassed among feminine picture stars, and sharing top honors only with her new husband and Charlie Chaplin, she was confident of her ability to make as glorious a success of her marriage as she had of her career.

THERE was no thought, ever, of giving up a career for marriage. Were not she and Doug both stars . . . both in their own company . . . were they not two perfectly synchronized units in a harmonious and profitable partnership?

Marguerite Clarke became a legend in Hollywood, on Broadway and Main Street, a lovely legend remembered today by a generation that sometimes sentimentalizes about the "good old days" and tells prematurely wise children used to the sophisticated acting of Garbo, Dietrich and Mae West, of a little star in "Prunella" and "Snow White."

Mary Pickford's romance prospered. She and Fairbanks worked together, played together, traveled over the world. Everywhere they were acclaimed. In London they were mobbed by fans, and the athletic Doug had to lift his tiny wife to his shoulders and carry her to safety through the crowds. Both of them had been adored before; together, in a romantic marriage, they were idolized in double measure.

Back home in California they established a magnificent home, and to symbolize a perfect union they combined their names to call the house "Pickfair."

Every night at "Pickfair" dinner was prepared for fifteen guests, whether fifteen came or three. Often twenty or thirty sat down to the table; and frequently Mary was the only woman in a company of Doug's trainers, professional wits and ubiquitous yes-men.

Doug's antics amused Mary. She had not had a merry life nor an easy one. This was playing at being a little girl for real.

They were the acknowledged King and Queen of Hollywood. "Pickfair" began (*Please turn to page* 66)

Wide World

(Right) The dainty Marguerite at the height of her career, on her farm near New Rochelle, N. Y.





(Left) A later picture of Marguerite Clarke and (below) Harry Palmerston Williams, to whom she has been happily married for sixteen years.



DECEMBER



Is Eddie's reputed $4,000 a week, which provides him with big cars and pedigreed dogs, too much?



In his own stock company, at Oakland, California, he made people laugh for years—long before he ever thought of trying his luck in Hollywood. Here we see him at home where he clowns, too.



"GO AHEAD AND LAUGH!"

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

The more we laugh, the more he makes—and the more he makes us laugh

EVERY time Edward Everett Horton appears on the screen people begin to laugh. Maybe he has not yet spoken a word, nor registered a single comic expression, but so convinced are audiences (after thirteen years of Horton-brand comedy) that Eddie is going to be funny, they give him the benefit of the doubt, and go ahead and laugh, anyway!

For this unusual contribution to the success of any picture in which he appears, Mr. Horton discourages the wolf from his pantry to the reputed tune of $4,000 weekly; which is more than Clark Gable, George Raft, Robert Montgomery, and any number of the other sex-appeal boys corral . . . even reputedly. What's more, he works on a guarantee of four weeks' salary to the production, and considering that he frequently doubles in brass by making two pictures at once, it should be pretty clear by now that he is doing all right for himself!

Probably the only reason his salary wasn't investigated along with Mae West's and Bing Crosby's, at the time they were investigating salaries, is that a great many people hadn't suspected Horton Uncommon of being such a gilt-edge, dividend-bearing security. That is, no one except the casting directors, the producers and supervisors who have been on the debit side of Eddie's salary for lo, these many years, now! But before you break down shaking your head over the strange ways of producers who pay a featured player sometimes double the salary of a star attraction, let's stop for a minute and see how Edward Everett Horton gets that way.

In the first place, when a director wants E. E. Horton in his current opera, *no other actor will do!* Certain roles have been written and referred to as "typical Horton" parts. They aren't always large roles, or even second in importance to the unravelling of the plot . . . but they are invariably Horton roles.

When Ernst Lubitsch was casting "The Merry Widow" he sent out a call for Eddie to portray the *Ambassador* in his merry, musical comedy kingdom. The word came back that Eddie was not available because he was engaged on a Paramount picture with Cary Grant at the time, and would not be finished for three weeks. "Then we wait," said Mr. Lubitsch, which was just like whacking the Front Office of M-G-M over the head with a blackjack. Wait? With the combined salaries of Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald, not to mention Herr Lubitsch himself, mounting up like the debt of a defaulting nation? They couldn't wait . . . so they did the next best thing and made a deal with Paramount to loan Eddie to "The Merry Widow" on days when he wasn't working with Cary Grant. With plenty of good actors and comedians floating about Hollywood "at leisure," you might think they would have considered someone else, but it was Horton or nobody, which is why his salary is what it is!



Ernst Lubitsch wanted Eddie to play the Ambassador, with Maurice Chevalier in "The Merry Widow." But Eddie was busy, working in another picture. "Then we wait!" said Herr Lubitsch, flatly.

It is one thing to be merely funny in a role . . . and quite another to be Horton-funny. He is droll. He is polite and gentle. He is usually whimsically bewildered. There is a warm, fluttery insanity about everything he does before the camera. You feel, that as Chevalier's valet, or Dix's friend, or Jeanette's *Ambassador*, nothing is ever quite clear to him . . . but he is good natured about it. And he speaks "lines" with such naturalness you completely forget the dialogue writer in wondering how such funny nonsense "happened" to pop into his head. That he seldom varies his characterizations, except for costumes, is immaterial. In thirteen years, neither Hollywood nor the amused public has had too much, or even enough, of Eddie Horton.

Away from the camera he is not wholly stripped of his drollery, or his famous character. Except for yellow greasepaint and a smart smoking jacket which he likes to wear for lounging between scenes, he looks exactly as he does on the screen. Unlike many fellow comedians, he does not seem to be suffering from melancholia, a desire to play *Hamlet*, or a yen to take a flyer into a romantic sex role. He has a normal interest in what takes place out of the studios in his love of travel, the New York stage, the New Deal and friendships with professional and business men . . . but he loves Hollywood and his work better and makes no bones about it.

"I'll never reach the point where Hollywood is not a stimulating factor in my life," he said. "I can't believe it when I hear another actor say his work in the studios is a bore to him, lacking the inspiration of the stage. I've worked in both mediums for years and to my way (*Please turn to page* 101)



The face that launched ten million laughs. Look closely at Edward Everett Horton's eyes and mouth and you'll see why Mr. Horton has no unemployment problems.







From left to right, these early poses of Myrna Loy trace the gradual development of her screen type. First an Oriental, then an old-style "vamp," it took her a long while to lose her siren's slink.

By
ELSIE JANIS

Marvelous MYRNA!

From make-up and mannerisms has emerged the Myrna from Montana—a nice girl with freckles, who is really as different as she appears to be

I WOULD have written this article the first time I saw Myrna Loy three years ago under the caption "Watch this Gal!" but Mr. New Movie quite wisely waits for your stamp of approval. With its obvious arrival I am asked to write about one of the most interesting entries in the ever-changing contest for stardom. Myrna Loy's castle of success is not built upon the sands of "good breaks." It rests solidly on a rock of endeavor. It was no case of one good part and you're in, with Myrna. It was a very few parts, many bits, and you're out. At least out of Warner Brothers studio where she spent over four years before they decided that she had nothing much to offer and gave her the balmy California air. The Warner Brothers, usually so astute. All three of them. Today the lovely Loy's tricky name is picked out of those all-star pictures when there is only room for one on the theater marquee. This means that the audiences in the neighborhood are Loy conscious. I believe it will soon be the same in all neighborhoods because she is decidedly different.

No one can deny that America goes for anything different in a big way. Goes for it, likes it, and then proceeds to try to reproduce it until the novelty no longer exists. In this case that will not be easy. They can't begin to look about for "another Loy" until they are sure about just what type the original really is. There's the catch. The young lady will not stay put. In the last year she has consistently turned in the mold, displaying a new side with each succeeding film. What next? Well I'm sure of one thing, whatever she does will be what she wants to do. She worked too hard and waited too long for success not to have a good idea about how to hold it.

STARTING her first talking picture as an Arab girl in "The Desert Song" she slowly but slinkily vamped her way through more Oriental locales than any Cook's tourist. Her jade green eyes became more and more almond shaped, her accent heavier as the importance of her roles increased. If there was any half-caste dirty work to be done, Myrna was elected. Myrna from Montana, a nice girl with freckles, was doing most of the poisoning, murdering and home wrecking around the Warner lot and was even sent out to other studios because they had no one quite as exotically



Clarence Sinclair Bull

Myrna as she is today off the screen, and as she was in "The Thin Man"—natural, straightforward, gay, thoroughly American. What a contrast to her character roles of a few years ago, as shown below!





wicked as Loy. Having typed and branded her as a screen menace they sent her into a cruel and suspicious world. A free lance. She could poison whoever she liked, but not at the expense of the Warner Brothers.

In a picture called "Thirteen Women," which most people were wise enough not to see (thirteen being too much of anything, let alone women) she played Ace-ess of all witches. Outside of a little job like wrecking the lives of the other twelve women she had to have native blood as an explanation of her rather odd habits. Then came rebellion. No more natives at any price. "I'll play anything, as long as it's white," said Miss Loy. The same studio took her seriously and gave her the second lead in "The Animal Kingdom." It was not, as you probably know, a jungle epic. Between such gleaming stars as Ann Harding and Leslie Howard we saw for the first time Myrna from Montana doing a goodly bit of gleaming on her own. "Where has she been all our lives?" shouted the casting directors. They probably did not realize that she had poisoned some of their best actors during her menacing days.

"The Animal Kingdom" was the "Open Sesame." Since then it has apparently been pretty simple. Just glance at these "sure fire" rungs on the ladder of accomplishment. "When Ladies Meet"—"Pent House"—"The Prizefighter and the Lady"—"Manhattan Melodrama"—"Men in White"—"Stamboul Quest"—"The Thin Man"—"Broadway Bill."

"I must not do too many pictures," said Myrna to me, as she ravished a radish. "I've done five in a year." She really (*Please turn to page* 75)

ALL GOD'S CHILLUN GROW UP

What ever became of those child stars of yesterday? What will become of those we know today? This story tells you.

By GLORIA MOSS



It can't be? Oh, but it is! Ben Alexander himself, as the wistful star of "Boy of Mine," and below, with Jean Parker in "What Price Innocence."





Virgil Apger

Imagine, if you can, little Jackie Cooper, the child star of to-day, as a suave sophisticate ten years hence. But really, it won't be long now!





Harrell

(Left) Remember the days when Mage Evans was the adored baby star of World Films? Look at her to-day. Does it seem possible?



Strangely enough, the child is Helen Mack with Gloria Swanson as they appeared in "Zaza" and below *Miss* Mack, if you please!



Wesley Barry, in "Don't Ever Marry," made years ago; below, in the quite recent "Life of Vergie Winters."



Mary Kornman was the tiny blonde "vamp" in the old "Our Gang" comedies. Today Mary is a full-fledged movie actress. Did you see her in "Du Barry"?







As one views the passing parade of today's child stars, basking in the public limelight like baby moths whose hours of glory are counted, it is tempting to project the mind into the future and to speculate upon the distant fates in the cinema heavens of such bright starlets as Baby Leroy, Shirley Temple, Cora Sue Collins, Jackie Cooper, Spanky, Jackie Searle, Tad Alexander and other famous infant prodigies of the present talkies. What does the future hold for them?

They, too, must eventually yield to Time, to be replaced by a new group who may at this moment be but babies nestling at their mothers' breasts. Where will they go when adolescence descends to cut short their film careers? To school? Into vaudeville? Or domestic oblivion?

No matter where they go or what they do, the shadow of Hollywood will trail after them like Hamlet's ghost. Eventually some of them will seek to open the closed portals again as juveniles and ingenues. Yesterday's screen history proves this fact conclusively. Most of the child stars of the silent era are back in pictures. Some have achieved moderate success, others are waiting for the right opportunity, and not a few have joined the extra ranks.



(Left) Little Orphan Annie, too, has grown up, as you will notice on the opposite page. Mitzi Green was snapped strolling along Hollywood Boulevard recently.

Very well. If you can, visualize Baby Leroy making passionate love to some dizzy blonde in 1950. It isn't impossible. Picture bright-eyed little Shirley Temple defending her honor against the wiles of an unscrupulous villain, who may turn out to be Jackie Searle!

Imagine Jackie Cooper turning out to be the Wally Beery of tomorrow. Or Tad Alexander, who wore his uniforms so magnificently in "Rasputin," emerging from his teens as the great lover of the not-too-distant future.

And yet if one is to judge by the past, not one of the baby stars of another day has ever scored the full success of his earlier achievements. None in maturity has ever attained stardom. The Joan Crawfords, the Clark Gables, the Garbos, the Dietrichs and the Shearers who have won the most significant ratings as Hollywood celebrities can lay no claims to childhood histrionics. Mary Pickford, Lillian and Dorothy Gish and Helen Hayes were child actresses on the stage, long before the nickelodeon movies claimed them.

Madge Evans, alone, of all the infant movie stars who have returned in maturity to professional work, has come closest to attaining stardom. Helen Mack is now running her a close second.

Basing the future success of our Baby Leroys, our Jackie Coopers and Shirley Temples upon the comparative triumphs of those who have come back to achieve success again, let's look back fifteen or twenty years into the past when the movies were still more or less in their swaddling clothes.

Can you remember Madge Evans when she was the adored child star of World Films, or Ben Alexander with his wistful little smile and his yellow curls playing the title role in "Boy of Mine"? Do you recollect the plaintive features of a little trouper called Helen Mack, or the squinty-eyed imp of Universal City who delighted audiences a decade (*Please turn to page 72*)



(Right) Florine in the days when Hollywood was only a dream, and, (left) Ginger as we know her, now that the dream has come true.



To Hollywood

THEY WOULD GO!

Ginger and Florine and Jane were school chums. This homey, sweet story tells you of the two who went to Hollywood and one who stayed home

By RUTH HARDY



Florine McKinney never knew she'd look like this, back when Ginger—at the left—was winning Charleston contests.

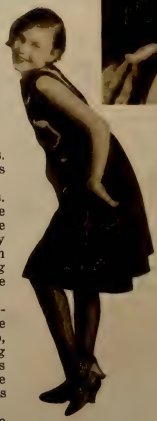
ONCE upon a time there were three little girls. One was pretty, one was cute and one was clever.

And all three dreamed of being movie stars.

Today two of them—the pretty one and the cute one—are in Hollywood stepping along in seven league boots. The clever one decided she'd rather be happily married than a movie star, and she's living down in Fort Worth, Texas, getting a big kick out of seeing her chums, Ginger Rogers and Florine McKinney make the grade in movie town.

No two youngsters on the Hollywood scene are working harder and forging ahead more steadily than these two girls from "Cowtown." And their friendship, which began when they were six years old, is as strong and enduring as ever. They are together as much as their busy days permit. They lunch together, have dates together and confide in one another their dreams for the future, just as they used to do.

Last month Florine, looking for stage experience to develop her ability before the camera, played the lead in a little play, "And Let Who Will Be Clever," at the Hollytown Theatre in Los Angeles. The play was staged by Ginger's mother, Mrs. Lela Rogers. And the memories it recalled! For ten years ago Mrs. Rogers, then dramatic critic for a Fort Worth newspaper, was writing school plays for the Central High Dramatic Club, in which Florine and Ginger were "co-featured."



Both girls have changed considerably in appearance and poise since they left Texas. That's what Hollywood does for one. Ginger was a spindly little person, with arms and legs like match-sticks and a very short bob of mouse-colored hair, straight as a string. Now her figure has matured; her mousy hair is a curly, golden glory and she has acquired a charming poise and self-confidence.

Florine was always breath-takingly lovely. Fluffy, organdie frocks and ribbon bows, you know. Studio make-up and costume folks have fixed that, thinning and arranging deftly that shock of curly brown hair that used to fly in all directions, and designing glamorous clothes to give that sleek, sophisticated appearance which they tell her is her "type." And Florine is delighted to study and profit by these valuable (*Please turn to page* 70)

NEW MOVIE'S
Hollywood Fashions

Screen stars welcome the return of lingerie trimming to add magic charm to a simple dress



Scotty Welbourne

Above, Glenda Farr now appearing in W ner Brothers' "Kansas C Princess," wears chiff frills to form collar a jabot on an Orry Ke dress of plum-red crêp Chiffon frills also fo turn-back cuffs on t half-length sleeves.



AN EVENING GOWN FOR EVELYN VENABLE

●

The season's call for gayer evening colors is answered by Evelyn Venable, Paramount player, when she wears this flame-colored moiré dance dress. The back is cut low but may be covered by the jacket of matching



Portraits by Jack Freulich

TAILORED STREET SUIT FOR LOIS JANUARY

●

For days like these, Lois January, Universal Pictures player, wears the two-piece tailored suit with straight skirt and snug hip-length jacket finished with a narrow black leather belt. When winds blow colder she adds the seven-eighths length coat with wide silver fox collar. Skirt, jacket and coat are made of gray and black tweed with a touch of white.



GRAY PLAID TWEED

MOTHERHOOD FOR JOAN BLONDELL

Will she leave the screen? "If I do, it's worth it!" says Joan.

By EDWIN SCHALLERT



Scotty Welbourne

Joan and her husband, George Barnes, have always wanted a baby. Joan meets motherhood with courage, reverence, and deep, undying thankfulness.



Wide World

NO matter what happens, my baby will come first. I don't care what motherhood does to me. If I have to quit the screen that will be all right. In fact, it would be a big thrill to start all over again—to live in a two or three-room apartment, if necessary, and to handle the housework and the cooking and everything else. No, prospects of a change, because I am going to have a baby, regardless of how terrific they may be, do not frighten me at all. I have no patience with fear."

Joan Blondell was standing on the brink of motherhood when she made this statement to me. And in Hollywood it is a "dread brink"—ask any star! Even more so maybe than in the rest of the world.

Joan was fearless, strong, calm. Her personality radiated vitality, serenity and courage. She has been through troublous early days, foreshadowing the approaching event. She was just about to retire from studio work for an indefinite period. She had planned to leave the films in plenty of time—taking no chances on any complications that might ensue from her continuance of film activities with their strenuous and often drastic physical demands.

"My baby is the only one who deserves the 'break' under these circumstances; I shall not now or later do a thing to risk his health, happiness or welfare," she continued. "Possibly I could make another picture, but it is not the safe thing to do. George has a vacation and we shall travel for a while. I want to see my sister in Detroit where she is playing in 'She Loves Me Not.' Then we may go abroad. We thought of a voyage to Tahiti, but have abandoned that. We can't risk that adventure. We'll see the South Seas some time later when our youngster is able to accompany us. And how proud we'll be to have him—or her—with us!" she exclaimed.

Maybe you know Joan Blondell; maybe you don't. I mean her "inner self." She has been a trouper every step of the way—since early childhood. She never flinches; she takes every task as it comes; nothing ever devastates her or causes her to become temperamental—that cardinal sin which seems almost the key to success in Hollywood. Instead, she is always *there*, and dependable.

In all my experience in Hollywood I've never known anyone to be quite so sincerely joyous, sensible and very much like "folks" the world over in her attitude about having a baby as Joan Blondell. She views it simply as the natural, the expected thing. No flub-dub! Nor is her first the only child Joan anticipates. She is considering others.

"If this first child is a girl," she said, "I will name her Joan Barnes. They didn't want to let me take that name at the studio, you know, when I wanted to. So I may have my chance to use it now in a different way. If it isn't a girl this time, well (*Please turn to page* 85)

He followed his NOSE to Success



Russell Ball

No story on Jimmy is complete without a close-up of the famed proboscis.

A short, snappy typewriter portrait of the well-known Jimmy Durante, by

SIDNEY SKOLSKY,

Equally famous Hollywood columnist, who knew him when

JIMMY DURANTE stuck his nose into show business and his nose has kept him there ever since.

This twentieth-century Cyrano de Bergerac was born in Cherry Street, New York, on February 10, 1893. Making his initial appearance he weighed seven pounds, nine ounces. It was the proboscis that weighed the seven pounds.

He is strictly a "dese, dose and dem" guy. Therein lies one of the secrets of his success. He has never tried to put on the ritz. When he mispronounces a word on the screen he isn't acting. He couldn't pronounce the word correctly if he tried.

So he's smart enough to be merely Jimmy Durante—the mug. The guy who ups to the English language.

In the beginning, when he pounded the piano in Bowery joints and Coney Island rough-and-tumble cabarets, he wasn't appreciated. He was mispronouncing words for an audience that didn't know how to pronounce the words themselves.

But it was the Broadwayites, who thought themselves smart, who first encouraged Jimmy in his clowning.

Jimmy, playing his first society affair, had no idea what to charge the social registerites. He asked for seventy-five dollars. Twenty dollars apiece for the trio and fifteen dollars for his piano player, Harry Donnelly.

It was at an affair given by the Wanamakers that he was called aside by Mr. Wanamaker, after he had finished his stunt.

"Here," said Wanamaker, pulling a hundred-dollar bill out of his pocket, "go buy yourself a hat with this."

Jimmy looked at him for a moment and then sorrowfully replied: "I don't know where to buy a hat that costs a hundred bucks."

He had practically no schooling. Everything he knows he learned on the sidewalks of New York.

His father owned a barber shop on Catherine Street. Every Saturday night Jimmy assisted by lathering the faces of the customers. Then his father would come along and shave the faces his boy had fringed with soap.

The Durantes are Italian. He has one brother, Albert, and one sister, Lillian. Albert is on the New York police force.

His entrance into show business was practically made in the home of Alfred E. Smith, the ex-Governor, now chief landlord of the Empire State Building.

When there was a party at the Smith house, just around the corner from his father's barber shop, Al Smith's mother would hire Jimmy to pound the piano for the guests. He was then known to the neighborhood as "Ragtime Jimmy."

He couldn't, and still can't, read a note of music. He plays his melodies from memory, and writes them the same way.

Durante is strictly a product of the night clubs. He came out of dingy, smoke-filled cellars, where he entertained cover-charge guests and waiters, to amuse a nation of motion picture fans who would never go to a night club.

He hasn't really reached into his (*Please turn to page* 81)



Screen reformers list Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Carole Lombard as the first, second and third bad women of the films, Herb reports.

Illustrations by
D. B. HOLCOMB

THE Boulevardier

By HERB HOWE

Worst Woman No. 1—Norma Shearer
Worst Woman No. 2—Joan Crawford
Worst Woman No. 3—Carole Lombard

WHEN No. 3 informed me of this rating by screen reformers, I suppose I should have got up and left the table. It would be folly to attempt to defend one's honor around a Brown Derby table, pinioning one to the cushions as it does. George Raft and friend "Killer" tried it that noon when someone made indelicate allusion to George's ear and Killer's nose, both in the wrappings of a plastic surgeon. The Lombard woman allayed my misgivings by plying me with an innocent looking fizz and by assurance that the rating applied to screen conduct only. I recalled, too, that I had lunched with No. 1 without so much as a hair of the head being rumpled, though No. 1 is a notorious hair-rumpler on the screen. Inquiry as to the standing of Sisters Harlow and West brought a gesture of abandon. No numbers to describe them, I gathered.

THERE are no bad men in Hollywood, otherwise the authorities would have listed them. The boys are merely webbed victims of the Black Widows (spiders that devour their leading men). Furious outcries from Nos. 1, 2, 3, etc! They say there are plenty with the power to lure weak woman to worse than death—censorship. Among lads with the lure for which there is no word since "It" has been censored, Herbert Marshall is listed as No. 1 by Norma Shearer, Constance Bennett, Gloria Swanson. Jean Harlow openly endorses Bill Powell privately. George Brent made Garbo chat and titter—equivalent to downfall for a sphinx. A secret set-to-set canvass of Hollywood's worst women—i.e., practically all females except Janet Gaynor—provided NEW MOVIE's cheka with their list of Hollywood's Bad Men:

Herbert Marshall, Clark Gable, William Powell, Ronald Colman, Franchot Tone, Cary Grant, Gary Cooper, Leslie Howard, Fredric March, Francis Lederer, Warner Baxter, Bruce Cabot.

(This periodical does not necessarily agree with the Worst Women but publishes their observations as warning to good women.)

STAG baby showers testify to the sweetness of Hollywood boys. Anticipating arrival of storkie at Joan Blondell's chimney, they came blushingly bearing gifts. Mugg Cagney brought two rubber bathinettes and buddy Frank McHugh pointed with modest pride to rosebuds on a baby blue dress he said he had fashioned between scenes of "Here Comes the Navy." No one could think ill of boys who embroider. That's probably why the Prince of Wales took up *petit point*.

SO it appears Will Rogers, not Greta Garbo, gets the most money in old Sin Center—$350,000 a year. Does that imply that Will has more—(censored) than Greta? No, my minute men, it proves that it pays to chew gum and misspell. With earnings from his syndicated paragraphs, Will's income is estimated at around a half million. He's no doubt one of Hollywood's wealthiest. He'd be wealthier if sentiment didn't influence investments. An old cow man,

THE WORST WOMEN OF HOLLYWOOD PICK THE BAD MEN—HERB PICKS THE RICHEST

he loves the land. He also loves airplanes. "And after seeing some of the dirt Will owns," remarks one of his pals, "I reckon he invests in real estate from a plane.

DURING the inflation Harold Lloyd was rated richest with an estimated fortune of fifteen millions. I suspect the ultra-conservative Chaplin could liquidate today at the highest figure. Stigmatized in the London slums with fear of poverty Charlie was ever frugal and cautious. When he played in Sennett two-reelers with Mabel Normand he stored his savings in a safe deposit box—far-seeing lad—and advised Mabel to do likewise. Instead, improvident Mabel carelessly stuffed her checks away with her trinkets. When a business manager eventually was summoned to straighten out her finances he found checks dated years back. Charlie had accounts in three Los Angeles banks at the time of his divorce from Lita Grey and promptly wrote a check for a half million on one as settlement. He is reported to have large deposits abroad and to own some of the finest vineyards in France. A *votre santé, Charlot!*

Charlie's best line, in my opinion, was his reply to a friend who asked him why, with fame and fortune, he was so melancholy. "What good are they to a man," sighed Charlot, "if his girl doesn't keep her date?" Charlie isn't melancholy much any more. Paulette Goddard, a girl of great charm and culture, with a fortune in her own right, and Charlie have been devoted friends for several years. So it would seem that the Alger story is having the proper happy chapter.



Francis Lederer has won the girls of the Paramount studio by diligent hand-kissing, says Herb.



Stag baby showers are fashionable in Hollywood. James Cagney and Frank McHugh arrive with gifts for the expected Blondell baby. (Editor's note: The rosebuds on the dress brought by Frank are the work of his own hands—according to Frankie.)

FRANCIS LEDERER, earnest agitator for world peace, has won the girls of the Paramount studio by diligent hand-kissing. If it is true that women and bankers make wars, the chances for world peace are greatly improved—F. D. R. shepherding the bankers, and Francis taking care of the ladies.

"MANHATTAN MELODRAMA" is proof that a picture may do great harm to a boy. If Dillinger had attended a children's special matinee instead of a banned picture he might still be crashing banks and headlines. Wally Westmore, studio make-up artist, says Johnny met his death because of his bad make-up. Hollywood may expect the Federals any day now. Ever skeptical, Hollywood, where stars all have doubles for dangerous stunts, didn't believe Dillinger was killed. Said it was probably his stand-in.

ONE of our screen favorites is campaigning for equal rights for women in the water. With a company of militant mermaids she has been swimming without "tops" in a secluded bay of Catalina. When anyone appears on the shore the aphrodites swim under water. Increased business for glass-bottomed boats.

I MET Marie Dressler for the first time at Mabel Normand's funeral. Standing apart from the group on the porch of the chapel was a frail, gray woman in deep mourning. I went to speak to her. Miss Dressler, sympathetically observant, asked who she was. "Mabel's maid, Mamie," I said. "Poor woman," murmured Marie. "I know how my maid would feel." As a final gesture of comfort to her own maid Mamie, who with her husband, the butler, knelt at the deathbed, Miss Dressler bestowed her appreciation with a token of fifty thousand dollars and her gowns that the maid had cared for. The best estimate of a person's character is opinion of old servants, the best gauge of character one's appreciation of them. (*Please turn to page* 82)



Elmer Dyer

Ruby Keeler gets her fifth successive starring role in Warner Brothers' new musical, "Flirtation Walk."

HER FUTURE

FROM A TEA CUP

By NANETTE KUTNER

FIVE and a half years ago Ruby Keeler had her fortune told. It came true in an astounding and rapid fashion. Just the other day, I sat with her, while she had her fortune told again. But first, let me tell you about the original prophecy.

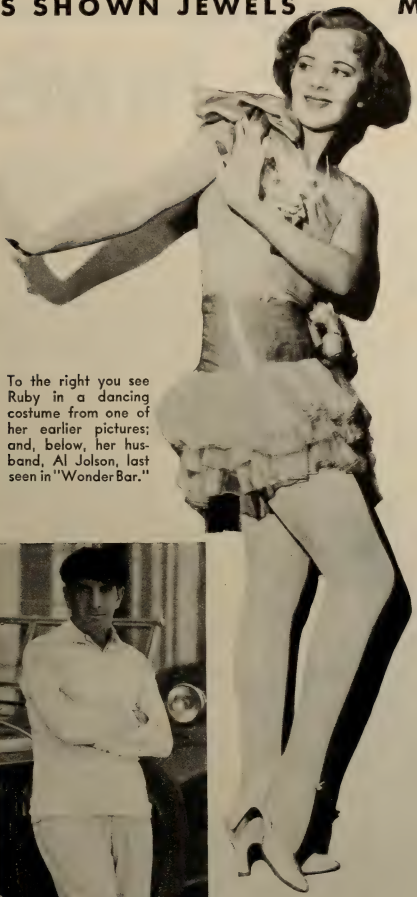
J. P. McEvoy, the writer, relates that story. He was on the train bound for Hollywood. Among the other passengers were Eric von Stroheim and Fanny Brice. Also two night-club dancers, Mary Lucas and her chum, Ruby Keeler. Both girls were en route to California for a much-needed vacation, and, providing they were lucky enough to find it, an engagement in a movie house presentation.

The trip from New York to California is both long and tedious. To pass the time von Stroheim told fortunes. Staring at Ruby's palm, he prophesied that before she stepped off the train, something was going to happen which would change her entire life!

That was a pretty drastic statement even for von Stroheim. The others laughed. Ruby opened wide those blue eyes of hers, and she wondered. After all, what could possibly occur? She worried a little and thought about accidents. A good train wreck could change anybody's life. Then she felt foolish, and promptly forgot about the incident.

However, when the train stopped at Pasadena, the Warner Brothers staged a welcome party for Fanny Brice. Jack Warner, all smiles, hopped aboard. He was not alone. He was accompanied by his very good friend . . . Mr. Al Jolson.

Thus they met at a Sante Fe railroad station . . . Ruby and Al. Three months later they were married. Recently they celebrated their fifth wedding anniversary.



To the right you see Ruby in a dancing costume from one of her earlier pictures; and, below, her husband, Al Jolson, last seen in "Wonder Bar."

So the von Stroheim prediction came true. The meeting with Jolson certainly changed Ruby's life.

When I first met her, a couple of years before the eventful California trip, she was sharing a hotel room with Mary Lucas. I remember a rainy afternoon spent with Ruby and Mary. We sat in their room. At the time both girls were dancing in Texas Guinan's club. The night before, a director had promised them movie tests. They discussed this; Mary, excited, Ruby calm. While they talked, Ruby shampooed her hair. She stood over a white basin in the corner of that room, and she washed her own hair. Then she sat on the bed, while she waited for it to dry. Damp little clusters of ringlets clung to her head, and I remember thinking how lovely she looked. Hers was a natural beauty. It still is. You can see the tiny freckles on her up-turned nose. She uses very little make-up.

I also remember Ruby when she danced at benefits. She used to bring along a little six-year-old sister, whom she called "Kick-in-the-Pants." About midnight, "Kick-in-the-Pants" Keeler would do a tap dance, while Ruby sat near the footlights, beating time with both hands.

Since the von Stroheim prophecy, all that has changed. "Kick-in-the-Pants" no longer dances at midnight. She is fifteen years old, and thrilled over graduating from high school. Mary Lucas has stopped dancing too. She is a matron, married to Robert Crawford, the music publisher. And Ruby . . .

She met me in the lobby of a Fifth Avenue hotel. She wore a black velvet suit that clung to her figure in graceful lines. On her head was perched a black velvet peaked hat, somewhat like a jockey cap. A geranium-colored crepe blouse with a high neckline set off her face. The whole outfit was enhanced by a pair of sables flung carelessly about her shoulders.

"I've got the car outside," she said.

And we stepped into the long, low, shiny black Jolson town car.

But she was still the same Ruby, with her calm voice, and her sweet, almost shy manner, and her very agreeable ways.

"I'll go to any fortune teller you want," she said, "but they mustn't know who I am. If they know, there's no point to it. All the kick will be gone."

I agreed. We chose a place on Fifth Avenue, a place where the fortune teller reads your future from the tea leaves.

"I prefer cards," Ruby told me. "Although sometimes the tea leaves are good. My sister Helen and I went to one of these places and the fortune teller told Helen that she was going abroad. At the time Helen had no idea of such a thing, but a few months later she went."

We sat at a table in the back, where the lights were dim enough to suit Ruby.

"They'll never recognize you here," I said.

We ordered tea.

"With a lot of tea leaves," Ruby insisted.

The fortune teller's name was Zita. She came to our table directly after Ruby drank her tea.

The following is the fortune Zita told. Like most fortunes, part of it is surprisingly accurate, and part entirely wrong. The italics are Zita's words. The rest, the comments made by Ruby or myself, when we discussed this afterwards.

For a second Zita stared into the cup. Then she spoke.

"I see a haze. A great haze. All year you (*Please turn to page* 79)

WHAT TO EXPECT
IN THE NEW FILMS

JUST when we thought every murder angle in the world had been exhausted, up pops M-G-M with a swell tale of dirty work on the baseball field.

It's a bit hard to believe that any all-American ball team would resort to such drastic methods to win the pennant, but, since the clean-up board has put this business in the fairy tale class, we'll have to get ourselves into the mood and make the most of it.

DEATH ON THE DIAMOND
•
M-G-M

David Landau, manager of one team, has staked his last penny on the team carrying off the pennant. If they don't, he loses his life's work to a nasty grafter who is bent on acquiring the team by hook or crook.

C. Henry Gordon doesn't want Landau's boys to win, either, as he has a million dollars, at twenty to one, that says it can't be done. So, when first basemen, pitchers, and the like begin dropping dead here and there every time it looks like a score, it has all the earmarks of a toss-up between Gordon and the nasty grafter.

Robert Young, ace pitcher for the home team, gets cracked up in an automobile accident, early in the picture, thereby keeping himself safely out of circulation, and danger, until the final game. And how he outwits the fiendish perpetrator of the diamond murders is plenty exciting.

If you're a baseball fan (and, aren't we all?) this exciting tale by Courtland Fitzsimmons should be just what the doctor ordered. And, with Madge Evans supplying the love interest; Ted Healy and Nat Pendleton doing the comedy honors; Paul Kelly, Edward Brophy, DeWitt Jennings and a flock of other troupers giving till it hurts . . . well, I'll be seein' you at the ball game!

Edward Sedgwick directs the slaughter.

THE sports have it this month! As you leave the ball park, walk three blocks and turn left for a peek at Joe E. Brown pedaling his life away at the six-day bike races. Earl Baldwin wrote this hilarious story of life on a two-wheeled merry-go-round, and from our position on the side-lines it looks to be one of Joe's funniest efforts.

SIX-DAY BIKE RIDER
•
WARNERS

Joe is a small-town station agent, member of the church choir, and generally thinks he's God's gift to Maxine Doyle, daughter of the town banker.

When Maxine gets a-twitter over Gordon Westcott, trick bicycle rider who pulls into the milk station for a one-night stand, Joe gets jealous, hops on a convenient bike and twirls the handle-bars for a set of stunts that would have made Gordon green with envy if he hadn't been sitting on Maxine's front porch, several blocks away, talking about "moon," "June," "spoon," and stuff, to the willing Maxine.



Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea are together in "The Richest Girl in the World." Seems that all the rich girls are poor little rich girls, these days. When they want fun, they play billiards.



"Gentlemen Are Born" musters practically all of the younger talent. Here, in one scene, you see Ross Alexander, Ann Dvorak, Franchot Tone, Margaret Lindsay, and Jean Muir.



If anyone can look sillier in a paper Napoleon's hat than Frank McHugh, we don't know him. "Happiness Ahead," with Dick Powell, promises a lot of fun and Dick's own brand of romance.

Read these and you'll know all there is to know about the pictures Hollywood is preparing for you

●

Fired from his job and cold-shouldered by the girl he loves, Joe takes his side-kick, Frank McHugh, and heads for the wicked city, determined to show the small town smarties a thing or two, or three.

Signing up to compete in a six-day bicycle race, Joe and Frank take a job as messenger boys to fill in the time before the race, and, incidentally, to assure their stomachs of something to go on.

Sent by the agency to deliver breakfast for two to a room number in a hotel, Joe is horrified to discover Westcott, with a woman (whom Joe believes to be Maxine) in the bathroom.

Madder than hops, Joe wrecks the joint and half kills Gordon before finding out that the woman is none other than Gordon's own little wife. But it's too late, because by that time, neighbors have called the cops and our hero is yanked off to the local hoosegow, willy nilly. And with the race scheduled to start the following day!

Maxine has run away from home to join Westcott, but when she discovers that he is married, rushes to the jail house, all contrition. But Joe, the meanie, is plenty dignified . . . and, if there's anything funnier than our Joe being dignified, we'd like to see it!

Anyhow, Maxine talks her banker papa into liberating the potential bike racer, and the way Joe wins that race is something that ought to roll you out in the aisle.

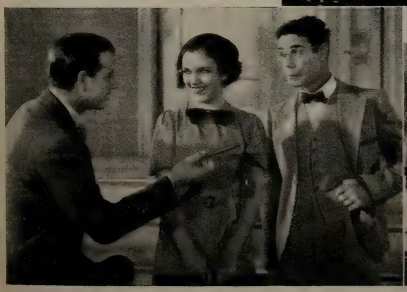
Lloyd Bacon directs the chuckles where they do the most good, and, if your diet calls for "light" meat . . . here 'tis!

(*Please turn to page* 95)



Below: Universal's "What Ladies Dream" looks suspiciously like farce, what with Binnie Barnes in dark glasses and Neil Hamilton wearing a walrus moustache. Right: "Kid Millions," a screen musical comedy, brings you Eddie Cantor, Ethel Merman, Ann Sothern, and more glorious Goldwyn girls than you can possibly count.





The title "Six-Day Bike Rider" tells you what the picture is about. Joe E. Brown fans will welcome this new chapter in his adventures. With him are Gordon Westcott and Maxine Doyle.



Madge Evans and Robert Young learned a lot about baseball, making "Death on the Diamond" for you. A comedy-mystery-thriller of big league baseball, a new type of murder-mystery.



Pauline Lord's part in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" is a typical Marie Dressler role.

Fayram-Robert Teacher

Can Pauline Lord Take Marie Dressler's Place?

MARIE DRESSLER'S death has left a great void in Hollywood—a great, empty spot in the heart of the nation. There is no one who can really ever take her place, just as no one has ever filled the niche of Valentino or recaptured the deviltry of beloved Mabel Normand.

Marie Dressler's successor can only succeed her as one queen succeeds another. They can both bear the same title, and command the same respect from their subjects—but there the relationship ends. The crown merely passes from the head of one to the head of the other; and life goes on.

Just now there is speculation in Hollywood, and throughout the world as well, as to who will wear the crown of Dressler. Who will play the roles that were once written for her? Who, without imitating her, can have the same general appeal?

Every producer thinks he has the answer to that question. At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the lot where the dearly beloved Marie played her last scenes in the work she loved so well, May Robson is looked upon as the woman who will step into Dressler's shoes. Robson is a great actress, too; having proved her worth in "Lady for a Day."

At Columbia Jessie Ralph is touted as the coming delineator of Dressler roles, while Fox are boasting of Henrietta Crosman. Edna May Oliver is now mentioned seriously for the "Tish" stories, bought for Dressler. Alison Skipworth has long been considered a Dressler rival, although, frankly, her appeal lies in an entirely different direction.

But, out of a clouded sky, still dark with the sorrow of the passing of this adored star, a new ray of hope appears in the person of Pauline Lord. A new name to movie fans—but one that is legendary in the world of the theater.

The secret grapevine route of Hollywood reports that Miss Lord gives one of the greatest performances in screen history in her first picture, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and already those who have seen it have started a whispering campaign, that has not only circulated through Hollywood, but is rapidly spreading through the country as well, that Pauline Lord is the only logical successor to Marie Dressler!

For several years Pauline Lord declined film offers. She felt that she was not a photographic subject, and still does. It is an ironic stroke of fate—a happy coincidence—that she should come into the world of talking shadows just at a time when there is a big place for her, ready-made, and waiting.

The names of Pauline Lord and Marie Dressler have been linked before. Miss Lord originated "Anna Christie" on the Broadway stage. Later Garbo played it in the talkies. In the cast was Marie Dressler as "Marthy," the role that stole the acting honors of the picture, and made her an immortal star.

In her last picture, made shortly before that final, tragic siege of illness that brought eternal sleep to her eyes, Marie Dressler appeared in the screen version of "The Late Christopher Bean," which Miss Lord played with such success on the Great White Way last season. The picture was released as "Her Sweetheart," and is even now being shown throughout the world, while millions mourn the passing of its star. In this instance, however, Miss Lord and the late Miss Dressler played identical roles! Like some (*Please turn to page* 84)



Lovable, motherly, tender, whimsical, they are alike in spirit and personality

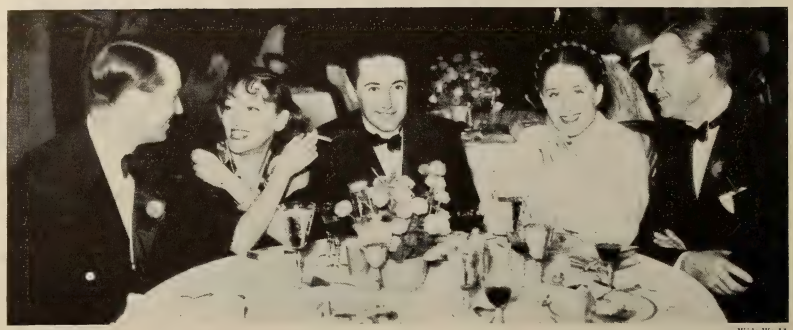
By RAMON ROMERO



Pauline Lord, Walter Connolly and Beulah Bondi in the stage production of "The Late Christopher Bean" (right). With Beulah Bondi still in the cast and Lionel Barrymore taking Connolly's place (above), Pauline's part seemed made for Marie, in the screen version. Will it work backward. Will Marie's roles come to Pauline?

Vandamm Studio

• Hollywood Goes



Wide World

Director Ernst Lubitsch's house-warming, for his new Mexican home in Beverly Hills, brought out every star in town. Here are Maurice Chevalier, Gloria Swanson, Irving Thalberg, Norma Shearer, and Herbert Marshall.

WHAT these moonlit patio parties are doing to Hollywood romance! And, goodness knows, romance never needed any speeding up in these parts.

Nobody out here thinks of building or buying a house that hasn't a patio, and who that has a patio could think of having a party anywhere else?

So that's where romances are born.

And about the newest one seems to be that between Maurice Chevalier and—guess who!—Virginia Bruce, ex-wife of John Gilbert!

Haven't heard how it is progressing, but certainly Chevalier was most attentive to Virginia, out there in the scented garden, under the gorgeous moon (with first aid by romantic candles) at the party Ernst Lubitsch gave as a housewarming at his new Beverly Hills home.

Maurice came alone, but he danced with Virginia all evening, brought her supper, and beamed upon her. Not that he was very talkative.

And that wasn't the only romance started that evening, either. June Knight and Paul Ames began valentining that night, and have been currenting ever since. So much so that June has turned down half a dozen New York stage offers just to stay in Hollywood.

And Jeanette MacDonald and Bob Ritchie were there; and Frances Drake and Dick Blumenthal, and, so long as we are talking about romance, Rosita Moreno and Mel Schauer.

Ernst Lubitsch handled the mob scenes well—there were a hundred and forty guests—and beamed upon the budding romances.

In fact—how about romance for himself? He certainly was attentive to Mady Christians, who arrived alone at the party.

RALPH MORGAN we found shedding a tear or two behind a big paper tree in the patio of his home. No wonder. He had just lost his only daughter, Claudia. Just in marriage, of course, but you know how that is! And Claudia and her papa had always been such pals.

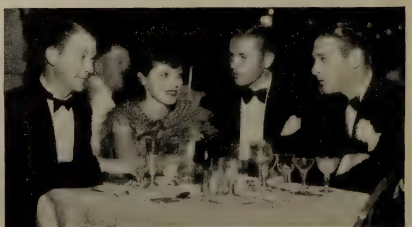
Claudia married Robert Shippee, a childhood sweetheart, so there was really nothing for Papa Morgan to weep about, except just sentiment.

Otto Kruger played the wedding march, and the wedding, as we started to say at the beginning, when we were sidetracked by Ralph's tears, was



Wide World

And above are Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy with Jeanette MacDonald and Bob Ritchie.



Don English

And this party was for Paramount's international convention. Lee Tracy. Adrienne Ames, Bruce Cabot, and Richard Arlen, sip cocktails.

A-Partying

Birthdays, house-warmings —Hollywood is a gay flurry of parties this month! GRACE KINGSLEY, The New Movie's society reporter, takes you along to all of them



Buster Crabbe took the li'l woman to Sol Lesser's lively father-and-son party.





Fred Hendrickson

(Left) Making "The Notorious Sophie Lang," Gertrude Michael planned a surprise party for the cast, but the cast surprised her first, on her birthday—Arthur Byron, Director Ralph Murphy, Gertrude, Leon Errol, and Paul Cavanaugh are shown here. (Right) And for HER birthday, during the making of "The Gay Divorce," Ginger Rogers got seventeen cakes!! Helping her to eat this one—and apparently enjoying it, too—are Director Mark Sandrich, Fred Astaire, Erik Rhodes, Alice Brady, and Edward Everett Horton.

held in the patio, which was decorated with a thousand flowers in addition to the growing ones.

Kruger and his wife grew rather sentimental, too, he declaring that she was "the prettiest girl in the crowd."

In fact, there was quite a revival of romance among the older married folk, Eddie Robinson and his wife holding hands during the ceremony, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morgan kissing each other right openly and above board and not caring who saw them, while Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Breese and Mr. and Mrs. Joe Cawthorne reminisced about their own wedding days.

AND while we are on this subject of celebrations, Joan Bennett and Gene Markey celebrated an anniversary of their first kiss!

Gene for the first time told the story of their romance.

"I was in love with Joan," said her husband, "three years before I met her. Fate always seemed against my getting an introduction. I saw her in a New York stage play, and fell in love with her. I wrote a play called 'Stepping High,' with her in mind, and suggested her playing the leading role. The producer interviewed her, but thought her too young, and gave the part to her sister Barbara. I was terribly disappointed. Joan came to Hollywood. I followed. We were invited to two of the same parties—but she didn't arrive.

"Finally Joan did come to a party where I was—one given by Jack Gilbert. Joan was leaving early—had a dinner date with another fellow. I was quite desperate—dashed over and got an introduction to her. And she didn't leave early, after all. Three weeks later we were married."

WELL, well, what a hard time we do have getting away from romance, to be sure.

Slim Summerville and his wife celebrated with a party at their home there by Toluca Lake, not far from where Bing Crosby and the Arlens live.

Naturally their adopted baby was the center of attention at the cocktail party given in the patio. (What doesn't happen in patios!) And Mrs. Summerville has been such a devoted mother. She doesn't let the nurse have the baby all the time, by any means, but insists on caring for it a big part of the time herself. And Papa Slim dotes on the child. (*Please turn to page* 91)

MUSIC in the MOVIES



The "Carlo," a new dance rhythm and step, presented in M-G-M's "Student Tour," featuring Jimmy Durante and Charles Butterworth.

What fun to sing and dance to the tunes from the current films! And what a grand selection to choose from!

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

HAL KEMP heads the list this month with his recording of "I Didn't Want to Love You" from the film "Social Register." Kemp can always be relied upon to give us something a little out of the ordinary in the way of arrangements, and his style is gradually creeping into the orchestrations of other leading bands. There is some really fine work in this record and you'll like the vocal refrain by Skinny Ennis.

"Why Not?" is the tune on the other side. This is from the same film and is played by the same orchestra. An excellent little bit with a good vocal by Bob Allen. (Brunswick.)

FROM the Paramount picture, "The Old-Fashioned Way," we have Eddie Duchin and his orchestra playing, "Rolling in Love." I consider this a tricky little melody and there is certainly no fault to find in Duchin's playing.

We have the usual distinctive trumpet and piano playing that identify this band anywhere, not to mention the customary vocal work by Lew Sherwood.

"Dames" from the Warner Brothers film of the same name is on the reverse side. This is another example of Eddie Duchin's work, and I believe that it will meet with your approval. Lew Sherwood does the singing. (Victor.)

ANTHONY TRINI and the Village Barn Orchestra have given us a swell recording of "Dilly Dally," a tune from the RKO film, "Cockeyed Cavaliers." Trini has always had a smooth band, and I have often wondered why the boys weren't working on wax for us. Maybe we will hear a lot more from Tony in the future.

Another number from the "Cockeyed Cavaliers" is on the reverse side and this time it's a ditty called, "And the Big Bad Wolf Was Dead." Here is another good example of Trini's work, and features a swell vocal. (Bluebird.)

"TRY TO SEE IT MY WAY" from the film, "Dames," is played by Eddie Jackson and his orchestra. This is a well balanced version of a good tune and you'll find the vocal is sung by Smith Ballew, who, if memory serves me right, used to have a band of his own a few years ago.

"I Only Have Eyes for You" is the number on the other side, taken from the same picture and played by the same band. This is another Dubin-Warren melody and again you'll hear the voice of Smith Ballew. (Vocalion.)

"BORN TO BE KISSED," the title number from the film, "The Girl from Missouri," gives us the combination of a Dietz-Schwartz tune, plus the playing of Paul Whiteman and his orchestra. You'll find this to be excellent with Whiteman at his best and some swell singing by Ramona.

"I Saw You Dancing in My Dreams" is on the other side, and it's another Whiteman presentation. It's done in good style and you should enjoy it. Jack Fulton is the vocalist. (Victor.)

FOR those interested in the tunes written by Johnny Green in the course of the last few years, we have a record known as the "Johnny Green (*Please turn to page* 77)

BIGGEST HITS

"I DIDN'T WANT TO LOVE YOU," fox trot, played by Hal Kemp and his orchestra. (Brunswick)

"ROLLING IN LOVE," fox trot, played by Eddie Duchin and his orchestra. (Victor)

"DILLY DALLY," fox trot, played by Anthony Trini and the Village Barn Orchestra. (Bluebird)

"TRY TO SEE IT MY WAY," fox trot, played by Eddie Jackson and his orchestra. (Vocalion)

Appendicitis Warnings



"I can give it to you, of course. But if I were you I wouldn't take anything for it without the advice of a doctor. Those abdominal pains may mean appendicitis."

THE symptoms of appendicitis vary. Almost always, continued pain and tenderness in the abdomen are the first indications of an acutely inflamed appendix. Of course, not all intestinal aches are caused by appendicitis, but anyone who has continued, unrelieved abdominal pain, especially if it is accompanied by nausea or vomiting, needs competent medical attention at the earliest possible moment and not self-medication.

If it is appendicitis the use of a laxative is dangerous. It stimulates violent intestinal action and may spread the inflammation, cause the appendix to rupture, or induce peritonitis. Moreover, the sufferer should not be given food, drugs or medicine of any kind unless prescribed by the attending physician.



Send for your doctor immediately if there is any suspicion of appendicitis. In making his diagnosis he may find it necessary to make one or more blood cell counts or to observe your temperature for a few hours, keeping you quietly in bed under close observation.

Your doctor may decide that the attack does not clearly denote appendicitis and can be relieved without an operation. But if it is a clear case of acute appendicitis, he will probably recommend an operation within the shortest possible time.

Performed by an expert surgeon, early in the attack, before the appendix has burst or peritonitis has begun, an operation for acute appendicitis should cause little concern.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT
ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.
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Alice Faye, Fox Films featured player, believes in the regular use of the time-honored hair brush.

ALICE FAYE Knows

Even the most gorgeous hair needs encouragement and there are lots of things any girl can do to make her hair look lustrous, young and beautiful

By ANN BOYD

GO to Hollywood if you want the world's best advice on making and keeping your hair young and beautiful. Because, you see, while the majority of women not in motion pictures feel that by keeping their hair well dressed and wearing smart and becoming hats they have done enough to make their hair look attractive, the screen actress knows that merely keeping the hair well dressed is not enough. It must be kept in a perpetual state of excellent health, vibrant and beautifully lustrous, to withstand the searching scrutiny of the camera.

Alice Faye, Fox Film featured player, whose newest picture is "365 Nights in Hollywood" with James Dunn, recommends the good old hair brush to the girl who wants lovely youthful hair. Her own gorgeous golden locks are regularly treated to one hundred strokes of the brush a day. Our grandmothers followed this routine, and though their hair did not have the benefit of the splendid hair preparations of the present day, the constant brushing surely did prove beneficial. But oddly enough in our own day of greater attention to well-cared-for hair, the good old hair brush is too often neglected. This old-fashioned treatment does three things, Alice Faye explains. By vigorous brushing, lifting the hair strand by strand, dust that has gathered during the day, and that robs the hair of its natural lustre, is entirely removed. Besides, the brushing from the roots of the hair down and outward distributes the natural oil of the hair, thereby adding to the hair lustre and preventing an accumulation of oil at the scalp. Last but not least, vigorous brushing stimulates the circulation of the blood in the scalp, thereby keeping the hair cells in a state of active health and vigor.

In this use of the hair brush, Alice Faye follows an old-fashioned practice. For the rest she is completely modern, taking advantage of hair treatments that were unknown to and undreamed of by our grandmothers. Those lovely ladies of the past, for instance, usually felt that washing the hair more than once a month or six weeks was injurious. Alice Faye knows that the hair can be washed with good soap and water every week or even oftener if needed, with good results. There is no other way to maintain the condition of cleanliness that is necessary to the health and beauty of our hair. Before the days of shorn locks everyone believed that frequent cutting of hair would eventually rob it of its naturally soft texture. We know differently now.



Brushing the hair forward serves to tone the circulation of the scalp.

Seven Years Apart—
Yet Both have Skin equally Young

Beautiful Vanderbilts *examined by Dermatologist for Skin Age* ... both get 20-Year-Old Rating





Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt

famed for her brunette beauty. Her skin was rated by the dermatologist as being practically the same as it was eight years ago. Mrs. Vanderbilt says: "The thorough cleansing Pond's Cold Cream gives keeps my skin clear—fine-pored—seems to wipe away tired lines."

Miss Frederica Vanderbilt Webb

is an enchanting young blonde with a skin exquisitely fair. The dermatologist declares it to be "a perfect skin of twenty." She says: "I've never had a coarse pore, blackhead, or blemish. I'm sure this is due to Pond's Cold Cream."

YOUNG skin is firm and fine of texture—its color clear—glowing—radiant.

OLD skin is loose, lined, crêpy—its texture is thick and coarse—its color dull—sallow—dark.

These conditions, dermatologists report, are due to loss of tone—impaired vasomotor circulation—failure of glands to produce youth-sustaining oils.

When the two charming Vanderbilts, pictured above, were examined by a dermatologist, their rating was the same. In actual age, they are seven years apart.

Both of these two noted society beauties are faithful users of Pond's Cold Cream. Could there be more convincing proof that this cream actually keeps the skin young—the young skin at the height of its loveliness?

Cleanse your skin with Pond's Cold Cream every night. Pat it in briskly. It will sink into the pores—float away impurities that linger there. And every morning freshen your skin with this fragrant luxurious cream.

Then your skin will look alluringly young—clear—silken. Powder and make-up will smooth on evenly and lastingly.

New quick-melting cream

Pond's now makes a liquefying cream. It melts instantly on the skin. It contains the same specially processed oils for which Pond's Cold Cream is famous.

Send coupon for a 3 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream, 3 other Pond's effective beauty aids and powder.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. L, 48 Hudson Street, New York City . . . I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for a 3 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream with samples of 3 other Pond's beauty aids. I prefer three different *Light* shades of powder ☐ I prefer three different *Dark* shades ☐

Name_____

Street_____

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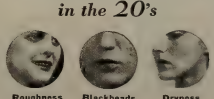
Copyright, 1934 Pond's Extract Company



Pond's Cold Cream cleanses—corrects skin faults—prepares for powder. Preferred by 1 out of 5 women who use cream. *Pond's Liquefying Cream* also answers these vital needs. It is a quicker melting cream.

Test your skin for these age signs. Your mirror will tell its true age. *Specially Processed Oils in this cream correct Skin Faults*

CORRECTS SKIN FAULTS USUAL *in the 20's*



Roughness — Blackheads and large pores — Dryness



Laughter lines — Little defects

FIGHTS OFF AGE SIGNS USUAL *after 30*



Crêpy skin — Worry lines — Sallowness



Sagging tissues — Discolorations

DECEMBER

A Woman Is Always Acting

says ALICE BRADY, whose ideas startle Hollywood

•

By CHARLES DARNTON



Many years ago Alice Brady was a star in silent films at $6,000 a week. Now, lovely as ever, she is again heading for further movie success.

IT was a dangerous thing to say. There was no telling what its effect might be upon women generally. It conjured up the appalling prospect of their dropping their frying-pans into the fire, leaving the canned soup cold, walking out on helpless masculinity, and lighting out for Hollywood.

Yet, blind to such dire possibilities, Alice Brady did not hesitate to say:

"A woman is always acting, anyhow, so she might just as well get paid for it."

What she said was practical beyond the use of most epigrams, but who'd be left to do the housework and take the pins out of shirts from the laundry?

Frowning down my desperate protest, Miss Brady demanded:

"Why should a woman go on all her life acting for nothing?"

"Maybe she likes it," I weakly ventured.

"Of course she does," agreed the fairest-minded of her sex. "For that matter, she loves it. And as it's a natural art with her, she ought to profit by it."

DEAF to further mumblings about spring cleaning and summer camphor balls, Miss Brady got down to brass tacks.

"It doesn't matter where an actress acts, on the stage or in pictures, for in either case she must carry the illusion within herself to be able to carry it to her audience. And to do this one must be like a little child who lines up chairs in a row and turns them into a choo-choo train. It's just a matter of imagination. All children have it, and all actors are children."

"Even men?"

"They, like children," was her indulgently maternal reply, "are exhibitionists."

Of course. There they were, as plain as day, running their train of characters along the shining rails of make-believe.

ALICE BRADY herself had come far along that same road and pulled safely into the station of Success. But just as she was turning (*Please turn to page* 102)



Lionel Barrymore, Alice and William Janney, in "Should Ladies Behave?"



Tintex

Keeps Your Apparel and Home Decorations Like NEW . .

Use TINTEX for *Underthings • Negligees Dresses • Sweaters • Scarfs • Stockings • Slips Men's Shirts • Blouses • Children's Clothes Curtains • Bed Spreads • Drapes Luncheon Sets • Doilies • Slip Covers*

At all drug stores, notion and toilet goods counters

• Color Magic For Every Faded Fabric! •



HAVE sun and laundering played havoc with your wardrobe? Or home decorations? Don't worry... Tintex will restore their faded color in a jiffy. Or, if you wish, Tintex will give them any of the smart, new Fall colors. It costs only a few pennies...and it saves dollars!

Millions of women depend on Tintex to keep their apparel color-fresh...and to keep that gay, new appearance in their home decorations. They know that the Tintex way is the shortest, simplest and surest road to color smartness! Pick out your favorite colors *today*. 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose.

PARK & TILFORD, *Distributor*

Tintex

World's Largest Selling
Tints & Dyes

Hollywood's New Dessert

GLORIA STUART designs an up-to-date nut and dried fruit plate for the end of a perfect Thanksgiving dinner



NUTS and raisins as the grand finale of the Thanksgiving feast aren't what they used to be. The old-fashioned table nut-cracker and nutpick are no more. Nuts are served out of the shell and instead of just the traditional raisins we have an assortment of other dried fruit—dates, prunes, figs, apricots, etc., to choose from.

So when we asked the lovely Gloria Stuart, Universal star, whose current picture is "Gift of Gab," for a suggestion for the Thanksgiving dinner menu, she proceeded to describe the new dessert plate, served with coffee after the traditional pumpkin or mince pie.

The nuts may be simply shelled or if you prefer, some may be salted and others may be sugared. Sugared nuts are, by the way, a favorite confection with Hollywood hostesses. Sugaring them yourself is a bit of a culinary adventure for the girl who cooks only for diversion.

Here is Gloria Stuart's recipe: 1½ cups sugar; ¼ cup honey; ½ cup water; 3 cups nut kernels; few drops vanilla extract.

Mix sugar and honey. Rinse out cup with the half cup of water and add to the sugar and honey. Cook to the soft ball stage, or to 240° F. Remove from stove. Add the walnuts. Stir until well creamed. Spread on waxed paper to harden.

Thick-skinned nuts, like almonds, should first be blanched by soaking in boiling water for a minute or two.

Dried fruit stuffed with nuts is a favorite tidbit in Hollywood. Prunes or dates should first be pitted and then stuffed with blanched almonds, pecans or walnut kernels.

If you are interested in this month's food circulars please turn to page 80.



Shelled Brazil nuts, pecans, almonds and walnuts arranged on a glass serving plate with assorted dried fruit provide a tempting excuse to linger round the holiday dinner table.



FAOEN BEAUTY AIDS at 10¢ equal $1 to $3 Brands in Quality

PARK & TILFORD'S

FAOEN

(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids

PURITY and QUALITY...these are the two essentials in beauty aids. Your skin loveliness depends on them. That is why you should use nothing but the very finest. And now... science has produced in Faoen Beauty Aids superlative purity and quality...at a fraction of the price women used to pay for de luxe beauty aids. Read the report of a famous research laboratory:

"...after a complete chemical analysis, we have found that every Faoen product tested is as pure and fine as products of like nature sold for $1, $2, and $3."

Smart women... stage and screen stars...debutantes and business women...are turning to Faoen, even though they can well afford to pay more than 10¢. You, too, should change to Faoen Beauty Aids today ...they are smart...they are superlatively fine...they have made loveliness *inexpensive!*

10¢ each at F. W. Woolworth Co. Stores

CLEANSING CREAM • COLD CREAM • FACE POWDER • ROUGES • PERFUMES



Fox Films

Hollywood's popular tenor points with honest pride to his three-room home on the top of Mount Lookout.

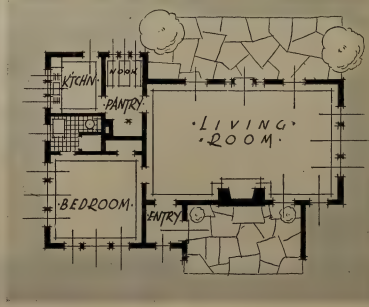
Nick Foran's Bungalow

Here's a house that any home-loving bachelor might plan to build as a retreat from everyday cares

NICK FORAN, Fox Film's engaging red-haired tenor now appearing in "Music in the Air," was born in the picturesque country town of Flemington, New Jersey, and played tackle at Princeton. That isn't why he has made a success in movies, but it does explain his choice of residence. Fresh air—plenty of it—country life and an opportunity for outdoor exercise are as essential to his contentment as boulevard lights are to many of his contemporaries. So he chose the crest of Mount Lookout, far enough from Hollywood to provide the perfect rural setting, and built a house small enough to preclude any of the anxieties of home ownership. From his living-room windows he can view the entire countryside for miles around; and in his bedroom he can breathe air as pure as anything to be had this side of Paradise.

Call it a three-room bungalow if you like, but please observe that the "nook" off the pantry will do very nicely for a breakfast or luncheon party of four. Dinner for a larger group can very conveniently be served in the living-room, which will also provide a night's repose for a guest or two. The entry-way is large enough to give a sense of seclusion to the living-room, and the terrace at the back of the house, as well as the patio at the front provide variety in the way of outdoor living-rooms. These days, no California house, regardless of its size, seems complete without a sizable patio.

Some twenty-three windows, overlooking the countryside, give a bountiful supply of light and air and the grillings at the windows give the effect of security associated with Spanish-American architecture. Nick Foran carried out his ideas of harmony by choosing this type of architecture, most in keeping with the locale of his house. If he had made his home in his native Flemington he would doubtless have chosen a painted wood house of the sort built by the early settlers of that part of the country, but in the vicinity of Hollywood he wisely chose the bare white stucco walls and flaming red tile roof that were characteristic of southern California homes years and years before motion pictures were dreamed of.



Letters from readers of NEW MOVIE show a keen interest in the homes of motion picture actors and actresses. The plans of these houses in and about Hollywood not only provide an interesting picture of the home life of these celebrities, but offer helpful suggestions to home builders everywhere. If you are interested in the house of your favorite player send in the name to Tower House Editor, New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Have you tried this New Powder?

that makes skin so Clear, Transparent!

Send for your 3 shades—

They'll glorify your skin!



OVER 200 GIRLS' SKIN *"Color-Analyzed!"*

"Yes, "color-analyzed"! Amazing colors were found hidden in those 200 girls' skin. "A dash of *bright blue*. You can't see it in skin or in the powder. Except through the machine. Pond's found out the amount to make a blonde look "peachy." The touch of *vivid green* that makes brunette skin magnolia-like. The new Pond's powder shades were all worked out by painstaking analysis of every type of skin. Now they are ready! You'll be amazed at what they'll do for you.



HERE'S a new face powder that contains the actual tints in beautiful skin!

Have you ever noticed how some powders will make your skin look dull, gray? Or dark? Or sallow?

It's because they haven't the tints in them that are found in lovely clear skin.

Such powders destroy the good points you have. And don't add a thing to help you!

But now—just try this new powder that everybody is raving about!

Contains actual Skin Tints—

Pond's Face Powder is scientifically mixed to give you exactly the tints your skin needs to give it life, brilliance, sparkle.

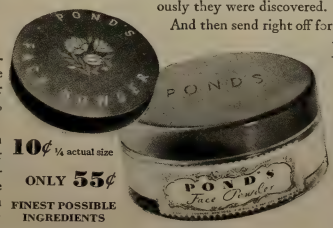
The moment you smooth it on, you realize that your skin is flattered to an alluring loveliness. This is due not only to the thistledown softness of the powder itself, but also to its glamorous shades.

These shades are all absolutely new. Different from any powder you have ever tried. Your skin looks fresh, young—smooth as velvet.

Your friends will notice the difference. Men will say the most flattering things to you. For you'll actually look years younger—and so attractive!

Read the descriptions of these wonderful new shades. And read how marvelously they were discovered.

And then send right off for your gift boxes. You'll surely find one of these shades will make you into a very new and enchanting person.



10¢ ¼ actual size

ONLY 55¢

FINEST POSSIBLE INGREDIENTS

Finest quality—costs little

The powder is fine, smooth and clinging. And it has a lovely French fragrance.

You can get lovely 55¢ glass jars. Also $1.10. And smart, gay boxes for 25¢. Variety stores and five-and-tens carry the 10¢ and 20¢ sizes. But, if you want to sample this wonderful new powder first—here's the coupon!

Free! SEND COUPON. Get 2 Special Boxes and Extra Sample *free!* Three different shades! *(This offer expires January 1, 1935)*

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. L, 92 Hudson St., New York
Please send me FREE Two Special Boxes of Pond's new Powder and an extra sample . . . 3 different shades in all.
I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades ☐
I prefer 3 different DARK shades ☐

Name_____

Street_____

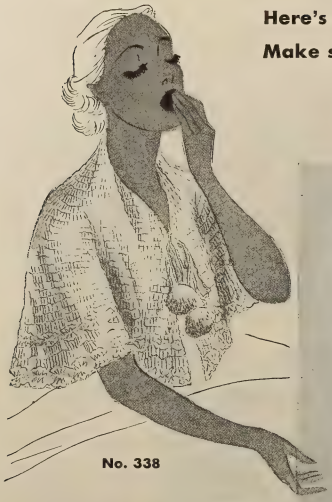
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Things You Can Make

Here's a new assortment of Christmas gifts—
Make some now and avoid the last-minute rush

By FRANCES COWLES



No. 338

No. 339—If she knits, crochets, or does the mending, she will be charmed with this new style work bag.

No. 340—Two good-looking wash cloths are used for a laundry bag for handkerchiefs and small lingerie.

No. 338—Any woman, of any age, would be sincerely grateful for this becoming crocheted bed jacket.

No. 342—To keep her hat fresh and free from dust, give her a dainty transparent hat-stand cover.

No. 343—Make this engaging handbag of velvet or corded silk for the girl who likes to go to parties.

No. 341—Your house-proud friend will be delighted with one of these useful linen and crochet table pads.



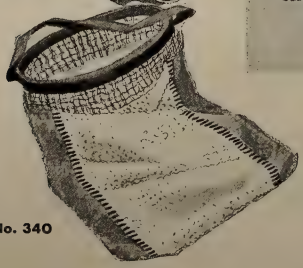
No. 341



No. 339



No. 342



No. 340



No. 343

If you would like to obtain patterns and directions for making these gifts, please turn to page 100.

LAST CALL!

for reader-letters telling us of your most enjoyable shopping experiences in

DEPARTMENT STORES

LAST CHANCE!

To Win Your Share of $1000 IN CASH

HERE'S WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT

If you really want to help friendly helpful selling, you can do your favorite department store salesperson a good turn in the next two weeks by sending his or her name to Tower Magazines on the official ballot at the right. Receipt in our office of five ballots entitles the salesperson to membership in the 1934 Retail Sales Honor Roll. The ten best letters received here from members of the Retail Honor Roll will be rewarded with a trip to New York.

HERE'S WHAT YOU DO

Write us a letter at the same time telling of some helpful selling service this favorite clerk has given you. It may have been help in the selection of towels . . . a rug . . . a refrigerator. Fill out the ballot at the right . . . include the letter. Send it on. You may win one of the 82 cash prizes listed. (Entries may be used by the publisher in any manner desired and will not be returned. Duplicate awards in case of tie. Decision of judges final. Tower employees and families excluded. One statement per person.) Write it today. Send to Shopping Editor, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

OCTOBER 15TH IS THE LAST DATE ▪ *DON'T FORGET!*

Friendly HELPFUL Service — TOWER MAGAZINES HONOR ROLL

82 CASH AWARDS:

(1) First Prize for the best letter . . . $250.00
(1) Second Prize for the 2nd best letter . 100.00
(1) Third Prize for the 3rd best letter . . 50.00
(4) Fourth Prizes for the 4 next best letters, ea. 25.00
(25) Fifth Prizes for the 25 next best letters, ea. 10.00
(50) Sixth Prizes for the 50 next best letters, ea. 5.00

(Awards given ONLY in accordance with rules stated in left-hand page of this announcement)

MAIL THIS OFFICIAL BALLOT TO SHOPPING EDITOR, TOWER MAGAZINES, 55 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

Write, clearly, in this space, name of your most *helpful* Retail Store Salesman or Saleswoman, together with name of store in which *he* or *she* is employed. Mail this official ballot (or facsimile) completely filled, to Shopping Editor, TOWER MAGAZINES, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

.....
(Store Salesperson's Name) (Man?) (Woman?) CHECK WHICH

.....
(Name of Store in which employed) (Department of Store)

.....
(Address of Store)

.....
(Check which Contest) (Grocery Store?) (Dept. Store?)

.....
(Your Name) (Married?) (Single?) CHECK WHICH

.....
(Your Address—Street, City, State)

.....
(No. of children in your family) (Occupation of head of family)

Do you OWN?....or RENT?....(apartment?)....(house?)....
CHECK WHICH

TOWER MAGAZINES, INC.

HOME ▪ MYSTERY ▪ SERENADE
TOWER RADIO ▪ NEW MOVIE

Here are a few DON'TS about laxatives!

Don't take a laxative that is too strong—that shocks the system—that weakens you!

Don't take a laxative that is offered as a cure-all—a treatment for a thousand ills.

Don't take a laxative where you have to keep on increasing the dose to get results!

Take EX-LAX—the laxative that does not form a habit

You take Ex-Lax just when you need a laxative—it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. Ex-Lax is effective—but it is mild. Ex-Lax doesn't force—it acts gently yet thoroughly. It works over-night without over-action.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate taste. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it to be thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

For 28 years, Ex-Lax has had the confidence of doctors, nurses, druggists and the general public alike, because it is everything a laxative should be.

At any drug store—10c and 25c.

WATCH OUT FOR IMITATIONS!

Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America's favorite laxative for 28 years. Insist on genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X—to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Mary Pickford's Choice

(*Continued from page* 31)

to be referred to as "Buckingham Palace," by those who were not invited there. It was headquarters for visiting celebrities and royalty. The King of Siam was entertained there; Prince George of England put his royal legs under the bounteously laden dining table.

No premiere at Grauman's flamboyant Chinese Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard ever started until Doug and Mary were in their seats. Hollywood hostesses were glad to ruin seating arrangements so that Doug and Mary might sit side by side, as they always did at home, in a pact which they had made at Doug's suggestion.

The years went by. Doug's antics were not so amusing. The hordes of people permitted no privacy. Mary was too busy to travel. Doug began to travel abroad alone. Mary was alone in Pickfair."

Finally, last December, she ended three years of pretense and rumors by announcing simply that she and Fairbanks had separated. She has never discussed it publicly since.

AND what of the lovely brown-eyed legend who became Mrs. Williams?

In a movie script, the dramatist marks his change of scene with the brief direction, "CUT TO. . . ."

So we cut to . . . New Orleans, La. The mind's eye that is our camera trucks up to a fine old house on St. Charles Avenue, set well back from the street. Terraced green lawns sweep up to the begonias and ferns, double-banked around the wide, red-tiled front porch. Tall palms nod gravely over the house and grounds.

CUT INSIDE: The walls are paneled in rosewood and mahogany. Mirrors gleam over black marble and mahogany mantels. Family portraits are on the walls. The furniture is massively carved. Everything about the house is massive, aged, with no new folderols anywhere.

Marguerite Clarke is descending the stairs. In the cool, halflight of the room a beam of sunshine through one long window picks out her figure.

(Always, in those old pictures, a favorite "shot" showed the heroine, fair and innocent, descending a broad stairway.)

The imagination is shocked back sixteen years.

Marguerite Clarke's figure has not changed. There is a timeless quality about her. The face is still round and sweet; yet it is not the face of a wondering, brown-eyed girl, but of a happy woman who has lived.

There is no gray in her hair, parted in the middle, although, today, she is forty-seven years of age.

She comes to the last step and moves forward. But the illusion of looking at a movie persists.

Something was said about it. She laughed as if she enjoyed the illusion, as she settled herself on the edge of one of the big chairs, covered in summer chintz. She sat on the edge to enable the tiniest feet in New Orleans to touch the floor.

"Those stairs! Just after we were married, the family had a big party for me. I made my entrance into New Orleans society down those stairs. I hadn't reached the bend before I realized that I was not a bride at her own reception, but a celluloid figure to be watched. Everybody was silent, just looking—not so much at me, as at a me they remembered from the movies.

"I wasn't really fussed, but gently amused. 'My, my,' I whispered to myself, and had a little joke to myself about it."

Her face became grave. "I'm glad to say that I am now, to those same people, Harry Williams' wife, not Marguerite Clarke, the movie actress."

She was dressed for the street in a pale blue silk sports dress, simple and girlish. She had an air of expectancy, of girlish excitement about her.

"I have a luncheon date with my husband," she explained.

Harry Williams was flying down to her from Patterson, La.

"Luncheon dates have played an important part in our romance," Mrs. Williams said. "They excite me as much today as they ever have, which is my way of telling you whether I'm happy or not."

She met Harry Williams first in New York, when he was still in college. She was playing in "Baby Mine." Williams invited her to luncheon. They went to the Ritz and, afterward, walked up Fifth Avenue. She asked him if she would see him again.

"No," he told her. "I'm leaving tomorrow."

"I told my sister he was the funniest boy I had ever met. He didn't make love to me at all."

Seven years later she was traveling through the country in the interest of the Liberty Loan Drive, and reached New Orleans.

"I sent form telegrams to everybody I knew in the places where I planned to stop and Harry Williams, Patterson, La., was on my list.

"When I arrived in New Orleans I found a telegram asking me to have luncheon with him.

"So we had luncheon."

FIVE months later they were married. That was sixteen years ago.

Mrs. Williams' face had a happy glow as she returned to the present from her happy journey in retrospect.

"I never thought of my marriage as a sacrifice. I don't think admiration and praise, or even the love of a lot of people, or pride in accomplishment are anything to pit against the satisfaction of marriage to the man you love.

"For one thing, I never formally retired from the movies. I made no announcement, even to myself, that 'I have quit the stage.' It left the stage and pictures open to me in my own mind if I ever wanted to go back. But I just have never wanted to."

But she had always known that there was only one road to take. There is a yellowed newspaper clipping recalling an interview she gave in 1913. She knew then there could be no marriage for her without a divorce from her career. "If I were ever married I'd leave the stage at once," she said then.

"In marriage," Mrs. Williams said earnestly, "I believe it is the man's career that is primarily important. I had had my fling and Harry was just beginning to have his.

"You know," she said, with more pride in her voice than any talk of Marguerite Clarke and her still-remem-

Mary Pickford's Choice

bered fame had brought forth, "Harry has built the fastest land planes in the world. He gambled his own fortune on his ideas.*

"We had his future to think of," she continued. "I couldn't expect him to give up his work in Louisiana to be with me for months at a time in New York or California.

"Long separations, I think, break up many Hollywood marriages. I believe in short separations, yes. Often I come to New Orleans for a time and Harry stays in Patterson. But if we had been separated seven or eight months a year, with the interest of each growing in different directions, and a separate set of friends for each—who knows?

"Anyway," she said, smiling, "I had to make nine movies in five months to finish out my year's contract so that I *could* be married. I had had plenty of movies to last me a lifetime."

She believes firmly, this idol of St. Mary's Parish in Louisiana, that the woman must interest herself in what interests the man. If she does so, sincerely, she says, she will find herself liking the things that he likes.

"When I was married I never thought much about baseball, aviation, hunting dogs or politics.

"I looked into these things that Harry enjoyed so much and I found that you can develop a real interest in almost anything if you know enough about it."

She is, however, frank enough to admit that two of her husband's hobbies can never be hers, fishing and hunting.

"I tried both, faithfully. But I was a nuisance. Every trip I had to be extricated from a briar bush, scratched and bruised, or fished out of a ditch, black and dirty. Every time there was something to be shot, there would be me, in front of Harry's gun, so that if he shot a deer he'd have had to steer his bullet through me!"

She is vitally interested in people and in children.

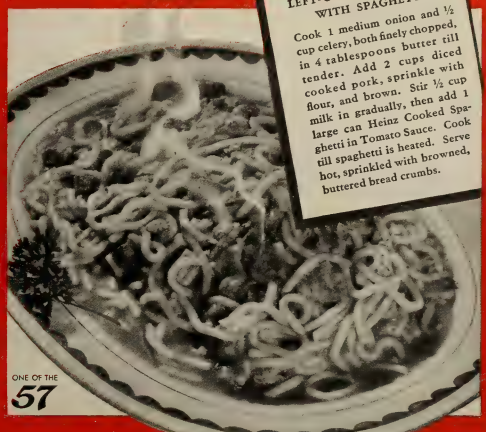
THE Williams family is feudal in its responsibilities. Besides the airplane factory at Patterson, Williams has many diversified interests. Mrs. Williams' special responsibility is neighboring farmers to the Williams plantation. Recently, after a disastrous storm, she received forty letters from them, telling her their crops had been destroyed, and asking her advice.

"In a small town like Patterson," she explained, "the needy are closer to you than in a city where you send a check to the Community Chest and feel that that absolves you. Here you know the people and become fond of them; and it isn't only a matter of a basket of food, or a check. You must make sure their taxes are paid, and if not, why not, and so on."

*Harry Williams, whose family is one of the oldest, richest and most important in the South, used his millions to back Flyer Jimmy Weddell. Just a few days after Mrs. Williams had talked with such pride of her husband's interest in aviation, Jimmy Weddell, the aviator who worked with Williams and flew the fast Weddell-Williams airplanes, was killed in a crash. The half-finished job, being built by Weddell, which he expected to fly in the England-to-Australia flight, will be left unfinished now, Harry Williams announced after the tragedy.

(Please turn to page 68)

A NEW LEASE ON LIFE FOR LEFT-OVERS



LEFT-OVER ROAST PORK WITH SPAGHETTI

Cook 1 medium onion and ½ cup celery, both finely chopped, in 4 tablespoons butter till tender. Add 2 cups diced cooked pork, sprinkle with flour, and brown. Stir ½ cup milk in gradually, then add 1 large can Heinz Cooked Spaghetti in Tomato Sauce. Cook till spaghetti is heated. Serve hot, sprinkled with browned, buttered bread crumbs.

YOUR left-over meats take on fresh appetite-appeal quickly and easily if you combine them with Heinz Cooked Spaghetti. For each tin of it has palate-pleasing flavor—and that's what left-overs need.

We make Heinz Spaghetti from fine wholesome Durum wheat. We cook it—just so—delicately limber. Then we add a succulent, keen sauce concocted of luscious Heinz tomatoes, sweet milk, meat stock and rare spices brought by Heinz from the Orient.



So here is new life to add to left-over meats. Get a tin of Heinz ready-to-eat Spaghetti from your grocer. Try this left-over recipe. Then invent other left-over recipes with spaghetti—all of them quick, easy, thrifty, *and delicious.*

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HEINZ *Cooked* SPAGHETTI

"It Started A New Craze... When the Neighbors Saw My 15¢ CLOPAY WINDOW SHADES"



***ONLY CLOPAYS GIVE YOU THESE PATENTED EXCLUSIVE FEATURES**

***Exclusive Creped Construction**

It is the patented CREPED texture of Clopays that makes them roll easily, hang smoothly, resist wear.

***Patented Gummed Strip**

Makes attaching to rollers a matter of seconds; makes tacks, tools unnecessary.

Insist on these two features—no fibre shade without them can possibly give the satisfaction that has put CLOPAYS into more than a million homes.

Be Sure You Get Genuine CLOPAYS.. With These Important *EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

"NO wonder my neighbors thought I was joking when I told them my lovely Clopay Window Shades cost only 15c each. They are wonderful. The lovely chintz patterns harmonize nicely with decorative plans in my bedrooms and plain colors in others. I've never found their equal in any other kind of shade. Their attractive *creped texture makes them hang straight, roll straight and wear amazingly. Won't crack, fray or pinhole. So easily attached to rollers with their *patented gummed strip, too—no tacks or tools. And you only *trim one side to fit narrow windows. With all these advantages at such an unbelievably low price, can you blame my neighbors for following my lead in switching to Clopays? They're all doing it now." Send 3c stamp for color samples.



16 Patterns Solid Colors and Colorful Chintz Effects

Buy CLOPAY Shades At F. W. WOOLWORTH Stores

CLOPAY

CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1343 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

Mary Pickford's Choice

(*Continued from page* 67)

The discussion about sharing one's interests with one's husband brought the talk to Mary Pickford.

Mrs. Williams, as Marguerite Clarke, knew Mary and worked in the same studio with her. She knew Douglas Fairbanks well in those days, too.

"I confess, that along with the rest of Mary's public I want them together again. It must be," she said thoughtfully, "that after ten years of life together, there is some plane on which they may live and be happy together again."

She said "ten years." Mary and Doug were married thirteen years when they separated. But for three years previously that separation, carefully shielded from the public by Mary, was an open secret among many.

"I also freely confess," said Mrs. Williams, "that I never allowed anyone in my presence to say 'Mary and Doug will be divorced.'

"I think I thought," she said whimsically, "if enough people put their minds on their staying together, they would."

This naïve belief in the strength of an invisible force for good or evil, is curiously enough, part of Mary Pickford's character, too.

Mary is an unremitting optimist, but will deny vigorously that she is a Pollyanna. She is sure, however, that if you are tranquil and strong, and believe that everything will come out right, it will.

Mary's optimism has a quality of fierceness about it that is inseparable from her character. In her face you read that good will prevail.

"Of course," said Mrs. Williams, "we are dipping into Mary's business, when we discuss her separation from Doug. But I don't mean to do that from any petty motive. People manage Mary's affairs for her, not because she is public property, but because they love her.

"And, really, all this makes me sound like a smarty. I don't want to be thought that. I have all the faults in the world except conceit. My marriage has stuck, not because I'm so wise, but because I've led a charmed life.

"Harry Williams is the grandest person in the world and I love him. That's as much as I had to do with it.

"Also," she continued (making use of one of her naïve little-girl expressions) "fortunate of fortunates, I married into a warm close, sweet and charming family. They are interested in each other; they like and admire each other as friends do; and they have taken me into their hearts."

Her eyes grew misty. In the graciousness of her exquisite home, in the charmed life she leads in her warm family circle, in the love of her husband and hers for him, in the romantic atmosphere that surrounds the Teche country, she could not but think that she leads a charmed life.

There are many who think of Mary Pickford's life as a charmed one. At forty-one, she is still beautiful, youthful, appealing. Besides these physical attributes, she has fought her way through privation and work, to success and wealth. She has studied and learned, until today she is a cul-

Mary Pickford's Choice

tured and charming woman, with a genius for business, for making and keeping friends.

She has suffered greatly, however; and in the suffering she has become gracious and mellow; she has acquired intangible qualities that can come only to those who live through the darkness as well as the light of life.

Mary Pickford is envied by millions who see her only as the successful star who held undisputed reign in the Hollywood firmament so many years; who has between three and six million dollars at her command; who is still young, beautiful, popular.

Who, then, has chosen the better road—Mary Pickford or Marguerite Clarke?

Marguerite Clarke Williams, by her own admission, is a happy woman. Mary Pickford is not. Mary has everything and she has nothing. She is sensitive and deep; and somewhere along the road she chose, and did not turn from when she married Fairbanks, she must have marked its goal as something less than she had hoped for.

Three years ago, acknowledging secretly what she was later to admit publicly—that her great romance was over—she said: "If I had my life to live over again, I wouldn't want a career." The acknowledgment of possible error must have terrified her, because for three years she fought with all the fierce stubbornness that is in her to keep her marriage secure.

She could not. When she capitulated, finally, she fled East from "Pickfair," where she had been so happy and so secretly miserable, and, en route, stopped in Chicago. As usual, she was met by the press and interviewed; and, as though defending herself to herself, for the gallant fight she had made, she said:

"Women ought to learn that kindness is sometimes a most devastating and weakening influence. Wives, especially, make this mistake. There ought to be a school where women are taught to be reasonably selfish. It is the unselfish ones who ruin themselves and everyone depending on them."

But no retrospective "ifs" can change the course of fate. It was not in the cards for Mary Pickford to lead a "charmed life" in the sense that Marguerite Clarke has.

While, figuratively, each chose a different road that, in one case, led to a happy home and, in the other, to an empty one, the choosing could not have been different.

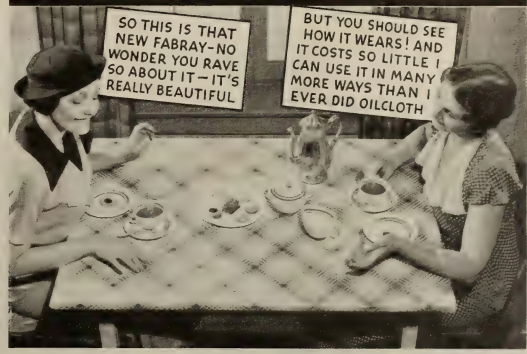
When, besides the inevitable fate marked out for each human, there are circumstances in lives that shape them closer to the pattern destiny has decreed, backtracking to do things differently in the light of subsequent events is impossible.

Mary, with her occasional almost clairvoyant sense, her sharpened intuitions and acumen on the practical side of life, could not have stepped out of her career any more than Marguerite Clarke could have continued hers.

She was five years of age when she began to fight. Her formal education consisted of three months in school. Her widowed mother's intelligence, her own bright, sparkling face, personality

(*Please turn to page* 70)

"...And I SAVE ½ TO ⅓ ON ALL MY OILCLOTH NEEDS WITH *Amazing New* FABRAY!"



LOOKS..FEELS..WEARS LIKE FINEST OILCLOTH

With Advantages Oilcloth Cannot Have!

"HERE'S another Clopay product that I simply opened my eyes—FABRAY! I use it exactly as I would oilcloth—it looks exactly like it, feels exactly like it and wears like it. But the real revelation to me was its price. I save ½ to ⅓ on all my oilcloth needs—and that means that I can afford to use it in a dozen new places. And not only that, FABRAY does not crack or peel. It has an oilcloth surface, but a solid backing of tough fibre instead of coarsely-woven cheesecloth. You can crease it—crumple it, or even scrape it, and still FABRAY will not separate from its backing or show even the slightest crack. And it comes in a wonderful range of artistic patterns and solid colors, to fit in with any color scheme. You bet I'm enthusiastic about FABRAY." Try FABRAY and see for yourself what an advance it really is.



For Walls and Dressing Tables



For Shelves and Drawers



Make Convincing "RUB TEST"

Rub a piece of FABRAY briskly between your hands as if washing a handkerchief. Rub as hard as you please—you can't make FABRAY crack or peel. But try the same thing with ordinary oilcloth and see what happens. Write today for the special sample offer listed at left—a 25c value for 10c.

Special Sample Offer

Send 10c for 2½ yards of 12-inch shelf-style FABRAY. The same amount of oilcloth shelving would cost 25c. Try FABRAY this easy way. Mention whether plain or figured material is wanted, and color preference.

Buy FABRAY at F. W. WOOLWORTH Stores

In these forms: Yardage 46 inches wide, 20c a yard. Made-up table covers, 36x46, edges bound, 20c each. 12-inch shelf FABRAY, 5c a yard.

FABRAY

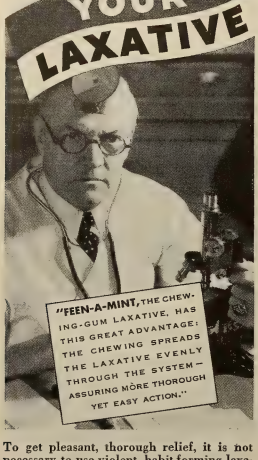
CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1343 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

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DON'T SUFFER CONSTIPATION—

there is effective relief if you just

CHEW YOUR LAXATIVE



To get pleasant, thorough relief, it is not necessary to use violent, habit-forming laxatives. FEEN-A-MINT gives you more complete relief than other laxatives because you chew it as you would gum. The chewing spreads the laxative evenly throughout the sluggish system—gives you easier, more thorough relief. Over 15,000,000 men and women know this about FEEN-A-MINT from their own experience.

And it is easy and pleasant to take. Children don't struggle—they think it is just ordinary chewing gum. FEEN-A-MINT is gentle enough for their young systems—and effective for adults. Try it yourself the next time you need a laxative. 15¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores.

I FINALLY FOUND THAT A LAXATIVE DOES NOT HAVE TO TASTE BAD TO BE EFFECTIVE. CHEWING **FEEN-A-MINT** IS JUST LIKE CHEWING MY FAVORITE GUM.



Feen-a-mint

The Chewing-Gum **LAXATIVE**

Mary Pickford's Choice

(*Continued from page* 69)

and native intelligence were her only bulwarks against the world.

She fought a good fight. But fighters are rarely happy, contented people.

Mary's life has been less happy than most women's, even when it seemed brightest.

Through it all—the failure of her marriage to Owen Moore, the loss of her adored mother, her brother, her separation from Doug—she has been sustained less by her optimism than by her passion for work. And to suggest that the work which has saved her in these tragedies, the work that made her a success professionally, might be responsible for the greatest, latest and most tragic event, the failure of her marriage—would simply start a controversy that would never be settled.

In the personal bewilderment that now, naturally, afflicts her, her only positive opinions are concerned with business and religion. In business she is still hard-headed, patient and positive. In religion, she has experimented with Christian Science, cults and isms, until she has come finally to a code of ethics which she has evolved for herself and which consists, she will tell you simply, in having an abundance of confidence in yourself and practising the Golden Rule.

She applies the Golden Rule fiercely to her own conduct. She is, perhaps, the best loved by the press, of all stage and screen stars. She is unfailingly gracious, thoughtful and considerate. She anticipated the avid curiosity of the public about her separation from Doug and worried about the newspaper folk who were sent to interview her.

"I know what's uppermost in your minds," she told the assembled gathering in the Sherry-Netherland Hotel last Winter in New York, "But I can't talk about it."

BUT for two hours, while importunate callers on important business stormed the doors of her suite, she talked to the press about everything and anything, so eager was she that they should have good "copy" and not face a city desk storm for having failed to bring back authentic "dope" about the separation.

Marguerite Clarke has found her way.

But though Mary Pickford may be fogbound in personal bewilderment now, she will find her way, too. For no woman who has grappled with life as courageously as Mary has, can be defeated by life. The road to peace is just a little harder going for her.

To Hollywood They'd Go

(*Continued from page* 38)

suggestions from those who make a business of knowing such things, for she and Ginger are truly in earnest about this movie business.

TEACHERS at Central High School in Forth Worth well remember the trio of movie-struck kids in their classes several years ago, who couldn't study for thinking of pictures. Florine was pretty as a doll. Ginger was pert and cute, with, many declared, the greatest talent of the three, and Jane Payne, the third musketeer, was the only one who ever studied her lessons.

Ginger was the heroine of the three. She had already been to Hollywood! Imagine! She had actually watched pictures being made, they reminded each other, during a short period when Mrs. Rogers had written scenarios for Baby Marie Osborne's pictures. And the fact that baby Ginger had been so young her infant mind retained no memory of those few months in California, in no way lessened the glamour of her experience. A director had even wanted to use the baby Ginger in a picture.

"Just shows you have natural talent and personality!" the girls solemnly assured their chum, who nursed a secret regret that she hadn't been allowed to launch her career then.

THE three girls lived in the same block from the time they were six years old and went to school together from the first grade to second year high school, when Ginger left and began her career. Now the two of them, at twenty-two, live in nearby apartments with their mothers in Hollywood. Ginger works for RKO and sometimes for Warner's; and Florine is under contract at M-G-M. And outside of working hours they are still bosom chums.

Ginger was the first to put her foot on the bottom rung of the theatrical ladder. Remember the Charleston craze? Ginger could Charleston like nobody's business. In fact, she could beat every kid in the state and won a trophy and a six weeks vaudeville contract thereby.

That was enough for Mrs. Rogers, who always shared Ginger's enthusiasm for a stage career. Although the girl was only fourteen, Lela Rogers didn't hesitate to give up her newspaper job, take Ginger out of her sophomore class and seek further contracts to follow the Charleston tour. Jobs came without great difficulty and for four and a half years, Ginger danced and sang in vaudeville and public shows in every state in the union. Then, when Mrs. Rogers felt the young starlet was "ready," they assailed Broadway and Ginger landed in the second lead of "Top Speed." She played a few roles in Paramount films on Long Island, returned to Broadway for "Girl Crazy" and then came to Hollywood. In musicals—"Forty-second Street" and "Gold Diggers of 1933"—she hit her stride.

It was a bitter day for Florine when Ginger left Fort Worth with her vaudeville contract in her pocket. Having to stay in school and study hated lessons while Ginger was "being an actress" was almost too much to bear.

Jane was more philosophical. Much

To Hollywood They'd Go

as she missed Ginger, there was still Florine at home. She really liked school and besides, she didn't believe she'd ever make a very good actress anyway. So she set about consoling her chum and dreaming with her of the day when Florine could follow Ginger. And all the while they thrilled over Ginger's success.

Eventually the day came when Mr. and Mrs. McKinney agreed to let Florine try her luck in Hollywood. The trip should be a graduation gift. She'd never be happy without a fling in pictures, they decided, and the summer vacation period offered an opportunity for a visit to California to see if she really had something in her.

Three years ago, Florine and Mrs. McKinney set out for Hollywood in a rickety old car. And for the next three months Florine was in seventh heaven. From one studio to another, asking for extra work or — optimistically — bit parts, she was in her glory.

Three months isn't a very long time for making good in Hollywood. Many have failed to make the grade in several times that many years. But Florine was encouraged when a casting director at Paramount agreed to give her a test, and her hopes were high.

But the big break didn't materialize. And the time eventually arrived to start back home. Desperately, Florine begged from day to day to "let's wait till tomorrow," hoping against hope that some miracle would keep her in Hollywood.

But nothing happened. At last her mother insisted they could wait no longer. They'd have to go back. A promise was a promise, she reminded her daughter. So, with tears pouring down her cheeks, she climbed in the old car and started for home.

DESPITE the sun, the day looked pretty black to Florine. She wanted to die, she cried. She just couldn't go back, she wailed. Here was Ginger a big success on Broadway. Why should she have *all* the breaks?

Eventually they reached Fort Worth and she sorrowfully resigned herself to her unhappy fate. With Jane to comfort her, she settled down to the old routine of life in Fort Worth.

But she hadn't been back a week when—glory be! the miracle happened! The casting director, who had forgotten about the test after it was made, happened to come across it one day, liked it, and issued an immediate call for the girl. The fact that she was a thousand miles away made no difference. She must return immediately.

Florine and Mother McKinney got back to Hollywood in record time and this time Florine was crying from joy.

Her job at Paramount lasted a few months and then she got a job at M-G-M. She's had several good roles, notably in "Cynara" and "Beauty for Sale." She's studying hard and the studio is grooming her for better things.

Now the three little girls are just two little girls. Jane is married with no more thought of movies except delight in the progress of her former school chums. Ginger and Florine are together, racing neck and neck for the movie heights and, although it's friendly rivalry, it's a rabid one!



Nine Times Out of Ten "Paralyzed Pores" are the Cause!

● By *Lady Esther*

Coarse Pores, Blackheads, Sallow and Muddy Skin, Excessively Oily or Dry Skin—practically every skin trouble to which woman is victim—is but some manifestation or other of "Paralyzed Pores".

"Paralyzed Pores" are due to nothing other than wrong method of skin care!

Ordinary methods are all right as far as they go, but they don't go far enough! They reach the surface dirt of the skin, but *not* the subsurface. And it's that underneath dirt that causes all the trouble, leading, as it does, to "Paralyzed Pores".

Everything but the Right Thing!

In our efforts to remove this underneath dirt we do everything but the right thing. We use hot and cold applications which shock the delicate pores and render them crippled. We use strong alcoholic preparations which do not remove the dirt, but only close the pores and seal it in.

We use creams which do not penetrate, but which have to be rubbed in and which only pack the dirt in tighter. Continuing the stuffing, the pores become enlarged and stretched to the point where they lose all power to open and close—in other words, "paralyzed".

When pores become paralyzed they become enlarged and conspicuous. Blackheads and whiteheads appear. The whole breathing and functioning of the skin is impaired and it becomes lifeless and drab and either too dry or oily. It is simply impossible to have a beautiful skin with "Paralyzed Pores".

A Penetrating Face Cream!

Lady Esther Face Cream is unique for the fact that it *penetrates*. It does not stay on the surface. It does not have to be rubbed in or massaged in, which only stretches and widens the pores. You just smooth it on. Almost instantly, and of its own accord, this face cream finds its way into the pores. Penetrating the little openings to their depths, it dissolves the accumulated grime and waste matter and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

Also Lubricates the Skin

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies it with a fine oil that does away with dryness, harshness and scaliness and makes the skin soft and smooth and flexible. For this reason face powder does not flake or streak on a skin that is cleansed with Lady Esther Face Cream.

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I want you to try Lady Esther Face Cream at my expense. I want you to see the difference just one cleansing will make in your skin. I want you to see how much cleaner, clearer and more radiant your skin is and how much smoother and softer. Write today for the 7-day supply I offer free and postpaid. Just mail the coupon or a penny postcard, and by return mail you'll get a generous 7-day supply of Lady Esther Face Cream.

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(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*) **FREE**

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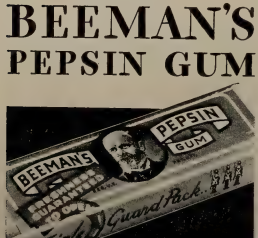
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Chew
BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM



All God's Chillun Grow Up

(*Continued from page 37*)

ago under the name of Baby Peggy? Surely you have not forgotten Mary Kornman, the tiny blond vamp of the "Our Gang" comedies, or little Frankie Darro.

The childhood fame of Jackie Coogan, Wesley Barry, Anita Louise, Virginia Lee Corbin, Mary MacAllister, Lina Basquette, and Philippe de Lacey continues to linger in memory.

To see the child stars of yesteryear emote in the talkies of 1934 is living proof that the screen is really growing up. Even Mitzi Green is ready for ingenue leads! Yesterday they played the "human interest." Today they're the "love interest."

What wonderful training these kids have had for the job before them. They have grown up with the motion picture business; full-fledged troupers who at twenty-one know all the tricks of their profession.

Theirs has been a school that is forever closed to the ingenues and juveniles recruited from the Broadway stages. When the movies still held their stories in pantomime and subtitles they acquired the art of acting. The voice was a useless instrument. As child actors they learned to use their eyes, their bodies and their hands. They could tell more with a gesture than many Broadway stars could with a long speech. One has only to watch the pantomimic abilities of clever little Helen Mack to recognize in her work a quality which has carried over from her silent picture schooling; and then to compare it with the performances of some of the recent White Way importations, to realize that where the latter have a perfect stage diction which never sounds natural on the screen, the former reveals a facial flexibility that can easily carry a long scene which makes words unimportant.

IT seems incredible that Helen Mack, who played the sympathetic little bad girl opposite George Raft in "All Of Me" could be the dark-eyed child of eight in Gloria Swanson's early screen sensation, "ZaZa." But there are pictures to prove it. The Mack features are unmistakable. The same flashing eyes, the same sensitive mouth, the same dramatic flair; discernible even then. How furiously the years have driven over the road of Time.

The new generation of film fans viewing Ben Alexander in "What Price Innocence?" will never believe that this cocky, heavy-faced young man was once the most beloved child actor on the screen. Only the veteran screengoers will recall his delightful work in D. W. Griffith's "Hearts of the World," and in "Penrod and Sam," and many other early screen masterpieces. The angelic boy player of those silent dramas is a far cry from the worldly, wise-cracking juvenile-heavy of today's talkies. Time seems to have swallowed his spirituality with one huge, vengeful bite, and nothing remains of that promising personality save a name, which seems destined never again to attain the heights. Applause has turned to hisses. Little Boy Blue has become a big bad wolf.

There is no actress in pictures today who better typifies everything that is lovely in womanhood than Madge Evans. Beautiful as a child star, the passing years have but added to her charms. Beginning her movie career, one might say, with a silver spoon in her mouth, she has managed to maintain a balance with level-headed sagacity. Having grown up with success there have been no overnight triumphs to turn her head. She rides the waves of glory with the ease of one to whom the plaudits of the world are second nature.

When I went to grammar school Madge Evans' name was known to every child in the class. There wasn't a little girl who didn't envy her, and who didn't look up to her. I'm sure it must have been the same in many other schools all over the United States. And all the little boys were secretly in love with her just as their older sisters were mad about Rudolph Valentino.

During those early years of stardom Madge Evans never saw Hollywood—the Hollywood of the spectacular days before Will Hays came to do a little housecleaning. Born and bred in New York City, she made her debut on Broadway almost as soon as she could talk. Here she was discovered for pictures by William A. Brady. At the tender age of six she was made a cinema star. Under the banner of Brady's World Films she made a long series of pictures at his studios in Fort Lee, New Jersey, from where the Manhattan skyline is on view just the other side of the river. On the same studio lot worked Alice Brady, then one of the most popular of the silent film queens. Today both are under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, reunited on the Hollywood sound stages. Alice has become a supreme, sophisticated character actress while Madge rates as one of Hollywood's most popular leading ladies.

FRECKLE-FACED Wesley Barry came into prominence as a child prodigy during the Evans reign as a baby star. Discovered by Mickey Neilan, he was an instant sensation. After a bit in Neilan's picture, "Bits of Life," he skyrocketed to stellar billing. Warner Brothers starred him in "School Days," which was the foundation of the fortune they amassed later. Shortly afterwards he brought the immortal "Penrod" to the screen. Wesley Barry was a distinct new type of child actor; gawky, freckled, homely, but so human that the public took him right to their hearts. Heretofore all the children of the photoplay world had been delicate, wistful tots with little Lord Fauntleroy mannerisms, but Wesley had a large Adam's apple and a rough and ready personality that set him off from all the others. Only Jackie Coogan became his most serious rival. Charlie Chaplin had just introduced his wonder child in "The Kid." Together he and Wesley vied for first honors as Hollywood's most important juvenile star.

Then came the age of adolescence. Wesley Barry grew taller and gawkier by the moment. Before many years had passed both he and Jackie Coogan had to retire to private life to suffer their growing pains away from the glare of the limelight.

In the long interval Wesley Barry has become a man. He has been married for two years. And young Coogan, who is six feet tall, is no longer Jackie.

All God's Chillun Grow Up

Both are now ready after successful vaudeville tours to make their debuts in the talkies. Wesley is staging his comeback via Radio pictures, and played his first important role in Ann Harding's picture, "The Life of Vergie Winters," while Jack Coogan has completed the first of a series of short subjects in which he plays a college student who makes love to the girls and everything.

The Universal picture auditors reveal that Baby Peggy was one of the biggest money-making stars on the Laemmle lot. Although starred only in two-reel comedies, this child with the chinky eyes and mischievous ways made a fortune for them. Younger than either Madge Evans, Jackie Coogan or Wesley Barry, she equalled their popularity during her vogue. When she was five she retired a young millionairess, to prepare for a thorough schooling in the A.B.C.'s. For her time she earned more money for herself and her sponsors than any child of her age in the history of the amusement business.

Now after long years of obscurity she reappears upon the scene as a grown-up ingenue, ready to make a new start under the name of Peggy Montgomery. Her first step to a new screen fame is through the medium of the Pasadena Community Playhouse, where she recently appeared with Charlotte Henry in a play, oddly enough, entitled "Growing Pains." She has done several important bits in recent talkies, slowly winning recognition on her merits alone, which may soon earn her a really important role. Who knows but that the fame of Peggy Montgomery will be even greater than was the fame of Baby Peggy?

One of the most successful ideas ever to come out of Hollywood was the "Our Gang" comedies. Designed as a special appeal for children it caught on rapidly and became the favorite picture dessert on every program in the English world. Sunshine Sambo, Farina, Jackie Cooper and Spanky, each in their turn, became prime favorites with movie audiences.

The tiny blond leading lady of the troupe is suddenly blossoming out as one of the most promising ingenues in the cinema capital. As one of the "gang" she made her mark as an unknown quantity; a lovable little miss whose name was never listed in the cast. But today, as Mary Kornman, she is attracting the attention of the major producers. Her latest role, an important one in Warner Brothers' talkie version of "DuBarry," offers her a fine opportunity for a comeback as a "grown-up."

Anita Louise is another of the popular child players who have lately reappeared in adult roles. Anita is still very young, frail, and lovely; but her rapid growth in height makes her eligible for the roles assigned her in recent pictures. You will see her soon as the ingenue lead in George Arliss' latest screen-piece, "The Last Gentleman," in which she plays opposite William Janney, another child player who has graduated to juvenilehood.

In "Wild Boys of the Road," there was brought to light the highly

(*Please turn to page* 74)

● *"Let's see—how does this walking business go? Clench fists, put one foot ahead of the other—but what do I do after that? . . . Oh, why did I ever take up walking anyway? I was doing fine, getting carried or going on all fours—"*





● *"Well, so far, so good! It won't be long now till I get to that nice splashy tub—and then for a good rub-down with Johnson's Baby Powder! . . . Now which foot goes ahead first? Might try both at once—the more the merrier—"*

● *"Oops! Something wrong with that idea! Feet are all right, but the rest of me's getting left far, far behind! That's an awfully hard floor down there, too—I remember it from last time! Well, look out below—I'm coming . . ."*





● *". . . Everything's O. K. again, now that I've had my rub-down with Johnson's Baby Powder . . . Just test that powder between your thumb and finger—it's so smooth! Not gritty, like some powders. No zinc stearate or orris-root in it either."*

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"SPANKY" MacFARLAND says: "Okie-Dokie, Kids —Get in on this CRAYOLA DRAWING CONTEST"



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Join CRAYOLA Drawing Club and get a dandy gift—win or lose!

Boys and girls of 14 years or under should take "Spanky's" advice and enter this new CRAYOLA Drawing Club Contest—because, win or lose, you'll get a free packet of lovely Christmas Cards.

Just make an original colored drawing for a Christmas Greeting Card. Draw any picture or design you like—or ask your teacher for a suggestion. Make your drawing on paper not over 8" x 10" in size and *color it with colored wax crayons.* But be sure to get the packet of Christmas Cards now, so that you'll have them in plenty of time to color and mail to your friends before Christmas.

Join CRAYOLA Drawing Club now to enter the contest—and get both the Official Membership Card and the packet of Christmas Cards. Just check the No. 1 square on the coupon below and mail the coupon with the flap from a box of CRAYOLA Colored Crayon.

Present members may enter the contest merely by checking the No. 3 square and mailing the coupon with their drawings. But members who want the packet of Christmas Cards should check the No. 2 square and mail the coupon with a flap from a CRAYOLA box.

All Drawings for the Contest must be mailed on or before December 20, 1934

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☐ I belong to CRAYOLA Drawing Club. Here is my drawing in Christmas Greeting Card Contest. It is yours to keep and I hope it wins a prize.

NAME.....

AGE.....

ADDRESS.....

All God's Chillun Grow Up

(*Continued from page 73*)

dramatic talents of a juvenile player who is destined to go far in his profession. Still awkwardly youthful, not entirely freed from the consciousness of adolescence, he impresses because of his mature grasp on the character he is enacting. One feels this kid knows life and all its sordid meanings. Barely out of short trousers, and probably somewhere in his middle teens, he already shows a technical skill, combined with an emotional response, that any screen star twice his age might well be proud of. His name is Frankie Darro, and it is not altogether a new name in Hollywood cast sheets, for Frankie has played child parts for every important studio on the coast. Even as a tot he revealed dramatic ability that amazed his directors, but with a growing maturity it continues to expand. If there is to be a successor to Richard Barthelmess there is no actor better equipped than Frankie Darro to fill his place in the esteem of the American public.

ANOTHER equally promising juvenile who gained a reputation as a child performer is Joseph DePew, who was starred some years ago in "Timothy's Quest," a much discussed picture of its day. He later played child roles for Paramount over a number of seasons—but soon outgrowing his cuteness he had to retreat from public life, while the legs grew longer and longer. Now that the tell-tale little hairs of manhood are beginning to appear on his beard, he too is waiting to stage a comeback. Noted for his dramatic ability as an infant, his forte has switched to comedy. He hopes to win his new spurs as a comedian.

Two other former child players, now grown up, who are biding their time for a return to grease paint under the kleigs are Miriam Battista and Mitzi Green. Miss Battista was the little girl in "Humoresque," that saga of the New York East Side. She has never been to Hollywood. A few years ago she was given a role in one of the Ziegfeld shows and has since been appearing with frequent success in other Broadway shows. Her Hollywood destiny is inevitable.

In Mitzi Green's case it seems only yesterday that she was playing at her audible pranks, for Mitzi descended upon an unsuspecting American public with the talkies, and had the whole country saying, "I've got a secret, I've got a secret," and so on and on, far into the night. Mitzi came from vaudeville, a seasoned trouper. She was twelve, and small for her age. She is sixteen now, and ready for her first adult role. RKO are said to be contemplating a series of features with her, the first of which will be "Anne of Green Gables," an early silent picture, in which Mary Miles Minter played the title role.

GOING back even further into the Vitagraph era when Norma Talmadge, Anita Stewart and Maurice Costello were the shining lights of the industry, we discover little Paul Kelly as Vitagraph's child star. The same Paul Kelly who plays gangsters so effectively today, as witness his rendition in "Broadway Through a Keyhole."

In those days Dolores Costello and her sister, Helene, were also child featured players. They too became grown-up stars eventually, but have since married and retired.

A few of the kid stars, returning to the screen after long absences, in romantic roles, failed to win the success of their childhood careers. Lina Basquette, Mary MacAllister and Virginia Lee Corbin were very popular as little girls in short dresses, but maturity robbed them of distinction. Lina Basquette was Universal's child star in the era when Grace Cunard was the serial queen. At sixteen she became a featured dancer in the Ziegfeld Follies. Later she came back to Hollywood under contract to Cecil DeMille, who gave her the lead in "The Goddess Girl." She was quickly shoved into premature stardom with a short-lived triumph.

Mary MacAllister was Essanay's pride and joy. Their contract with Charlie Chaplin for a series of two-reel comedies was considered no more important than the one they held with the little MacAllister girl. When Mary grew up she returned to the screen too, even being elected a Wampas Baby star. For a while she free-lanced from company to company, playing a series of inconsequential leads, which eventually led her back to oblivion.

Virginia Lee Corbin was the sexiest child star of them all. Even when she played the tiny vixen of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" and the heroine of "Jack and the Beanstalk" she had that Jean Harlow quality to the degree of platinum hair. She retained it as she grew older, and it shot her into new prominence as a "Flaming Youth" ingenue. Much was expected of her, but little materialized.

Poor management cut short her success. She is now married and the mother of a child.

But what has become of Zoe Rae, Philippe de Lacey, Jane and Katherine Lee? Where has marching time hidden Dinkey Dean, Davy Lee (Sonny Boy) and Mickey Daniels?

Elsie Janis—Herb Howe—Barbara Barry write exclusively for NEW MOVIE Magazine. Their sparkling, newsy articles keep you informed on all matters happening on the inside and outside of Hollywood.

Marvelous Myrna

(*Continued from page 35*)

looked about as worried as she could with that smooth white freckle-kissed face. But what a five! All splendid performances on her part. Hit pictures! Certainly the breaks, though a bit late in arriving, did so "en masse."

Enough of the past; today we live. Yesterday I had lunch with Myrna. It lasted from one o'clock to five. I hope that means that I will be seeing a lot more of her, but if I should be able to move bag and baggage up the winding road to her house in a canyon, settle down as a permanent house guest, read her mail and share radishes with her every meal, I would not be able to tell you just what she is like. The producers don't know yet. I'm advising anyone who is interested not to postpone anything vital while waiting to get a line on elusive Loy. I can tell you what I've seen and what I think, but would I be astounded if she really is as swell, natural, uninhibited and honest as she seems to be! Judge for yourself.

I MET her first with Ramon Novarro. I was already an admirer, because having always played goody-good girls myself on the stage, I developed early in life a sneaking passion for bad ones. I thought Myrna Loy was about the most attractive "baddie" I had ever seen on stage or screen. I told my dear friend Ramon as much when I found out that he knew her well and admired her more than any woman he knew.

"Oh! But she herself is not at all like you see her in the pictures," said Ramon. "She ees lovely, Elsie!" Until you have heard the Novarro roll that word "lovely" across a man-sized sigh, you don't know its possibilities. He was giving a small party before one of his concerts which are presented charmingly once a year in his own little theater. The party wasn't really small, but there might as well have been none as far as I was concerned, after the entrance of Ramon's heart interest.

She arrived late, right from the studio and a hard day's work. She was tired. Very quietly and beautifully tired. He introduced us. She smiled a bit wanly from under a large black hat. She sank gracefully into the depths of a large divan beside me. We both sort of spread ourselves over it enough to allow no room for anyone else. She gazed out of the long French window into the setting sun. The black hat accentuating the snow white, jade green and crimson combination of her skin, eyes and lips. The sun burnished the natural auburn of her hair into composite waves of gold and copper. She made no effort at conversation, but sat there calm and cool looking, completely detached from the babble of voices and the unusual heat the babblers were discussing. I moved closer. It was like finding a lone shade tree in the bleachers of a ball park. I waited, studying that exquisite tip tilted nose. She couldn't be thinking up some new kind of poison and look so cool. Ramon was right. She was lovely. I found myself rolling the word mentally.

She turned and caught me rolling. "I'm very tired," she said without change of inflection or expression. I wanted to take off her shoes and hat

(*Please turn to page 76*)



Two is company

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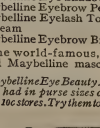


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BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY VIOLET AND GREEN

Marvelous Myrna

(*Continued from page 75*)

and start massaging her brow. She changed suddenly as if someone had said, Snap out of it! "Cigarette?" she held out her case. As we lit up we both started to talk at once and we were still doing it an hour later when Ramon left his perfect-host routine long enough to smile approvingly and say, "I knew you two would get along fine."

He said to me very seriously, later, "Myrna likes you, Elsie. If she didn't, she would not talk to you any more than you would talk to her if you didn't like her." That was reassuring, though I had already formed my own opinion that Miss Loy was quite capable of silencing any conversation she did not wish to take part in by a simple return to space gazing. When she withdraws the orbs of jade or intentionally lets fall the silken curtains which shield them I would say silence is probably as advisable as it is said to be golden.

WE talked of many things, but not of Myrna. Her past struggles were not far enough behind to be amusing. Her future was not yet assured enough to make plans, and anyway I know now that she does not like talking about herself, cannot yet understand why her personal affairs should intrigue people.

We parted with promises to call each other up. Ramon went to Europe. Myrna went to the desert and I went to New York. Postponements are the charms of life. When I called the studio to get Myrna's phone number I explained that I wanted to write this article. Miss Loy, they said, was ill—bad luck! I was looking forward to seeing her again even if Mr. New Movie had not decided that she was one of the women of the hour. I snooped about for more information. She was really ill. Two weeks later she was well enough to work and had gone to San Francisco on location. I waxed impatient and wrote about somebody else.

Last Monday they called and said Miss Loy was as anxious to see me as I was to see her. Hot-cha! Five hits in a row had evidently not turned the well-balanced head. I called her and won the luncheon for my patio by flaunting the advantages of my swimming pool. Her car was out so I sent my 1924 Cadillac (a museum piece) wheezing up the Canyon for her. She lives far off the well-beaten roads of Beverly Hills which boast of a star for every lamp post. Her family does not live with her, just her secretary, first name Carol, attractive and invaluable to Myrna who admits no business sense. Carol, I hasten to add, is a girl's name in this case, a capable and cute girl. Myrna arrived in spite of the Cadillac which runs on sheer courage born of past performances.

I ask you to contrast carefully the former description of Myrna with the following one. Navy blue tailored sports dress with tiny white stripe. A soft white scarf folded carelessly above the low neckline. Small white hat pulled well down over copper curls, until it was thrown aside five minutes after arrival. Myrna of Montana and looking it. Where are those almond eyes? They are not even green this time. The blue of her dress is reflected in them. She looks as any nice American girl would like to look, better than many look, because she wears no make-up except lip rouge and one must admit freckles are darned respectable looking things.

How proud and amused Rudy Valentino must be, if from some greater "location" he can see her. He and his wife, Natacha Rambova, were responsible for her being labeled "exotic." They groomed her, rearranged the hair, turned up the eyes and produced a new type when she was still a kid trying to crash the films. How those freckles must have worried them!

Myrna had said she would have to leave shortly after lunch. I had countered with some important work to do. Both of us were preparing a way out in case we didn't like each other as much in the re-take. We sat talking and smoking for those four hours. We forgot about you folks. I apologize! But after lunch we were just two girls gabbing about a lot of things which might be interesting to some and dull to others.

To anyone who is a Loyal Loyite I offer these items gleaned during lunch. Myrna does not like stunt publicity. She is not angry, but puzzled by the effort to link her name with every man that she appears with on the screen. I asked her how she had escaped becoming seriously involved in a romance all during the time she has been in this ultra-involving town. I knew the answer, but wanted to hear her voice it. "Very simple. I have given no reason for them to talk."

In the case of Ramon Novarro there was legitimate cause from what Myrna told me. They went places together. They are great friends. She was often invited and heartily welcomed into his family circle. It's an enormous one, but a very exclusive one. She rented Ramon's house while he was in Europe. There was reason for people to talk and no reason why they should not. They were two romantic characters with no homes to be wrecked as a result of their friendship. What will happen when Ramon returns from South America, only Ramon and Myrna know.

MEANWHILE her popularity mounts daily. She must be being loved and in love with someone according to schedule. It's part of the rising star racket. They will get no help from the level-headed Loy. They will have to "roll their own" romances unless there is a real one. When she and George Brent were playing together it looked like a "natural" for publicity. To hear George rave about Myrna one would think it might have been something. Myrna says George has the grandest sense of humor she has even encountered, but the publicity hounds gave up after a few feeble attempts to catch them "going places" when they were not.

Myrna decided one day to dash to Honolulu for a short vacation. The same day Jack Gilbert got Honolulu hungry. They did not meet on the voyage down. Both took their Hawaii according to their own tastes. They returned on the same boat, again without meeting. On arrival in our busy port Myrna was met by the Press with all its Pressure. In her absence a romance had been made up and she knew nothing of it. "Tell us the truth," they begged. Who would believe the truth when fiction is so much more stimulat-

Marvelous Myrna

ing? "That sort of thing," said Myrna, "I hate. Why must I be in love with my leading man? What has that to do with my performance." We both laughed at that point. We recalled how much being in love with their leading men or leading ladies has had to do with a lot of Hollywood performances.

This new Loy, which is of course the real one, because it is the one that registers, seems very young and (pardon the ugly word) ignorant of what goes on in our metropolis. There she is at Metro Studio and she might as well be back in Montana for all she knows about her contemporaries on the lot. I spent my time saying, "I like so and so, don't you?" and "I think so and such is an onion." These being my reactions to certain famous stars. Never have I heard such a flock of "I don't knows." She was not withholding an opinion. Just doesn't know the stars in question. Hasn't seen any of my favorite pictures. Of course she has been working very hard since she clicked, but if she had really been impressed by her entree into the star class she would see what the others are doing if carried to the theater on a stretcher.

Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe she is really as different as she appears to be. We shall see, at least I will, even if I have to go canyon climbing and catch her unawares. No female is going to win my admiration as a double-dyed Oriental hussy and then turn Miss Montana on me without a more thorough investigation. If I find out anything more I'll let you know. Don't wait. I may be gone for years.

Music in the Movies

(*Continued from page 54*)

Medley" parts one and two. This is a piano solo played by the composer and gives us his interpretation of "Body and Soul," the song that really made him famous, "Out of Nowhere," which was another big hit at the time, "Rain Rain Go Away" and "Easy Come, Easy Go." These are the numbers played on part one. Part two includes, "Coquette," "I'm Yours," "I Wanna Be Loved By You" and "I Cover the Waterfront," all of them hits. A very entertaining record. (Brunswick.).

ANTHONY TRINI and the Village Barn Orchestra return with their recording of "The Breeze," a great little song that Tony and the boys do justice to. You'll find this has plenty of rhythm and just fills the bill if you feel like dancing. You also have a chance to hear Trini himself sing the vocal chorus. "Born To Be Kissed" is on the other side, and it makes a nice coupling. (Bluebird.)

"I NEVER HAD A CHANCE," Irving Berlin's new hit is played by Gene Kardos and his orchestra. Gene has always had a good band, and they haven't slipped any in the last year or so. This number is arranged and interpreted well.

"Spellbound," the song on the other side, is another of Gene Kardos' recordings. This is played equally as well as the first one, and you hear the voice of Joe Host in the vocal chorus. (Vocalion.)



The Comfort I declined so long

"I don't know why I refused so long to believe that Midol might help me, unless it was because I had tried so many things that never did. But I'm thankful I *did* try it, about two years ago, and haven't had a severe time since I learned to rely on this form of relief."

Some such endorsement could truthfully be given by numbers of women who have found, sooner or later, that Midol does relieve periodic pain. In many cases, these tablets have spared women even any discomfort at this time; nearly all receive definite relief.

Perhaps you have feared to take anything that acts as quickly, but don't be afraid of its speed! Midol is *not* a narcotic. Midol is quite as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache.

Should you decide to try this remarkable form of relief for periodic pain, remember the name of this special medicine—and remember that Midol *is* a special medicine for this special purpose. Do not take instead, some tablet that is made for aches and pains in general, and expect the same results. Ask the druggist for *Midol*. Do this today, and be prepared!

N-1

An Invitation

to try it without expense; just mail this to Midol, 170 Varick St., N. Y., and get trial box free.

MIDOL

Name .....

Address .....

I was Starving for Romance



until a

"scrap of paper"

led me to loveliness

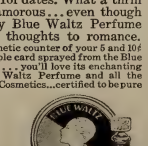
I used to be considered plain and dull and couldn't seem to make friends or attract men at all. I was so lonely that many a night I cried myself to sleep. How strange to think that a chance visit to the 10¢ store led me to loveliness and changed my lonely tears to smiles.

I accepted from the girl at the cosmetic counter a sample card sprayed from the giant atomizer of Blue Waltz Perfume. What exquisite fragrance! It made me think of music... moonlight... romance. Quickly I bought this perfume and the other Blue Waltz Cosmetics, too.

Next day I made up carefully with Blue Waltz Lipstick and Blue Waltz Face Powder. I finished with a touch of Blue Waltz Perfume. I left home with a fast beating heart... Would others notice how unusually nice I looked? Would they think my new perfume alluring? I soon learned the answer. Men who used to pass me with a cold nod looked at me twice and stopped to chat. Girls were friendlier, too. Soon I actually began to be asked for dates. What a thrill to be told I'm glamorous... even though I know it's really Blue Waltz Perfume that turns men's thoughts to romance.

Girls, go to the cosmetic counter of your 5 and 10¢ store... get a free sample card sprayed from the Blue Waltz Giant Atomizer ... you'll love its enchanting fragrance. Buy Blue Waltz Perfume and all the marvelous Blue Waltz Cosmetics...certified to be pure and only 10¢ each.

Seize this opportunity to ensemble your beauty preparations. You find the same alluring fragrance in Blue Waltz Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Cold Cream, Cream Rouge, Brilliantine, Talcum Powder. Only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.



Blue Waltz

PERFUME AND COSMETICS

FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

The Pioneer Prince of BALLYHOO

By JACK HARROWER

ONE of the most picturesque, charming and popular figures in the cinema world since the days of the Nickelodeon has remained hidden from the eyes of the public. He has never held the spotlight, for it has been his mission in life to put others there. He is the Pioneer Prince of Ballyhoo.

The magician who lifted the motion picture from a cheap show to the dignity of de luxe theater presentations. The gentleman referred to is J. J. McCarthy, Director of Advertising and Publicity of the Hays organization, that directs and moulds the policies of the entire film industry. To thousands of his intimates he is just plain "Jeff." A colorful Irishman, proud of the green blood that riots in his veins.

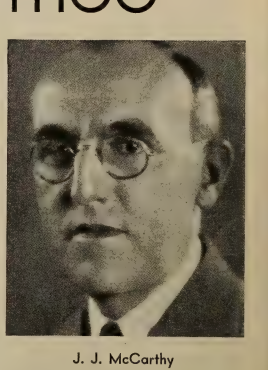
He was in a reminiscent mood when we dropped in for a little chat. We got to talking about the good old days of two decades ago, when nobodies became nabobs overnight, and fabulous fortunes were made in a short film season.

Those were the days of the Nickelodeon. The pioneer picture theater operator was John Harris of Pittsburgh, who coined the word "nickelodeon" from the Greek odeon and the word that signified the nominal price of admission.

The first two-a-day picture theater in the United States was inaugurated by J. J. McCarthy in Philadelphia in 1913. He took over the Chestnut Street Opera House, a legitimate theater, and converted it into a dollar "top" house, with an afternoon and evening show. You see, "Jeff" always was sold on the idea that folks liked a little swank and class with their entertainment—even with the lowly flickers. He was right. People jumped at the chance to buy reserved seats for one dollar for such epics as "Cabiria," "The Spoilers" and "The Christian." These de luxe shows ran 12, 18 and 22 weeks respectively—and to capacity.

This highly successful experiment of the Irish enthusiast placed the somewhat despised motion picture on a new and dignified plane. Other cities started to emulate. The producers grasped the tremendous possibilities, and proceeded to plan lavish pictures at unheard-of production costs.

But even so, when J. J. took over the launching of D. W. Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation" as a two-dollar attraction on Broadway, these same picture moguls loudly opined that he was crazy. They predicted confidently that the venture would be a colossal flop. Well, you know what history has recorded. It not only was the New York amusement sensation for months, but duplicated its success in countless other cities at the high tariff rate. The Celtic "visionary" had shown the picture boys how to make real money. That's why they put millions into a "Cavalcade," "Cleopatra" or "Anthony Adverse" today.



J. J. McCarthy

One of the best anecdotes this film veteran told us concerned the lifting of "The Big Parade" from ordinary program production to the super-special class. He was in Hollywood making arrangements for the road-showing of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Ben Hur." They invited him to the studio projection room to look at some "rushes" of a modest little picture that had just been started. J. J. went out raving about it to Lillian Gish, who told Irving Thalberg, production manager, that the Picture Picker had gone overboard on the little picture. That started the avalanche. When J. J. returned to New York soon after, he started enthusing about "The Big Parade" and its possibilities to Marcus Loew. That picture magnate had already received enthusiastic wires from the Coast based on Mr. McCarthy's raves. He immediately gave orders for the studio to lift the budget to $500,000 and go the limit. The war feature that had started as a modest little programer ran 97 consecutive weeks at the Astor on Broadway—an all-time record for any picture. J. J.'s judgment proved correct—as usual.

"JEFF" has been given more colorful titles than probably any other individual in the history of the screen art. Pioneer Prince of Ballyhoo—Star-maker—Picture Picker—The Irish Wizard — Griffith's Glorifier — Road-show King—just a few.

The man seems to have been born with an unerring instinct for picking pictures and people. He has suggested innumerable individuals down through the years for important executive posts—unknowns, comparatively. Without exception every one of his choices has made good. An idealist—but not a dreamer. A showman who deals in facts. Intensely human. A man whose kindly, lovable nature has endeared him to thousands. A pioneer—still—pioneering.

Her Future from a Teacup

(*Continued from page 47*)

have been in this haze. But do not worry. It will clear. It is there, still, this haze. But it will be over soon."

"I have been in a haze," Ruby told me later. "So much has happened to me this year. I feel I'm just coming out of it now."

"*I see person near you who sometimes gets into tempers. I see you do not let this bother you. I see you pay no attention to these tempers. You show good sense. These tempers mean nothing. They have to do with the person's work. They pass quickly.*"

Ruby made no comment about this. Of course, the person to whom Zita referred could be Jolson. He must have a temper. Ruby, herself, admits that while he is working, Jolson is nervous. So are most professional people, especially great artists, like Jolson. And as Zita said, Ruby probably has the sense not to pay attention to a few temperamental outbursts. She has the sense to keep out of their way.

"*I see a sick bed. Maybe the person do not leave money. The person live. The person grow better, grow well. But there is a sick bed. I see it. A sick bed, quite close to you.*"

Afterwards Ruby told me that her seventeen-year-old sister, Anna-May, was a very sick girl.

"*I see an institution. A big building. An institution.*"

Ruby shrugged her shoulders. She stared at me, her eyes bewildered.

Zita kept saying that she saw an institution.

"*A big building. An institution. I see it.*"

"I can't imagine what she means," declared Ruby.

Zita continued.

"*You are a sincere and true friend.*"

Almost the first words Ruby spoke to me were, "Mrs. Crawford sends her regards. I was golfing with her yesterday." When she is in town, Ruby never fails to see Mrs. Crawford, nee Mary Lucas, her one time roommate.

"*I see a lot of people around a bright table.*"

When Jolson journeyed to the Coast Ruby moved from their New York apartment to her mother's house in Jackson Heights.

"I really don't do anything in town, just eat lunch. I thought it would be fun to be with them all again."

So Zita was correct, for at mealtimes Ruby is surrounded by her family, her mother, her four sisters, her brother and the rest.

Also that day, she had lunched with Mrs. Eddie Cantor, Mrs. Jack Benny and Mrs. Jack Pearl. If such a table isn't a bright one, I don't know what is!

"*I see the letter e. Around it is a wish. I see the letter e.*"

Ruby thought a while. "I know no one with the initial E," she said.

"*I see the letter e.*" *Zita stubbornly repeated.* "*You will come across the letter e. It will be important.*"

"*I see a boat trip. You have been to Europe?*" *asked Zita.*

"Once," answered Ruby. This was on her honeymoon.

"*I see more water. Another boat trip soon. A lot more boat trips. I*

(*Please turn to page* 80)

"Sticky Hand Lotions are Impossible—"

Mrs. Ely Culbertson



Famous Bridge Expert Keeps Her Hands Lovely This Time-Saving Way

IMPOSSIBLE, especially for bridge players. I don't like to be conscious of my hands at a card table; they must look well and feel well if my mind is to stay on the game. I use Pacquin's all the time because I don't have to wait for it to dry," says Mrs. Culbertson. "I just rub a bit on and each time I am amazed how quickly it goes *in!* There is none of that sticky film lotions usually leave. And it has an immediate softening and whitening effect. It's really the only hand treatment for a busy woman. I take Pacquin's everywhere I go. My hands can't do without it."



The reason that Pacquin's does not make your hands moist and sticky is that this remarkable cream actually *feeds* your skin. It sinks right into the inner layers of skin where it is needed. Utterly different from the lotions that remain on the outer skin until finally evaporation dries them.

No wonder Pacquin's gives you soft, white, smooth hands! Send for the introductory jar today.

PACQUIN LABORATORIES CORPORATION
Dept. 3-A, 101 West 31st Street, New York, N. Y.
Please send me your generous trial jar of Pacquin's Hand Cream for which I enclose 10¢.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Pacquin's Hand Cream

"The Sheen of Youth"



Nestle
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● Are you known for the glowing beauty of your hair? You can be, if you really want to. It's so simple to always have that "Sheen of Youth"—that youthful glow of natural color that every woman would keep above all else!

You are not using a dye or a bleach—for ColoRinse is only harmless vegetable compound, made by Nestle, the creators of permanent waving. There are 10 correct shades to choose from, so that you can add as much or as little color as you desire.

The result will more than delight you. For in place of that faded, dull, aging look, your hair becomes lustreful and sparkling, color toned with a shimmering sheen of youthful, vibrant glamour. Try it after the next shampoo.

THE NESTLE-LEMUR COMPANY
MAKERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS
NEW YORK



10c at all 10c Stores and Beauty Shops ... Nestle ColoRinse, SuperSet, Golden Shampoo and Henna Shampoo

Her Future from a Teacup

(*Continued from page 79*)

also see a change in homes. You keep changing from place to place."

The Jolsons are constantly moving from New York to California and vice versa.

"You have been married a few years. It is a good marriage. Often during this marriage you give up your own plans for someone else. That is as it should be."

"I've never given up anything very big," Ruby admitted. However, I have my doubts about this. Zita may be right. I am sure Ruby must sacrifice a great many of her own plans in order to fit her life with Jolson's.

"I see a piece of jewelry. You got this jewelry at a great bargain on account of the depression."

"She said that because she saw I was wearing jewelry," Ruby decided.

"Soon, very soon, I see money, more money than you ever had, coming in short time.

"If it does, that means I'll work for it. I'll let you know if I get a new contract," Ruby promised.

"When is your birthday?" asked Zita.

"August twenty-fifth."

"Then you are a Virgo child. Virgo children are neat. Virgo children enjoy life but only when it is orderly. Virgo children are always on time."

When Ruby met me she was five minutes late, and apologized several times. "It was the traffic. I detest being late," she said.

"Virgo children love outdoor sports."

Ruby is a golf fiend. The day before this fortune was told, she played nine holes in the pouring rain.

"And got sopping wet. But I play nearly every day. I'd rather golf than do anything else. Besides I think it's healthful. I hope I'll get to be a champion!"

"You are nobody's fool. You do not lose your wits. You take the right steps at the right time. You are smart. You can tell people how to do things. You know what you talk about."

Earlier that afternoon Ruby had said she wished she had the courage to tell some interviewers not to use notebooks. "If only they'd not keep writing. When they do, they make me so nervous, because I know they can't write as fast as I talk. They keep scribbling and staring at you . . . . "

"Virgo children, they have good memories. They do not forget things."

"Don't write down the fortune while she's telling it. That will put her off the track," Ruby had told me. "And don't worry about forgetting it . . . I'll remember."

"Virgo children work hard, very hard. Virgo children, they are capable of a lot of hard work."

Certainly no one worked harder than Ruby when she used to dance at Texas Guinan's.

"Virgo children, they like the simple things. They are old-fashioned."

Ruby wears a gold wedding ring.

"Virgo children, they like staying at home."

"Al and I have the same tastes," Ruby said. "We like to stay home nights and relax."

"You have much ability, many talents. You can do many things. You should think about what you love best. It will bring you success. I see great success. You have good business head. You are a winner and you have much, very much, to be thankful for."

Mind you, when Zita said this, she had no idea that she was talking to Ruby Keeler.

"Now . . . . Make a wish!" ordered Zita, turning the cup upside down. "Rest your hand on the cup . . . . and wish!"

Ruby's slender hand with its long unpolished fingernails rested upon the cup. Silently, she made her wish.

For the last time, Zita studied the leaves.

"You will get your wish in two weeks, or not at all!" she said.

Ruby looked disappointed. I begged her to tell me the wish. But she refused.

"I'll tell you this much, I'm not going to get my wish, that is, if I must get it in two weeks. It's absolutely impossible!"

What could Mrs. Jolson have been wishing for? I wonder if I shall ever find out?

HOLIDAY TREATS

Nuts, raisins, and other delicious dried fruits are among the traditional foods of the Thanksgiving and Christmas season. This month's food circulars contain dozens of new recipes making use of these wholesome products, as well as tested and revised recipes for the old favorites. Here are the subjects:

1. Prunes
2. Raisins
3. Dates and Figs
4. Apricots and other dried fruits
5. Walnuts
6. Brazil Nuts
7. Pecans
8. Almonds and other small nuts

If you would like copies of these circulars, send ten cents to Rita Calhoun, care of NEW MOVIE Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. Remember they are printed on loose leaves so that you can keep them in a loose-leaf binder.

He Followed His Nose to Success

(*Continued from page 43*)

bag of tricks yet. He's a favorite of cinemaland now, but that's nothing compared to the headliner he's going to be if those in charge of the Metro lot permit him to run wild.

His night club career started in a Bowery joint when he was fourteen years old.

He worked there for one night. The second night the place was raided and one of the cops sent Jimmy home.

Next he slaved for a time in a photo-engraving shop. But he had itching fingers for the piano. Within a short time he was pounding the ivories in a Coney Island cabaret.

That was Diamond Tony's place. Jimmy wore a black, high-necked jersey sweater and his favorite tune was "My Gal Sal." He later worked at Carey Walsh's place on Long Island and banged the piano for a singing waiter now known as Eddie Cantor.

He never reads a novel but he does try to read everything that pertains to humor. If he reads anything he thinks he can use, he'll file it away. He has a large collection of old humor magazines.

But no matter what he takes, he always gives due credit or gives the idea an original twist, making it strictly Durante.

AFTER Coney Island Jimmy hopped, skipped and jumped to Harlem to further his night club career. Then Harlem wasn't the hot spot it is today, and colored night clubs were yet to come into vogue. He worked at the Club Alamo, the head man of a four-piece orchestra.

He was known as the King of Harlem, and he was proud of his title.

It was while at the Club Alamo that he met two future partners. Eddie Jackson worked there with a girl partner, Dot Taylor.

The main singer there was a girl, Jeanne Olsen. After he finished playing for her she said: "I may have heard a worse piano player somewhere, but I don't remember where it was."

The romance was on. Miss Olsen became his partner. Now she is Mrs. Jimmy.

Her pet name for him is Toots. He calls her Tooters.

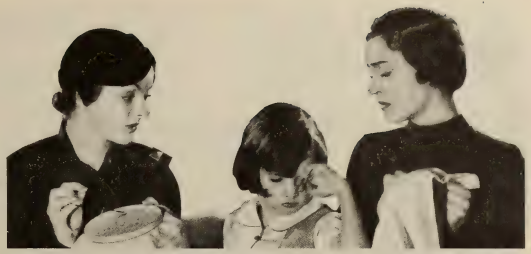
He made his Broadway debut in a one-flight-down, hole-in-the-wall hot spot in Forty-eighth Street. The name of the club was The Nightingale. Then the trio was Eddie Jackson, Harry Harris and Jimmy. It was in this same night club, later called the Everglades, that Mae Clarke and Barbara Stanwyck were chorines.

Jimmy seldom combs his hair. There is not much to comb. Every night before going to bed he rubs his scalp with oil, trusting hair will grow in the empty spaces.

It was at the Club Durante that he got his legs on the road to fame. This was an all-night place and after the other clubs closed the stay-out-lates and the performers would run over to watch the new funny guy.

It was here that the trio, Clayton, Jackson and Durante, was formed. Lou bought out Harry Harris' twenty-

(*Please turn to page 82*)



"Ssh, Betty! . . . You're much too big to cry. Let's get Aunt Alice to tell us why a nice little girl feels so weepy and cross all of a sudden."



"This little girl says she doesn't want to play, either, Mother. Perhaps it's constipation that's making her so listless. I'd give her Fletcher's Castoria tonight."



"Oh, Aunt Alice!—I'm just fine today!—Yes, I had my Fletcher's Castoria last night—and Mother says to tell you that she thinks it's simply wonderful!"

● "I'm so glad you're better, Betty, dear! You tell your Mother that Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children just like you. And it hasn't a thing in it that would hurt your little baby brother, either. He'll love the taste of it just as much as you do."

Chas. H. Fletcher. CASTORIA

The children's laxative

• from babyhood to 11 years •

Fletcher's Castoria is especially helpful in cases of colic due to gas, diarrhea due to improper diet, sour stomach, flatulence, acid stomach. And it's an effective first aid in treatment of colds.

News for Radio Fans!—*"Roxy" and his gang are on the air for Fletcher's Castoria now. Be sure to listen in on this genial Master of Ceremonies and enjoy the liveliest, merriest gang of fun and melody makers that ever set the air waves dancing. Don't miss it! Saturdays, 8 to 8:45 P.M. Eastern Standard Time, Columbia Broadcasting System—coast-to-coast network.*

DECEMBER

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LOVELY EYES

How to have them

—eyes no man can forget

GIVE yourself unforgettably charming eyes in 40 seconds! All by a magic touch of the eyelashes with Winx, the super-mascara. Remember, your eyes are your fortune—I urge you not to neglect them.

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm, I promise you.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bed-time.

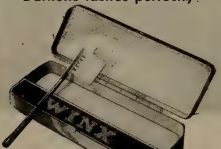
Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx. Darken your lashes—note the instant improvement.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note my trial offer below. Note, too, my Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". I not only tell of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet", wrinkles, etc. . . . LOUISE ROSS.

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Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

He Followed His Nose to Success

(*Continued from page* 81)

five per cent interest for three thousand dollars.

Every celebrity in town could be found at this spot after three in the morning. A glance around the room might reveal Al Jolson, Dick Barthelmess, the Dolly Sisters, Jack Kearns, Jack Dempsey, Joe Frisco and John Barrymore, plus the usual aggregation of Broadwayites.

Early one morning after Jimmy had finished several numbers, John Barrymore called him over to his table. "Jimmy," he said, "you ought to play *Hamlet*."

"I'm satisfied with New York," snapped Durante. He thought Barrymore was telling him to play the sticks.

In the way of food he'll eat anything that is put before him. He loves pie crust. When working in the night clubs he would carry a pocket full of pie crust and eat it between numbers.

Although he refers to himself as "Jimmy, the Well-dressed Man," he really isn't. He hates to change his suit. He wears one suit until his secretary, Jack Harvey, or his wife, hides it.

One day a friend said to him: "Jimmy, you're making plenty of money. Why don't you buy a couple of suits?" He answered: "I got a closet with seventy-five suits in it. Every morning, out of all those suits, I always grab this one. Can I help it if I'm stuck on it?"

He generally judges everything that is written about him by the amount of space it occupies.

Before he left for Hollywood he bought his father a house, just to make him a landlord.

He sleeps in bright green or blue pajamas. He talks in his sleep and is restless. His bed is in the middle of the room so he won't hit any furniture in his sleep. He snores louder than any star on the stage or screen. That's the schnozzle.

The Boulevardier

(*Continued from page* 45)

STUDIO Favorites of Fellow Workers: Marion Davies, Clark Gable, Carole Lombard, Dick Arlen, May Robson, George Arliss, Joan Blondell, Will Rogers. . . .

WHILE adults were boycotting films deemed unfit for children, Los Angeles kiddies were boycotting the fit. Special children's matinees had to be terminated for want of attendance. Students of John Burroughs Junior High militantly voted Mae West their favorite and notified her officially. The Brat Movement!

NOT all elders manifest that "sterile disapproval" which Mussolini says is characteristic of old age. Irvin S. Cobb says he personally is going to leave the kids alone. "I'm not especially proud of my generation," he says. "We are the bright boys who were responsible for the World War."

COMFORTED by the support of the kiddies, Mae West apparently is facing the future with confidence. She recently purchased a thirty-thousand-dollar car with special body to fit curves of same. Her apartment has been "done" in white satin and bright gold of Louis XV. Asked if she employed an interior decorator, Mae said: "Hunh? Oh, yeah, one of those birds that messes up hotel lobbies and things, y'mean?"

EVA LE GALLIENNE echoes my earliest thoughts on Mae: "A satirist laughing at the absurdities of sex rather than identifying herself with them as the more saccharine sort of film ladies do." Mae's a gorgeous comedienne, blasphemous to Hollywood in her burlesque of its glorification of sex.

JOE MORRISON is my bet of the year's discoveries, nominated when I saw him introduce "The Last Round-Up" at the Paramount in New York, again when I saw "The Old-Fashioned Way" at a theater in Santa Barbara, where he was summoned from the audience to take a bow. Though he has been on the stage several years, he looks as though he had just come off the Michigan campus, direct from his studies for the priesthood. Shyness is the likable highlight of his personality, yet he appears to be a natural actor, far more at ease in his debut than was either Bing Crosby or Lanny Ross. Bing, with no pretense to acting, has made such progress he is now the big name of Paramount. Lanny Ross was petrified by the camera, he confesses, but faces his second venture with comparative confidence.

THE last timber has been pulled from under the institution of matrimony in Hollywood and it now lies in utter wreckage. The Conrad Nagels have divorced. For years they were the prize exhibit in our Happy Homes Series. Perhaps the strain of being the Good Example was too great. All for the moment seems desolation. Even confidence in Lupe Velez' policy of armed sanctity has been shaken.

DARK glasses have ceased to be a disguise and have become a stellar identification. That's why extras are wearing them. Of course a lot of us wear them for sun protection, honestly. Wearing mine, I met a tall youth, similarly disguised, on Hollywood Boulevard in front of the Public Library. Each of us stared curiously. I finally recognized Cary Grant, but he's still mystified.

News of the Younger Set

(*Continued from page 6*)

Gentlemen, shave your mustaches and become the perfect man! John David Horsley was recently chosen as the ideal screen "Adonis" by five thousand women, but the studio immediately put him in villain roles. Having the part of the heavy in "Murder in the Private Car," gave David the idea that he would grow a mustache. But when the returns of the contest were disclosed to him, off went the underbrush. It appears that "the perfect man" must now be clean-shaven.

The most embarrassing moment of the month was suffered by one of our young English actors who had just come to this country. Knowing that only a certain number of foreign players were allowed to act here each six months, a fellow player spoke up:

"Did you come over on the quota?"

"Oh no," responded the Englishman, "I took the *Bremen*. A fine boat, that."

RECALL a few months ago, in this column, we predicted that two new young ladies—Mary Blackford and Dawn O'Day, were headed for big things within the coming year? Well, now Mary seems to have made a hit in "Serenade," the Fox picture that gives her her first real role—and Dawn O'Day has won the star part in "Anne of Green Gables," and from now on, will be known the world over by her new screen name, Anne Shirley.

Buddy Schulberg, nineteen-year-old son of B. P. Schulberg, the producer, decided to give a party not so long ago and get even with many of his Hollywood friends. It seems Buddy had been to several Hollywood parties when he arrived home from college on his vacation—but at each of these, he felt ill at ease because he did not know most of the people, and no one bothered to introduce him. That's a common occurrence in this town—everyone taking for granted that you know everyone else, hence introductions are skipped. So Buddy arranged a party, inviting the most mixed crowd he could think of, and making each boy call for a specified girl. For instance, Trent Durkin (last seen in Paramount's "Ready for Love") the most bashful and unassuming actor in the colony, was invited to Buddy's party and told to call for Marjorie Cantor, daughter of Eddie, and he'd never even met her. And after all the guests arrived at Schulbergs, the host told the orchestra to play, the guests to dance, but still no introductions. It was some fun, but I am still wondering who that beautiful blonde was over there in the corner with Ben Alexander. So is Ben!

Eric Linden is not usually easily embarrassed, but his face was definitely scarlet the other day when he thought he was talking on the phone to Gloria Blondell (sister of Joan). It seems Eric had given Gloria a little white goat the day before. The phone rang and Eric understood his butler to say Miss Blondell was on the wire.

"Hello, you little keeper of white goats,"—shouted Eric.

"This happens to be the studio calling, and we don't keep goats—except,

(*Please turn to page 84*)



By *Lady Esther*

Think of the many times a day you powder your face. And all the time you may be only succeeding in making yourself look years older than you really are!

It's an actual fact, as you can readily demonstrate, that the wrong shade of face powder can add years to your looks. Just as the wrong color hat or dress can make you look dowdy and years older than your age, so can the wrong shade of face powder make you look worn and faded, and, apparently, years older.

It's a shame, the women who are innocent victims of the wrong choice of face powder shades! Otherwise pretty, young and fresh-looking, they actually, if unknowingly, make themselves look years older than is their age.

Are You Being Fooled?

Is the shade of face powder you are using making you look your youngest and freshest or is it making you look years older than you really are? It all depends on how you choose your shade. It's a "snare and delusion" to choose a face powder shade simply on the basis of type.

A brunette may have a very light skin while a blonde may have a very dark one. Moreover, to try to match any tone of skin is practically impossible, for there are endless variations of white, ivory and olive skin.

A face powder shade should be chosen, *not* to match any particular type, but to *flatter* one. What would be the most flattering to one shade of brunette skin might be utterly devastating to another. Therefore, the thing to do, regardless of your coloring, is to try *all* the five fundamental shades which color experts agree meet the demands of all skins.

Your Shade Is One of These Five

Lady Esther Face Powder is made in the required five basic shades. One of these shades you will find to be the most flattering to *you!* One will instantly set you forth at your best, emphasize your every good point and make you look your most youthful and freshest.

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13 Out of 20 Women

Use the Wrong Shade of Face Powder and as a Result, Look Years Older Than They Really Are!

But I don't ask you to accept my word for this. I say: Prove it at my expense. So I offer to send you, entirely without cost or obligation, a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

When you get the five shades, try each one before your mirror. Don't try to pick your shade in advance. *Try all five!* Just the one you would least suspect may prove the most flattering for you. Thousands of women have written to tell me they have been amazed with this test.

Stays on for Four Hours—Ends Shiny Nose

When you make the shade test with Lady Esther Face Powder, note too how exquisitely soft and smooth it is. It is utterly free from anything like grit. It is also a *clinging* face powder! By actual test it will stay on for four hours and look fresh and lovely all the time. In every way, as you can see for yourself, Lady Esther Face Powder excels anything ever known in face powder.

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(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*) **FREE**

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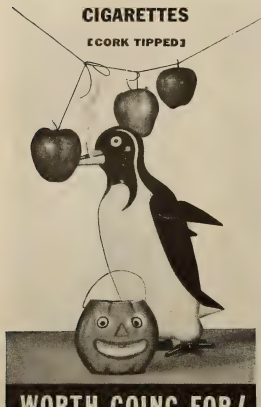
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Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky

News of the Younger Set

(*Continued from page* 83)

of course, the few we have under contract."

That last crack was too much for Eric!

HOLLYWOOD'S romance rumors as reported by the various writers can be very funny at times. I am thinking particularly of the love affair reported by the papers between Betty Furness and Bob Hoover.

"What is this, Bob?" a friend inquired. "You've been keeping something from us."

"I don't know how that thing ever started," answered Bob. "Do you know that I haven't even met Betty Furness?"

So two nights later, a crowd of us went dancing at the Cocoanut Grove, and spotting Betty Furness in another party, I called Hoover over and introduced them.

"I'm certainly glad to meet you, Mr. Hoover," remarked Betty laughingly.

So now, at least, they've been introduced to each other, in case someone wants to report them as married.

Monday and Thursday nights finds all Hollywood between the ages of seventeen and twenty-seven, roller-skating at the Culver City Rollerdrome. It's the newest indoor sport and, as everyone admits, has its ups and downs . . . Second only to the roller-skating fad is the outdoor Donkey Baseball, and no kidding, it's the craziest thing to date. Everyone, except the pitchers and catchers (and spectators) is on a donkey. As soon as the batter hits the ball, he jumps on the beast and tears (almost a foot a minute) to first base, while the outfielders coax, beat or drag their donkeys to where the ball has landed. He then must get on his animal and throw the ball to the pitcher (who must keep his foot in the box at all times), who, in turn, tosses the ball to first base. All the picture people are stacking the dishes and trotting over to the ball park for an evening of laughs.

MANY of the younger set are spending week-ends at the beautiful Casa de Manana Hotel overlooking the Pacific at La Jolla, 125 miles from Hollywood. It has a beach club, dancing, tennis and is twenty miles from Caliente. What could be sweeter?

Johnny Downs celebrates his return to pictures by going to work for Hal Roach in "Babes in Toyland," and it's a grand reunion. Ten years ago Johnny was Roach's child starlet in the "Our Gang" comedies. Since then he has spent several valuable years on the New York stage and, being blessed with one of the most winsome of stage and screen personalities, he should go a long way in pictures.

Next month, one of the younger set will write Henry Willson's columns while Henry goes a-vacationing. We won't tell you who it will be, yet. Watch for this feature next month and get an unusual surprise.

Can Pauline Lord Take Marie Dressler's Place?

(*Continued from page* 51)

strange foreboding of the future union of their names.

Pauline Lord's initial role in pictures is a typical Dressler one. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" had been discussed by studio executives many times as a fine possibility for Marie Dressler's talents. That it should have fallen to the lot of Miss Lord is another move on the part of fate to make her the greatest character actress on the screen—an honor that once belonged only to Marie Dressler.

PARAMOUNT, who have Miss Lord under long term contract, are anxiously awaiting the reception of this picture by the public. Upon it will depend the future selection of her vehicles. Should it click in a big way it will probably type her for the rest of her screen career. On the stage Miss Lord was noted for her versatility; her masterful grasp upon characterization; her ability to play a variety of roles with the craftsmanship of an artiste working in greasepaint. On the screen Miss Lord may find herself limited to one type of role. Such is the devious way of the movies. It remains to be seen.

In the meantime, Miss Lord, now on her farm in New York State, resting after the completion of her first picture, refuses to make any comments upon the possibility of her success as a screen star.

Particularly is she adverse to any discussion that involves Miss Dressler's name in any way. She does not feel that she or Miss Dressler had anything in common when it came to acting. She considered Miss Dressler a great artiste in her own right—an inimitable artiste. Also it is well known that she did not approve of Miss Dressler's selection for her role in "The Late Christopher Bean." She felt that it was a pretty bad piece of miscasting.

In the matter of age Miss Lord is at least fifteen years Miss Dressler's junior. She is a young, attractive woman in the very prime of her life. Not beautiful, in the standards by which Follies girls are judged, she possesses an attractiveness that lingers long after beauty is forgotten. Whereas the screen revealed the real Marie Dressler, it will present Pauline Lord only in the role of actress.

The strange similarity of career they possessed is now reaching its apex. You, the movie goer, will decide the fate of this new-to-pictures star. If you approve, she will, in all probability, reach the heights. Her cinematic future rests with you.

Motherhood for Joan Blondell

(*Continued from page 42*)

then . . . maybe the next time," she smiled. "Anyway some day there may be a Joan Barnes." And if Joan does achieve this particular christening, she will be fulfilling an ideal that she has always had, namely merging her own with her husband's name, even though it must be done through a daughter. She has wanted many times to assume the name herself, but it is felt that Joan Blondell has box-office value, whereas Joan Barnes hasn't.

JOAN has other ideas about the future, some of which she may put into effect after she returns to the screen, probably next Spring. One is about the number of pictures she should make. "You know I've been appearing in films at a rapid pace ever since I came into the movies," she went on. "I haven't been living my own life at all. Just work, work, work, all the time!

"Never have I chosen any stories for myself, or tried to acquire glamour or put on the ritz. Probably I never will.

"Anyway, I'm hoping to change things in many ways. Especially I don't want to make so many films in the future. I would like to limit the number to about four a year. I simply can't do eight and nine as in the past. It takes every bit of one's time, and I certainly will not have a baby and see it just now and then, and off and on, which would practically be the case if I went on as heretofore. Why, if I couldn't be with my baby a lot, I would leave pictures. They don't mean that much to me personally. I can't feel about them as some people seem to do, that there is nothing else in the world besides this. Why if it comes right down to it I can drop right out, and we can live on George's salary as a cameraman. Goodness knows, I've lived on a whole lot less than that before now.

"HOLLYWOOD appears to be under a sort of spell of fear. Everybody shivers over something or other. They dread to lose their places in pictures; they dread poverty, dread this, and dread that. It drives so many of them frantic seemingly. They wonder what tomorrow will bring, and they cease to live in a big and true way.

"I've been looking over my past life, and thinking about things. I suppose all expectant mothers do. We reflect about everything that has happened. Especially I get to considering this fearful attitude that is so much in evidence here, and that seems to be such a part of this business, and it really is a business, rather than the theatrical profession I used to know. Why, can you believe it, we never had any worries like that when I was a child! You know, I was raised in the show business, born in it as a matter of fact, and we were the most happy-go-lucky lot imaginable, my father, my mother, my brother, sister and myself. We never took anything seriously. Of course, most of the time we made good money, but we had our bad days too, and as I remember it we were just as cheerful during the one as during the other. Bad days never got us down.

(*Please turn to page 86*)



*DOUBLE MINT GUM is good for your teeth. Enjoy it daily. The chewing sends new life-blood to roots and nerves and also whitens and beautifies.

Grandma Binker has no trouble at all in getting her errands done — for she pays liberally with **DOUBLE MINT GUM.**

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NAIL POLISH

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New shades LADY LILLIAN Nail Polish—in transparent and creme types—made to enhance the true color tones of your skin.

—See Special Offer Below*

● This great nail polish news, announced in Vogue, has made many a woman stop, think, and change all her nail polish ideas. Beauty experts say that nail polish shades *should first of all match your natural coloring*—should lift the color of your eyes, your hair, your skin, to their fullest expression—thus giving to your own natural beauty that vital, vivid charm men idealize.

No wonder the new shades of Lady Lillian Nail Polish are creating such a sensation. They include a full series of nine lovely colors, based on the true colors of the artist's palette, in both transparent and creme type polishes.

The new Lady Lillian Polish shades flow on smoothly, leaving an unbroken surface without bubble or crumb. They dry rapidly, leaving no odor to collide with your perfume. They last and last because they do not chip and do not fade.

Individual bottles of Lady Lillian Nail Polish, Oil Polish Remover, Cuticle Remover and Cuticle Oil, cost but 25c at Department Stores and Drug Stores. There are 10c sizes at "five-and-tens." And you can buy complete Lady Lillian Manicure Sets at prices that will surprise you. Lady Lillian Products are approved by *Good Housekeeping*. Booklet "How to Enhance Your Natural Coloring" comes with polish and sets.

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I enclose 12c for the new Lady Lillian Manicure Set described above. I prefer Transparent . . . or Creme Polish . . . I am True Blonde . . . Ash Blonde . . . Light Brunette . . . Chestnut Brunette . . . Dark Brunette . . . Titian Red . . . Silver Hair . . . . . Black Hair . . . . . Black with Silver . . . . Send also booklet "How to Enhance Your Natural Coloring."

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Motherhood for Joan Blondell

(*Continued from page* 85)

"It's funny how they've painted my childhood in the stories written about me. They've said that I endured all kinds of hardships and privations, giving the impression I was half-starved. It's ridiculous. Nobody had a happier girlhood. I was given the best, and had much more in the way of experience.

"Think of the travels of those early days! We went everywhere. I had my first birthday in Germany, my second in Paris, my third in Sydney, Australia, and my fourth in New York, one or two in this country following that, and then my seventh in China. What a thrill for a youngster! It taught me to meet all kinds of people, all over the world. If I've learned anything about acting or characterizing it all goes back to that. You have to form your impressions quickly when you are constantly on the go, you get to know people almost at a glance.

"PERSONALLY I would not be afraid to set out all over again, just like that, with my husband and baby. In fact, it would be a lot of fun. I guess we could get up a vaudeville act again between us, and carry on the Blondell name, which was a grand name in the theater anyway. Or maybe we'd go out as the Barnes troupe instead.

"Under such circumstances, how can I feel upset about the future? I suppose motherhood is a serious thing to face, and I know it isn't easy in any sense of the word, but I feel, too, that my life would be frightfully incomplete without the experience.

"What's more, I think I have a real love for the domestic side of life. You know, we always were a clannish family. We had a lot of happiness just being together, and that's the thing that counts. When my sister left us to go in that stage show in the East we all wept. It amounted to breaking up our little group. My mother and father, and my brother and his wife are out here with us now. We were always together, and we always believed that we had a home, whether it was in a wardrobe trunk, or a nice white house on a shaded street.

"Yes, there were houses too. We didn't always stay in the show business. There were times when we tried desperately to get out of it. Father felt that the family should settle down, and that his children should have the chance to meet nice townspeople, and stay in one spot and get married. This notion would come to him every once in a while, and then we would purchase a business with the money we had saved during our vaudeville tours.

"Down in Denton, Texas, we had a store for ready-to-wear clothes for a time. We did very well there, because we were right opposite a college, and the students came and bought from us. We were just getting nicely started, and then suddenly the college announced a rule that the girls who were attending would have to wear blue middies and skirts exclusively, and we were left with a big stock on hand and no place to sell it. So that venture failed.

Once, too, we opened a tea room in Santa Monica, right on Wilshire Boulevard, coming pretty close to the films, and we operated that for six months. We felt we were quite successful in that enterprise. We built up a very good business, and not picture trade either. The only movie person who actually came there was John Gilbert, and what excitement he caused. I waited on him myself, and I was tickled to death when he gave me a tip, and kept it as a souvenir. He brought a very beautiful blond girl with him to our establishment, though I don't know to this day who she was.

"You'll laugh when I tell you that we finally went broke in this enterprise, and the reason. My school friends ate up all the profits. They were forever coming to the cafe with me and literally devouring us out of house and home. If they so much as peeled a potato to help, my mother would give them a whole meal.

"Besides, we had no understanding of book-keeping, profits and losses, the amount of money we were spending on supplies as related to what we were taking in, and all that sort of thing. We made the terrible discovery, though, on a certain day when Father went to pay the meat bill. I guess that none of us realized how much meat was costing us. Anyway, Father went down to the butcher shop to pay up, and before very long we heard from him over the phone. He told us that we were going on the road again, much to our astonishment. He said that he had just managed to book the act by phoning my agent in Los Angeles. He informed us that we were to close up our eating place before it put us all in the poor house. He said that we owed the butcher enough to bankrupt us, in fact we couldn't pay him at all, but would have to send him the money after we had gone out on tour. He had arranged to extend our credit until then. So that's how we quit our restaurant business.

"Yes, I've looked back on all those adventures, and thought how happy we were, and the future doesn't make me the least bit worried. I recognize this as a turning-point, naturally, but I'm not upset. The future, when I consider it at all, is just as bright as it ever was back in those joyous carefree days.

"I haven't made any special plans. I'm not the kind who does. If this is a crisis in my career I refuse to regard it as such. After all, millions have gone through this before, and so why not I? Anyway, if you worry one day about what is going to happen the next there is not much fun in living. It would not be a blow to me at all if next year I were thrown out of pictures.

"George and I have a lovely house, and it's just about all paid for too. Personally, I've settled down as much as I ever expect to. I'm almost a homebody now, even though it's been a fight to become that. Why when I first arrived in Hollywood I thought I would go crazy staying in the same place all the time. I moved from house to house on an average of about every two or three weeks. I think I lost more money on advances paid on rents than I could make up in a year.

"I'm not over that restlessness yet. It hits me every once in a while. George has the same spirit too. That's why we're making those plans for travel now. And do you know what we did just the other day? Not satis-

Motherhood for Joan Blondell

fied with our beautiful house and all, we had to go out to look at a ranch. We live in Laurel Canyon, where it is sort of out in the open. But that isn't enough. We must price a ranch too—probably just to get that desire for a change out of our systems.

"Maybe the arrival of our baby is going to alter our lives completely. I sometimes wonder. Maybe we'll never budge again, and feel terrible responsibilities and all that; but so far nothing has ever killed the easy-going spirit that all the members of our family possess for very long. We just are that way; it's probably the old vaudeville spirit, and there's no telling but it will stay with us to the very end of our lives."

AND that's Joan, on the eve of motherhood, the great problem and perplexity of Hollywood, the thing that day in and day out keeps more stars worried than any other, if the truth be told about it. Children are born and reared in the movie colony, and fair ladies of the screen enter into the adventure with all manner of moods and sentiments regarding the future, but few inspire one more with their viewpoint on the whole expedition than Joan Blondell, and none has embarked upon it more blithely, joyously and happily than she.



Rudy Vallee and his pup look pretty pleased with themselves. Wouldn't you, if you had just signed a five-year contract with Warner Brothers? His first picture will be called "Sweet Music."

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Be Sure of Lovely EVEN Tints —Use Marchand's

UNEVEN or dull blonde hair is so unattractive and so unnecessary—really unnecessary when MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH is being used so successfully to EVEN-UP and to brighten blonde hair.

No matter what you've tried or how you've tried before—if you want lovely natural-looking blonde hair use MARCHAND'S. Marchand's is not a dye or a powder. It comes to you prepared, in liquid form. That's one reason why it is easier to get even, uniform results with MARCHAND'S. It has a lasting effect on the hair, it will not wash out or come off. Thousands of blondes have found there is one fine reliable product that can be depended upon to produce clear EVEN tints—and that is MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH.

Marchand's is used to keep blonde hair from darkening—and to restore the youthful golden sheen to faded hair. Easy to use at home. No skill is required, yet beautiful results are assured.

Also Makes Arm and Leg Hair Invisible!

The same reliable Marchand's makes dark excess hair INVISIBLE like the light unnoticeable down on the blonde's skin. This avoids shaving—you have no fear of regrowths at all because you do not cut or attempt to destroy the hair. Limbs look dainty and attractive, even thru the sheerest of stockings.

MARCHAND'S HAIR EXPERTS DEVELOP MARVELOUS NEW CASTILE SHAMPOO—FOR ALL SHADES OF HAIR

Now—a shampoo that brings out the hidden, innate beauty of the hair—natural, rich color—soft, silken texture—free of soap film because is rinses completely. Does not change color of hair. Ask your druggist for Marchand's Castile Shampoo or write us.

MARCHAND'S
GOLDEN HAIR WASH

Ask Your Druggist Or Get By Mail —Use Coupon Below

C. MARCHAND CO., 251 W. 19th St., N.Y.C.
45c enclosed (send coins or stamps). Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. T.G. 1134.

Name .....

Address ..... City ..... State .....



This face powder will flatter you

SOME women are "finished" at sixty. Some girls are "finished" at thirty. Then there's the type who never suffers defeat. At any age she's able to attract and hold men. Is it because she's so beautiful? Not always. At least half of these women are not beautiful. But they do breathe romance. They're glamorous. They know the art of being a woman . . . of *flattering* themselves.

To such a woman face powder is very, very important. The chances are her skin is imperfect. So she avoids all the heavy powders. She must have one of fairy-like fineness that spreads smoothly and makes imperfections invisible. No ordinary powder does this. It must be MELLO-GLO. This is why:

First: MELLO-GLO, the new soft-tone face powder, is made by a new method. It's so fine in texture that it spreads with unbelievable smoothness. It covers enlarged pores. It minimizes blemishes.

Second: MELLO-GLO preserves a lovely, natural, dull smoothness through hours of play or work. Being so light it does not draw out oil and perspiration from the pores to soak and spoil itself. So MELLO-GLO stays on longer and allows you to keep lovely. A coarser powder would soon be ruined and shiny by oil and perspiration. When you use MELLO-GLO you look exquisite. You are the type that never suffers defeat.

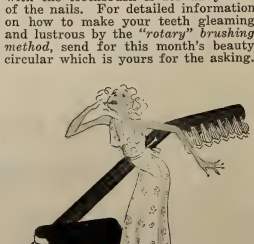
A brand new creation in face powders. Look for the blue-and-gold box to avoid a mistake when buying MELLO-GLO Soft-tone face powder. One of the largest selling $1.00 face powders in America. Special purse size 10¢ —now on sale at your favorite 5 and 10¢ store. Get a box today!

MAKE-UP BOX

SETTING-UP EXERCISES FOR TIRED TEETH AND TWO ALLURING FACE CREAMS IN THIS MONTH'S BEAUTY NOTES

The Rule of Three

DO you know how to brush your teeth? Silly question? Not at all! There are three rules to remember: A good toothbrush with firm bristles, a reliable dentifrice, and a knowledge of *how* to brush your teeth correctly. Strange, isn't it, that women who are so particular about the shade of powder they use and the color of nail polish they choose, are downright careless when so important a health and beauty accessory as a toothbrush is concerned. Now, this very hour, is the time to examine your toothbrush and replace it if bristles have become soft and worn. The brush illustrated is made by a well-known maker of brushes and is designed to reach places in your mouth never touched by ordinary toothbrushes. What's more, the bristles can't come out. They're fastened in by a new last-ever device. The little brush pictured with the toothbrush is for daily care of the nails. For detailed information on how to make your teeth gleaming and lustrous by the *"rotary" brushing method*, send for this month's beauty circular which is yours for the asking.



A Little Is a Lot

"A COMPLEXION like lily petals in the sunlight" is the promise of this new liquid finishing cream which lends the complexion a softness as fresh and dewy as the early morning mist and a transparency as glowing. This delightfully fragrant liquid cream is much more than a powder base. Applied in the morning, it keeps the complexion looking fresh all day and ends fear of a shiny nose. A little of it goes a long way, too. Just a touch smoothed gently into the skin before applying make-up is sufficient. It's available in four shades—white, flesh, cream, and tan. If you are at all doubtful about what color to choose, try cream. We were simply fascinated with the package—a leather-like pink box wrapped in transparent cellophane—and you'll love it on your dressing table too.

If you would like further information about the articles described, and other beauty news, write enclosing stamped envelope to the Beauty Editor, Make-up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



A Lemon-Aid!

"KNOW'ST thou the land where the lemon trees bloom?" asked Goethe many long years ago. Well, Goethe may not have been sure of their location but we can tell you with enthusiasm where to find a lemon lotion and lemon cream that will do much for a very oily complexion or weathered skin.

The fresh juice of lemons has an excellent effect upon oily skins, as we all know, and to normalize those busy oil glands, try spreading on this lemon cream as you do any cleansing cream. Wipe it away and pat on the lotion.

THIS month's circular also contains news of an oil polish remover, a new polish of the cream type, and lipsticks in six grand shades from an English-American House . . . the shade called "poppy" has a tendency to make teeth appear whiter.

Let it dry by itself and the velvety finish is an ideal foundation for make-up.



You Tell Us

(*Continued from page 17*)

Not to Be Overlooked

I WANT to offer tributes to a group of featured players, who, in comparatively small roles—displayed genuine artistry.

Robert Barrat—as the half-mad "strong-man" in "Lily Turner"—as the understanding judge in "Wild Boys of the Road"—as the radical inventor in "Heroes for Sale."

Walter Connolly—as the gentleman-derelict in "A Man's Castle."

Arthur Hohl—as the dyspeptic seaman in "The Narrow Corner"—as the shyster lawyer in "The Life of Jimmy Dolan."

Henry B. Walthall—as the blind man in "Beggars in Ermine." (But then he is truly magnificent in ANY role. Age has improved, not hindered, his great genius.)

Hugh Herbert—as the would-be moralist in "Footlight Parade."—*Mrs. Mary E. Padgett, 619 Vermont Street, Quincy, Ill.*

Splendid actors all, Mrs. Padgett.

Each Part Counts

IN the general excitement over Shirley Temple's sweetness and cleverness in "Little Miss Marker," other fine performances in the picture were overlooked. Therefore, I'm making this letter a plug for Charles Bickford. As "Big Steve," he didn't have much to do, but he made each scene he did have count for a lot. Bickford has a strong, definite personality—one suited to meaty roles. I hope to see him soon, in a part whose bigness is commensurate with his acting ability.—*Mrs. W. Clement, 109 Davis Street, San Francisco, Calif.*

It is a great tragedy of the star system that many players so often are denied full notice.

Frankly Speaking

FRANKLY, I am a fan. But, still, I believe I'm honest and fair and not prejudiced by enthusiasm. Lately, all I seem to hear is CRITICISM of the movies. Howls against indecent films (which in a good measure is right, of course) fault-finding with the stories selected, casts, directors and the like.

But, I ask modestly, where else in all the world of entertainment can we find anything half as good, or as big in scope, as what the screen offers? Nowhere, of course. And what variety they give us! Wild Westerns, gay farces, historical dramas of such magnificence they startle us, old classics we all love, such as Dickens stories, delightful funnies such as the "Three Pigs," and the list is too long for possible mention. And what beauty, what simplicity, what grandeur, we find in them—all of us, from the baby to grandma. Please, Mr. and Mrs. Public, don't you think we should be just a tiny bit more appreciative?—*Mrs. C. Rose, 367 Filbert Street, San Francisco, Calif.*

You have a very generous nature, Mrs. Rose.

H. B. Warner

WHERE is H. B. Warner? Remember his marvelous portrayal of Christ in "The King of Kings"?

To my mind, that was his outstand-

(*Please turn to page 90*)

HELEN STOPS A WANDERING EYE



HEXIN STOPS A THROBBING HEADACHE

NOW there is no need to avoid a difficult situation when you feel "below par"—no need to break important engagements on account of ordinary aches and pains.

"2 HEXIN with water" is a magic phrase to people in pain. It means relief in record time and—above all—SAFE relief.

HEXIN was originally developed for children. It could not and does not contain any habit-forming drugs.

HEXIN eases pain SAFELY by relaxing tenseness and nervous strain—by removing the pressure on sensitive nerve ends.

Buy HEXIN from your druggist in convenient tins containing 12 tablets or economical bottles of 50 and 100 tablets.

Send coupon below for FREE trial size package.



HEXIN NEW PRICE **25c**

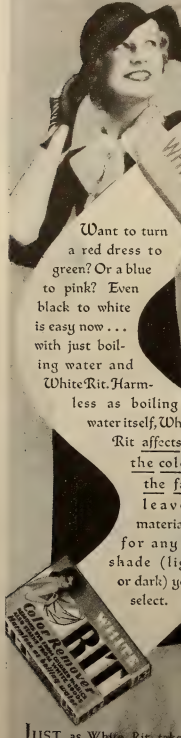
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Please send me a generous **FREE** sample of **HEXIN.**

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Out-out-out
COMES EVERY TRACE
OF OLD COLOR WITH
White RIT



Want to turn a red dress to green? Or a blue to pink? Even black to white is easy now... with just boiling water and White Rit. Harmless as boiling water itself, White Rit affects only the color, not the fabric—leaves the material ready for any new shade (light or dark) you select.

JUST as White Rit takes old color out — Instant Rit puts new color in. These simplified home dye aids can't be successfully imitated because patented, so be sure you get the genuine. There are 33 sparkling Rit colors to meet every taste. White Rit to remove color — Instant Rit for new color — 15c at all drug stores and notion counters.

WHITE COLOR REMOVER RIT

You Tell Us

(*Continued from page* 89)

ing role. I tell you I came away from the theater a better woman.

From time to time, he has appeared in productions such as "Sorrell and Son," and in each instance his performance has always been A-No. 1.

So here's a forget-me-not for a real actor, and may we see him soon.—*Mrs. J. Feehan, 11 Stapleton Road, Springfield, Mass.*

Mr. Warner is not forgotten in Hollywood. He will soon be given fine roles again, we're sure.

We Promise

ALL praise to NEW MOVIE for its convincing, straightforward article about Ralph Bellamy's secret daughter. The public appreciates the fact that this story is not publicity propaganda. It does not contain the over-worked sentimentalism or sensationalism of so many stories in motion picture magazines. It makes us admire Ralph Bellamy even more because of his sincerity and his devotion to his little girl.

May we have in the future many more such truthful stories in which the stars are portrayed as human beings—not as demi-gods?—*Miss Lucile Talley, 1714 Barnard Avenue, Waco, Texas.*

You'll have them if we have to break our necks to give them to you, Lucile!

Shots at the Shorts

CANNOT steps be taken to eliminate the banality and general pointlessness of "short" subjects? The excellent entertainment value of the minority, i.e., Ely Culbertson, Alexander Woollcott, Fitzpatrick Travel Talks, Walt Disney's creations, and Ruth Etting serve to magnify the triteness of the majority. There is called to mind the utter waste of film on a popular dance orchestra struggling to be dramatic with a third-rate interlocutor in wartime settings. The count is lost on the number of miniature musical comedies which are obviously excuses to utilize cast-off footage from major productions.

A little more concentration on the quality of the supplemental programs would doubtless be a boon to many patrons whose patience they too often abuse.—*George Wilton, Jr., 1028 Connecticut Avenue, N.W., Washington, D. C.*

The dull short subject is a curse and a bore. Give us more on this!

From England

WHAT is the matter with all the funny men over on your side of the Atlantic? Have they all gone pessimistic through the depression or are they suffering from mental indigestion? Over here, we have not had a real old-fashioned Keystone laugh for many moons and after a meal of gangsters, soiled ladies, etc., a plateful of good gags served up in a real comedy film would be appreciated, believe me. Where's Chaplin, Lloyd, Keaton and all the rest of the bunch that used to send us home from the cinema at the corner with a grin that helped to cheer a weary world? While I am all for Holidays for Humorists it is going too far if it means that every day and in every way the film is getting sadder and sadder. Send us some jokes from Hollywood, for heaven knows there is enough wailing about.—*Miss E. Graves, 50 Wellsted St., Hull, Yorkshire, England.*

Did you see "The Cat's Paw," Miss Graves? We Yanks are getting too sophisticated for the old custard-pie comedies.

A Boquet

VIRGINIA DUKE'S letter in the August issue prompts me to add: my compliments to Paramount for bringing Lanny Ross to the screen. His diction and enunciation are flawless; his pronunciation a source of inspiration; and his personality as magnetically charming as the liquid beauty of his voice. In addition, it is an added pleasure to watch the facial expressions of one who not only preserves but heightens, rather than shatters the illusion and mood the song creates. "Melody in Spring" was equally as refreshing as the season its title glorifies. Encore!—*Mary E. Lauber, 119 W. Abbottsford Ave., Germantown, Philadelphia, Penna.*

And encore you will have, Mary. Lanny is scheduled for many pictures.

Right or Wrong?

A SHINING example of the asininity that producers are occasionally guilty of is a current film called "Let's Try Again."

If this atrocity was ever a story, it lost all the earmarks during its transformation into a picture.

Inconceivably plotless, incredibly dull—what a break for Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook! What a successor to "Cavalcade"!—*L. W. Pattillo, 215 E. Adams St., Jacksonville, Fla.*

More violent criticism like yours, and we'll get better pictures, Mr. Pattillo!

A New Low?

I HAVE been following movies for several years and it is my belief that they have hit a new low this year. The principal troubles are a lack of imagination on the part of producers and a need of good script writers. The climax was reached in "We're Not Dressing," the most stupidly written film in some time. There are entirely too many musicals and costume dramas. Seldom are more than one or two of each cycle worth seeing. Some of the titles of pictures are enough to keep you away even though the picture may be good. To my way of thinking there have been but five really fine pictures released since the beginning of the year. There is "Catherine the Great"—best of costume dramas with the great Bergner; "It Happened One Night," in which it is proved that Clark Gable is a better comedian than emotional actor; "Twentieth Century," "Little Man What Now," and "The Thin Man."—*Graham Lennigan, 293 E. 32nd Street, Paterson, N. J.*

You are severe in your tastes, Graham. There is no changing the fact that movies are mass entertainment.

Janet Gaynor

JANET GAYNOR. A picture bearing that name assures one of an afternoon well spent, and every moment enjoyed.—*Mrs. N. Johnson, R. 4, Augusta, Maine.*

Janet will like your praise.

Hollywood Goes A-Partying

(*Continued from page 53*)

OF COURSE mysterious orchid senders, in case of an actress, are in the same category as stolen jewels, that is—open to suspicion. But if you don't believe it in June Knight's case, you may see the orchid and the messenger any day.

He's been sending this daily orchid so long that either his patience or his bank-roll or both must be limitless. Especially in view of the devotion of Paul Ames.

EMANUEL COHEN gave a party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper. Cohen, you know, is head of Paramount. Everybody from the Paramount studio was there.

Frances Drake came with Randy Scott, Mae West with James Timony, Gail Patrick with Lanny Ross, George Raft with Virginia Pine, Toby Wing with Jack Oakie.

Grace Bradley came alone. So we're still wondering for whom she lets that drawbridge down! You know she has a moat and a drawbridge at her new home. Very old English type of place.

Bing Crosby and Lanny Ross were rivals at singing sentimental songs, so that Frances Drake said that she just couldn't make up her mind which one she would like to have serenade her.

Mae West wore the famous West diamonds, and made a late entrance very impressively.

Judith Allen, talking with Sir Guy Standing, discovered that, in some involved way, they are relatives. Judith's genealogy reveals that ancestors of hers named Minto lived in Minto County, Scotland, and Sir Guy's immediate family married some Mintos.

Una Merkel told us about her two back-seat-driving dogs, named Paddy and Shanty. Whenever her car is driven faster than forty miles an hour, the dogs set up a terrific howling until it is slowed down.

LYLE TALBOT, as everybody knows, is very much a ladies' man. But if there is one day when a person would think no masculine being would want a lady around—unless she was helping with the work—that day is moving day.

But Lyle didn't feel that way about it at all.

When he moved from his Whitley Heights home to his new Beverly house, he gave a breakfast immediately after the household goods had arrived. Present (oh, I forgot—the breakfast was given at the new home) were Alice Faye and Mary Deane Overly, a friend of Talbot's visiting here from Oklahoma, together with Sally Blane and Estelle Taylor.

A few men friends aided by going from one house to the other, carrying things over to the new home, and if I am not mistaken, Sally Blane carried along some of Lyle's precious books.

EDDIE CANTOR hates camels as a means of transportation.

He told me about it at Thelma Todd's cocktail party.

"They may be ships of the desert,"

(*Please turn to page 92*)

Begin Now to Earn EXTRA MONEY *for Christmas*

It's easy, pleasant, profitable to sell TINY TOWER, the things-to-do magazine for younger children.



"and take my advice. It's easy to earn money for Christmas and many other things by selling subscriptions to TINY TOWER."

OF COURSE you want extra money for Christmas and if you've been wondering how to earn it, Tiny Tower is the answer! Every child who sees a copy wants it . . . and parents are equally quick in their approval. Every subscription means money for you.

Make the Christmas Season Pay You Dividends

Parents will welcome your suggestion to give Tiny Tower as a Christmas present. It also solves the gift problem for friends and relatives of children. And now is the time to get these Christmas subscriptions and earn greater profits for yourself.

TEACHERS: *Write for information how you can supplement your income.*

Write today for complete details about TINY TOWER'S *generous offer to you.*

OLIVE REID

TINY TOWER MAGAZINE

55 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK, N. Y.

DECEMBER

Are you a
SHADOW-HUNTER?

■ Have you a skin that matches the beauty of today's fashions—or must you be a "shadow-hunter," seeking concealment in the soft lights and shadows?

Try Campana's Italian Balm for a youthful-looking skin. This *Original* Skin Softener is both a corrective and protective treatment for dry, rough, red or chapped skin. It has been the largest selling skin protector in all of Canada for over 40 years—and is today the largest seller in thousands of cities in the United States. At drug and department stores —10c, 35c, 60c and $1.00 in bottles—25c in tubes. Generous Vanity Gift Bottle on request.



Free CAMPANA SALES CO., 4011 Lincoln Hwy., Batavia, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me VANITY SIZE bottle of Campana's Italian Balm—FREE and postpaid.

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If you live in Canada, send your request to Campana Corp., Ltd., TM-11 Caledonia Road, Toronto, Ontario.

Hollywood Goes A-Partying

(Continued from page 91)

said Eddie, "but nobody would call them speed-boats. Why, I can go faster by hand!

"Say, I've had to ride all kinds of animals in pictures—horses, lions, bulls, and now camels. Pretty soon Sam Goldwyn will run out of animals, and then I'll be out of pictures.

"I suspect this camel riding business is just a plot against me, anyhow!"

WHEN a guy gets to be a year old, he's none too young to give a party.

That's what Gary Evan Crosby, son of Bing and Dixie Lee Crosby, thought, apparently. Besides, the twins are going to get a lot of attention from now on, and it's time a fellow began establishing himself. He says that anyway two's company and three's a crowd.

So little Gary invited Richard Ralston Arlen, also a year old, and little Susan Ann Gilbert, daughter of John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce, to help him celebrate.

Bing provided three kiddie cars and a big birthday cake, and a perfectly grand time was had by all.

NICK STUART has started a swanky bath and tennis club over in Brentwood, which is near Beverly and not far from Hollywood.

It was over there I met Lola Lane and her husband, Alexander Hall, the director, and does she love telling this one on him:

Lola dropped into the studio to call on her husband, and found he was in the projection room, looking at some rushes of his Paramount picture, "The Pursuit of Happiness." So she slipped in quietly, and sat herself down in the darkest corner. The last take showed Francis Lederer and Joan Bennett in a room together with a solemn minister. Lederer dashes from the window and makes his escape. At that moment Hall's voice from behind the camera was heard to remark, "I escaped that way once myself!"

Next moment he started as if he were shot, for he heard his wife's voice drawling, "Is that so!"

Irene Hervey was hovering most of the time in Nick's vicinity, or rather he dashed to her side whenever he found a moment off from his duties as host; but Sue Carol, his ex-wife, didn't seem in the least put out. Estelle Taylor came with Howard Lang, W. S. Van Dyke with Ruth Mannix, and George Raft with Virginia Pine, William Janney with Peggy Shannon, Pat Ellis with Henry Willson.

Bette Davis came with her husband, Harmon O. Nelson, who plays the piano in the club orchestra, but he was suffering from poison oak on his hands, and so Bette took a whirl at the piano once or twice in his place.

Mary Hay and Charles Sabin are seen about everywhere together, but neither will admit any romance. You see, Mary, who was once Richard Barthelmess's wife, you remember, is very busy writing, out in Hollywood.

We found Louise Fazenda untying a knot in her handkerchief, and a fifty cent piece rolled out. She said she had it for bus fare home in case husband Hal Wallis didn't come back to the club for her.

IF Greta Garbo insists on making herself mysterious, people simply will continue to watch her every move curiously.

And now the question is, whom does Greta visit every morning in Santa Monica Canyon? Every morning at nine exactly, the fair Greta is seen entering a certain house. Maybe it's a music teacher or a masseuse, or on the other hand—well, at any rate Greta is faithful. Rain or shine (Greta prefers the rain, of course) she is there.

Greta's trips have become so well known, in fact, that knots of fans are beginning to gather in the vicinity of the house just to watch her pass by.

DESPITE the prevailing romantic flavor of Hollywood, stags simply will be stags once in a while, and Eddie Robinson carried on that tradition when he gave his stag beefsteak party down in the whoopee room at his home, which room has a dumbwaiter as big as an elevator going up into the kitchen. The whoopee room is in the basement, naturally, where all whoopee rooms should be.

No guest there but had known Eddie at least five years, so it was all in the nature of Old Home week. There were Ed Breese, Joe Cawthorn, Noel Madison, Frank Morgan, Ralph Morgan, Lester Cowan, Ralph Block, Charlie Evans, Jack Benny, Maurice Chevalier, Bing Crosby, Frank Craven, Irvin S. Cobb, Harry Lachman, Otto Kruger, Jimmy Gleason, Ernest Vadja, Walter Woolf, James Cagney, Chester Morris, Pat O'Brien, Jesse Lasky, Dudley Digges, Harold Lloyd, Dick Powell, Jimmy Durante and many others.

Stories naturally got bigger and bigger, and probably Ted Healy's about his pet lioness took the prize brass mug.

"I used to take Tillie—that was the lion's name—around with me to parties," said Ted. "One night I had had her at a party, and, wrapped in a big coat, a friend of mine and I slipped her into a taxi when I went home. Guess the taxi driver thought that the bundle was in all probability a woman.

"When we got home, the driver asked me if I had any money to pay for the trip. Don't know why he asked such a question. It made me sore. 'No,' I said, 'but maybe my companion inside has.' He took one look inside, spied Tillie—and is probably running yet!"

Irvin S. Cobb told stories, Walter Woolf and Dick Powell sang.

And everybody wore butchers' aprons.

ICE skating seems to be out since a couple of stars nearly broke their precious necks at the ice-skating rinks in Hollywood. But you can't keep these stars away from sports permanently, no matter what the danger, and now a fad of roller-skating is setting in.

Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill started it all with their roller-skating party, undertaken quite spontaneously and with no malice aforethought, one

Hollywood Goes A-Partying

night after dinner at their home where a number of friends were guests.

Slacks were donned by everybody—some of the guests had to go home to get theirs, but Cary and Virginia had quite a supply—and then everybody went to the Rollerdrome in Culver City.

Sally Blane already knew how to skate, but Randy Scott had rather a tough time learning. Or maybe he only pretended not to know how so Sally Blane could teach him.

Virginia and Cary are awfully good skaters, and hospitably lent a hand to their less skilful brothers and sisters.

HAROLD LLOYD helping his children celebrate a birthday by showing four reels of movies of the little ones at different ages; at a "most embarrassing moment" story contest held at Columbia, Victor Schertzinger won the prize. "I know a fellow," said Victor, "who plays the harp. He dragged it along with him to a party—and then nobody thought to ask him to play"; Lee Tracy's mother, Mrs. W. L. Tracy, and Jack Oakie's mama, Mrs. Evalyn Oldfield, met for the first time at Paramount; Anna May Wong sending her dad and mother off to China for a vacation; Gwynn Williams, Sr., dad to Gwynn (Big Boy) Williams, Jr., was being entertained on the "One in a Million" set at Invincible Pictures, where Big Boy was working. The elder Williams is U. S. Congressman from Texas, and Dorothy Wilson inquired of Junior whether he meant sometime to enter politics. "Nothing doing," retorted Big Boy, "I'm going to stick to movies, and polo ponies"; John Preston was playing in "Courage of the North" on location in a little California town. "So you're the Chief of Police?" he remarked to that worthy when they met. "Glad to know you," he went on, "I wonder if I could also shake hands with the Fire Chief." "Sure," answered the Police Chief genially, "just wait till I change hats!"; Novelty in the way of place cards, used at the party given by Mrs. Otto Kruger for Claudia Morgan (Mrs. Robert Shippee): You draw a card from the down-turned pack, and your luncheon or dinner partners are the other three guests holding cards of different suits but same numbers or face cards as your own. (Of course this means using tables for four.) For instance, if you draw the queen of hearts, you look up the other queens and sit at table with them; George Barnes inscribing on his gift at the baby shower given his wife, Joan Blondell—"From your baby to my baby for our baby." The gift was a bassinet.

Do you keep up with the new pictures? Can you pick the winners? Then see page seventeen.

GET TWO SMOKE THRILLS FOR ONE MINT



A Life Saver after each cigarette gives you a *cleaner* taste in your smoke-tired mouth . . . a *keener* taste for the next smoke!

A FAMOUS FLAVOR . . . . WINT-O-GREEN LIFE SAVERS



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Especially designed for the nose and upper throat . . . *where most colds start* . . . Va-tro-nol aids and gently stimulates the functions provided by Nature to prevent colds.

If irritation has led to stuffiness, Va-tro-nol reduces swollen membranes—clears away clogging mucus—enables you again to breathe freely. Welcome relief for the discomforts of head colds and nasal catarrh.

Vicks Va-tro-nol is *real medication*—yet is *perfectly safe*—for children and adults alike. And so easy to use—any time or place. Keep a bottle always handy—at home and at work.

Note! **For Your Protection**

The remarkable success of Vicks drops—for nose and throat—has brought scores of imitations. The trade-mark "Va-tro-nol" is your protection in getting this exclusive Vicks formula.

Always ask for *Vicks Va-tro-nol.*

TWO GENEROUS SIZES—30¢ and 50¢

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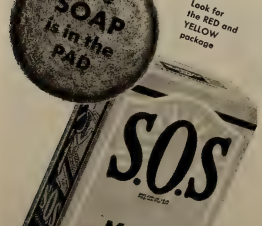
S.O.S *made it shine like new*

One spot—a dozen spots—the *whole pan* black. Burned black. There's where S. O. S. shines.

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NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ C



White Bird and her assistant in her novelty shop.

White Bird—Hollywood's Indian Casting Director

By RAMON ROMERO

FACING Grauman's Chinese Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard is a little Indian shop whose windows display a colorful array of Indian goods, gathered from the reservations of most of the tribes in the great West; intricately woven baskets, navajo blankets, tom-toms, turquoise-studded bracelets, shell beads, rings with Indian songs hammered into them. The quaint reminder of a passing race, flaunting its death in the commercial world of the succeeding civilization, is to the passer-by but a little novelty shop—but to the Indians who reside in Hollywood it is the gateway to cinema fame—the open sesame to a career where all the heroic glories of a vanquished age may be relived again by the children of the conquered.

The mistress of this shop is one of the most picturesque characters in a city of picturesque types. Her distinction is one that cannot be claimed by any other person in the world. She is Hollywood's only Indian casting director. Her shop is also her casting office; and it is here that every producer and director come when they want Indians for their pictures. She can furnish squaws as well as papooses——and medicine men as well as warriors. In her files are such names as Ki Yellow-horse, High Eagle, Young Beaver, Iron Eyes, White Eagle, Chief Standing Bear, Big Tree, Willow Bird—all of these men. White Flower, Rapid Elk, Princess Wyhmenia and Walks-Alone are some of the girls.

Since the early silent days of Richard Dix's "Vanishing American" she has been discovering and sponsoring Indian talent for the movies. She helped to cast most of the red men in "Cimarron." Not only does she serve in a casting capacity—but she is one of the best authorities on Indian dress as well. Many of the Indian costumes and jewels seen in Indian pictures are rented from her shop.

Her husband, a full-blooded redman, is an opera singer, now touring the East in concert, and said to be headed for the Metropolitan. Her daughter, known affectionately in Hollywood as just plain Cookie, (called Biscuit by mistake) works in pictures constantly. A short while ago she was given her first opportunity in a bit at Universal to play a character other than Indian—and it was the happiest moment of her life.

White Bird and her brood of Indians are all cultured, educated Americans. They speak a finer and more correct English than most of the producers and directors they work with. To see them together is to disprove forever the theory that Indians have no sense of humor. They love to laugh and to kid. The handsome young Indian who hammers out rings in the front window of White Bird's shop does so to the tune of "Three Little Pigs," impersonating the Fuller Brush man with a perfect Jewish dialect!

WHITE BIRD hardly approves of some of the mistakes made in Indian pictures, but she does admit that the producers are more careful to be authentic than of yore. Her hardest job is not pleasing the producers, but keeping peace in her large family, for Indians from different tribes are all jealous of one another—and so many tribes gather in her little place that it is like a pow-wow of the five great tribes. To pacify them all requires the best of diplomacy.

White Bird's plans for the future are not only ambitious, but elaborate. Plans have already been drawn for a huge Pueblo group of shops, patterned after the Cliff Dwellers of New Mexico. This unusual and imposing edifice is to replace her present shop, and will, by the very nature of its uniqueness, become one of the show places of the West. Here, two civilizations will meet in happy compromise. Sid Grauman has promised every cooperation to his red-skinned friends, who are his across-the-street neighbors. What is more unusual is the radio programs White Bird is planning, which will feature Indian talent exclusively, giving Hollywood the honor of having the one and only Indian broadcasting station in the entire world.



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55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

What to Expect in the New Films

(*Continued from page 49*)

RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD
•
RKO

In spite of the fact that this plot has been used again and again, Norman Krasna optimistically drags out the old one about the poor little rich girl, looking for a man who will love her for herself alone! However, with the Krasna touch to help it along, even triteness becomes a pleasure.

Miriam Hopkins has so much money that you'd be surprised and the government would love it.

She's crazy for Joel McCrea, but, having been disillusioned so many times, puts on the old Cinderella act to test his affection.

Joel fools her, though, and goes for her married girl friend, whom Miriam has led him to believe is the "richest girl in the world." He even goes so far as to propose to the other gal (Fay Wray) but before the wedding bells can ring out, Joel suffers a change of heart, discovers that, after all, money isn't everything (well, not quite everything) and carries the palpitant Miriam far away from the "unwholesome atmosphere of ultra-richness" to be his blushing bride!

Not new, but still— And we don't think you'll find any fault with William Seiter's direction.

BIOGRAPHY OF A BACHELOR
•
M-G-M

To be quite sure that nothing I may say will be used against me, I must warn you that this production is in the embryo stage at present and subject to change without notice.

Ann Harding plays the woman who has won fame and notoriety through her portrait painting and her amours. Encouraged by a young and attractive magazine editor, played by Robert Montgomery, Ann decides to write her biography. Learning of her intentions, Edward Everett Horton, her lover, hurries to her apartment with the definite idea of talking her out of the general exposé, on account of he is now a stuffed shirt of the first water and headed for the Senate. And wouldn't the other senators be surprised to hear of their buddy's earlier indiscretions?

In spite of the fact that he's engaged to Una Merkel, a millionaire's daughter, Horton finds himself falling for Ann all over again.

He hires her to paint his portrait, and, before it's half finished, swears he will toss, millionaires, Senate, and everything overboard, just like that, if only Ann will marry him.

But Ann is in love with Montgomery and tells Horton to get along to Washington and catch up on his sleep.

Bob begs her to marry him, but realizing that the difference in their ages will always stand between them, Ann tears up her unfinished biography and sets out for Hollywood . . . alone.

E. H. Griffith directs the delicate details.

(*Please turn to page 96*)

A TRUE STORY



By A Mother

who brings up her four children very differently from grandma's way

HERE'S a story that covers three generations. Mrs. G. R. Strong, of Clermont, New York, sends us this letter.

"In olden days," she writes, "when my mother was a girl she was a delicate child. She tells me that at nine in the morning she was given a patent medicine for biliousness; at noon she took another for chronic constipation; and at three she took a blood builder. She has often told me people didn't know much about health when she was a girl.

"I often contrast my four fine, healthy youngsters with mother. We don't fill them up with medicines the way people used to in mother's day. Thanks to my doctor's directions we just use Nujol regularly. It has not upset their stomachs, and even when they had whooping cough they only had serum and Nujol.

"I could write a book about Nujol from my fourteen years of married life. My husband's father uses it, and at seventy-four he is well and takes long walks.

"The children are Bud, age thirteen; Royal, age ten; Elaine, age nine; and Joyce, age four. All of them are bright, active, and alert. They are advanced in school, and up to standard in weight and height. They love outdoor sports—hiking, swimming, and so on. We think we're pretty lucky to have discovered such an easy way to keep in good shape.

"You can publish this—maybe it will help some other families to keep well!"

Nujol, "regular as clockwork" now comes in two forms, plain Nujol and Cream of Nujol, the latter flavored and often preferred by children. You can get it at any drug store.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been using Nujol for ten years or more, if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address Stanco Incorporated, 2 Park Avenue, Department 19U, New York City. Copr. 1934, Stanco Inc.

CORNS

CALLOUSES—BUNIONS—SORE TOES



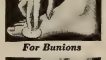
"What comfort!", you'll exclaim the minute you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads to aching corns, painful callouses, throbbing bunions, tender toes, chafed heels or sore insteps. Nagging shoe pressure or friction on the sensitive spot is instantly ended by these soothing, healing, protective, thin, cushioning pads. Corns, sore toes and blisters are easily prevented. This scientific, medically safe, sure treatment also quickly

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For Bunions


For Soft Corns

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Gray Hair

Best Remedy is Made At Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

What to Expect in the New Films

(*Continued from page 95*)

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS
•
M-G-M

And what do you think every woman knows? Simply that every husband likes to believe that the canoe of matrimony couldn't navigate a-tall without his back-seat driving! Are you listenin'?

Brian Aherne, poor but promising, needs three hundred pounds to start him off on a fancy career. Helen Hayes, a bit of an ugly duckling, (for plot purposes) gives him the money with the understanding that he is to marry her at the end of five years, providing she hasn't changed her mind at the end of that time.

Five years later, Brian is up for Parliament, thanks to Helen's money. They are married and because Helen practically writes every word of his subsequent speeches, the fellow goes far and gains fame and fortune.

Not realizing that his career is almost utterly dependent on the little woman, Brian falls in love with a highly polished lady of the nobility, and Helen, discovering him, agrees to give him up to her rival, without tears or recrimination.

But, before definitely making the break, Helen sends the pair to a friend's estate to "get acquainted," and, if J. M. Barrie hadn't written the story, I'd be inclined to snort derisively that the thing had been done before. And even before that.

Brian discovers, to his amazement, that he hasn't half appreciated Miss Hayes' propensities. Furthermore, he is definitely convinced that even the strongest polish has its weak spots.

So, properly chastened, the conceited wretch goes home to his wife, learns how to laugh, and . . . all's well!

Director Gregory LaCava does right smart by the Scotch-British set-up.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS
•
Universal

This classic, by our old friend, Charles Dickens, reminds us, just a bit, of "Anthony Adverse" with an "Oliver Twist" complex.

Henry Hull, who immortalized himself as the star of the famous play, "Tobacco Road," interprets the difficult role of "Magwitch," an escaped convict and a strange and mysterious fellow, as well.

On Christmas Eve, George Breakstone is visiting the graves of his father, mother and brothers, when Hull pops out from behind a tombstone and commands the frightened child to fetch him food, clothing and a file with which to relieve himself of the heavy iron that imprisons his leg.

In helping the man, Georgie wins his eternal gratitude, and, when the little fellow is up for a beating for stealing the food, Hull steps forward and takes the blame.

Hull has broken from prison for the sole purpose of killing the man who stole his wife, but, before he can do more than bruise him up a bit, the law picks him up and . . . "back to prison he must go!"

A year later, Georgie is "rented out" to Florence Reed, an eccentric and morbid middle-aged woman, who bitterly insists on brooding over the dear, dead days when the man of her heart deserted her at the altar. To square things up, she has adopted a beautiful little girl for the sole purpose of bringing her up to hate men and make life as miserable as possible for the entire male clan. And, with Georgie as a prospective victim, life takes on a glow of sadistic anticipation.

When the boy is sixteen, Phillips Holmes fills Georgie's shoes and the play transfers itself to the home of Alan Hale, a simple blacksmith, to whom Holmes has been apprenticed.

Out of a clear sky, a lawyer arrives on the scene with the great news that Phillips has been left a fortune by an unknown benefactor. It is stipulated that he shall go to the city and learn how to be a gentleman.

In the big town, several years later, Holmes runs across Hull and discovers that he is the big-hearted fellow responsible for Phillips' acquired gentlemanliness.

Hull confides that, years ago, he had a daughter, and, by putting two and two together, Holmes figures that the beautiful ward of the eccentric Florence Reed is little Nell herself!

There are a lot of complications. Hull finds, and kills the man who broke up his home, is condemned to the gallows, but dies a natural death just before the execution.

The morbid preamble is climaxed by a beautiful scene in a garden, where Phillips finds his childhood playmate grown to lovely young womanhood and ready, now, to admit her love for him.

Jane Wyatt, a newcomer from London, plays the grown-up sweetheart. Stuart Walker directs.

KID MILLIONS
•
United Artists

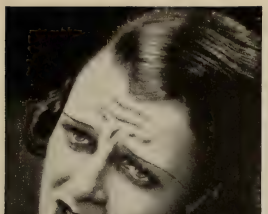
It took three top-notch writers to concoct this hilarious tale for our favorite comedian, Eddie Cantor, but, when Nunnally Johnson, Nat Perrin and Arthur Sheekman finished the job, we had to admit that the end more than justified the means.

From the sidelines, we watched Eddie go into his act and, as far as we're concerned, the lad has more pep and appeal than ever. And, for Eddie, that's something!

For the most part, the locale of the story is laid in Egypt, where Eddie's father, an explorer, has dropped dead shortly after unearthing great riches from the tomb of the royal Sheik's ancestors.

Eddie, heir to this great fortune, is living on the Brooklyn waterfront with three mean step-brothers, when the news arrives. Hopping a boat for Egypt, he discovers that no less than half a dozen other passengers are headed in the same direction to see what can be done about eliminating the rightful heir to the Sheik's treasure.

It is hilarious intrigue from be-



"I Couldn't Sit. Couldn't Stand.

Couldn't even Lie Down!

IF THERE is anybody who knows what suffering is, it is the person afflicted with Piles!

Piles can do more to torment you and pull you down physically and mentally than almost any other single ailment. Yet on account of the delicacy of the subject many hesitate to seek relief.

Yet Piles can have a very serious outcome, often necessitating surgery.

If there's anything that is genuine treatment of Piles it is Pazo Ointment! Pazo almost instantly relieves the pain, soreness and itching and stops any bleeding. But, more than that, Pazo tends to correct the condition of Piles as a whole.

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Pazo comes in two forms—in tubes and tins. The tubes have a special Pile Pipe for insertion in the rectum. All drug stores sell Pazo at small cost. Get either a tube or tin today and see the genuine relief it holds in store for you.

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What to Expect in the New Films

ginning to end, with Cantor keeping up his end for more chuckles than you can shake a stick at.

Imagine Eddie in harem pants and plenty of beads, trying to ward off the amorous advances of the Sheik's twenty wives?

Or, funnier yet, watch the magician put his Uncle Louie in a basket, clout him over the head and substitute a dog. Then, when the basket is opened and the pooch jumps out and dashes up the street, Eddie chases after him frantically yelling: "Stop, Uncle Louie . . .! Wait a minute! . . . Don't be mad!"

A harem queen tries to vamp him and, to evade the gal, he hides away in a cellar full of mummies. A jealous sheik rouses him out and commands that he be boiled in oil!

It's all grand fun, and the finale is probably the most unique you have ever seen.

Roy Del Ruth had the fun of directing this one, with the old maestro, Seymour Felix handling the dance routines.

Ethel Merman and George Murphy add their fine voices to the musical numbers, as well as Ann Sothern, who plays the romantic interest.

HAPPINESS AHEAD

•

Warners

You're going to meet up with a lot of new folks this month, and one of the most interesting of the New York celebrities is Josephine Hutchinson, who plays the part of Dick Powell's newest sweetheart in this story, by Harry Sauber.

Josephine is a wealthy young lady who ducks her marriage to a blue blood and dashes out to join a New Year's throng, winding up in a chop suey parlor where she meets Dick Powell, manager of a window-washing company.

Then and there, they fall for each other, and, not wanting to spoil the illusion, Josephine pretends that she is just a poor little girl, struggling vainly for a meagre existence in the whirlpool of life.

Racketeers have made it pretty tough for the window-washing business and, to protect himself, Dick is paring expenses in the hope of saving enough to buy himself about two thousand dollars worth of protection.

Secretly, Josie goes to her rich papa and tells him all about it. And, just as the old man is handing her a check that is big enough to keep even a window washer in the style to which he would like to become accustomed, lo and behold! . . . who should shinny up on the window ledge and pull out a wet sponge but . . . Dick himself!

Seeing his girl friend give the old fellow a healthy kiss in exchange for the check, Dick draws his own conclusions, meets her at the cheap little apartment she has taken and tells her he never did love her. You know how it is.

After that, it takes a lot of jockeying to get the love birds together again, but Director Mervyn LeRoy, with the help of a song or two from

(*Please turn to page* 98)

STOP THAT COLD IN ITS TRACKS!

Don't Let It "Get Going!"

A COLD is nothing to "monkey with". It can take hold quickly and develop seriously. Take no chances on inviting dangerous complications.

Treat a cold promptly and for what it is—an internal infection. Take a remedy that is internal and one that is expressly for colds and not for a number of other things as well.

The wise thing to take is Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine—for several reasons. Instead of a "cure-all," it is expressly a cold remedy. It is also an internal treatment which a cold requires. And it is complete in effect.

Does the 4 Things Necessary

First, it opens the bowels. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and helps fortify against further attack. Anything less than that is not complete treatment.

Safe!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine contains nothing harmful and is absolutely safe to take. For more than forty years it has been the standard cold and grippe tablet of the world, the formula always keeping pace with Modern Medicine.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine comes in two sizes—30c and 50c. The 50c size is by far the more economical "buy" as it gives you 20% more for your money.

Always ask fully for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and look for the letters LBQ stamped on every tablet.



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What to Expect in the New Films

(*Continued from page* 97)

Mister Powell, manages to swing the story around to a happy finish, and everybody is satisfied.

ENTER MADAME
•
Paramount

Which will you have? Dick Powell singing "Pop Goes Your Heart"? . . . or Elissa Landi, warbling grand opera?

From an opera box, Cary Grant hears Elissa knock a few high C's off the ceiling, and, then and there, makes up his mind that life won't be complete unless he can have those "dc-re-mi's" served up with his morning bacon and eggs forever after.

While his erstwhile girl friend, Sharon Lynne, looks down her nice nose at the idea, Cary and la Landi slip away and tell it to the nearest Justice of the Peace, swearing that it'll be for keeps. Or else.

Or else . . . shortly after the ceremony, Landi's agent appears with the exciting news that he has signed her for a concert tour in Scandinavia Elissa thinks it's a right swell idea, but Cary, after trying to talk her out of it, packs his other collar and hops a boat for America, mad as anything!

While the little woman is going over big in Scandinavia, Cary starts divorce proceedings, announcing his intention of marrying Sharon Lynne.

Elissa can't take it. Cancelling all engagements, she leaves for America, determined to tell her short-time husband a wifely thing or two.

Arriving in this country, she puts on a dinner, inviting a bunch of Bohemian pals to make merry in honor of her return. A bit reluctantly, Cary attends and is so intrigued by his wife's singing and the general atmosphere of the crowd that, after it's all over, he goes home, gets his carpet slippers and returns, for keeps.

Gilda Varesi and Dolly Byrne wrote the tale of operatic intrigue, and Elliott Nugent directs.

GENTLEMEN ARE BORN
•
Warners

Franchot Tone makes his debut on the Warner lot in Robert Johnson's story of the trials and tribulations of young men "just out of college."

Tone, Ross Alexander, Merwin Light and John Foran graduate from college and start out in the world to make their respective marks.

It's plenty tough going, but, in spite of poverty and big, bad wolves at the door, Ross marries Jean Muir and they settle down, happy.

Tone is in love with Margaret Lindsay but, because she's the kind of gal that can afford to order from the left-hand side of the menu, he's a bit fearful about announcing his intentions.

Foran, trying to make a living, meets Ann Dvorak, a librarian, and, because they, too, love each other, Ann refuses to allow a two-figure pay check to stand in the way of their "I do's."

Foran gets a job delivering parcels in a department store, owned by John Eldredge, an alumnus of the same college, who is quite that-a-way about Tone's girl friend.

Because business is slack, Eldredge is forced to let Foran go; and, just about the same time, Ann is kicked off the library pay roll because she is married.

Up against it and desperate, Foran holds up a pawnbroker, and Tone, going to get the story of the shooting for his newspaper, finds his old pal in the morgue.

Becoming involved in a bank failure, Margaret's father commits suicide; and, on top of everything else, Margaret tells Franchot that she has decided to marry Eldredge for his money.

About this time, Ross and Jean present the world with a potential president and, when all the old crowd gather at their flat to greet the new arrival, Ross decides to play Cupid.

Pushing Margaret and Tone into a spare room and locking the door on them, he promotes what you . . . and you . . . have been hoping for, all along. It's a nice ending for everybody except Miss Dvorak. Al Green directs.

ORCHIDS AND ONIONS
•
Columbia

May Robson . . . bless her! is back in the same old dressing room where she won such glowing laurels for her incomparable performance in "Lady for a Day."

May is hauled into night court for giving the well-deserved "razzberry" to a "not-good-but-loud" mammy singer.

The kindly judge, who has a soft spot in his heart for the lovable old lady, sentences her to Auburn penitentiary for five years. But, after court is adjourned, he changes the sentence to "life" in the county poorhouse, where you just know he intends to see to it that May has the best of everything.

Carole Lombard, a fan dancer, brought into court for indecent exposure, pays her five-hundred dollar fine and, due to a brain storm of her publicity agent, goes to the same poorhouse to adopt a "mother," because it's Mothers' Day; at the time it seems to be a swell publicity stunt.

The gals like to each other and because May wants to see to it that Carole has all the things she's missed, she manages to introduce the ex-fan dancer to the richest man in England.

The fellow falls for the idea but, just about the time it begins to look like wedding bells, Carole falls in love with Roger Pryor, a struggling young lawyer.

Having been in love with Roger's father, long ago, May can see the girl's angle, but the boy's uppity mama raises particular heck, swearing that she'll have Robson slammed in the jail house if Carole doesn't break her lease on Roger's affections.

Carole breaks with Roger, and May, realizing the sacrifice, goes on a rip-snorting, window-smashing rampage, figuring to get her pseudo daughter so disgusted that she'll leave her cold.



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WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved within one minute.

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JUST RUB IT ON THE GUMS

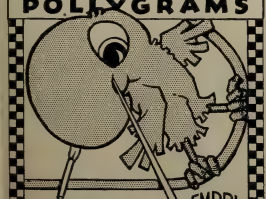
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POLLYGRAMS



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SHOE LACES with VICTORY TIPS

They Stand the Strain

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INTERNATIONAL BRAID CO PROVIDENCE

What to Expect in the New Films

May is picked up for disorderly conduct, and sent before Walter Connolly, the same kindly judge who has suspended her old five-year sentence in favor of the poor house.

Understanding more of the facts than May realizes, Connolly reprimands her mildly and orders her locked up for the day. And, when Carole and Roger dash down to the jail, May stands on the other side of her barred door, witnessing the marriage of the girl she loves to the son of the man she once loved.

Dwight Taylor wrote the story especially for Miss Robson, and David Burton directs.

WHEN LADIES DREAM
•
Universal

Binnie Barnes is a beautiful young kleptomaniac with a grand passion for beautiful diamonds and rare perfume.

Paul Cavanaugh, who has never met the lady, is so intrigued by her beauty that he follows her from one jewelry store to another, making good to the management for anything Binnie may have picked up on her way out.

The police find a glove Binnie has carelessly dropped and, in spite of Paul, are suspicious enough to take the mitten to Neil Hamilton's perfume shoppe for the purpose of finding out who had purchased the peculiar scent.

Curious, Neil goes to the hotel for the fun of being in at the arrest, but, one look at Binnie and he falls in love with her.

Hoping to spare her the ignominy of arrest, Neil puts her on a train, tells her to go away and begin over.

But, when he returns to his apartment, there sits Binnie, calm as you please, announcing that, as long as she has never sold any of her ill-gotten gains, she intends giving herself over to the authorities, since her apprehension is inevitable anyhow.

Cavanaugh arrives on the scene and tells her that he has always loved her, and that he hasn't the least idea that she'll be able to give up diamond snatching.

So Binnie makes the two a proposition. If, after a thorough test, she can't resist the temptation to steal . . . then, she'll marry Cavanaugh. But, if things work out to the contrary . . . it will be Neil.

How the author, William Hurlbut, works things out to a happy ending is something you'll have to wait for since to tell you might spoil your entertainment. Ernst L. Frank directs.

READY FOR LOVE
•
Paramount

Ida Lupino runs away from boarding school and bursts in on her mother, Marjorie Rambeau a vaudeville actress, with the startling news that she wants to go on the stage.

Marjorie refuses to allow her to do this and sends her ambitious daughter packing to stay with a prim auntie in Chetwattle Falls.

Riding along, with the body of an important business man in the "baggage coach ahead," Ida loses her (*Please turn to page* 100)



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EYEBROW PENCIL

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(WHO FOUGHT WITH MICKEY McGUIRE) CARRIED HIS OWN



Johnson & Johnson
FIRST AID KIT

for neater hair
use STA-RITE HAIR PINS
they hold better
Look for the Patented Crimp
STA-RITE HAIR PIN CO. SHELBYVILLE, ILL.

What to Expect in the New Films

(*Continued from page* 99)

doggie and, when the natives of Chetwattle Falls see a strange young woman crying her eyes out, they feel that she is weeping over the deceased who has been quite a Dapper Dan in his day, and, right away, Ida becomes plenty notorious.

Dick Arlen, a reporter, gives the story quite a big play in his newspaper and, when he meets Ida and finds out that the story is untrue, it's too late to do anything about it.

The widow of the late business leader gives Ida a good workout in an old colonial ducking stool and by the time the soaking Ida gets her breath, she's all over the front pages and more notorious than ever.

Promoters from all over the country flock to Chetwattle Falls with so many glamorous propositions that Ida doesn't know which one to take.

In love with the girl, Arlen tries to talk her out of taking any of them, but, Ida, realizing that it's the chance of a lifetime, gives him a good argument, with the result that Dick, the rascal, walks out of her life "forever."

After he's gone, Ida exercises her feminine prerogative and changes her mind, deciding definitely that she'd rather have love than any kind of career.

So, it's off to Niagara Falls.

Ida is at last "ready for love," as the authors, Roy Flannagan and Eulalie Spence put it. And Marion Gering does his level best with the direction.

WAGON WHEELS
•
Paramount

Yoo, hoo . . . Skinnay! . . . Injuns an' everything! . . . Come a-runnin' . . . .!

Paramount reverts to the pioneer days in this saga of the past when covered wagons were the last word in travel and sturdy women stood, shoulder to shoulder, with their menfolks to fight off the swarthy redskin.

When the wagon train, headed by Randolph Scott, starts out on the long trail to Oregon, Gail Patrick, a comely young widow, and her small son, Billy Lee, hop in the family buggy and prepare to trek along with the hardy frontiersmen.

Randy takes one look at the one hoss shay and says "no go," but Monte Blue, a bad mans in league with the Indians, loans Gail one of his wagons, thinking, no doubt, that the lady will appreciate the gesture and maybe let him hold her hand after they get better acquainted.

The authors, Charles Logue, Jack Cunningham, and Carl A. Russ, have employed all the good old mechanics of Indian fighting, with the result that the kids are going to see what mama and papa saw (and liked) in the days when the movie industry was in its infancy.

Flaming arrows cut their way across the horizon, pioneer scalps litter the highway, but, in spite of all, Randy and Gail overcome each new hardship and carry on to find love and happiness at the end of the trail.

Charles Barton directs.

I'LL FIX IT
•
Columbia

High in political circles, Jack Holt is in a position to "fix" just about any proposition that comes his way. However, when his kid brother, Jimmy Butler, is to be barred from the school ball team just because he does his algebra ten times and gets ten different answers, Holt discovers that the pretty schoolmarm is one person he can't do anything about.

When Jack sends roses and a note suggesting that teacher skip the algebra proposition, Mona Barrie throws the roses out the window and keeps Jimmy after school to furrow his young brow over the ins and outs of "X," the unknown quantity, while the rest of the boys are knocking 'em over the fence in a nearby back lot.

When Jack comes back with theater tickets and a wrist watch, Mona makes confetti out of the pasteboards, returns the watch, via Jack's chauffeur, and launches an attack of ratio and proportion that sends the uncomprehending Jimmy sprawling for the count of ten.

It's a fight to the finish and, before the thing is over, Jack runs up the white flag, presents the city with a brand new park, and marries the readin' and writin' expert in self-defense!

Ethel Hill and Dorothy Howell are the authors and Roy Neill gets directorial honors for this one.

GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS

With the aid of our New Method Circulars you can make these attractive and practical gifts for Christmas. Here they are:

No. 338—A becoming crocheted bed jacket.

No. 339—A new style work bag.

No. 340—A laundry bag made of two good-looking wash cloths.

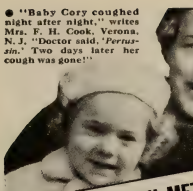
No. 341—Directions for making crochet and linen table pads.

No. 342—A dainty transparent hat stand cover.

No. 343—An engaging handbag which may be made of velvet or corded silk.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles, care of NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing 4 cents for one circular, 10 cents for 3 circulars, or 15 cents for all six. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.

● "Baby Cory coughed night after night," writes Mrs. F. H. Cook, Verona, N. J. "Doctor said, 'Pertussin.' Two days later her cough was gone!"

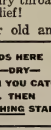


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Go Ahead and Laugh

(*Continued from page* 33)

of looking at it, the screen is by far the more inspirational of the two. I've produced so many of my own plays both here and in New York that I can, and have become bored with the routine of the theater. But I have never put my foot on a sound stage for a new picture without experiencing a thrill in contemplating the vastness of the movie audience, and the great outlay of money it takes to produce even a bad picture. To me, the contrast between the thrill of the stage and the screen is comparable to the feeling of a gambler sitting in on a penny ante . . . in contrast to . . . a no-limit game. The mechanics of the stage are no longer a mystery to me . . . they would not be even to a child who was backstage for twenty-four hours. But I am still in the dark as to the mysteries of the camera and the microphone . . . and no amount of explanation can thoroughly clear these matters in my mind."

I suggested that perhaps his intense enthusiasm for the movies might partly be laid at the door of his exceptional "free lance" contracts which permit him to pick and choose roles he wants to do, without being hampered like the contracted player who has to do anything that is tossed his way.

Though the Horton manners are far too courtly and old-world to permit the out-and-out contradiction of a lady, I got the idea that this was not the case.

"I've heard that legend about me, too," he smiled, "but it isn't true. I've never refused a single screen role offered to me. Even if I were in a position to, which I do not feel I am, I would not, because I think it is not possible for any actor to tell by merely reading a part just how the finished picture will come out on the screen. There is too much rewriting of stories and dialogue, and too much resting in the hands of an artistic director, for any actor to miss the chance of being in a "hit," merely because he did not like the looks of his part in print. I would work with a director like Lubitsch if the script read with all the dullness of the alphabet. I'd know *he* would be able to make it alive, thrilling and human. Far from being choosey about my roles . . . I'm flattered by every offer I get. Really, I mean it.

"OF course," he conceded with that slight side-tilt of his head that is so characteristic of the screen Horton, "I've never really been subjected to the many things, including marriage rumors, divorce rumors and alimony, which I understand are among the things which make Hollywood a bore to so many actors. I've never been married, though I've contemplated that pleasant estate once or twice. So I have continued to make my home with my mother. We have quite a gay time of it, too, out at our San Fernando Valley ranch. I can't say I miss any of the delights of family life. Due to the fact that I have several brothers and sisters with children, I have even known how it feels to look out the

(*Please turn to page* 102)



Water test reveals moisture-proof face powder

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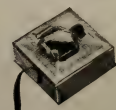
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Three-in-One makes sewing easier to do, and easier on your nerves. For 3-in-One not only lubricates the machine thoroughly, but keeps the action parts cleaner; free of rust. Use it regularly to keep your sewing machine always easy-running. Handy cans and bottles—all stores.

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Wins Back
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HER raw nerves were soothed. She banished that "dead tired" feeling. Won new youthful color—restful nights, active days—all because she rid her system of bowel-clogging wastes that were sapping her vitality. NR Tablets (Nature's Remedy)—the mild, safe, all-vegetable laxative—worked the transformation. Try it for constipation, biliousness, headaches, dizzy spells, colds. See how refreshed you feel. At all druggists—25c.

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BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

Go Ahead and Laugh

(*Continued from page* 101)

window and see ten or twelve advancing upon us for dinner, with only four lamb chops, or something equally inadequate, in the house!"

THOUGH he insists upon kidding about his life as a gentleman farmer, he really indulges in that existence more typically than any other Hollywood actor. His estate, twelve miles from Hollywood, is a favorite gathering place for his friends for his justly famous Sunday morning breakfasts, and to the best of even the candid cameramen's knowledge, Eddie has never yet been caught in a Hollywood night club, prefering to sit on his own verandah and observe "tomatoes, or perhaps they are beets" growing at his doorstep.

This "lazy, the roof-needs-fixing" farm life has been a dream of Horton's ever since he was a kid in Brooklyn where they go in for many things, but seldom farming. Just as all farm kids are supposed to dream of someday conquering the Big City, Eddie, a city kid, dreamed of conquering the farm. The fact that there had been no farmers in his background (his father, Edward Everett Horton Sr., was an editorial writer on the New York *Times* and his mother, Isabella Diack Horton had never set her foot off a sidewalk) made little difference. He filed farming away as a desirable occupation later to be consummated in his life, and in the meantime there was his public school education in Brooklyn, Oberlin College and Columbia University to be completed.

It was at Oberlin, and later Columbia, that Eddie's attention first turned to dramatic art. He wrote, directed and acted in college class plays whenever the opportunity presented. On graduation from college, he was induced to try for a business career, via New York and New Jersey Telephone Co., but three weeks sufficed to cure him of his commercial ambitions.

His first theatrical engagement was a twenty-five weeks run with the Orpheum Players in Philadelphia, followed by one year with Mrs. Beulah Jay's Little Theatre Players, sixty-four weeks on the B. F. Keith vaudeville circuit and five years stock with Thomas Wilkes in Los Angeles.

In 1921 he began his motion picture career when he appeared in "Too Much Business." From that time to this Eddie has not left pictures except for an "enforced" vacation of a year which took place soon after talking pictures came in and musicals became the rage. During the bleak spell when there were no "Horton" roles, Eddie occupied his time by producing his own stage shows in Los Angeles and with Florence Eldridge as his co-star he scored distinct hits in "Among the Married" and "Private Lives." It was also during this period that he found time to scout about and search for that ideal farm of his—a kid dream he really never got over.

"The place started out as 'Horton's Folly'," he cheerfully explains. "No one thought I'd ever stick it out. And perhaps I wouldn't if it weren't so close to the city! I like my farming as I like my movies . . . with a spice of variety!"

A Woman is Always Acting

(*Continued from page* 58)

the curve of seventeen she had run into mishap.

With the face of an imp and the voice of an angel, she whirled down from the Boston Conservatory of Music full of high notes and higher hopes to sing Peep-Bo in "The Mikado" for a single New York performance at the Casino. She wanted to show her father, the seasoned theatrical producer William A. Brady, what she could do. Her demonstration was breathlessly sudden and vastly startling. Tripping out on the stage for her opening number, "Three Little Maids from School," with Fritzi Scheff and Christie MacDonald, she came down with a bang that shamed the bass drum. She had forgotten, it seemed, to rub resin on the bottom of her slippers. But in the bright lexicon of her eager youth there was no such word as flop, so she picked herself up and went into her song as though she always came from school on something more than her feet.

Having established her amateur standing, the plucky debutante nursed her bruises and ambition for two months, then gained a professional footing in the same Gilbert and Sullivan operetta. After that first fall, her rise was rapid both as prima donna and dramatic star. It attained its peak in her triumph as the morbid, tragic daughter in Eugene O'Neill's deep-shadowed "Mourning Becomes Electra."

Today, thanks to the screen, we have the new Alice Brady, gay, sunny mirthful.

Could this lively flibbertigibbet, I wondered, possibly be her real self?

"I'm afraid it is," she confessed with a laugh.

"Then you yourself are never morbid?" I dared to inquire.

"I'm not so sure of that," she meditated. "With an Irish father and a French mother, I suppose I must be at least a morbid Russian."

HER mother, you may be interested to know, was Marie Rene, a dancer who tip-toed out of this world not long after her child had crept into it. That child soon learned to call Grace George "Mom."

"But I really am moody, changeable," Miss Brady now admitted with privileged inconsistency, "one day up on the heights, the next down in the abysmal depths. It's only natural, considering my parentage, that I should be volatile."

Her father once had managed that mannerly champion of the prize-ring, "Gentlemen Jim" Corbett, but I doubted whether anyone ever had really succeeded in managing Lady Alice. Sparring with the thought, I wisely decided to duck it and bob up safely by remarking:

"But you seem happy in pictures."

"I am," agreed Miss Brady, "very

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No. 260. Sally Eilers' kitchen curtains with ball fringe trimming.

No. 261. Casement and draw curtains including Lilian Harvey's dining room curtains.

No. 262. Formal draped curtains of the French type.

No. 63. Curtain rods and other fixtures.

No. 264. Measuring curtains.

No. 265. Fabric and colors for window curtains and draperies.

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Used the World over for many generations to kill rats, mice and noxious animals. A sure way to do away with dangerous pests. Safe to handle. Sold by general stores and druggists. 25c, 50c a box.
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A Woman is Always Acting

happy. For one thing, it's possible to be far more creative in pictures than it is in plays."

This was so unexpected that it quite knocked the wind out of me.

"It's simple enough," Miss Brady proceeded to point out. "In a play the creation of a character is wholly a matter of rehearsals. Then it becomes nothing but repetition, playing the part night after night in exactly the same way. But in pictures you're all the time doing something different, so you're always in a creative mood. Each scene, worked out as you go along, keeps your interest fresh and active. You're not finished with your creative work until the picture itself is finished. Of course, if you get up at six in the morning and have to stay all day with a poor part your interest in it isn't so lively."

"Well," was all I could say, "you've surprised me in pictures."

"I've surprised myself," she laughed. "Of course, I was in silent pictures years ago, when I got six thousand dollars a week—which is a whole lot more than I'm getting now. But that was different, and I was rotten."

"What was the trouble?"

"I needed a voice. Personality is a peculiar thing. Some have it in their faces, some in the way they move. Mine's in my voice. Deprive me of it and I'm lost. Wiggling my face around doesn't do me any good, because I'm not pictorial. So, you see, I've simply got to talk."

"Do you miss an audience to talk to?"

"Not a bit. That's all nonsense, anyway so far as I'm concerned. For my part, I've always been deathly afraid of an audience. It seems to close in on me, and it terrifies me. I can't explain it, unless it is that I'm a hopeless victim of claustrophobia. I had it so badly in 'Mourning Becomes Electra' that it led to something even worse, occupational neuritis. I got it from standing perfectly rigid for what seemed hours. I used to drive my nails into my clenched hands to keep from screaming. My whole body ached, every nerve was a needle, while I stood there silent as a graven image. There's nothing so hard as a lot of heavy standing around in front of an audience. You can't escape it in a play, but you can, I'm thankful to say, in a picture."

WITH her dread of audiences, it seemed a bit strange that Miss Brady should have gone into the stage production of "Biography" out on the Coast.

"I think it's a good thing to do occasionally," she said. "I think, too, that the picture industry likes its stars to do stage things once in a while—provided the plays aren't failures. In that case, the change hurts rather than helps. I'm sorry now I didn't go on tour before going into talking pictures. That's where I made a big mistake, for if I had toured in a play I'd now have a bigger audience in pictures, be more widely known. But, like so many others, I was too fond of the comfort of my New York apartment to go on the road for any length of time. The

(*Please turn to page* 105)

At a dance or dinner With F-O I'm a winner



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Street.....
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Color of your hair?.....



"Look, I'm handsome like Barrymore," says Muggso the Thug, to the poor casting director.

CASTING AROUND

By JACK JAMISON

CASTING means throwing a line to the poor fish. This is what makes trout-fishing different from the casting department of a studio. Well, pretty different. Or maybe not so different. Have it your own way.

HOW TO FIND a casting office on a studio lot. Go where the crowd is thickest.

A CASTING DIRECTOR'S job is to read a script, form pictures of its characters in his mind's eye, and find real actors and actresses (so called) to fit them. He looks for them in huge filing cases of photos, which sit at his elbow and stare reproachfully at him all day long.

TALENT in Hollywood is classified as:

Leading men
Leading women
Character men
Character women
Juves (Juveniles)
Ingenues
Children

So, you see, they aren't all Shirley Temple.

MAYBE THE DIRECTOR decides ten players can play the same part equally well. He telephones the Call Bureau, a clearing-house which acts as go-between for actor and studio, and tells them to send him all ten. The next morning, bright and early, dressed in their best bibs and tuckers and chaperoned by their agents, the ten show up at the studio and are quickly taken in to visit the director assigned to the picture, to keep them from acting all over the place. They then act all over the place. On past performance, on screen-tests, or the casting office's say-so, the director picks the one he wants. The other nine burst into tears. The agents come along to sob for a higher salary.



SALARY, commonly called "gelt," is pretty thoroughly known in advance. The casting office, having hired him over and over again, knows what an actor is getting. If a lot of studios begin to want him at once, his salary goes up, but then and only then. Business is business.

IT'S THE CASTING OFFICE which hands out those contracts you're always hearing about. As a rule, a contract is by the week. A "long term" contract usually is for seven years. But it contains options, which means that the actor can be fired at the end of the first six months, or at the end of his first, second, third, etc., year. If you're no good, the casting office figures, it'll show up inside of a year. Many actors have been going on for ten years and are still no good.

THE CASTING OFFICE hires all extras. Extras with fur coats and table manners get $10. Not-quite-so-classy ones get $7.50. Extras with clothes enough and brains enough to cavort in the foreground without breaking the camera get $5. Ones who can just stand in the background of a mob and fill up space get $3.

MADHOUSE, that's what it is! 1,500 extras and 200 players higher in the scale phone the casting office *every* day. From then on, life for the casting office is just plain—well, skip it.



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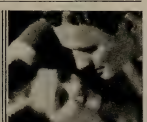
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A Woman is Always Acting

(*Continued from page* 103)

trouble with Broadway actors is they have the silly idea that New York is America."

It was characteristic of Alice Brady to give herself a good hard knock before rapping others.

"I believe," she declared, "that the picture industry will soon establish some permanent system by means of which its stars will be seen in plays for a part of each season. Although they once were sworn enemies, the screen and the stage now are virtually allies. Look at the people of the theater whose fame has become a great part of talking pictures—to name only a few, John Barrymore, Katharine Hepburn, George Arliss, Marie Dressler, Lionel Barrymore, Constance Bennett, Leslie Howard, Ruth Chatterton. All these, and more, are as closely identified with the screen as they ever were with the stage, and their audiences are the largest they have ever known. As never before, Hollywood can't get along without New York."

"Can you get long without it?"

"Easily," she replied. "The change hasn't made the least difference with me, for I live here exactly as I lived in New York. Hollywood is a magnificent place to work in, but aside from my job it means nothing to me but the four walls of my house.

"I don't care for outdoor sports," she explained with smothering finality, "so when I'm not working I stay at home."

"Don't you even go to parties?"

"You can't go to parties and go to work," declared this confirmed recluse, "anyway, I can't."

Hollywood tradition was falling down right before my amazed eyes, and there seemed to be no way of pulling it up. Maybe, after all, Broadway was the gayer spot of the two, leaving nothing to Hollywood but its home-life.

"You can't knock around all night and get up bright and early in the morning," I was informed, not to say warned. "You can't even get up bright. What's more, you've got to look right and sound right when you face the camera and the microphone."

"How's your singing voice?" I solicitously inquired.

"Very well, thank you," said she. "Well enough, that is to stand the strain, which isn't very great in pictures. No prima donna demands are made on it. Now that you mention it, I suppose I whisper, rather than sing, into the microphone. That's about all I need to do, and it's easy."

THIS should be heartening news to women who hum at their work and even now may be deciding to pack their toothbrushes and head for Hollywood. But it may be well for them to remember that Alice Brady studied singing for years. To remember that she worked like a slave with her speaking voice. To remember that her enduring reputation as an actress was made long before she sang and spoke from the screen. To remember that they themselves must have a reputation for doing something where they are before they can even hope to do anything in Hollywood.

And then forget it.



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MAPLEINE

DECEMBER

Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page* 15)

ONE of the funnier stories of the month has to do with the producer who had just finished reading the literary effort of a well known author.

"What do you think of it?" the author asked anxiously.

"Hm-mm-m . . ." the producer responded cautiously. "I think it's colossal! . . . in a small way!"

•

AS you all know, Eddie Cantor is a staunch disciple of "Safety First." So much so that he keeps a close eye on the activities of his little family.

The other day, his fourteen-year-old daughter hurried into the house, placed a typed page before him, and said: "Sign this, please, Papa," . . . all in a rush.

"Wait a minute!" Eddie exclaimed. "What's this all about, anyhow?"

"Nothing important," his daughter assured him. "Just sign your name . . . right there. I've got to hurry!"

But Eddie was not to be rushed. Reading the document carefully from top to bottom, he discovered that it was an order permitting his child the privilege of driving a car!

Maybe Cantor didn't take the young lady over his knee, but take it from NEMO, he did not sign the order!

•

WELL, we've got to give in and admit that Herbert Marshall is undoubtedly the Man of the Moment these days.

Every feminine star in the Hollywood firmament is fighting for his professional services and purring like the cat that ate the cream when their respective studios can wangle an engagement with the desirable gent.

Even Garbo is a changed woman since Marshall first set foot on the "Painted Veil" set. "Her face," says the M-G-M publicity department, "is happier than we've ever seen it!" And, if Herb's responsible for that . . . Long live the King!

After finishing the "Green Hat," Marshall announced that Connie Bennett was the "nicest person" he had ever worked with! Which may give a few of the others something to think about.

•

NAT PENDLETON has taken unto himself a bodyguard . . . for why, we wouldn't be knowin'. But, together, the two husky brutes look like a pair of safe crackers on a holiday!

IF you didn't give a second glance to the slip of a girl who dashed madly up the sandy beach the other afternoon, you right well should have!

For the dainty miss was none other than Norma Shearer, in mad pursuit of a wandering organ grinder! And all because young Master Thalberg demanded a close-up inspection of the tricky little monkey in the case!

•

IF you're looking for something cute, step around on the "What Every Woman Knows" set and watch the six-foot-two Brian Aherne making love to the petite, five-foot tall Helen Hayes!

All for dear old M-G-M, of course.



GOOD-BAD MAN

Maurice Black, known as one of the bad men of the movies, having made his reputation in a series of gangster roles, is in real life a genial, happy-go-lucky, contented husband, with a record of being married to the same woman for over five years. His latest appearance is in RKO's new musical "Down To Their Last Yacht," in which he again is a racketeer. But it's all in the name of Art, and for the love of the little woman!

COMMERCIAL inconstancy has turned Grant Withers' life upside-down!

Always, when directing friends to his home he has simply instructed them to "turn left at the big refrigerator sign and follow your nose . . . you can't miss it."

The other night he was expecting some new acquaintances out for dinner. 7 o'clock arrived . . . but, no guests. 8 o'clock . . . 9 o'clock . . . and still no guests . . .?

Next day, driving up the Boulevard, imagine Grant's chagrin to discover that his old road mark had been taken down and an ad for bread put up in its place!

•

A TREE squirrel with more than ordinary ambition has moved into Joan Crawford's front yard and proceeded to strike up an acquaintance with that exclusive lady.

The female squirrels must have made the little fellow pretty disillusioned, because, to date, he won't permit the alluring Joan to come within three feet of him.

However, with a little careful coaxing, Joan expects to have the shy feller eating out of her hand before long.

•

THIS younger generation isn't so slow!

Every day, in front of the apartment house where Mae West invites a chosen few to "c'm up s'mtime!" all the kids in the neighborhood ride back and forth on bicycles, scooters and what not, yelling at the top of their young voices: "Hey, Mae!" "Yoo, hoo—, Ma-aa-ae!" "How's about comin' up s'm time?"

Just putting into words what a lot of us are secretly wishing!

•

JUST off the Boulevard, there's a little Spiritualist church, where, for a very small fee, you may go and talk to great-grandfather, your mother-in-law, or maybe even Valentino?

Under the same cover charge, you are permitted to ask questions about the past, present, and future.

Coming out of the place the other night, a friend reports that he stumbled over Toby Wing, sitting on the top step making out a six-page list of questions.

Knowing no etiquette but his own, the bold fellow peeked over the lady's shoulder and told us that the first question was:

"Will I be a success in pictures?"

•

Mae West's family is almost as interesting as she is, herself.

Since her Dad, an ex prize-fighter, moved into the apartment house with his famous daughter, the corridors are filled with more cauliflower ears and gold teeth to the square yard than you ever saw in all Madison Square Garden!

Dad is a swell guy and will bet on anything. The other day, there were two flies on a door, just sitting there minding their own business. Up comes Dad and offers to bet us either way on which one would fly away first!

Not knowing the temperamental habits of flies in general, we had to decline regretfully. But, if your Saturday night party shows signs of dying on its feet, there's an interesting angle for you.

Dad likes to recall the time he was raising English bull dogs, as a young fellow, and naming the brutes after all the girls in the neighborhood.

As the gals would stroll by, Dad would call: "Here, Emma! . . . come here, you ugly little mutt, etc.!"

And, boy, were those girls sore!



Ivory-and-green TABLE DISHES *you can use in the* OVEN, *too!*

OVENSERVE is its name. It's a soft ivory in color, hand decorated in leaf green. And every last piece of it—even the cups, saucers and plates—is built to stand oven heat. There have never been double-use table dishes like these before.

You can bake a pie in the pie plate, for example... and pop it happily from oven to table. You can use the little shallow shirred egg dishes, the cute one-handled French serving casseroles, the platters, bowls and all the rest of these pretty table dishes for baking custards and meat loaf, creamed dishes, desserts or what have you. Out they come from the oven, onto the table they go.

Saves washing pots. And the dishes themselves are easy to wash. No scraping, no scouring. Soap, hot water, that's all.

Note also their convenient shapes and sizes... handy for parking things in the refrigerator.

Price? Just a fraction of the cost of the kitchen ovenwares you know about.

HAM and CAULIFLOWER BAKE

1 small cauliflower (cooked)
1½ cups cracker crumbs
1½ cups cooked ham (chopped)
Salt and pepper
3 tbsps. butter 1¾ cups milk

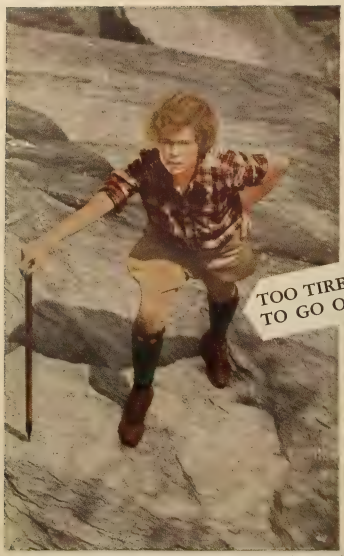
Separate cauliflower into flowerets. Butter OVENSERVE round baking dish and arrange alternate layers of crackers, cauliflower, ham. Season, dot with butter and pour milk over all. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) 25–30 minutes. Lift dish direct from oven to table.



IVORY-AND-PLATINUM DINNER SET—This stunning new dinner set is in gleaming ivory with design in platinum. Rich looking, yet almost classic in its simplicity! Open stock, of course. Sold by the individual piece. Make your own selection.

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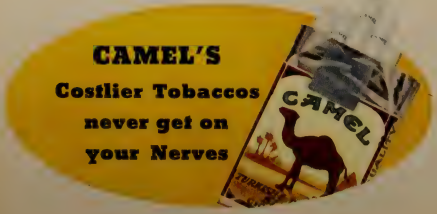
Miss Georgia Engelhard, champion woman mountain climber, knows what it is to need energy... quickly. In light of the recent scientific confirmation of the "energizing effect" in Camels, note what Miss Engelhard says:

"Mountain climbing is great sport, but it taxes your stamina to the limit. Plenty of times up there above the timber line, within a short climb of the goal, I have thought, 'I can't go another step.' Then I call a halt and smoke a Camel.

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DECEMBER

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But there's more news than size. Color is coming into the picture. A number of gorgeous two-color pages will be added which have the sparkle and life and drama of the writing. The section in rotogravure continues as always. This new NEW MOVIE goes on sale November 30th. Get your copy early! We predict a rush for the issue.

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The Girl on the Cover

Our cover this month is a painting of Greta Garbo, and a tribute to the *real* Greta—quiet, decent, honest, loyal, gay, a good pal, a shrewd compaigner, a girl who came from a foreign land and made good; an actress not yet great but steadily growing, whose chief triumphs still lie ahead of her.

Daniel Osher painted her for you.



THE New Movie MAGAZINE

CATHERINE McNELIS, *Publisher*

VOL. X, No. 6 | ONE OF THE TOWER MAGAZINES | DECEMBER 1934

THE BEST OF THE MONTH'S STORIES OF THE STARS

Via Broadway.....Harry Blair 18
Hollywood's Battle of the Ages.....John T. Casey 28
Glorious Spite.....Ramon Romero 31
Mr. Laughton of London.....Elsie Janis 32
Love.....Jack Jamison 34
Menace Over Hollywood.....Henry M. Fine 39
Lovers Three.....Douglas Gilbert 40
"I'm a Movie Boob" says Stu Erwin..Dorothy Drake 43
The Real Eddie Cantor.....Samuel Goldwyn 48
Favorite Corners of the Stars..... 54
Love Thy Neighbor.....Potter Brayton 58
This Will Startle You.....Henry Winters 62
Cool Redhead.....Barbara Robbins 66
He Doesn't Want Fame.....Rosalind Shaffer 68

NEWS OF COMING FILMS

The New Pictures.....Barbara Barry 46

NEW MOVIE'S SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

Junior Hollywood Gossip..... 6
Hollywood Day by Day.....Nemo 8
You Tell Us..... 16
New Movie's Hollywood Fashions..... 35
Movieland Fiesta.....Herb Howe 44
Sweet, Sweet and Sweeter.....John Edgar Weir 50
Joel McCrea's Ranch..... 51
Time Out to Play.....Grace Kingsley 52
Cary's Christmas Dinner..... 56
Beauty Specialists of Hollywood..... 60
The Make-Up Box..... 61
Make Your Own Toys..... 64

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Junior Gossip
% Henry Wilson
New Movie Magazine



Helen Mack mails us her contribution, which you read below, from the mail-box on the lot.

This month, Hollywood's younger players write their own column for you, personally

I'VE often had ideas on how a part should be acted in pictures and many actors have had ideas on how a column should be conducted. So I cornered Helen Mack, Richard Cromwell, Mary Carlisle, Rochelle Hudson and Toby Wing—told them my idea—gave them complete "freedom of the press"—and here 'tis just as they sent it. I'll admit one thing after reading these letters I'm a little scared. I hope none of them decides to do a column on the side—because they're pretty clever writers—these five—and my vacation is only supposed to be temporary.

HELEN MACK'S letter arrived first:

DEAR HENRY:

What would I do if your column were mine?

Exactly as you are doing. Go off on a vacation and ask people to write the column for me.

But no fooling, I would abolish the use of the phrase "going Hollywood," because I have found that most people thus accused have trouped for years before attaining success; and only then have they been able to acquire things they have desired for years. Many of these things, undoubtedly, have been at the root of their ambition to progress. Yet when they gratify these long established whims, they frequently are unjustly accused of letting success turn their heads.

I would campaign for a condition of affairs which would allow every new screen recruit at least two chances in pictures instead of the proverbial one. So often a player in his first picture makes a sorry mess of it; and promptly is dropped, despite the initial enthusiasm over his being signed, which in itself would indicate some talent. A second opportunity in a different type of role might well justify the first enthusiasm. The point has been proved more than once through players dropped by one studio being rapidly developed into valuable properties by another organization.

I would offer a bonus to anyone inventing a still camera which would operate simultaneously with the motion picture cameras, to avoid the necessity later of "freezing" in the various postures of a scene like a pointer dog. (*Please turn to page* 75)



Wide World



Dick Cromwell tells Henry how it ought to be done, but he seems to be having trouble, (above) while Mary Carlisle, at the right, goes at it efficiently.

Grand FUN .. Beautiful GIRLS .. Dazzling SCENES in EDDIE CANTOR'S New Hit "KID MILLIONS"



Pardon my (Ann) Sothern accent!

It's Eddie! Going harem-scarem in the harem!

Eddie gets a heart Merman for Ethel!

Eddie sings a look-at-hymn to Block and Sully



The gorgeous Goldwyn Girls in a scene from the all-Technicolor ice-cream fantasy!



Is Eddie's face black! As he goes-to-town with "Mandy" . . . Irving Berlin's melody masterpiece!



Just a big dame hunter! Out for bigger and bedouins!

EDDIE CANTOR *in Samuel Goldwyn's production of* "KID MILLIONS"

with ANN SOTHERN · ETHEL MERMAN
BLOCK and SULLY · THE GOLDWYN GIRLS
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

HOLLYWOOD DAY by DAY

By NEMO

ALL is more or less quiet on the Western Front this month. Cupid is reasonably busy and Death seems to be taking another holiday after several months of tragic activity.

The biggest surprise (to us) was the romantic elopement of Heather Angel and Ralph Forbes.

Off to Yuma they did go and the knot was tied before anyone was the wiser.

•

NEMO sat down for an old-fashioned chat with May Robson, on the "Orchids and Onions" set, the other day.

It's a joy to talk to that blessed old trouper for she's as full of amusing personal anecdotes as Mae West is of curves. And that's something!

This time, May's piece de resistance was an incident that occurred when she and Lionel Barrymore crossed paths on their separate personal appearance tours, some time ago.

It seems that Lionel had expected to play but two shows a day, and, when the management informed him that the ante had been raised to four-a-day and five *on Sunday . . . well, the way Miss Robson imitated the gentleman's indignation, with Barrymore gestures, was something that put the whole set in stitches!*

Even Carole Lombard, who was suffering from a recurrent attack of malaria, contracted in Honolulu, forgot high temperature and general discomfort long enough to join in the hilarity!

•



Carl Brisson put on one of his famous Danish feeds the other night, and the assembled guests had to be taken home on a truck!

At eight o'clock, they sat down to the first course. At nine, they were well into the seventh. At ten, the sixteenth course came around, with most of the company reaching feebly over a rapidly swelling tummy for the tasty Danish dainties; and by midnight, W. C. Fields, who had the thing pretty well whipped up until then, fell off his chair from sheer exhaustion!

Being conservative, we'd say there were at least twenty-seven rounds of the kind of food you just can't resist, with not one repeat!

Gastronomically speaking, the Danes can certainly take it!

Since breaking her ankle, Jean Harlow has been doing plenty of entertaining at home, just to keep the days and nights from dragging until she can be up and around again.

The ankle was broken when she turned around too suddenly to wave to a press agent.

Let that be a lesson to you, Jean. They'll get you every time!

•



Clark Gable has turned his back on Hollywood in favor of making life a thing of chance for the pret-ty lit-tle deers that frolic about among the trees . . . They-ah . . . they-ah . . . and they-ah!

•

Everybody on the "Dangerous Corner" set is thrilled silly, and all because the studio cat took it upon herself to preview a batch of kittens on that particular stage!

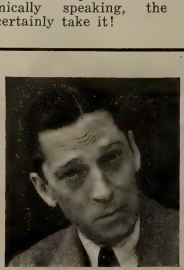
All you meanies who have been dunking your feline offspring in the lake three times and pulling 'em out twice might just as well know that it's much worse luck than walking under a ladder, or spilling salt!

Baby cats have their place in the world . . . and, if the place happens to be right in the middle of a sound stage . . . well, hallelujah, brother . . . everything's gonna be all right!

(*Please turn to page* 10)



Douglass Montgomery and June Lang worked in "Music in the Air," James Gleason directed the dialogue, and Judith Wood just dropped in to say hello. That sets the scene. The mystery is—*who* told that really funny joke?



Ned Sparks seems skeptical about something. (Right) Cecil DeMille takes John, Richard and Katherine out to the airport for the races.



NEWS ABOUT THE MOVIE FOLK YOU KNOW



It gives us more pleasure to print this picture than we can say. As the Little Colonel in "The Birth of a Nation," years ago, Henry B. Walthall gave a performance which endeared him to every man, woman and child in America. Then—years of eclipse, years of neglect and heartbreak. He played a small bit, that of a theater doorman, in "42nd Street." Then, in "Viva Villa," came the miracle. He was singled out instantly. Now all the movie producers shower him with fine parts and he is again up with the leaders.

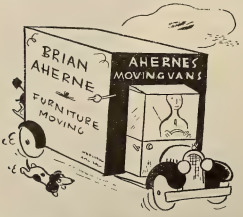
NEMO KNOWS—DAY BY DAY—AND NEMO TELLS

(*Continued from page 8*)

Marjorie Gateson, that swell character actress, always cuts her own hair.

"Maybe you've seen Gus Sonnenberg execute a 'scissors hold'," she says, "but, until you've seen me pull a 'half-Nelson' on my back hair . . . you haven't seen anything*!"*

•



WITH the possible exception of Mary Boland, Brian Ahearne is probably the most restless soul in our midst.

For, while Mary has her piano moved about three times a week, Brian moves everything he owns, from one apartment to another, on an average of twice a month.

Whenever Brian sees a moving van, it's like the smell of powder to a war horse. The only solution is for the lad to buy and set up housekeeping on wheels, for convenience!

•

The romance between Sally Blane and Hugh Williams has hit a new high for the month, and at the moment, Lyle Talbot is consoling himself with pretty Peggy Waters.

At Gene Raymond's birthday party, several weeks ago, Lyle was concentrating his romantic attentions on Genevieve Tobin. And doing right well, too.

The two of them posed on a settee for a squad of cameramen, and looked too, too enthralled about it all. When we yelled: "Don't you get enough of that during working hours?", Lyle cuddled Genevieve against his manly chest and said: "Not of this*!"*

So, last week it was Tobin. This week, it's Peggy Waters. Next week . . . but having busted our crystal ball, we'll just have to wait and see!

•

VACATIONING with his parents in Panama, Jackie Cooper decided to investigate the rumor that bananas grow, upside down, on tall trees.

Not wanting him to go alone, Mama trekked along, with a pair of native guides, into the dense jungle. All was well until they got lost and, to make matters worse, caught in a furious tropical storm.

It was pretty terrifying, but Jackie took it like a man, comforted his uneasy mother, and got a close-up view of bananas, au naturel.

•

Director John Stahl got pretty excited on the "Imitation of Life" set, when an extra man misunderstood his direction.

After three none-too-clear explanations, Stahl threw his hands in the air and turned loose his opinion of "anybody who couldn't understand plain English!" Well, sir . . . surprisingly enough, the extra re-doubled, called a few well pointed shots, and in no time at all, the air was blue as Bing Crosby's voice!

At the height of the warfare, Carl Laemmle, Junior, walked over to Claudette Colbert and put his hands over the lady's ears.

"Please . . . don't!" Claudette protested. "I don't get in on these things very often and I wouldn't like to miss it!"

It's things like these that break the monotony of movie making.

•

Ralph Bellamy had a fine time trying to prove to passport officials that he really had been born, once upon a time!

Just standing there before them and *saying* so didn't convince the powers-that-be one iota. Ralph had to have papers to prove the fact, or else . . .

So-oo-o, with his mother far away on a vacation, he frantically long-distanced the town where he was born, with the vague hope that perhaps the doctor who officiated at the "heiring" might still be alive and able to remember.

Luck was with him. The doctor was located and kindly rushed the necessary certificate through in time for Ralph to make a running jump aboard the out-going steamer.

If Ralph ever had the opportunity to do it over again, he'll attend to his own checking in, personally, and stow the cancelled receipt inside his little flannel shirtie!

•



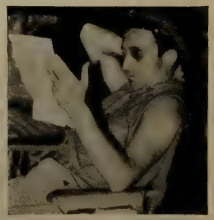
WATCHING Dick Cromwell astride a sleek Arabian pony, in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," it struck us that there was something unusual about the stance and facial expressions of both Dick and the horse. Maybe we were wrong, but, it didn't seem as though we had ever seen so much space between saddle and rider?



The funniest lines in Hollywood are spoken, not on the screen, but by Lowell Sherman when he's directing a picture. As you see, he also has his own ideas as to costumes. (Below) Jimmy Cagney drops in to say hello to Pat O'Brien and Dick Powell and Director Frank Borzage on the "Flirtation Walk" location. They couldn't get him into a uniform.

Wide World





Allen Jenkins' work in minor parts rarely goes unnoticed, to judge from the letters we get. Here he is on the "Perfect Week-end" set. The black eye is grease-paint.

JACKIE STUDIES BANANAS—NEWEST ROMANCES

ALL THE LATEST NEWS OF STARS AND PLAYERS

Talking with Dick, later, we asked him where he had learned to ride.

"'Ride'?" he echoed. "Feller, you're 'way ahead of me! I've got to learn to mount first! Getting off is easy, though," he admitted ruefully. "After I finally get in the saddle, all I have to say is "Giddap!" . . . and, there I am . . . flat on my back!"

•

You've got to believe this, because we heard it with our own ears.

Alice White definitely turned down a $30,000 offer to make personal appearances in South America! That's a lot of coin, but Alice says she has seen so many long-distance marriages go "phf-ff-ft!" that she's not taking any chances with her husband, Cy Bartlett!

•

HENRY KING'S little daughter (and a honey, if there ever was one) didn't want to go to bed the other night.

Quoting from a new picture, Papa King cajoled: "Now, darling, you know what the night was made for, don't you?"

And the smart little three-year-old cracked:

"Sure—the night was made for love!"

•

Two raccoons are living the "life of Riley," these days, on the M-G-M "Sequoia" location.

Having lost a lot of overhead and production time when one of the featured players, a deer, outgrew the continuity, M-G-M is taking every precaution to see to it that nothing slips up elsewhere.

Consequently, the coons are receiving every consideration, in the way of steam-heated boudoirs, extra special diets, and stuff, to keep them from pulling any temperamental wing-dings until the picture is in the bag.

•

George Raft's eyes are so badly blistered from the make-up requirements of "Limehouse Nights" that the doctors have refused to be responsible for consequences if he is allowed to work more than two days at a stretch.

Fred Keating, too, has been a martyr to the cause, working faithfully, in spite of the fact that he collapsed more than once after a scene, in "The Captain Hates the Sea."

The trouble has to do with some vague intestinal complications that might be relieved by a short session in the hospital. But, Fred, realizing that the picture is miles behind schedule, at the moment, carries on valiantly, determined to stick it out rather than run up any more overhead for the company.

•



PAT O'BRIEN is taking his meals through a glass tube since the heavyweight champ of the U. S. S. Arizona accidentally knocked Pat's jaw loose from its moorings in a fake scrap sequence.

When Pat regained consciousness, the bewildered champ apologized for the damage, saying:

"Gee . . . that's funny! . . . I usually hit *dames* harder than that!"

•

IMMORTALIZING Charles Laughton, a well-known sculptor made a life-size figure of the man, to be exhibited at the World's Fair.



After the thing was finished . . . and nicely too . . . Laughton took up swimming and lost so much weight that the poor sculptor had to carve away some twenty pounds of clay, in order not to misrepresent the embonpoint gentleman!

•

WHETHER it's a personal issue, or just studio tactics, we wouldn't be knowing. But Gary Cooper declared he'll sit for no more interviews.

•

Miriam Hopkins got so weary of prowling sight-see-ers practically camping on her front lawn on account of it being the old Garbo homestead, that, a good year ago, she packed up her tooth-brush and moved to a secluded nook, far away from the gaping crowd.

The other day, she received a letter from some crank who has evidently been doing a Rip Van Winkle for the last dozen months.

"I know," it read, "the restless soul of Greta Garbo wants to get back into its own home. Why don't you move out and let Greta have her house?"

Nothing like keeping up with the times?

(*Please turn to page* 12)



These Hollywood people can do anything. Here's Lynne Overman, Paramount comic, doing an imitation of Popeye and, what's more, actually managing to look like him.

Fortunately, even stars must eat. Otherwise it isn't likely we'd ever catch three of them at one table. At lunch in the Paramount commissary are Heather Angel, Charles Laughton, and Gary Cooper. (Right) There seems to be some doubt as to who's getting the more fun out of the Barnum-Bailey-Ringling circus, little Carol Ann Beery or her fond papa.

Wide World





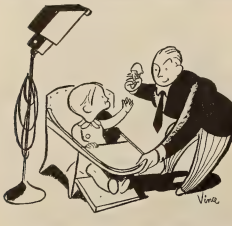
LAUGHTON LOSES WEIGHT—GARY GOES GARBO!!

NEMO KNOWS—DAY BY DAY—AND NEMO TELLS

(*Continued from page* 11)

BABY LeROY has joined up with the racketeers!

The other day, he got a bit temperamental and stalled on a scene with Lee Tracy. Nothing would budge him. He wasn't in the mood.



And then, Lee got an idea. Ducking out, he returned with an ice cream cone and proceeded to nibble ecstatically on the frozen delicacy, paying no attention to the youngster.

LeRoy took one long, yearning look at Tracy and his mouth began to water. Loudly, he proclaimed that he wanted one, too.

"Nope," Lee bit off a crunchy bit of the cone. "No work-ee . . . no cone-ee!" And did it ever work?

There's only one catch, however. Now to keep the kid going, Paramount is obliged to dish out cones whenever LeRoy takes the notion!

•

On his personal appearance tour of the East, Leo Carrillo was invited to lead a Baltimore riding club in a cross-country canter.

Leo was agreeable, but his western rearing demanded a western stock saddle, the like of which the puzzled Baltimore-ians had never seen.

Frantically, scouts turned the town upside-down in search of the elusive saddle, and, just as all were about to give up hope, the very thing was located in an obscure *antique* shoppe!

•

It gave us quite a start when we sneaked up on Joan Crawford and found her knitting tiny garments, on the "Chained" set, recently.

"Ah-HA!" we yodelled. "So the last winter rumors of your secret marriage to Franchot *were* on the up-and-up?"

"Don't be silly!" she advised us, purling three and dropping one. "Another friend has just named her baby after me, and am *I* thrilled!"

She should be thrilled, with only sixteen other babies named after her and birthday presents to buy every other week in the year! Tch, tch . . . But, that's Joan. She hasn't forgotten any of her many namesakes' birthdays since the lucky kiddies first saw light of day! And I hope I'm not putting ideas in your heads!

•

Besides being a swell guy and a great actor, Edward Arnold also has a fine flair for cuisine!

He and his wife were expecting guests for dinner, the other night, and, between shots, that afternoon, Arnold dashed out to phone the little woman.

After suggesting half a dozen helpful hints for arranging the feast, he said:

". . . and never mind about the hors d'ouevres. I'll make them when I get home. Want anything at the market? . . . No . . . no trouble at all . . . I'll be going right by there . . ."

Incidentally, anyone will tell you that the Arnold dinners are really something to write home about.

Stand back, ladies—Mrs. Arnold has a 99-year option on the guy!

•

Gloria Swanson's head is too big for her hat this week, and it's not from the usual Hollywood causes.

With the "Music in the Air" company, Gloria had a scene in which at the climax of a temperamental outburst, she had to jerk down the already frayed rope of a swing to emphasize her final remark.

The rope came down, all right, but . . . instead of following the script, brought the heavy iron ring along with it! Bong! . . . and the startled lady hit the dust, wondering why in the world the sky should be so full of stars in the daytime!

If it hadn't been for the heavy felt hat she was wearing, Gloria might be going around with her head in a sling. As it is, she is sporting a super-colossal goose egg and a headache that was meant for a horse!

•



IF Glenda Farrell's start in life has any kind of follow-up, the lady's existence should be pretty hectic. The very hour of her scheduled arrival on earth, an Oklahoma cyclone beat the stork around the corner by just about half a lap.

And, with all the excitement, it's a wonder there was anybody home to take her off the Big Bird's hands!

•

When a beautifully cut bottle of expensive toilet water arrived in June Knight's dressing-room, the

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On the "Gentlemen Are Born" set, Franchot Tone, in suspenders, represents the gentlemen. Ann Dvorak, Jean Muir and Margaret Lindsay represent the ladies, born to play bridge.

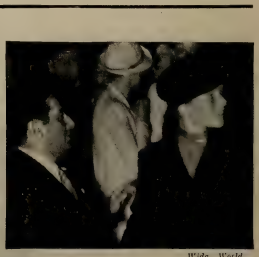
Bert Longworth





Wide World

Both Clark and Mrs. Gable are keen on races—kiddy kar, aquaplane, pony, or what have you. This was a night motorcycle race at a stadium just outside of the city of Los Angeles.



Wide World

Ernst Lubitsch, who directed it, "dates" Katharine Hepburn for the preview of "The Merry Widow." Here they are, lost in the crowd. Doesn't Katharine look boyish and freckled?

JOAN'S MYSTERIOUS KNITTING—GLORIA'S HEAD

THE LATEST NEWS OF STARS AND PLAYERS

lady's beau, Paul Ames, nearly wrecked the place, until June showed him the attached card, that read: "Hoping to make a warm day less disagreeable." And it was signed: "Universal Studio"?

Paul is pretty jealous of his girl friend, so, when the lady's former admirer continued to send orchids, June called the florist and requested that the floral gifts be exchanged for roses and sent to a local hospital.

The florist obligingly carried out the order, until one day, another orchid arrived, with an appealing note from the flower merchants:

"Dear Miss Knight . . ." it read . . . "You don't have to think about who sent this orchid, but please wear it. It is the most beautiful one I have ever had in my shop, and the guy paid five dollars for it!"

•

ONE day, not so long ago, we had lunch with Douglass Montgomery at Sardi's. Doug got there first (he usually does) and was patiently sitting behind a stack of celery, awaiting our arrival.

Sliding into the seat, our foot touched something under the table. Lifting the tablecloth, we peeped . . . and leaped!



For there, under our very feet, was an enormous animal that looked as if it might be a cross between a grizzly bear and a mountain lion!! And it was nuzzling and sniffing our Paris garters in a most terrifying manner!

The big whats-it turned out to be an Irish wolfhound, and mild as a lamb. But NEMO still has fourteen gray hairs in his Gable eyebrows and our eyeballs never did pop back into place!

Since then, Doug's whopping pet has passed on to its Great Reward and Doug has been obliged to move from his old homestead in order to escape the deluge of over-sized canines, donated by sympathetic fans!

•

Raquel Torres and Nancy Carrol just missed being shark food the other night while making stills on a moonlit beach.

For one shot, they went into the water, riding one of those little rubber boats that can be brought to the beach in a vest pocket, and big enough to hold two passengers when properly inflated.

It was some fun, until a big wave knocked the wind out of their rubber schooner, and then . . . it was every man for himself!

Fortunately, Raquel is a top-notch swimmer and managed to battle the out-going tide until her new husband, Stephen Ames, and one of the cameramen jumped into the briny deep and hauled the scared gals ashore!

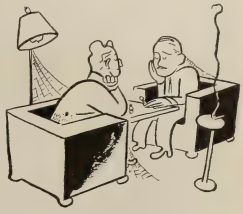
•

EXACTLY twelve years ago, Neil Hamilton kissed his brand new bride, paid off the minister, and set out to prove that two can live as cheaply as one, with $13.19 in his pants pocket!

Today, he has one of the loveliest homes in Hollywood; his baby is three years old; his charming wife is prettier than ever; and Neil says all he asks of life is more years of married life with the same woman!

•

To fill in the long winter evenings, Otto Kruger and Ralph Morgan, together with Austin Parker and Willy Pogany, have started a progressive chess game.



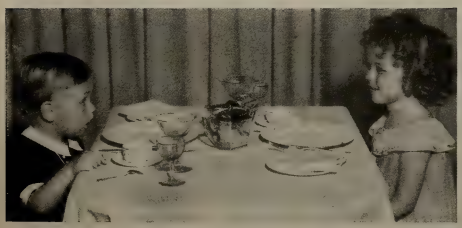
At the end of six months, the score will be totalled and the losers will be obliged to put on a party for the winners and their wives; said wives being exiled at a bridge table in another room to give the boys a chance to work in utter silence!

•

Since Marian Nixon ankled altarward with Bill Seiter, Philip Reed has been consoling himself with Genevieve Tobin. And doing right nicely, too, thank you.

Phil escorted Genevieve to the premiere of Warners' "Dames," but the evening started off badly, on account of when he went to look for it, Phil discovered that burglars had carried off his pet cigarette case, valued at something like $400.00 along with a dozen of his favorite silk pajamas!

(*Please turn to page* 77)



John Michle



Another romance. Miss Shirley Temple, popular leading woman, denies her engagement to Mr. B. (Baby) LeRoy, dashing screen lover. "We are just good friends," she says. (Right) Outside the stage door, all dressed up and waiting for the director's call, Betty Furness knits a little sweater for Susan Ann Gilbert, daughter of Virginia Bruce, at right.

NEIL'S $13.19 GROWS—PROGRESSIVE CHESS

FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD

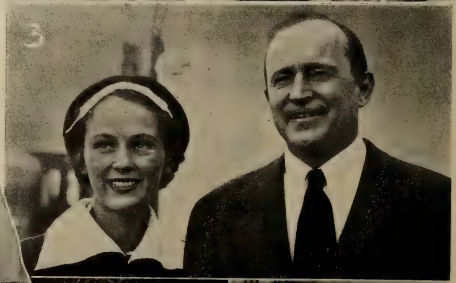
OFTEN IN THE SPOTLIGHT, THEIR NAMES

(1) It is because Rudolph Sieber has a personal dislike for publicity that you so seldom see the glamorous Marlene Dietrich pictured, as she is here, with her husband. (2) It is seldom that Sandra Shaw visits with husband Gary Cooper during studio hours but here we see them chatting informally on the set during the making of Garys latest picture. (3) Time out for a blessed event, as Mrs. Merian C. Cooper, delayed Dorothy Jordan's career, but we'll be seeing her again soon. (4) Unlike the Siebers mentioned above, it is the wife who has the notions about not letting hubby be photographed. It took a lavish party and much urging on the part of the host, Rouben Mamoulian, to get Anna Sten and her husband, Dr. Eugene Franke, to pose together. (5) After their romantic air dash to Yuma and a minister, Ralph Forbes and Heather Angel are at home to their friends. Look over to the right now.

All photos Wide World





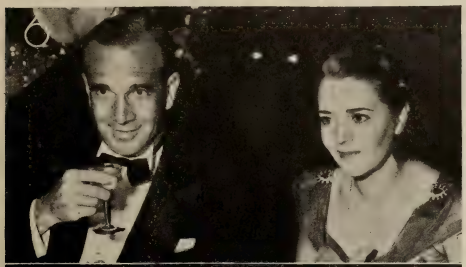






COUPLES

MAKE THE NEWS OF TODAY









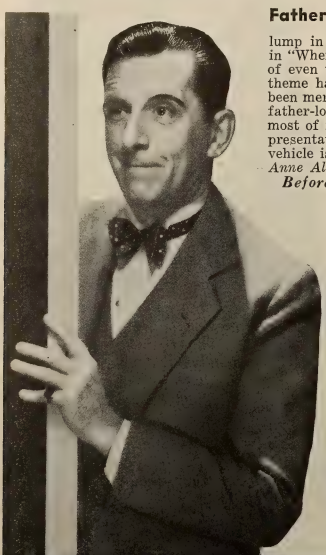


And here we see more famous Hollywood couples! (6) Al Jolson and Mrs. Al, our own Ruby Keeler, getting a taste of champagne and the bright lights. (7) Paul Muni, with his hair dyed black for "Bordertown," is doing the same with the seldom-seen Mrs. Muni. (8) Nobody enjoyed the instant success of "One Night of Love" more than Valentine Parera. He happens to be the husband of Grace Moore, who, as you know, stars not only in the picture but at the Metropolitan Opera in New York. (9) Adolphe Menjou has been referred to as the "best dressed man in Hollywood." In a like manner, Verree Teasdale has been spoken of as "Hollywood's best dressed woman." So, when they were married at Los Angeles recently a new title automatically became theirs: "the best dressed couple in Hollywood." (10) And up above, at the top of the page—Hollywood can't decide whom it likes better, Norma Shearer with her charm and sweetness, or her gifted husband Irving Thalberg.

YOU TELL US

This department is the People's Academy. The people whose names appear here attend the movies. Their letters serve as a guide to the type of entertainment they like or dislike. These opinions are their own and do not represent NEW MOVIE'S point of view.

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.



Edward Everett Horton, bewails a cross fan, has to "waste his life being Cranky Husbands."

Father Love Given a Break! Along with the rest of a vast audience, I had wet eyes and a suspicious lump in my throat when I watched Walter Connolly's splendid portrayal in "When the Gods Destroy." Here was a picture that aroused the emotion of even those who think their emotions are calloused. The "mother-love" theme has certainly been worked overtime, and sometimes the result has been merely mediocre and sickly sentimental. In "Whom the Gods Destroy," father-love was given a break, and Walter Connolly certainly made the most of it. Fervor, sympathy and admirable restraint gave Mr. Connolly's presentation a *memorable tone.* He has proved conclusively that a proper vehicle is the necessary foundation for the revelation of true talent.—*Mrs. Anne Albaugh, 774 Grantley Street, Baltimore, Maryland.*

Before Mr. Connolly left New York, Mrs. Albaugh, he had won a reputation as a top-notch legitimate actor.

Actress—Personality? I read not so long ago that Helen Hayes bewailed the fact that she had no great personality or beauty.

Why, she has more acting ability in her little finger than some of the other stars can ever hope to attain!

We need both types of stars—the actress, like Helen Hayes and Barbara Stanwyck, and the personality, such as Garbo, Harlow, and Velez.—*Miss M. Moss, 1924 N. 9th Street, Terre Haute, Indiana.*

A thoughtful viewpoint.

Beauty—vs.—Brains—vs.—Funnyness! Won't somebody pleeze asphyxiate W. C. Fields or exterminate him in some way? Honestly, I think that the worst punishment I could have in Purgatory would be to sit through a picture with him in it.

What has he done to deserve to be Lovable Heroes, while a wonderful comedian like Edward Everett Horton has to waste his life being Cranky Husbands?



Ann Dvorak in "Housewife" makes one reader content to be a housewife. "Dolores Del Rio holds her public, so let's see more of her," says another. And "Frances Dee has assurance, yet an appealing wistfulness."

Beauty he assuredly has not; brains ditto (or else he would never appear in those awful pictures) and as for being funny heaven help the suffering audience!

Can't somebody DO something about it? —*Mrs. D. E. Vito, 3791 S. Harvard Blvd., Los Angeles, California.*

Maybe Elsie Janis' story next month will explain some things to you, Mrs. Vito.

Screen's Next Lover—Who? I have just had the laugh of my life over the grand descriptions of actors we all like, in "Pretty Men, What Now?" Count me as a regular reader from now on. But I disagree emphatically with Jack Jamison and Herb Howe. The Great Lover of the Future isn't Laurel & Hardy, Inc., and the good lookers are by no means lacking a place to go. In fact, my convictions are so strongly against those of your writers that I am prepared to back them to the extent of one dollar. I bet Herb and Jack that the screen's next "Great Lover" is Francis Lederer, and that the film that will prove it is "Pursuit of Happiness." By bringing back romance with fun, this film will make all the world Lederer-conscious, because this guy can *act*, which is more than can be said for many former good-lookers, and silent "Great Lovers."





Walter Connolly gives a splendid portrayal in "Whom the Gods Destroy." Right: George Brent wins kind words for his fine work in "Housewife."

You, Mr. Ed. had better hold the stakes. You can have mine for the asking, if any readers think as I do.—*Jill Fish, c/o Miss F. Hawkes, 105 N. End Road, London, N. W. 11, England.*

Better look at our "Lovers Three" story on page 40, Jill, before you clash with Herb and Jack!

Of Human Bondage I was greatly disappointed in the picture "Of Human Bondage." Instead of being carried away by emotion, I found myself bored, and had all I could do to remain until the finish.

I think Bette Davis made a very poor (*Please turn to page* 100)

A NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE FAN WILL PRESENT THESE AWARDS

The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1934 in the films. Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards. It is your vote that will count in the final decision!

Address letters to The People's Academy or Dollar Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Write us what you think. Medals will be given for the following:

1. BEST ALL-AROUND FEATURE PICTURE
2. BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTRESS)
3. BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTOR)
4. BEST MUSICAL PICTURE
5. BEST HUMAN INTEREST PICTURE
6. BEST MYSTERY PICTURE
7. BEST ROMANCE
8. BEST COMEDY
9. BEST SHORT REEL PICTURE
10. BEST NEWSREEL PICTURE
11. BEST DIRECTION
12. BEST STORY

When all these votes are counted at the end of the year, the winners will be named. Then the fan whose vote most closely tallies with the final compilation will be given a trip to New York or Hollywood to present the awards. The stars and producers who win the medals will be there in person to receive them, wherever production schedules permit. All expenses to and from Hollywood or New York and entertainment, hotel accomodations, etc., will be borne by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. Cast votes carefully and YOU MAY WIN THIS THRILLING TRIP.

Name ..... Address .....

VIA BROADWAY



Starting her career in New York, the best Sylvia Sidney could do was a few shorts at Vitaphone. She went unnoticed.



Miriam Hopkins made her picture debut in a drafty old barn of a studio on Long Island, and they said she lacked glamour.



When Katharine Hepburn first asked for work, a movie executive was "too busy to see her." She had to go West for fame.

Is New York a stopping-off place to Hollywood and fame?

By HARRY N. BLAIR

NOT so long ago: Katharine Hepburn, humbly seeking picture work, was refused an interview by a production executive "too busy" to see her. . . . Joan Blondell, nervously going through a set movie test in the old Fox studio on Tenth Avenue . . . in which she failed miserably. . . . Jimmy Dunn borrowing a quarter for lunch against his modest pay check as a "bit" player. . . . Miriam Hopkins distracted by her apparent lack of "glamour." . . . Minna Gombell making her screen debut in "the worst talkie ever made". . . . Charlie Starrett, just breaking in, tossing a coin as to whether he would go on a three months' location trip to the Arctic with the ill-fated "Viking" expedition or take his chances in New York.

These and other memories crowd my mind as I look over the current crop of screen favorites, most of whom received their "baptism of fire" at the various New York studios before reaching Hollywood and fame.

At the time talkies were first coming in, Pathé had re-opened its old studio in Harlem and had engaged the late George LeMaire to make a series of two-reel comedies. Striking about for something to help put the series over, someone had the inspiration of rounding up a group of shapely young girls, similar to Mack Sennett's famous bathing beauties.

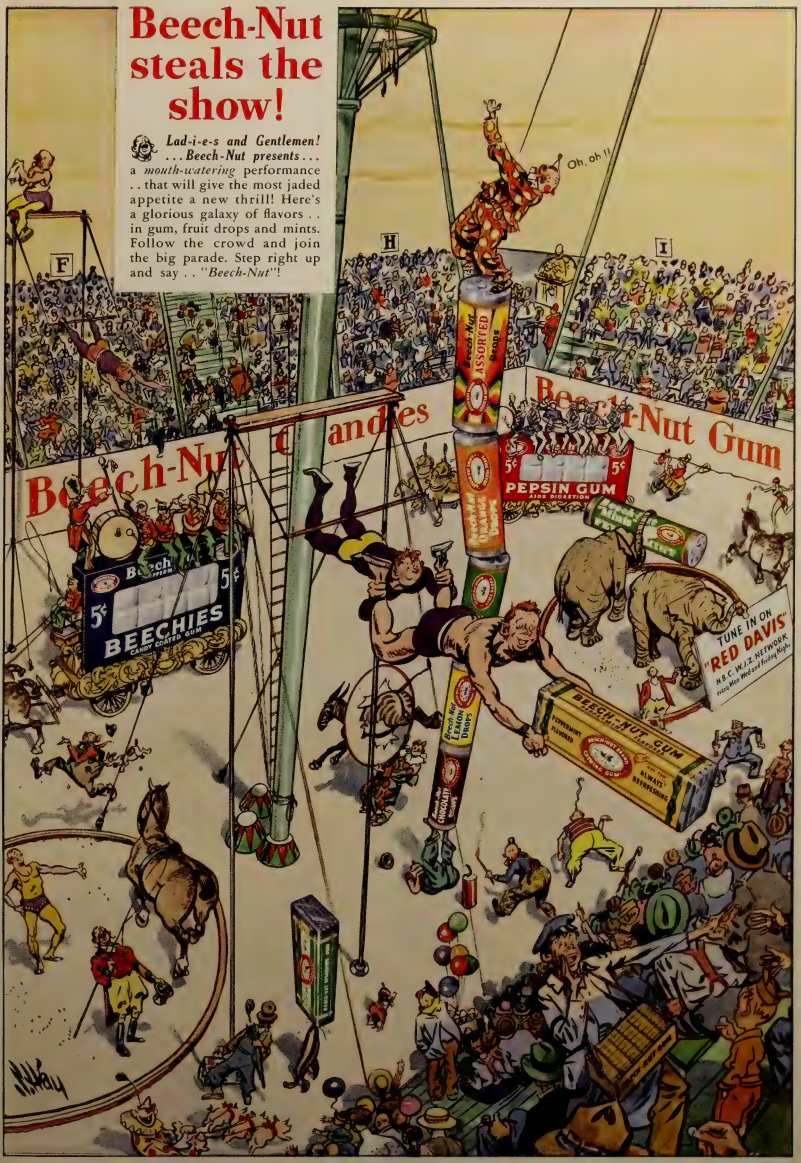
Accordingly, it was arranged to stage a beauty contest in connection with a Motion Picture Ball about to be held. The likeliest candidates were selected from a group of chorus girls who paraded before the judges, consisting of Earl Carroll, Fanny Brice and Lionel Atwill. Six girls were picked and the group christened "Pathé Pretties." One of the girls was Evalyn Knapp. I was working in the Pathé publicity office at the time and recall LeMaire telling us about "a clever blonde" whom he had chosen from the crowd to play a bit. From then on she advanced (*Please turn to page* 74)



Charles Starret flipped a coin. If it had come the other way, he would be dead.



James Dunn, a mere bit player in the East, had to borrow quarters for lunches.


Beech-Nut steals the show!
Lad-i-e-s and Gentlemen! ... Beech-Nut presents ... a mouth-watering performance .. that will give the most jaded appetite a new thrill! Here's a glorious galaxy of flavors .. in gum, fruit drops and mints. Follow the crowd and join the big parade. Step right up and say .. "Beech-Nut"!
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Beech-Nut candies
Beech-Nut ASSORTED
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PEPSIN GUM
AIDS DIGESTION
5¢
BEECHIES
CANDY COATED GUM
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Read the report of a famous research laboratory:

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You owe it to yourself to be satisfied with nothing but the *best*. You can have it now...for 10¢...in Faoen Beauty Aids, the very finest Science can produce!

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Beauty Aids

10¢ Each at F. W. Woolworth Co. Stores

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The long heralded "Chained," with Joan Crawford and Clark Gable, did not live up to expectations. Joan's situation is a serious one. You simply can't make the same kind of pictures over and over again and have them all turn out well; and yet her fans won't let her change. "Forsaking All Others," now in production, will mark a crisis in Joan's effervescent career.

Hurrell

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S

GALLERY of STARS



Elmer Fryer

. . . A NEW FACE. Maxine Doyle appears with Joe E. Brown in "Six Day Bike Rider." Irish, from San Francisco, she went to New York to appear in a play which failed. From a stock company in Washington, D. C., she went home to California for a vacation and got a contract.



Ernest A. Bachrach

AND AN OLD FRIEND. John Boles is like Winter and Summer—he goes on year after year, dropping out of sight for a while and then popping up again, bright and smiling. Now he's singing with Gloria Swanson in "Music in the Air."



Clarence B. Bull

. . . A DASHING LADY. So convincing are Helen Hayes' superb characterizations on the screen that it's easy to forget she's also an ultra-modern, ultra-fashionable young woman, as you see her here. Her latest is "What Every Woman Knows."



Bruno

AND A DEBONAIR GENTLEMAN. A producer once told Neil Hamilton that, if he could only get over his modesty and shyness, he would be one of the screen's leading stars. Never a star, but always a featured player, Neil is still modest, and roles keep coming—now one in "By Your Leave."



YOUNG LOVE IN COSTUME Kent Douglass has changed his name back to his real one, Douglass Montgomery. June Vlasek has changed hers to a stage name, June Lang. It sounds complicated, but the important thing is that they're together in Fox's "Music in the Air," playing in support of the redoubtable John Boles and Gloria Swanson.



Russell Ball

AND YOUNG LOVE WITHOUT Jean Parker and James Dunn face each other as a new romantic screen team in "Have a Heart," Jean's first starring picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The speed with which Jean rose to stardom was a Hollywood sensation. Jimmy's luck had been bad until "Stand Up and Cheer" gave him a fresh and promising start.



Virgil Apger

● No wonder Robert Montgomery is a good actor! They don't seem to write scenarios fast enough for him. In "Forsaking All Others," you'll see him teamed once more with Joan Crawford.





Photo by Ernest A. Bachrach

● (Above) Since Bette Davis made such a hit in "Of Human Bondage" Warners have been up to their ears in scripts to find a suitable one for her. "Border Town" was the choice.

Photos of Bette Davis by Elmer Fryer

● (Below) Katharine Hepburn seems all agog about something. She's probably thrilled about playing "Babbie," the Gypsy girl, in Barrie's well-beloved play, "The Little Minister."



● (Above) Carl Brisson was such a sensation in dear ol' Lunnon, that Elinor Glyn engaged him to play in her first British talking picture. "All the King's Horses" is his next.

Photo of Carl Brisson by Eugene Robert Richee



● (Below) Anna May Wong is one young lady in Hollywood who doesn't have to resort to drastic measures to achieve that Oriental look. "Limehouse Nights" is her next picture.

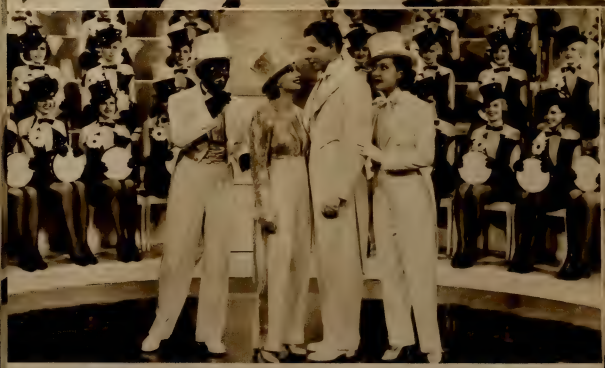


Clarence Sinclair Bull

● We've seldom seen Otto Kruger smile so broadly. He must have been thinking of that vacation he would take after finishing "Chained." The studio hasn't decided on his next, but Otto can smile any old day, with his record.

KID MILLIONS







● Top: Crinolines and cavaliers aboard an old Mississippi side-wheeler; a spectacle of true Ziegfeld lavishness. Lower left: Eddie Cantor, Ann Sothern, George Murphy and Ethel Merman with the Goldwyn Girls as modern minstrels. Lower right: The villain, in a rollicking scene, sells Eddie Cantor on the idea of his own murder, typical Ziegfeld comedy.

With glorified girls in spectacular costumes, Flo Ziegfeld's "Follies" dazzled Broadway for years. Do these pictures mean that Hollywood's Samuel Goldwyn is now taking Ziegfeld's place?











● Top right: Ann Sothern and George Murphy sing "Your Head on My Shoulder." Below: With the ever present girls, Fray and Braggiotti, famous piano team, swing into the Melody Shop number. Lower left: New Glorious Girls for this fifth annual musical comedy—back row, left to right, Betty Joy Hayward, Charlotte Russell, Janice Jarratt, Helen Wood, Irene Bentley; front row, Gail Goodson and Virginia Reid. Lower right: Still more girls. Lower right (immediately above): Eddie, always in hot water.

Hollywood's BATTLE



Joan Crawford, 26



Greta Garbo, 28



Janet Gaynor, 28



Patricia Ellis, 18



Carole Lombard, 25



Lupe Velez, 24



Ruby Keeler, 25



Diana Wynyard, 28

THERE is a battle going on right now in Hollywood between Old Age and Youth; a conflict which is as romantic as Waterloo, as tragic as Gettysburg, and as thrilling as the Argonne.

Old age arrives early in Hollywood, with many screen luminaries considered to have passed middle-age after their 35th birthday. Warner Baxter and other "old men" of the movies are paid fabulous sums because they are romantic and actresses like Loretta Young become wealthy because they are beautiful. But the May Robsons, who can offer neither romance nor youthful beauty, succeed through sheer dramatic ability, while the Jackie Coopers and other male youngsters collect fortunes by playing on the heart-strings of a sentimental movie public. Youth and old age engage in conflict on the Hollywood battle-field, with riches and fame the prize for the victor.

There is no age rule in the film capital, although it is paradise for most "old men" and heaven for most young women. But there are many very high salaried women stars of long past 35, and some of the most expensive males are under the accepted middle-age of screenland. And whether their income tax is enough to interest Uncle Sam or not, the age is the thing in Hollywood. Youth is a trump card for the Jean Harlows and Joan Crawfords, but talented young men find their age a joker. Age before youth is the requisite for most leading men in movies.

Under 30

Ralph Bellamy, 29



Doug Montgomery, 25



Doug Fairbanks, Jr., 27



Ramon Novarro, 29



Richard Cromwell, 24



OF THE AGES

By JOHN T. CASEY



Alison Skipworth, 64



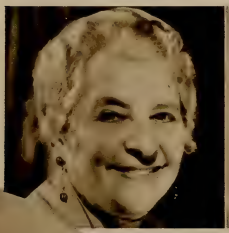
Gloria Swanson, 36



Mary Pickford, 41



Aline MacMahon, 35



May Robson, 66



Billie Burke, 49



Marion Davies, 34



Marjorie Rambeau, 45

Over 30

and the producers know what they want for a public which knows what it wants.

The conflict of the Dick Powells and Douglass Montgomerys against the Ronald Colmans and John Barrymores is like every other in Hollywood. It is a fight of young men with enthusiasm and vitality against the screen popularity and experience of established favorites. Youthful males who succeed have much more of an obstacle than girls of the same age and not much psychology is needed to understand why most feminine admirers prefer a secret screen romance with suave sophisticates like Clive Brook to wide-eyed boys like David Manners.

Forty is a grand old age to the Leslie Howards and life is just beginning for dozens of other debonair gentlemen who are using their worldliness and background of two score years or more to beguile the fancy of the feminine movie fan. Lanny Ross and Lew Ayres and a host of other young men are putting up a stirring battle but, without the maturity of Alan Dinehart and Edmund Lowe, the odds are pretty long. The movie fan standing on the side-lines lends such a hand of favoritism to the gentlemen of middle-age, that the youngster who makes good deserves something more than a pat on the back.

The loves and romance of women beyond 35 or 40 do not interest the people who drop their hard-earned silver on box-office counters and this makes all the more notable the triumphs of such women as the late Marie Dressler, Alison Skip-



Robert Montgomery, 30



Bing Crosby, 30



Clark Gable, 33



Cary Grant, 30



Gary Cooper, 33



Edward G. Robinson, 41



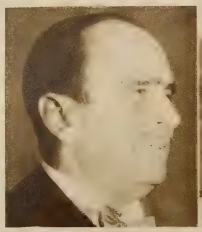
Will Rogers, 55



Adolphe Menjou, 44



Ronald Colman, 43



Douglas Fairbanks, 50



Charles Chaplin, 45



Harold Lloyd, 41



Jimmy Durante, 41

Over 40

worth, and May Robson. Years are a distinct handicap to these women and others who have fought their way back to stardom, but superior acting and strong personalities have won out. Edna May Oliver and Polly Moran know a different kind of a struggle for movie fame than youngsters like Pat Patterson and Ann Sothern. With the mature women, it is a fight of the supreme actress, while with the youngsters it more or less simmers down simply to a fight of beauty plus just enough acting ability for their age.

Conflict becomes the hottest between the people nearest the line of middle-age, with the women stars just reaching 35 fighting to keep back the challenges of fast-moving youngsters; and with the male stars of past 35 fighting hard to keep back the inroads of the male stars just arriving at complete screen maturity.

The battle of the women in their Fifties and Sixties has been a spectacular chapter in recent movie history. Intelligent interpretation of roles and a careful study of each characterization in the light of a life-long experience has resulted in the popularity and success of such stars as Alison Skipworth. Quite different, the Adolphe Menjous who need only be themselves to set every feminine heart in the audience pit-a-pattering! Miss Skipworth makes her appearance in a film and must act her way into the sympathy of the audience; suave Mr. Menjou walks across the screen and the audience is at his feet. This thrusting of popularity and sympathy upon the mature male is something which only emphasizes the task which is that of the women in late middle-age.

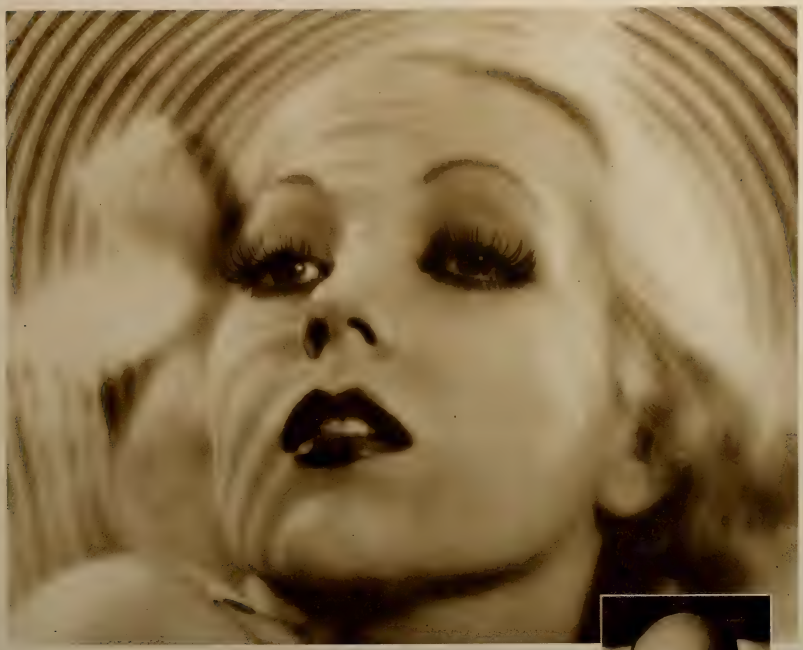
On the fringe of the Hollywood battlefield, and not very long out of their 'teens, are numerous young men like Tom Brown, Richard Cromwell, and Lew Ayres, all of whom have shown enough to presage coming importance. The same amount of success by a Jean Parker or an Anita Louise usually means stardom and fame right away. The young males are not so lucky as their youthful sisters of the screen, and just as the Alison Skipworths have to pile one good performance on top of another, so with the young men. There is also something similar in the lucky position which both young women and "old men" find themselves in the cinema conflict of the ages.

The old men of the movies are not entirely indebted to their feminine fans for success. Mr. Average Fan, who may be in his thirties or forties, positively will not go to movies which specialize in 25-year-old Don Juans with Adonis physiques who play the roles of corporation president and desert sheik with equal dexterity. When old John Q. Public hies himself to the neighborhood movie house on Tuesday and Saturday nights, he wants to see the man he believes himself to be . . . forty years old, tall and erect, gray sprinkled hair, sleek black mustache, well tailored, and with an uncanny ability to solve the most complicated affairs of heart . . . Old John "Q." wants to see a William Powell, or a Ricardo Cortez, or a Jack Holt.

The era of realism which has grown so noticeably in the movies is responsible for the type of casting which places mature men in roles of bank presidents, railroad directors, and big business magnates. A few years back, when the whole country went haywire over the stock market, twenty-year-olds sitting in bank presidencies were not uncommon. The movies followed suit and dozens were produced with very young men performing financial miracles. The return of the country to normalcy has brought with it a return to more believable and intelligent casting. Such a change has proved rather rough on ambitious youngsters like Buster Crabbe and Billy Bakewell, but from the point of view of the producers, making young fellows play second fiddle to actors of the Wallace Beery-Lewis Stone type means more worth while pictures.

Under 35, there are few men on the screen who can appear believable in the popular and frequent man-of-the-world roles. Probably Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. is the only actor in his twenties (*Please turn to page* 86)

GLORIOUS SPITE



Carl De Vey

Lovely Ann Sothern chuckles as she tells how she "put one over" on the astute Sam Goldwyn

By RAMON ROMERO



Sam Goldwyn borrowed Ann for a choice role with Eddie Cantor in "Kid Millions."

I'VE been signed for the new Cantor picture," Ann Sothern began. "And all the newspapers have printed the story by this time. But you know, I was thinking it would be fun if we could know all the stories that lie behind all those thousands of casual headlines and production announcements that we read in the papers every day.

"What made you say that?" I asked. "You're beginning to talk like a writer. You're not thinking of changing your profession by any chance?"

"No," and her eyes twinkled as she drawled the one syllable. "I was just thinking of the little story behind my headline—this headline that I was to be Eddie Cantor's new leading woman in "Kid Millions." My fans all over the country read it and accepted it as just another step up the ladder of fame for me—but they will never know the despair, the heartaches that it was born of—and what is stranger still, they will never know the big joke it has turned into."

"When I went to Mr. Goldwyn's office to get my script," she continued, "it was the first time Mr. Goldwyn and I had met in five years. When we faced each other across the vastness of the magnificent desk in his office it was a moment of satisfaction for which I have waited five times three hundred and sixty-five days; add one for leap year, and figure it out for yourself."

"Go on," I managed to gasp, "I don't like continued stories."

"I made a threat, call it a promise if you like, to Samuel Goldwyn, when we parted those many years ago. Now its come true. Like a seed, it has grown overnight into the full bloom of realization. I thought I should cry with joy when it would happen, if it ever did. And now it has."

"When it happened, instead of crying I wanted to laugh—I wanted to laugh as one laughs at a good joke; heartily, happily, boisterously, (*Please turn to page* 81)

Mr. Laughton of London

He's "Charles" to you—"Buster" to his wife—and a truly great actor to

ELSIE JANIS

"THAT sounds swell!" said the first gentleman of the London theater when I ordered chicken salad and beer for lunch. I had been polishing up my cawnts and shawnts preparatory to speaking his own language. To have my own pet, my indispensable and overworked "swell" socked across the table in a Mayfair wrapping came as a distinct surprise. Mr. Laughton, I may add, is a human grab-bag of surprises when it comes to delivering prize packets of humor, theory and personality. We had met before, when he was with C. B. DeMille shrugging off his magnificent characterization of Nero in "The Sign of the Cross." Since that time he has been consistently playing upon the chords of public acclaim with all the dexterity he displayed on Nero's harp.

Success is no new experience for laudation-laden Laughton, who is still young enough to be the son of most of the characters he makes live and leer. He was already the rage of London when the talkies arrived scattering perfect profiles to the four winds and gathering unusual personalities from all over the world. With the realization that "As a man thinketh so is he" in the camera lens, London's Laughton came into his own niche. So far he has it pretty much to himself, which is just as well considering his pleasing plumpness. He's an intriguing lad—Little Jack Horner, who is apt to stick in his thumb and pull out a hand grenade when you are expecting the traditional plum. He does not cry "What a bright boy am I" but one feels that he has a pretty well-founded suspicion of his being a perfect proof that mind can triumph over matter even in these supposedly moronic times.

He had very little time for lunch. It was served in his dressing-rooms—he in his costume and make-up of Mr. Barrett of Wimpole Street, I in a two-ninety-five cotton creation and a state of great excitement. You would think that after so many years in public life, meeting the great, the near great and the mobs which pursue them, I would be celebrity "broken," but an opportunity to establish friendly relations with one of my favorites finds me well at the head of the lion-hunting cavalcade and thrilling with expectations. Laughton was looking like Mr. Barrett, but he was thinking like "Buster" (his most appropriate nickname) and therefore even with the silvered hair and face fittings he still looked like Little Jack Horner. Later, on the set, I watched the same face change to a moon of elderly viciousness as the brain behind it juggled deftly the unpleasant ideas of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's papa.

I can't keep on calling him London's Laughton because a large slice of him and his heart now belongs to America. I saw more of the Buster side anyway, so despite the fact that the sound rights of the pet name undoubtedly belong to the charming Mrs. Laughton I shall risk a few Busters. It is the little boy quality of this really great actor which impresses and fascinates.

He turned it on me with a barrage of questions. I found myself being interviewed and loving it. We discussed our mutually dear London audiences. He complimented me by saying that I understood them better than any American he had met. I suggested that it was probably because I loved them more than anyone he could meet, American or British. I talked of his terrific success in "The Man with the Red Hair" which made him the rage of London several years ago, and of how I had not gone to see him because I, being strictly for streamline heroes in those days, had not found his photographs (*Please turn to page* 82)





Above, Charles. At the right, Buster, with his wife, Elsa Lanchester. And on the opposite page: a recent studio portrait, made during the filming of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." You will see Mr. Laughton next in "Ruggles of Red Gap."





Love



Above: May Robson was offered a choice between love and a career, as a girl, and chose a career. Would she do it again today? Right: Henrietta Crosman's opinion is given without mincing words. "Love in the twenties is too feeble and faltering a flame to be the real thing," she says tersely.

Thousands of questions about it pour in to the younger stars. But here are the reactions of the older—and wiser—stars!

By JACK JAMISON

AT my age," says Alison Skipworth, "love is a confounded nuisance." Louise Dresser is quick to retort, "Love is everything."

Such is the sentiment of two of the more mature actresses in Hollywood.

Yet, most of the mail that reaches the movie capitol, letters that ask, "What shall I do?" are addressed to the younger stars—Garbo, Crawford and Gaynor.

Why?

In a way, it's natural. Joan and Garbo and Janet are so beautiful, so attractive, that somehow we feel that they must know the answer.

Yet, in another way, why should they?

If we need a doctor, a lawyer, or a banker, we don't necessarily go to the youngest we can find, do we? No—we seek the man of experience in medicine, law or banking. We appreciate his long experience.

At the very least, these actresses who have reached the half-way mark, then, should be better able than the younger ones to guide us.

And yet, some of the things they say—as Alison Skipworth, "Love is a confounded nuisance," and Louise Dresser, "Love is everything," are startling.

Let's see what some of the others have to say:

Henrietta Crosman's long years on the stage and screen are rivaled by equally long years as a wife and mother. "I know this," she says. "I know that on the stage no boy of twenty-one or so can give a convincing performance as a lover. Girls are more worldly-wise than boys, so some of them are capable of creditable love scenes, but, for all that, most of the actresses who have made a great success as Shakespeare's 'Juliet', the most romantic of all characters, have been in their thirties and forties and even beyond."

What does that mean? Applying these stage truths to real life, Henrietta sees love as an emotion of such depth and intensity that only a mature person can appreciate it and understand it.

"Love, for anyone in the twenties, is too feeble and faltering a flame to be the real thing, although it may feel real enough to the youngsters involved. Drummond spoke wisely when he said, 'Love is all,' yes—but don't confuse love with passion. Love is sacred; truly a (*Please turn to page* 103)





Above, left: We think of Polly Moran as a comedienne, but her philosophy of love reveals a woman deeply wounded and bitter.

Above, right: But to the sweet Louise Dresser love is the answer to the whole riddle of life—more, life itself.

Left: And gruff, jovial Alison Skipworth dismisses it as a mere nuisance, which gets in the way at her time of life.

NEW MOVIE'S
Hollywood Fashions



● Gertrude Michael, Paramount player in "Menace", wears a silver muskrat coat lined with beige tweed.



● A green and white knitted ensemble worn by Gail Patrick, in her latest picture, "Wagon Wheels."

ON THE SIDELINES OF COLD WEATHER SPORTS

●



● Kitty Carlisle, Paramount player in "Here Is My Heart," wears a black velvet evening gown trimmed with ermine in the new off-the-shoe length. Kitty also wears a new "Don Juan" hat.

● Here is Adrienne Ames, whose last picture was "Gigolette," in a new style two-piece frock, consisting of a simply made blouse of striped beige-and-black velvet and a skirt of plain black velvet. Fox fur, a forward-tilted black velvet beret, black leather purse and suede gloves complete this distinguished afternoon costume.

BLACK COMES BACK IN



● Here is an inspiration for the girl who likes to take her black with a dash of color—Adrienne Ames, wearing a simply designed frock of black wool, trimmed with deep collar and narrow cuffs made of striking green and white plaid taffeta. The wide belt fastened with metal clips accentuates Adrienne's slender waist.

● Claire Trevor, Fox Film featured player, wearing a black chiffon velvet dress trimmed with tiny white feather birds; a short cape and an ermine muff complete the costume.

HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS



Paramount Productions, Inc.

● A smart new neckline gives distinction to this black and white knitted sports costume worn by Gail Patrick, Paramount player in "Wagon Wheels." These two-piece knitted outfits are highly favored by well dressed women in Hollywood who also endorse the new high-crowned fedora hat, shown here in black felt.

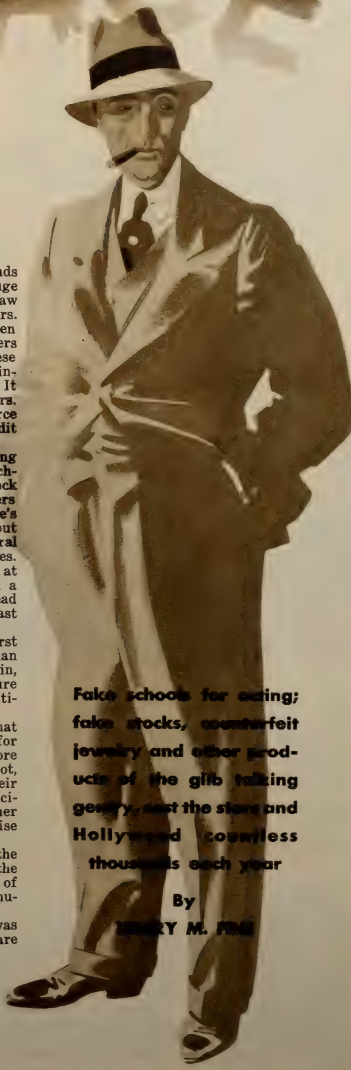


Paramount Productions, Inc.

● Here is Sharon Lynn wearing a more formal afternoon suit of dark green wool, richly trimmed with deep collar and gauntlet cuffs of mink, a blouse made of a new metallic cloth in green and gold plaid, and a pleated beret of matching green velvet. Miss Lynn appears in Paramount's picture, "Enter Madame," with Elissa Landi.

STYLES FOR COOLER DAYS

MENACE OVER HOLLYWOOD



Fake schools for acting; fake stocks, counterfeit jewelry and other products of the glib talking gentry, cost the stars and Hollywood countless thousands each year

By [illegible] M. Fields

RACKETEERS! Each year, it seems, a fresh crop descends on Hollywood like a plague of locusts, to bilk and gouge their way to small fortunes before the long arm of the law reaches out and puts them in their place—behind the bars.

True, many have been driven from the habitat of the screen folk, thanks to the watchful eye of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors Association, which acts as a big brother to these frolicsome mimes. But, it doesn't necessarily follow that the insidious scheming of the glib-tongued gentry has been curbed. It may persist long after you and I have left this vale of tears. That these malpractises have been severely minimized is a source of great comfort and satisfaction to the stars and a great credit to the organization over which Will Hays presides.

The annual toll of these ill-gotten gains runs into a staggering sum. It is a matter of court record that a prototype of Get-Rich-Quick-Wallingford gathered unto himself $750,000 in a stock promotion scheme. His project was a school to shape the careers of those with a bent for acting, directing or writing. But here's where he stubbed his toe. He identified himself as a talent scout for a major studio and duly accredited representative of several others and therefore in a position to guarantee jobs to graduates. The highly ornate stock certificates were going like hot cakes at a lumber camp when a small town newspaper editor "smelled a rat." The promoter crossed the state line just two jumps ahead of the sheriff but later was rounded up with his crew of fast talkers and "jugged."

Of course the whole thing was a palpable fake. In the first place, no studio maintains or recognizes any school other than those studio-connected and located on the premises. Then again, talent scouts, what few there are, rarely look to schools for future Gables or Garbos. Most of their waking hours are spent in legitimate theaters.

However, the conclusion shouldn't be too hastily drawn that there are no authentic schools or studios polishing up talent for screen work. In Hollywood alone are to be found a score or more of reputable instructors. Clark Gable, Lupe Velez, Bruce Cabot, Toby Wing and many another in the higher bracket owe their success, in part, to the tutorship of *Josephine Dillon*, who, incidentally, was the first *Mrs. Gable.* Those who enroll in her classes are promised only instruction. The fake schools promise jobs. There you have the difference between the two.

Then there is the illegitimate offspring of Dame Cinema, the scenario racket. If the embryonic Fannie Hurst should see the thing through to the bitter end she will have spent in excess of $100 for the triumphant satisfaction of knowing that her manuscript is now ready for presentation at the court of the mighty.

Her chance of ever seeing that story flicker on the screen was exactly nil from the start. With few exceptions screen plays are bought only from established agents and story brokers. For an unknown author to mail an unpublished story to a studio head is much akin to waving a red flag at a bull. In large letters on the face of the envelope he sees the word, *plagiarism.* (*Please turn to page* 72)





English Gentleman—American He-Man—Latin Lover. Yet figures prove that they are audience sweethearts of more movie-going maidens than any others. Why, since they are so different? This story tells you

CLARK GABLE, Ramon Novarro and Leslie Howard are audience sweethearts of more movie-going maidens than any other tailored trio on the Hollywood lots. Don't argue with me about Robert Montgomery or Fredric March. I'm citing box-office information straight from the auditors' statements. It is a fact that most feminine movie-money is spent on the aforementioned threesome.

More curious, indeed astonishing, is the fact that all three are so widely contrasted in type and personality. Here are the great screen lovers you girls rave about, so it must be true. Yet each bears about as much relation to the other as a slice of ham to a filet mignon. Where is the distinct singular preference of yesteryear?

I mean, of course, the old days of the one-star system when Valentino—alone—caressed a harem that was nationwide. Before Rudolph-the-Only, Billy Anderson with his wagon-tongue sinews rallied you gals (who are wives and mothers now) to his manly chest in a voting strength that would re-elect Hoover. I repeat—it is astonishing that the country's feminine interest



LOVERS THREE—

What Have They Got?

By

DOUGLAS GILBERT

should be pooled in a trio of stars whose characteristics are so dissimilar. It is also interesting.

Why is it you girls go for this trio? If Freud knew the answer he could write a dozen more tracts. Incidentally, it always struck me as a curious thing that the sex-science boys, those "Peeping Toms" of contemporary civilization, haven't lined up before the keyholes of our picture palaces. Here is a slant at feminine reaction I commend also to Mr. Jung and Mr. Adler. Let 'em listen to the rhythm of the beat of your bosoms in a darkened movie theater and then tell us why you go ga-ga over Gable.

I don't mean to say, for example, that my own preference for Mae West is a key to my love-life. Maybe it is, better skip it. But I do mean to say that the Gable-Novarro-Howard drag has a goofy tinge to it that gets nuttier as their box-office take grows bigger. What have these guys got that a literate gent in his early thirties, reasonably informed, attractive and a fairish spender, hasn't got? There's something screwy about it. I think Gable has a mole. So have I, but mine never got me anything but the gate.

A month or so ago a chap I know made a play for a blonde, one of those big, broad pash-types, all hills and no valleys. He wasn't getting anywhere with her, so, clowning around in his apartment one night, we cooked up a line for him. You get it—he was to go Gable on her. Get rough and tough. Smack her around. Not too tough, just enough to give her the picture of the Carnera in him. Like the old Gable in his hard-boiled Corporal role in "What Price Glory?" when he was hamming around in stock on the West Coast. Uh-huh. It was like bringing Frank Buck back alive. All my friend got was the air. Lads, you try this method on the girl friend and see what happens.

No, the treat 'em rough technique has its limitations. Apparently it's no line for an amateur. When Gable sinks his teeth into a role—it's the business. He plays hard and fast, but not loose. His early training in stock, knocking around with the hams, when customers at the tent shows he toured with on the cuppa-cawfee circuits couldn't be frisked for a dime a dozen. . . . Well, this sort of thing, this experience, brings you face to face with a bitterness that leaves an indelible mark. Usually, and it is certainly true in Gable's screen history, the experience is all to the good. For out of suffering comes fortitude; and out of bitterness, if one survives at all, comes tenderness. Is this the answer to Gable? That having been down himself he's now for the chap less fortunate?

The chap who also would be doing all right if he could get just one chance to click?

Maybe so. There is, as a man looks at him, something fortuitous about Gable. I mean that he always gives you the impression that he'll go to bat for you; that he won't let you down. There is always this back of a Gable sock in the nose—it's for cause, not effect. He doesn't brawl for fun, but for the right, and the wronged; a knight in Hart, Schaffner and Marx.

Unlike most of us, Gable (in his film roles, of course), never takes no for an answer. He's in there swinging all the time. This makes his act a set-up for the women of today. You were ripe for Gable. You've gone softy. Don't get me wrong. I don't mean in the push-over sense. Isn't it so that all of you are now more romantic, more feminine, more, and I brave the risk of a rise out of Alexander (Adjective) Woollcott—cuddly? I wouldn't know definitely, but I suspect that you are.



Maybe that's another point that Gable has on us chaps who mean well and don't get anywhere with you. He knows how you've changed, whereas the rest of us are still chasing the metallic maidens all of you were in the bath-tub gin days of the nineteen-twenties when men were mice and women were borderline.

(*Please turn to page* 98)



There was only one Marie Dressler —so, too, there is only one May Robson. Marie gave her humorous characterizations a tinge of pathos. May, on the other hand, gives her heart-rending parts a swift and understanding humor. You will want to see her in "The Portrait of Laura Bayles," her next for RKO, in a part that calls for all the talent at her command. And, we think, you will not be disappointed.

Clarence Sinclair Bull

"I'm a Movie Boob!"

Says STU ERWIN, "and I'm not ashamed that my sole purpose on the screen is to make people laugh!"

By DOROTHY DRAKE



Stu's son looks considerably more like papa than he does like mama, the beautiful June Collyer. This picture of the Erwin family was taken while they were leaving Hollywood for New York.

THE very fact that there's such a thing as tragedy in life makes comedy necessary," says Stu Erwin (who didn't study logic at the University of California for nothing.) "If we had all night and no day, or all Winter and no Summer, the old world would be a heck of a lot less attractive as a building-site.

"Everybody knows that there are things wrong with the old camping-ground. What we need to do is forget it, not remember it. That's why we need laughter. It helps the aching old feet to go on pounding the sidewalks. Why do doctors always laugh a lot? Because they see so much pain that a sense of humor is all that keeps them going along from day to day."

Stu has a different theory of comedy, too, as well as an idea as to why we ought to have it.

Among professional gunsters —playwrights, humorous writers, columnists, jokesmiths, and so on—there are two reigning notions as to this theory. If a dignified gentleman in a top hat slips on a banana peel, breaking eight ribs in the process, that is terribly, terribly funny, because the situation itself is funny. That is the situation theory. The other, its opposite, holds that comedy is simply a trick. If a man wiggles his ears at you long enough, this school believes, or makes other funny faces, you're going to split your sides laughing at him, if you don't shoot him first.

Stu disagrees violently with all of this.

"Situations and humorous lines are what carry comedy, yes," he agrees. "But a comedian, to me, is a person people *naturally* laugh at—and I don't mean because he wiggles his ears! Just the way some calves are born with five legs, comedians are born with something inside of them that makes you chuckle, to my way of looking at it. What it is, I don't know any more than you do. Nobody knows. They just have it. And from this it follows"—and here is where Stu bears down hard—"that a comedian's best method is just to be himself, just to be natural."

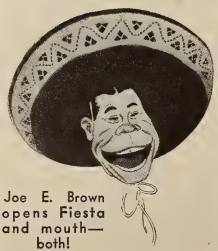
All the trouble Stu has ever had in Hollywood, you see, has been brought about by this constant struggle of his to remain himself, to stay natural. He was with Paramount for a long time, and it was not a very happy time.

"I asked for a release from my Paramount contract because they were shopping around for straight roles for me," he says. "I don't mean heavy lovers, or sex-appeal Don Juans. I just don't look like that. But they did want me to do a more polite brand of comedy—dressed-up comedy roles, drawing-room stooges, that sort of thing. I couldn't see it for dust. I know I'm limited to one kind of 'I'm a Boob' comedy, on the screen. There are plenty of polite wisecrackers if they want them, without making me over to fit the pattern."

When a player (*Please turn to page* 80)

Movieland FIESTA

Hollywood comes out into the open to dine, to dance, and to sing—with HERB HOWE, New Movie's gay caballero



Joe E. Brown opens Fiesta and mouth—both!

Santa Barbara—

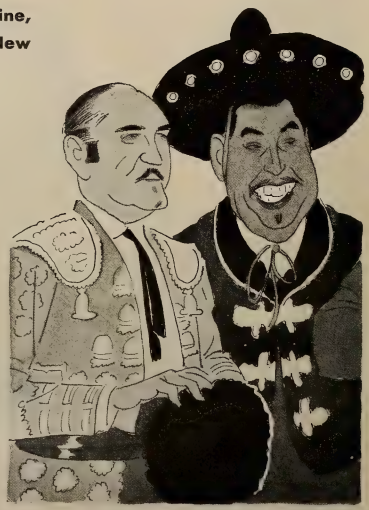
DANCING in the streets . . . la jota, jarabe, rumba, carioca . . . serenaders chanting Cielito Lindo under a ripe moon . . . senoritas in mantillas and ruffles . . . caballeros in broad hats and charro pants, as trying as sailors. . . . Santa Barbara holding, in all its Latin splendor, its Fiesta of Old Spanish Days, not without their Hollywood moments, of course. . . .

Commencing solemnly on the steps of the flood-lighted 1776 Mission with a tableau of Fra Junipero Serra implanting the first Cross, the Fiesta lilted gayly along for three days to culminate in the personal visitation of Joe E. Brown with "Circus Clown" at Teatro Granada. The invitation to Don Jose to be guest of honor bore signatures of a thousand citizens, including all us Mickey Mouse clubmen who can write. He appeared at the stroke of midnight at a house of din—clapping, whistling, stamping. First, he opened wide the orifice to show he hadn't Mission Canyon concealed under his lip. He closed his gagful hour and orifice with: "I promise you my pictures will be so clean you can bring your parents without blushing."

THE honor conferred on El Senor Brown did not deter other stars from dancing in the streets: Don Lionel Barrymore, Don Leo Carrillo, Don Dick Arlen,



WANTED: A Carmen who weighs less than the bull.



Don Gary Cooper, Don Eddie Robinson, Don Charlie Chan Oland and Don Stepin Fetchit, looking fetchingly Moorish in toreador costume. . . .

Senor Oland, being a ranchero of Santa Barbara County, was honored by having his latest film selected as Fiesta feature at Teatro Fox of Andalusian atmosphere—blue-illumined patio of palms, banana and tree ferns, interior a reproduction of a Spanish village under the most life-like stars I've seen indoors.

THE Fiesta parade featured beautiful women and horses. A voluptuous senora leading a donkey with panniers of vegetables got wild acclaim from the boys.

"There goes Mae West!" shouted a muchacho next to me.

"Boy!" yipped another, "if that was Mae West the parade would be over."

SANTA BARBARA came dangerously close to being the film capitol eighteen years ago. The old Flying "A" studios had many stars, including Mary Miles Minter, Broncho Billy Anderson, Bill Russell, Richard Bennett, father of uppity Constance and ambrosial Joan. Today, Santa Barbara with adjacent Montecito is a recreation spot for Hollywood *connoisseurs*. It was especially loved by Marie Dressler who chose to spend her last days there. Dolores Del Rio was married to Cedric Gibbons in the old Mission of Franciscans. Manuel Reachi, producer of Spanish films with Enrico Caruso, Jr., recently took there his bride, one of the illustrious Figueroa family. Santa Barbara is the loveliest town in America I have seen—gracious, indolent, aristocratic, benevolent. It is pictorially related to the French Riviera, particularly Nice with the city arising from the sea on tiers of majestic mountains. The Biltmore at Montecito with gay cabanas

DRAWINGS BY D. B. HOLCOMB



Don Lionel Barrymore, Don Charlie Chan Oland, Don Gary Cooper, Don Leo Carrillo, Don Eddie Robinson and Don Stepin Fetchit, gay caballeros all, dance in the streets to the dulcet strains of guitars.

on the beach is a favorite week-end resort of the Harold Lloyds, Barrymores, Edw. G. Robinsons, Chaplin, Bennetts, Arlens, and what we plumefully call Hollywood's intelligentsia. The boat harbor makes Santa Barbara especially attractive to the yachting set, including those of us who have only the caps.

ALWAYS passionately Mexican, I became so barrocho on the spirit of fiesta I christened my nearby place Casa Cucaracha with a bottle of habanera. My neighboring vaquero, Warner Oland, assisted at the dedication by drinking most of the habanera. Thereupon I decreed it was time to re-enact the Rancheros Visitadores (Ranch-visiting) and accompanied him to his place where, on the deck over the sea, we were poured good old Sandemann of Jerez by Prahidis, incomparable Mexican cook and housekeeper. We were joined by Mrs. Oland, painter and collaborator with Warner in translating Strindberg. They own an island below Mazatlan on the Mexican coast which they are stocking as a hacienda. Incidentally, another eminent Swede, Nils Asther, has gone Mexican, purchasing a thousand acres of timber, sugar-cane and fruit near Acapulco. From a recent tour of Mexico the Olands brought back pottery, glass, silver and other examples of Mexican handicrafts, which are superceding all others in California favor. Their treasure is a little ancient god, of Aztec sculpture, a gift from Diego Rivera.

JACK, as Senor Oland is called by cronies, was returning next day to complete his last scene with Greta Garbo in "The Painted Veil." So the inevitable query: "What is your estimate of Senorita Garbo?" I knew Jack's opinion would not be swayed by national sentiment. He came from (*Please turn to page* 90)

The NEW PICTURES

Going to a show tonight? A glance at this list will tell you what picture you want to see—By Barbara Barry, New Movie's studio reporter

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES
•
RKO

SWEETNESS and light . . . that's what we have in this grand old classic, by L. M. Montgomery. Helen Westley and O. P. Heggie are an elderly brother and sister . . . just plain farmer folk, living on a farm in Canada.

To cheer their loneliness, they send to a Novia Scotia orphanage for a boy whom they intend to adopt if he's the right sort.

When the child arrives, it's far from being the "bright sort," since they particularly specified a boy, while the new arrival is a red-haired big-eyed girl named Anne!

After a little coaxing, Heggie finally convinces his grim, disapproving sister that, perhaps a girl would be better, after all, and Anne settles down to the job of teaching the old folks to love her.

Tom Brown, son of a neighboring farmer, falls in love with the girl, but, because Anne's adopted folks are mad at his folks, Miss Westley discourages the lad's honorable intentions in no uncertain terms.

Loving Tom, but feeling obligated to the people who have taken her from the orphanage, Anne sorrowfully tells the boy that she mustn't see him ever again.

Heartbroken, Tom goes away to medical school, and when the lovable Heggie is stricken with a malady which no one but Tom's doctor-instructor can cure, Tom persuades the noted medico to assist, thereby winning the consent of Miss Westley to his romance with Anne.

Between shots, we talked with Miss Westley, that swell trouper from the New York stage, who made such a hit as the mother of George Arliss in "House of Rothschild."

"As soon as this picture is finished, I'm going back to New York to do a play I've long had my heart set on," she said contentedly. "Oh, I'll be back!" she insisted, as we started to protest. "I like pictures . . . but, there's something about the stage . . . especially when it has been one's first love . . . Besides, I think it's a very good thing to keep your eye on both sides of the question. It's stimulating, and lacks the monotony of one set routine."

Then, she stepped before the camera again, to be guided through a difficult scene by director George Nichols, Junior, who insists that she is one of the finest, most pliable actresses he has ever handled.

NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS
•
UNIVERSAL

IF you are a Thorne Smith addict, then there is very little we can tell you about this picturization of one of his most popular novels.

Alan Mowbray is an eccentric young scientist who has discovered a process whereby he can make statues out of human beings. And vice versa.

For the pleasure of eating one dinner in utter peace and quiet, he turns his magic ray on the entire family of immediate and "in-law" relatives, with the single exception of his niece, Peggy Shannon, who, more or less, understands and sympathizes with her uncle's crazy notions.

With the backyard full of marble in-laws, Alan annexes Florine McKinney, whose insane father declares she has been alive for 900 years. Alan and Florine then go to the Metropolitan Museum, to try out Alan's "ray" on the marble gods and godesses that adorn the pedestals there.

Coming to life, the gods of Olympus disport themselves according to the way they had carried on in the days of ancient Greece. And, if you don't laugh yourselves to death, then you wouldn't be a-caring for the Marx Brothers. Nor W. C. Fields. Not that there's any connection. But it's *that* crazy.

For the sake of realism, twenty sculptors were employed to make plaster of Paris figures of the lads and lassies who fill the sandals of the old Greek royalty, after the magic ray has been turned on them.

The day we were there, Paul Kaye was being modeled into a statuesque Mercury; Thelma Todd's ex-husband, Pat De Cicco, made into a stream-line Perseus; and





"I Am a Thief" brings you the ultra-sophisticated Mary Astor and Ricardo Cortez. In circle: With Joe Penner, Lyda Roberti, and Jack Oakie, "College Rhythm" is fast fun.



Sentimental, tender, and whimsical, like "Little Women," another old favorite of the past generation, "Anne of Green Gables," offers Helen Westley, Anne Shirley, and O. P. Heggie.



Taken from the Broadway play, "Imitation of Life" is as polished as its stars, Warren William and Claudette Colbert.



Conrad Nagel and Virginia Bruce in a scene from J. B. Priestley's dramatized novel, "The Dangerous Corner."



"Menace" takes Paul Cavanaugh, Berton Churchill, and Gertrude Michael, here together, into the tropical jungles.



"By Your Leave" features Frank Morgan and Genevieve Tobin in a brilliant comedy, built on the old theme of trial separation.



Whether you like "Limehouse Nights" or not is going to depend on what you think of George Raft as a half-caste Chinese. Anna May Wong supports him.

Geneva Mitchell, doubling in plaster for the dancing Hebe.

This is just the kind of production that will profit by the tongue-in-cheek direction of Lowell Sherman.

COLLEGE RHYTHM
•
Paramount

WANNA buy a duck, you na-aa-sty man?

George Marion, Jr. designed this tale of campus life, especially to fit the requirements of your favorite radio comedian, Joe Penner.

Joe's famous duck is mascot of the college football team where Jack Oakie is star touch-down-er. Jack and Lanny Ross are rivals for the affection of Mary Brian, but, as Mary is football-minded and Lanny is nothing but a piccolo player in the college band, Oakie gets most of the breaks.

After graduation, Jack is out of luck, and, as a neat form of revenge, Lanny gives him a job behind the ribbon counter of his father's store.

When Lanny's father kicks about the way his piccolo-playing son is managing the store, Oakie comes to the fore with a colossal scheme to stimulate business. They'll modernize the place as a "collegiate store," with a football team and everything!

The old man relegates Lanny to the music counter and appoints Jack general manager of the ensuing shambles.

It's a lot of fun, what with Penner and Lyda Roberti presiding over the bird department and a hundred salesgirls, dressed as chorines, waiting on the rush of trade.

There's an exciting football game at the finish and a grand comedy sequence wherein Joe gets his duck mixed up with a flock of other ducks and brings the whole waddly bunch to the game, to be sure that Goo-Goo is among those present.

Oakie and Mary pair off, while Lanny happily discovers that he has loved his little secretary, Helen Mack, all the time!

With Norman Taurog directing, you know there won't be any slip-up in the comedy action.

BABBITT
•
Warners

THOSE of you who have read this Sinclair Lewis story will need no introduction to the civic-minded, small town wage earner, who, while he aspires to be a leader, unconsciously follows the pack.

While the book was a definitely cruel character study, the picture has been invested with a lightness and tolerance that make for easy entertainment, and no bad taste in the mouth.

Guy Kibbee plays the cock-sure Babbitt, (*Please turn to page* 70)

The Real



(Left) Eddie Cantor at the time he played in "Palmy Days."



(Above) With Lyda Roberti as they appeared in "The Kid from Spain."

(Below) Eddie as a chariot racer, in one of the most thrilling sequences of his last film, "Roman Scandals."

By SAMUEL GOLDWYN

DURING the many years that Eddie Cantor was on the New York stage—and, incidentally, one of its brightest stars—he kept in his dressing-room a huge autograph album. In it, he collected the signatures of the famous in all walks of life for his daughter, Marjorie, who has now grown up and become his secretary. The volume grew to greater and greater proportions until, eventually, it contained one of the most amazing autograph collections in the world.

One day, Eddie and young Marjorie were turning its pages, marveling at the procession of distinguished names which met their eyes.

"Gosh!" Eddie exclaimed, suddenly. "Here's an autograph album, kept by my own daughter—and I've never signed my name in it. Give me a pen, quick!"

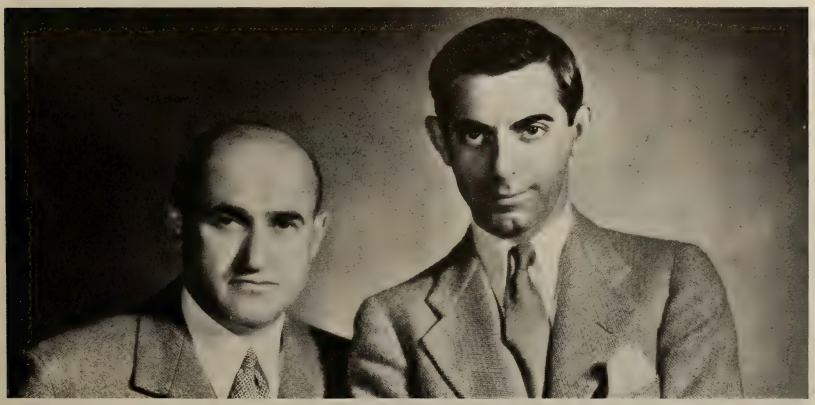
"No! No!" Marjorie protested. "Don't you sign there, Daddy. It's only for celebrities!"

AND, strange as it may seem, Marjorie's protest is rather indicative of the feeling which is shared by all of us who work with Eddie Cantor, day in and day out, the year around. He has not the slightest trace of that ego-mania common to his profession, no trace of the traditional actor's inclination to "dramatize" off-stage. He is so unassuming, so completely natural, so lacking in any consciousness of his own importance, that we actually have difficulty in remembering the fact that he is one of the great celebrities of the show world.

As a matter of fact, his audience is probably greater than that of any other entertainer in history. After years of stage stardom, he made his first *filmusical* for me. That was five years ago—but the picture, "Whoopee," is still playing in hundreds of theaters. His last picture, "Roman Scandals," is now in its fifth month in London. His "Kid from Spain" ran for five months in Paris.

EDDIE CANTOR

"I like to talk about him, for I admire and love the man. I admire his genius and the capacity for hard work which has lifted him so high above the poverty and obscurity of his beginnings," says Mr. Goldwyn.



Samuel Goldwyn, writer of this article, and Eddie Cantor, whose friendship has weathered adversity as well as success.

Every Sunday evening, thirty million people listen to his radio programs. The Crosley reports list him as the most popular entertainer on the air.

I can't think of anyone who reaches the minds and hearts of so many people. Surely, such success might justify egotism.

But, if Eddie, mixing with the crowds, meets a newsboy who didn't like his last broadcast, or if his barber admits disliking the latest Cantor picture, Eddie worries.

"Am I slipping . . . ? I've got to do better! I'll try a little harder. . . ."

I like to talk about him, for I admire and love the man. I admire his unquestionable genius and the capacity for hard work which has lifted him so high above the poverty and obscurity of his beginnings. I love him for his unfailing courage, his understanding kindliness and his magnificent sense of humor.

Yet, in a way, I'm afraid of Eddie Cantor. I have the well-deserved reputation of being very emphatic in my opinions. Why not? Everything in Hollywood moves at breakneck speed; consequently, it seems consistent to express even the most casual opinion with a forceful smack. But Eddie smacks right back. It becomes a Punch and Judy show! So, looking for the easiest course, I try to avoid arguments. Notwithstanding his personal modesty, I've never known anyone who upheld with such loyalty and tenacity his deep-seated convictions.

He is simple, direct and outspoken, governed by an honesty which never can be challenged. He is no respecter of persons—and that's why his opinions command so much respect.

People who do not know the man often express to me their wonder at his ability to do so much work. "How can he possibly accomplish so many tasks in the course of a single day?" they ask.

The answer is simple enough. Eddie has made a game of work, made work take the place of play. His interests are so varied that he can pursue one until it begins to grow boresome and then drop it in favor of another. He has developed the unique ability to resume an unfinished job without loss of motion after having exiled it from his mind for weeks. He rubbed elbows with poverty for so many years that he never had the opportunity to acquire those time-killing hobbies which clutter up the average man's life. The theater is a hard task-mistress. Work, more work, and still more work—that was the rule of living imposed by necessity on Eddie Cantor. Fortunately, he always has been passionately devoted to his profession and his work has seemed to him a privilege rather than a hardship.

His earnings have been enormous, yet, characteristically, he always has been much more concerned about doing his job well than about the salary it might pay. He believes that a man, invariably, is paid according to his just desserts. When he first took up radio work, it was for a ridiculously small wage. Along Broadway, they called him a fool for accepting such "small change." Eddie only laughed and said: "In the long run, they'll pay me whatever I'm worth." Today, he practically writes his own radio contracts.

Al Jolson, by the way, after being Cantor's chief rival on the stage for years, threatened to become his chief competitor on the air. Jolson's first radio contract called for a fantastic salary and Broadway expected a display of jealousy from Eddie. Instead, Broadway was treated to the (*Please turn to page* 92)

SWEET, SWEET and SWEETER

Grows the Music of the Screen



BIGGEST HITS

"A NEW MOON IS OVER MY SHOULDER"—fox trot, played by Isham Jones and his orchestra. (Victor)

"WHEN YOU WERE A SMILE ON YOUR MOTHER'S LIPS"—fox trot, played by Hal Kemp and his orchestra. (Brunswick)

"YOU'RE NOTHIN' BUT A NOTHIN' "—fox trot, played by Raymond Paige and his orchestra. (Victor)

"LOVE IN BLOOM"—fox trot, Ernie Holst and the Central Park Casino Orchestra. (Bluebird)

In a weak moment, Eddie Horton not only sings but dances, in RKO's musical comedy, "The Gay Divorcée."

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

GENERALLY, the music we hear along with our pictures goes on from month to month about the same. But this month there is a decided change. Sweet music has suddenly grown sweeter. The "hotcha" stuff has sunk to the lowest level since jazz was invented.

"College Rhythm," with Joe Penner, "Music in the Air," which brings together Gloria Swanson and John Boles as a singing team; "365 Nights in Hollywood,"—all the current films are going in for soft, dreamy tunes. Is there a vogue beginning, for this type of tune, which is affecting the talkies? Or, are the talkies responsible for it themselves, and starting the wave?

AN excellent bit of playing is done by Isham Jones and his orchestra in their recording of "A New Moon Is Over My Shoulder" from the film "Student Tour." This is another hit by those eminent songsters, Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown, who have given us so many good tunes in the past. Isham Jones and the boys give this record that certain something and their interpretation includes fine vocal work.

Another tune from the same picture is on the other side, "From Now On." This is a different type recording but the Isham Jones recording helps. (Victor.)

IT is "A New Moon Is Over My Shoulder" which gives you an idea of the new trend, more than "From Now On." You will notice the same thing in "The Gay Divorcée," the picture in which Edward Everett Horton does the singing-and-dancing monkeyshines referred to above. "Night and Day" comes along with this, from the stage show, but the rest of the numbers are new and will be recorded by the time you read this. They are "Don't Let It Bother You," "Let's Knock K-knees," with music and lyrics by the famed Mack Gordon and Harry Revel, and "Looking for a Needle in a Haystack" and "The Continental," by Con Conrad and Herb Magidson. This is an RKO picture with Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

FROM the motion picture "Dames," Hal Kemp and his orchestra select and play the number "When You Were a Smile on Your Mother's Lips." This is in Hal's own distinctive style, and he seems to have the knack of making any tune sound great. Swell arranging, and some special singing by Skinny Ennis.

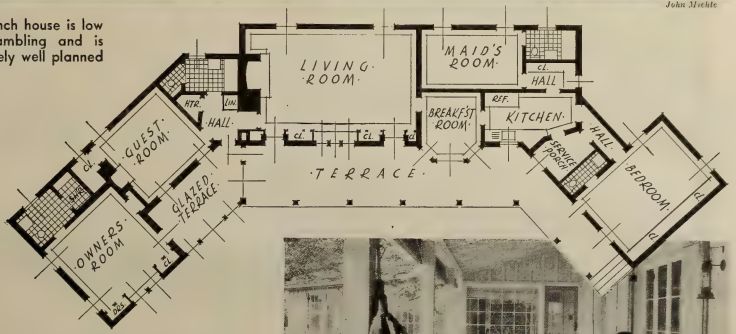
"For All We Know" is the melody on the other side, also played by Hal Kemp and orchestra. I think this is every bit as good as the preceding side and perhaps even better. The clarinet and trumpet work is especially good and the vocal as sung by Bob Allen, will move you. (Brunswick.)

ANOTHER one of those peppy tunes put out by Raymond Paige and his orchestra, is from the Walt Disney Silly Symphony, "Flying House." "You're Nothin' But a Nothin' " is the title. The vocal work is great and the effects produced by the orchestra are startling, to say the least. (*Please turn to page* 91)



John Michkte

The ranch house is low and rambling and is extremely well planned





Away from the rush of Hollywood is this hideaway ranch of Joel McCrea and his wife, Frances Dee

Joel McCrea's RANCH

JOEL McCREA and his wife, Frances Dee, enjoy the quiet and restfulness of their thousand-acre hideaway ranch on the outskirts of Hollywood. Joel's last picture was the RKO-Radio production "The Richest Girl in the World."

The ranch house itself is low and rambling, painted white with bright green shutters against a hilly, green background.

The plan of the house is most interesting and unusual and is arranged all on one floor. The large living-room, with its open fieldstone fireplace, opens on to the terrace which extends halfway across the front of the house. Off this is a tiny breakfast-room with a sunny bay window. The kitchen is small but adequate and is convenient to the maid's room and bath. In this wing, there is also a large bedroom with a closet completely occupying one long wall. This room is provided with a small lavatory. The other wing of the house contains the owner's room and bath, a lovely guest room with an open fireplace and connecting bath and a glass enclosed terrace which opens on the long front porch.

Frances and Joel take keen delight in their lovely ranch and spend as much time on it as they possibly can between making pictures. They spent a great deal of time and thought on decorating and furnishing the house and simplicity and comfort are the keynotes throughout. The color schemes in the various rooms are cheerful and serene; and a feeling of quiet and restfulness prevails over the entire place.

Letters from readers of NEW MOVIE show a keen interest in the homes of motion picture actors and actresses. The plans of these houses in and about Hollywood not only provide an interesting picture of the home life of these celebrities, but offer helpful suggestions to home builders everywhere. If you are interested in the house of your favorite player send in the name to Tower House Editor, New Movie Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

TIME OUT TO

Birthday Candles—Orchids—Cocktails—the Month's Chart of Hollywood's Elite — By GRACE KINGSLEY, New Movie Society Writer

THIS old American custom of putting candles indicating the number of years old a person is, on birthday cakes, is going out so far as filmland is concerned.

Somebody sent Gene Raymond a birthday cake, for instance, with twenty-six candles on it, to his birthday party, held at the Russian Eagle Cafe.

"And now," grinned Gene, "folks will count up on me. In three or four years they will be saying, 'Why, he must be thirty-five at least!' "

And when Jean Harlow had a birthday party, not so very long ago, and somebody suggested sentimentally that candles should go on it, Jean tactfully turned the talk to something else! But we noted there were no candles on the cake. And yet Gene and Jean are very wrong, for what is a birthday cake, without the candles?

Both Marian Nixon and Mary Brian were wearing artificial flowers. So these are in again!

Mary wore a huge blue posy at the V of her neck.

The party was given in the garden of the Russian Eagle, outdoor affairs being the thing now-a-days, especially in the afternoon. Nobody who has even a spot of a garden ever holds a party indoors if the day or evening be fine. Or at least the garden is open and lighted and upholstered for guests.

Marian Nixon and William Seiter, the director, were very valentinish at the party, as becomes honeymooners. And we hear that Marian had a lovely letter from Laura LaPlante, who was Mrs. Seiter for so long, you know. So that, if Marian and Bill decide to go to Europe, they are going to look in on Laura and Irving Ascher, Laura's new husband.

An unusual number of toasts were drunk to Max Reinhardt on the occasion of the garden cocktail party which Director Rouben Mamoulian gave for him.

Among the health drinkers were Anna Sten and Marlene Dietrich. What different style those two young ladies boast, to be sure! Anna is a demure miss, affecting a rather school girlish dress, while Marlene is the last word in sophistication. They were photographed together, for the first time in their careers.

Josef Von Sternberg was Miss Dietrich's escort, while Miss Sten came with her husband, Dr. Eugene Franke.

And what a gathering of producers there was, to be sure! There were Jesse L. Lasky, Carl Laemmle, Jr., Al Kauffman, B. P. Schulberg and Sol Wurtzel.

Looking prettier than ever, Sandra Shaw was present with Gary Cooper.

"Gary has put on twenty pounds since we were married," said Sandra. "I'm so proud of him!"

All the Hollywood guessers are saying, "Here's a marriage that will last!"

It does seem based on sure foundations—background socially, similar tastes, and all the rest.

Edward G. Robinson had met Reinhardt abroad, and the two renewed their acquaintance.

Eddie Cantor slipped about, taking away a little of the solemnity of the occasion.

"I didn't expect to hear a word of English spoken here today," he confided with that look of wide-eyed innocence of his.

HOLLYWOOD brides and grooms always expect to be simply swamped with parties, and so Jean Howard and her husband, Charles Feldman, didn't expect to be any exception to the rule.

Mrs. Adelaide Schulberg was among those striving to give a different sort of party for the two. And the decorations were unusual. The party was held at the

Photos by Wide World



Above: Anita Louise, Tom Brown of the ever-present boyish grin, Jacqueline Wells and William Janney at Robert Hoover's party for New Movie's junior reporter, Henry Willson.



Above: Jean Harlow's "invalid" cocktail party, first of the season. Below: At Gene Raymond's birthday party—Gene, Barbara Kent, Mary Brian, Johnny Mack Brown, Genevieve Tobin, William Seiter, Marian Nixon, Lyle Talbot.



PLAY

Vendome, and practically everybody, who could possibly be rounded up, went.

But as for those decorations. They were pink satin ribbons and silver balloons. Balloons everywhere—floating in the air, clustered on the ceiling, and in fact every place that you could or couldn't imagine a balloon being, there you found one.

Everybody had a lot of fun with them, and finally it was suggested that the person bursting the most balloons with a cigarette should get a prize; but that was considered a little too rough, and the lovely bubbles remained intact except when Eddie Buzzell and Donald Cook accidentally hit a couple with their cigarette ends. But they apologized profusely.

Claudette Colbert occasioned a little surprise by arriving with Norman Foster, with whom she hasn't been seen much of late.

Nancy Carroll danced a lot with a various number of partners, apparently wishing to favor no one.

REAL heroes were two hosts of the past week. Both had issued invitations for parties, and both stuck to their social guns despite accidents.

Jean Harlow decided on a cocktail party—then sprained her ankle. Robert Hoover injured his leg when the flywheel of a motor boat got out of hand and swatted him, tearing the ligaments.

But both carried on.

All the men at Jean's party were sitting about her couch, and eagerly offering to carry her whenever her duties as hostess made it necessary for her to move about. In fact Cedric Gibbons and Herbert Marshall "made a chair" for her with their hands, as folks used to for you and (*Please turn to page* 104)



Left: We seem to be seeing a lot of Anna Sten this month. Here she is again with her husband, Dr. Eugene Franke, at Rouben Mamoulian's swanky party for Max Reinhardt. Reinhardt is the German impressario who produced a Shakespearean play at the Hollywood Bowl and is considering bringing more of them to the screen.



Above: Edgar Selwyn, Loretta Young, Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw were guests also at the Mamoulian party for Max Reinhardt. Sandra says Gary has taken on some weight. Can you notice it?





Two more glimpses of the Mamoulian party. Above are Rouben himself, Jeanette MacDonald, Anna Sten, and Josef Von Sternberg, while to the left you see Mona Maris, Edward G. Robinson, and Virginia Bruce. Virginia was wearing the wedding and engagement rings John Gilbert gave her. Grace Kingsley tells you why in this article.

Photos by Wide World



Above: Another picture of the first formal afternoon party at Jean Harlow's lovely home. Here, helping themselves to the tempting buffet, are Arline Judge, Claire Trevor, Esther Ralston, Jean, and Lois Wilson. With such tempting food, how do these Hollywood girls stay slim?

Favorite Corners OF



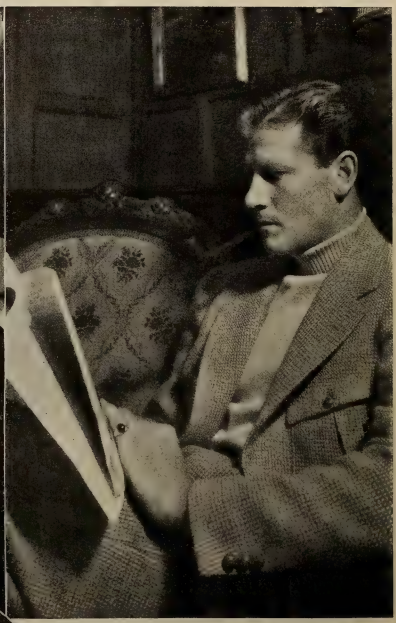


Photo by Robert W. Coburne

(Above left) Minna Gombell on the balcony of her Hollywood apartment, where she cares for more than fifty potted plants. It is here that she spends most of her leisure time.

(Above, right) Joel McCrea says his favorite corner is in the library of his home. Hunched up on the antique love-seat, with the light just right, and his pipe going, Joel is happy.



Wide World Photo

(Left) "It's in the garden swing in our patio that I like to loaf," says Joan Bennett. She says she's supremely happy curled up on the seat with a book in her lap.

THE Stars

Their pet retreats when they want real rest

(Right) Marian Nixon in her particular corner in her boudoir. Her background is blue and gold. She left this room unfinished for months until she had determined upon exactly how she wanted it decorated and furnished.



Photo by Wide World

(Below) Jimmy Dunn in his library, where he says he finds his greatest contentment. Because Jimmy isn't the socially giddy youth that Hollywood at times would make you think. Much of his spare time he spends at home, and one of his hobbies is collecting books—not for their bindings and not for their antiquity, but because of their contents alone.





Individual mince-meat pies gaily decorated with sprays of holly are Virginia Cherrill's preference for a Christmas dessert.

Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill discuss their idea of the perfect home Christmas dinner

Cary's Christmas Dinner

WHEN a girl from Carthage, Illinois, and a boy from Bristol, England, get together to discuss Christmas dinner you would expect some differences of opinion, but when we heard Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill discussing their ideas of the big feast there was almost perfect accord. Like most important Hollywood residents they much prefer a dinner at the home of intimate friends; and the dinner menu drawn up by the English cook, calls for no over-elaborate dishes. Here it is:

OYSTER COCKTAIL
CONSOMME
BREAD STICKS — CELERY
OLIVES — SALTED PECANS
ROAST GOOSE
POTATO STUFFING — APPLE SAUCE
DUCHESS POTATOES
CREAMED LIMA BEANS
CHICKEN CROQUETTES WITH GREEN PEAS
DRESSED LETTUCE — CHEESE STRAWS
ENGLISH PLUM PUDDING
BRANDY SAUCE
FROZEN PUDDING — ASSORTED CAKES
BONBONS
CRACKERS — CHEESE
CAFE NOIR

That, in seven courses, is precisely the sort of Christmas dinner Mr. Grant would have had back in old England. Christmas wouldn't be Christmas to an Englishman without roast goose and plum pudding.

But Christmas wouldn't be Christmas to Miss Cherrill without mince pie, so while Cary insists on pudding Virginia insists on good old American mince pie.

The recipe calls for 1½ cups dry mince meat, 1½ cups water, 1½ cups stewed sweetened cranberries and pie crust. Add water to the mince meat, broken in small pieces and stir over the fire until the lumps are broken. Boil briskly for three minutes and cool and then add the stewed cranberries sweetened as they would be for the table. Have ready an eight- or nine-inch pie plate lined with pastry and pour in the filling. Place the upper crust over the lower and pinch the edges together. Bake about thirty-five minutes in a hot oven (400° F.)

Here is Miss Cherrill's recipe for chicken croquettes:

Melt two tablespoons of shortennig until it is just soft, and blend with it one tablespoon of flour. Then slowly stir in one cup of cream or rich milk. Add two cups of finely chopped, cooked chicken. Add salt and pepper to taste. Cook, stirring occasionally, for eight or ten minutes, and then add two eggs, well beaten, and a teaspoon of very finely minced parsley. Cool, form into croquettes, dip in crumbs, then in beaten egg and again in crumbs, and place in the refrigerator to chill thoroughly before frying in deep fat.



Bert Longworth

● Our own private canvass reveals that people like Patricia Ellis because she's so fresh and breezy and youthful and athletic and clean-looking. One poor man, cornered, said, "I just like her face." It looks as if Patricia knocks her fans speechless, from the answers we get. Anyhow, you'll see her next with Jimmy Cagney in "The Perfect Week-End." That we know!

Love Thy Neighbor

Would you like to live next door to a star? Maybe you would— Maybe you wouldn't.

By POTTER BRAYTON





A cow brought ZaSu Pitts into Claudette Colbert's life.

IF you live in Hollywood, it's a cinch that on one side or another you have a star for a neighbor.

But of course the stars are busy people and you can live a long time in one neighborhood without knowing who is living next to you.

I have lived more than a year on the next terrace below Ronald Colman in Whitley Heights, and wasn't aware of our proximity until last week Ronnie came down to retrieve a tennis ball which he had swatted into the fish pond of my patio.

Claudette Colbert and ZaSu Pitts were neighbors for two years in the fashionable new Brentwood Heights district. They had never met, but exchanged all manner of neighborly favors. For example, at Christmas time, Claudette and the children of ZaSu exchange gifts. When Claudette was ill a short time ago, ZaSu's children got money from their mother to send flowers. And at Claudette's invitation, the children spend an hour or two almost every day in the former's swimming pool.

A jersey cow is the pride of ZaSu's three-acre estate, for the family is always well supplied with rich milk, cream, and butter. When ZaSu learned that Claudette was trying to gain weight for her role as Cleopatra, she sent the children over to Claudette's home daily with fresh supplies of milk and cream. This was too much for La Colbert; she rushed over to the neighboring set at Paramount Studios where ZaSu also was making a picture, and the two neighbors disrupted the Paramount shooting schedule for the day by holding a big "get-together" party on the set. And now the Colbert-Pitts friendship has become a part of the Hollywood tradition.

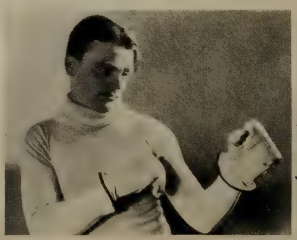
Just over the hill from Claudette and ZaSu is the rambling estate of Neil Hamilton. Like Greta Garbo, Neil is a hiker, and for that reason he has seen Garbo in her natural haunts probably more than any other admirer of the enigmatic Swedish actress. Need I remind you, Garbo is also one of Neil's neighbors, and she never tires of roaming the foothill trails of Brentwood—perhaps because Brentwood overlooks the sea and reminds her of her far-off homeland.

"At any rate," says Neil Hamilton, "although we are neighbors and for several years I was an M-G-M player, me a tumble." Which adds proof to the fact that even movie stars, neighbors in fact, mean nothing to Garbo. She wants to be alone, and that's that.

I've never met Miss Garbo. I've called hello to her once or twice when I've seen her hiking on nearby hills, but she must mistake me for just another curious tourist, for she's never given

Fay Wray and her husband John Monk Saunders live on Selma Avenue, just a block away from the famous Hollywood Boulevard. Their next-door neighbor is Frances Marion, the writer. Fay and Frances have their own wire-haired terrier kennels, and have developed their hobby of breeding and raising thoroughbreds into a thriving business. Fay's neighbor, on the other side is not in the picture business, but the two families are great friends. This neighbor's little girl modeled an especially fine bust of John Monk Saunders, which Fay proudly displays in her living-room.

Leslie Howard tells me that he and William Gargan had been friends for many years in New York before the call of the talkies brought them together again in the Hollywood neighborhood. "Gargan and I appeared





Jimmy Cagney lives next door to—of all people — the very song-writer who wrote "Love Thy Neighbor." But the song-writer has a piano and Mr. Cagney has dogs that bark at night, and so—!





And Lupe, Johnny, Bruce and Adrienne, living under one roof, wish there was room for Joel and Frances and their new baby.



Joel McCrea and Frances Dee would probably move right in on Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot if Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller weren't living with them already, so much do they think of them.



in the stage production of "The Animal Kingdom," and I saw to it that he was also cast with me in the screen version," Howard relates. "Our experience together on the stage and screen has sealed our friendship, as you can easily see in the fact that Gargan honored me by naming his new son Leslie Howard Gargan." Nor was that the end of it, for Gargan drew up a contract, to which the baby put his fingerprints, stating that when the child grew up and became a father, he would also name his first boy Leslie Howard.

And just as there are back fence feuds in Podunk, so there are unfortunate situations between neighbors in Hollywood. Jimmy Cagney and Mack Gordon, the ace song-writer, are neighbors in Beverly Hills. It's no secret that each of them wishes he had someone else for a neighbor. It may be that Gordon practices too loud, or that Cagney's dog is always barking—whatever it is, the cause is of as little importance as causes for neighborhood feuds usually are. But—the irony of it!—Hollywood is having many laughs over the fact that Mack Gordon is none other than the writer of the song which recently swept the country. . . . *Love Thy Neighbor!*

Then there's the case of Burns and Allen, Henry Wilcoxen, and Frances Drake, who live at the miniature Oriental village known as "The Garden of Allah." Frances Drake, in fun, complained to the management that the other three were using the outdoor swimming pool too early in the morning. In retaliation, Burns and Allen and Wilcoxen complained that Miss Drake was coming in too late at night and making too much noise about it. It so happened that local newspapers took the matter seriously, and now these four stars are in a quandary to convince friends that there is nothing to the rumor of a pitched battle among themselves.

The Garden of Allah's roster of neighbors also includes Anita Louise and Elizabeth Allen, who are frequently seen having tea together in the patio of this famous "village." And if you want to witness how Maureen O'Sullivan gets her prowess for those swimming sequences in the *Tarzan* pictures, you should come around to the Garden of Allah pool, where almost any afternoon you'll find Maureen playing water-tag with John Farrow; and you will usually find Hugh Williams and George Barraud, also close neighbors, joining in the fun.

Elissa Landi has reason to wish that her neighbor on the Vaughn Riviera were not the agriculturally inclined Vicki Baum. It seems that Vicki has put the lid on her typewriter long enough to convert an arid field on the Landi side of her estate into new lawn. To do this, she has had to enrich the soil with a goodly coating of guano, and the sea breeze blowing over it carries in the direction of the Elissa Landi homestead an aroma reminiscent of the (*Please turn to page* 88)

There is a great deal for every girl to learn from the beauty tricks of the lovely women of the stage and screen

BEAUTY Specialists

OF HOLLYWOOD

SUPPOSE your boss called you into his office one day and said: "Here's a private hairdresser, a make-up artist, a maid, and wardrobe woman to look after your wants while you're working." You'd say he was pretty fine, wouldn't you? But suppose, on the other hand, you had to take time every half hour or more to adjust your lipstick, powder your face, have your hair patted again in place, and change your gown, all in the interest of your work? You would begin to consider this beauty game pretty much of a job, wouldn't you? It's all the way you look at it.

Out in Hollywood, the popular player finds that keeping beautiful is her job as well as emoting. When she isn't working, she has to spend her own money to do this, haunting the beauty parlors that jot Hollywood as ice-cream parlors other towns; but when she is in demand and working she has the facilities of a fully equipped beauty salon at her disposal. Here her hair is carefully washed, kept lustrous and well groomed; her skin is cleansed daily of the residue left by heavy professional make-up so that nothing will ravage the tender pores. Beauty specialists are here who may change her entire personality with the tweeze of a single hair from her natural brow line, the application of eye-shadow or lip rouge, and the nip of shears across her tresses.

If she is a star, these beauty specialists are at her disposal right on the set. She has her own maid, a hairdresser, a make-up girl and a wardrobe woman alloted to her when a picture starts. It is the job of the make-up girl to greet her when she arrives bright and early at the studio, and to go about the task of transforming her to the vision the fans are accustomed to seeing; her wardrobe woman sees that the gown she is to wear is adjusted just so and the hairdresser completes her coiffure. The make-up girl is again available right after luncheon to see that her brows, eye-shadow and lips are perfect. Just before a scene is to be "shot," when rehearsals are through, the star's maid rushes up with her make-up "kit" for the final dab of powder, the application of lipstick and general straightening up process to give her that perfectly groomed appearance the camera catches. Her studio hairdresser makes certain that every wave and curl is intact, and even the script girl gives her a careful mental check-up to be sure she hasn't made any change in her attire while relaxing. Think of the financial damage and loss of film footage if a star were to change her high-heeled slippers for boudoir mules while resting, and then forgot to put her working shoes on again when the scene was actually taken! This has been known to happen, but today the corps of studio workers strives to lessen the possibility of such accidents.

Every star is allotted a make-up expert as soon as she signs her contract. If she is wise she insists upon retaining the make-up artist who is responsible for her first success because that man or woman probably understands her facial contours better than she does herself. The average girl can learn a real lesson in this devotion of the star to her make-up expert. For example, instead of trying to tweeze her brows in exotic fashion to look like (*Please turn to page* 84)





Above—Helen Morgan being made ready for her song number in "Marie Galante." Left—Denis Phillips, a Hollywood hair stylist, is arranging June Lang's beautiful blond tresses for her part in "Music in the Air."

The MAKE-UP BOX

The Tower Editorial Staff Gathers Round To Talk About Christmas Gifts For Year Round Beauty



GET your shopping pad out right now and take notes on all our gift finds. Most of them offer beauty on a twelve-month schedule. For the past month your Make-Up Box editor has been scurrying about from shop to salon and now the office is piled with packages and the air is perfumed with tantalizing whiffs of this and that. So many of the Tower staff came prowling around to find out what this department knew about what to give that we finally gave an office pre-view and here is what they selected as their personal gift choices and what they said:

ARTIST: "Best-looking vanities these wide eyes of mine have ever glimpsed. They're just right in size, thank goodness, and not a bit trite in design. Now there's mother . . . she'll love the maroon-and-copper case, and my young sister is going to yearn for the black-and-cream one. The lipstick's a grand shade and I like the little compartment for loose powder and those two downy little powder puffs and the big-enough mirror. Honestly, the cases look just like jewelers' pieces and isn't the price a grand and glorious surprise?"



FASHION WRITER: "My current male interest is a typical Young Man About Town . . . London tailored clothes and all that sort of thing. No prosaic 'necktie-gift' for him! He's specified something usable and I've been combing the shops for something unusual. Wonder if he wouldn't like this stunning shaving set . . . this maroon leatherette case and all the filling. The tube of shaving soap holds plenty and so do the after-shaving lotion and the can of invisible talc. The whole thing looks awfully masculine and has that sort of tobacco-tweed fragrance. I believe I'll get Dad a set anyway. I know he'd cheer for it. If I'm to keep peace in my family, I'd better order one for Brother Jim, too."



FOOD EDITOR: "To the top name on my list, I'd give this gift set. Who could ask for more or find it in a lovelier setting? Everything that I'd like to own myself is done up in this heavenly blue-and-silver box lined with the cream satin puffs. I'd like the clinging talcum . . . umm, grand fragrance . . . the great big box of face powder . . . the gleaming blue-and-silver compact with the smooth lipstick (it's indelible, isn't it?) And my favorite perfume, too, in a tiny bottle. Oh, Santa Claus, where art thou?"

BEAUTY EDITOR: (who simply will not be left out of the discussion) "Don't overlook the diminutive bottle of perfume at the right. I'd choose that for gifts. I've tried it before and it certainly is one to set the stag line by the ears. I've always thought it the spirit of youth, it's so sort of provocative and I wager it will cause even a mere husband to raise an interested eyebrow in his wife's direction. I'd recommend it particularly to debutantes but there's no reason why a bottle shouldn't go to your dowager aunt."

HOME DECORATING EDITOR: "I'm selecting that round fat Chinese-red talcum jar. You see, I've just decorated the home of a new bride. Her bathroom is done in military red-white-and-blue and this little gift will strike the proper color note. It can't be knocked over or spilled and can be refilled when necessary; two features which make it as practical as it is decorative. These make clever bread-and-butter gifts as well."



CHILDREN'S EDITOR: "Christmas stockings are traditional in our household and everyone looks forward to funny little tissue-wrapped packages bulging from the stockings hung at the fireplace. Here's an amusing gadget . . . a green rubber face patter on a springy steel rod with tiny suction cups for stimulating circulation, molding contours and banishing flabbiness. I'm going to put it in Grandma's stocking! She's not the shawl-and-cameo-brooch type of Grandma at all, but on the contrary, a thoroughly up-to-date young woman who's as much concerned about a double chin as she is about her contract bridge score. The face-patter costs but a trifle, and that's a help if you have a family that goes berserk at Christmas time and lavishes dozens of presents on each and every member."

HURRY, HURRY, HURRY! Send in your stamped envelope for latest cosmetic news. What with all our whipping up and down the avenue, in and out of the stores, we know a lot more about gifts for the holiday season and what we haven't room for on this page is in the circular. The news we have for you is grouped according to price so that if you've definitely made up your mind that fifty cents is top for Cousin Hattie's present, we have a number of ideas at that price, and if you want to make a grand gesture and spend all your Christmas money on one person, we can help you do that too!



If you would like further information about the articles described, and other beauty news, write enclosing stamped envelope to the Beauty Editor, Make-up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

This Will Startle You

The things the stars do to earn those big salaries

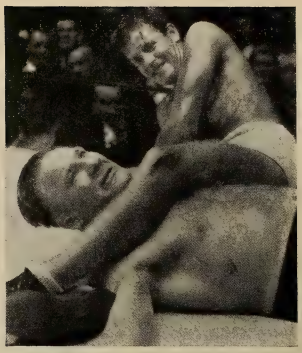
By HENRY WINTERS

MOTION picture actors are overpaid," is the cry of the public. "Some actors even get more than the President of the United States," magazine articles tell us. "But their screen lives are short—their careers are over in five years," explain still other writers from Hollywood. "They are paid in proportion to the amount of cash they draw at the box office,"—and so go the excuses.

I am here to tell you, surprising as it may seem, that the actors in Hollywod are paid these supposedly high salaries because they earn them with actual labor. If you are a business executive in the steel industry, a doctor, a lawyer, or any other person in as high a position in his own particular industry, would you consider yourself overpaid, to be socked on the jaw thirty-two times in one day, and knocked on the floor until you're so black and blue and stiff you can barely move? Do you know many girls in business who would stand in a tank of cold water up to their waists, with rain pouring all over them, for eight and one-half hours without even time out for lunch? Or, do you know any eighteen-year-old kid who could drill for six hours, with a twenty-pound gun strapped to his aching shoulder when he is ill with the flu, and has a temperature of 102, and can't stop work because it would mean thousands of dollars a day to the company that is filming the picture? Or, even as an extra, would you consider yourself overpaid, to start work on a ballroom scene at eight o'clock in the morning—dance and continue to dance—and stand and stand—and stand some more, until you feel the bottom is dropping out of your stomach; then be dismissed at midnight, to get back to town (eight miles from the studio) the best way you could? And with all this—have the ability to act?

I'm going to give you a few statistics which may make you realize that acting is more than a delicate art for the weak-bodied and temperamental. Rather it is man-sized labor, for male or female, requiring strong resistance and a hard determination.

Joel McCrea in "The (*Please turn to page* 79)



Joel McCrea was bloody and bruised when he finished this wrestling sequence, which you saw in "The Sports Parade." And then he had to do it over!



Above: Robert Montgomery worked at one studio all day, at another all night, for nearly three weeks. When did he sleep? The answer is—he didn't.





Left: Making "Good Dame," Sylvia Sidney got out of a sick-bed, weak with pain, and worked day and night, scantily clad, doing strenuous dance scenes.

Far Left: Not only Lilian Harvey's broken foot, but her whole body, had to be bound with surgical tape for some of the scenes while she was finishing "I Am Suzanne."

One day in the life of a Visiting Nurse



Just one incident in the busy day of a Visiting Nurse—Dressing an injured foot to guard against infection.

SHE is but one of about 16,000 women whose days are too short to do all they are asked to do and indeed eager to do, in accordance with the doctor's orders, for those who need their skillful and sympathetic care and direction in hygiene.

Looking for no praise, this Visiting Nurse turned in her report for a single day. From early morning until late afternoon every minute was occupied. But there was no place in her record for her own energy, tact, courage and resourcefulness, or for fatigue, climbing dark stairs, constant drain on sympathy for acute suffering or lost hope.

Her appointments, which averaged about an hour each, began with a call on Mrs. Schmidt — an enema for intestinal disturbance, as ordered by doctor. Then Tim Kelly—lobar pneumonia. Next, Mrs. Jacobs and new baby. John Hopkins—infected leg. Audrey Cohen next—under doctor's orders, gave insulin injection for diabetes. Mrs. Marziotti—prenatal care. Mr. Simmons—a chronic invalid: paralysis. Finally, Lucy Carleton—diphtheria: assisted the doctor in immunizing the other children; arranged home for communicable disease isolation.



The Visiting Nurse Service is one of America's distinguished contributions to the health movement of the world and has been adopted in other countries. Here it is supported by patients whose payments are supplemented by those of organizations that recognize the vast importance of this work which includes education in health. The Visiting Nurse whole-heartedly extends to each patient the benefit of her expert training.

The wage-earner who cannot stay at home when there is illness in the family, but who can afford the part-time service of a Visiting Nurse, goes to work with a lighter heart knowing that she will call at a definite time to do what is required. When possible the Visiting Nurse teaches some member of the family how to give bedside care before she hurries on to her next patient.

Through your telephone book or your doctor, you can find out whether or not there is a Visiting Nurse Service in your neighborhood. These trained graduate nurses are on call in more than 6,000 cities and towns in the United States. The bedside care given by them may help turn a serious illness to full recovery of health and strength.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Make YOUR OWN TOYS

Gifts specially designed to please the smaller boys and girls.

By FRANCES COWLES



De345—For the toddler you can easily make play reins from heavy cotton trimmed with bells.



De349—Wrap your gifts and favors in cellophane snapper packages.



De346—Dress up your more practical presents with gay wrappings made from brightly colored cellophane.



De347—The little girl of six or eight will be delighted with a make-believe work apron.



De348—For your Christmas tree, small stockings and bags to hold candies and nuts.



De350—A most amusing clown quickly made from colored crochet cotton.

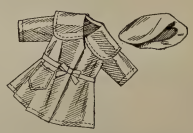
If you would like patterns and directions for making these gifts please turn to page 101



De351—A bunny that small children adore, made from bath toweling.



De352—The Little Red Riding Hood doll is easy to dress and sure to please.



De353—Doll's raincoat made from discarded rubber cape.



De354—Make a small ballet dancer with the help of crochet cotton.

Over 30—they have the skin of their *20's*

Titled beauties from 3 Nations examined by Dermatologists . . . .

say they owe their youthful skin to the same Cream



The Countess Howe

—English beauty. "An unusually lovely skin—has the appearance of being years younger than her age. Firm and clear and fine-pored—free from blemishes." *London Physician's Report.*



The Duchess of Leinster

—the only American duchess. "A remarkably fresh young skin more than 10 years younger than her actual age. Texture fine and soft. Excellent tone and suppleness." *London Physician's Report.*



Her Royal Highness Princesse Geneviève d'Orléans

Comtesse de Chaponay, niece of the late King Albert of Belgium, wearing jewels by Mellerio dits Meller, jewelers to the Royal House of France since Louis XIV. "The skin of twenty. Firm, clear, fine." *Dermatologist's Report.*

A WOMAN'S SKIN may be years younger than her age—or it may be years older.

Dermatologists determine the youth of the skin not by years but by the activity of its circulation. They consider its elasticity and, above all, the ability of its glands to supply rejuvenating oils.

They say that as early as twenty the skin begins to grow old. But you can retard this aging process!

Beauties praise this Cream

The Countess Howe says: "I attribute the freshness of my skin to Pond's Cold Cream." The Duchess of Leinster says: "It soothes tired nerves and it nourishes dry tissues."

While the Princesse Geneviève d'Orléans declares: "Pond's Cold Cream has prevented blemishes—roughness—lines. I would be lost without it."

Three famous beauties—from three different countries—all praise the same cream! This remarkable cold cream answers the three vital needs of the skin:—It gives a thorough, deep-pore cleansing. Even blackheads yield to its gentle action. It softens aging lines before they crease into wrinkles. Finally, it prepares the skin for powder and make-up.

Use it at night—again in the morning—when you freshen up. Your skin will gain new freshness and suppleness. It will feel softer—finer. Your friends will admire this fresh new beauty which Pond's Cold Cream has brought to you.

A NEW FAVORITE—Pond's new *Liquefying Cream* contains the same oils for which Pond's Cold Cream is famous, but is quicker melting. Cleanses—refines—prepares for powder.



Pond's Cold Cream **cleanses thoroughly—corrects skin faults, prepares for powder**

HOW OLD IS YOUR SKIN?
20? 30?

Specially processed oils in this cream

CORRECT SKIN FAULTS
***of the* 20's**



Blackheads, Large pores — Roughness, Dryness — Laughter lines — Little blemishes

FIGHT OFF AGE SIGNS
***of the* 30's**



Crêpy skin — Worry lines — Sallowness, Discolorations — Sagging tissues

MAIL COUPON FOR A GENEROUS PACKAGE

Pond's Extract Co., Dept. M, 48 Hudson St., N. Y. C. I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for 3 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream with samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and special boxes of Pond's Face Powder. I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades of powder ☐. I prefer 3 different DARK shades ☐.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1934, Pond's Extract Company

COOL REDHEAD



"Cool?" asks Jeanette MacDonald with a mischievous twinkle, looking up at our title. But cool as a cucumber the lady is. She fits even love into a plan.

Jeanette goes ahead because she plans her life in advance

By BARBARA ROBBINS

YOU see Jeanette MacDonald in romantic Lubitsch pictures laid in mythical kingdoms, with Jeanette playing the part of a glamorous princess.

Hollywood seems to think she is a princess in real life, born with a gold spoon in her mouth.

Life is very easy for princesses, you know. They get everything they want without working for it. And—on the face of it, at least—Jeanette's success has come to her without work.

When she was thirteen years old she was singing in the choir of the Presbyterian church in her home city, Philadelphia, and dancing in entertainments at school. One year later, when she was fourteen, she went to New York alone and hunted up Ned Wayburn. He took one look at the slim girl with the lovely ankles and hired her on the spot.

It's that sort of thing that makes Hollywood talk about the gold spoon. Things like that don't happen one time in a billion—but they happen to Jeanette.

She worked in a show on Broadway called "Night Boat," and immediately stepped out of the chorus to understudy the prima donna. A few other parts followed, every time a better one, and then, with no further delay, the Shubert Brothers signed her to a long-term contract. While she was with the Shuberts both Universal and Paramount gave her screen tests. Then Ernst Lubitsch saw one of the tests, told Paramount he must have her for the lead in "The Love Parade," Paramount bought up the Shubert contract, and she was where she is now. It was as simple as that.

Easy? "That red hair of hers must bring her the luck of the Devil!" Hollywood says enviously.

"You can't know the other side unless you know Jeanette herself. The real truth is that she has never had any luck in her whole life. She has gotten all these marvelous so-called breaks of hers only because she leads a life that is planned from A to Z. She plans and she works. It isn't that she has the luck of the Devil, it's that she works like the Devil. According to a strict plan.

As an example, the last time Jeanette was in New York friends called on her at her hotel. It was one of the hottest days of the year. But she wasn't in her room, resting under an electric fan. She was out taking a dancing lesson! She had planned to brush up on her dancing a little while she was in New York, and no weather could stop her, that was all there was to it.

"I'm a woman with a purpose in life," she says.

Would *you* have courage enough to leave home at fourteen against your family's objections, and dare the unpleasant things that might happen to you in the biggest of cities? Jeanette had the courage to do it because, cool as a cucumber, she had planned it. She wanted to sing and dance. The place for singers and dancers was in New York. Very well, she'd have to go there. . . . That was how calmly she figured it out, at fourteen! And, once she had it figured out—once her plan was made—she simply went. She will let nothing interfere with her, once she has made up her mind.

Her jobs in other shows didn't come by sheer luck, either. Luck can get you one or two jobs, maybe, but not a long row of them. When they come like that you can be sure there's something (*Please turn to page* 85)

"This newly discovered Yeast is much *quicker-acting* ...it's amazing Doctors!"

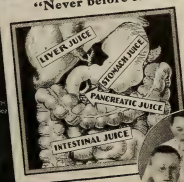
explains **DR. R. E. LEE,**
Director Fleischmann Health Research

Corrects Constipation, Stomach, Skin Troubles far faster. (Rich in hormone-like* substances)



DR. LEE, noted authority on Yeast for Health, is in constant touch with famous scientists all over the medical world.

"Never before such results from Yeast!" report 25 Great Clinics . . .



IN 25 famous clinics, "XR" Yeast was tested on hundreds of patients. "Constipation, indigestion, skin troubles corrected *twice as fast*," doctors reported. "Astonishing."

Secret of new yeast's quicker action is its hormone-like* substances which make digestive juices flow fast and strengthen action of digestive tract.



● DR. ROBERT LATZEL, noted clinic head, reports: "'XR' Yeast twice as quick-acting, due to amazing effect on digestive juices."

A new, stronger "strain" of yeast, discovered in a U. S. medical college, speeds digestive juices, strengthens digestive muscles. (Newly-added Vitamin A combats colds!)

ALREADY the news has cheered millions . . . amazed doctors. Hundreds of questions have been asked. Dr. Lee answers some of them below:—

1. How is it different?

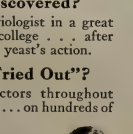
It's a totally new "strain" of fresh yeast. Far stronger. It acts *faster* inside you.

2. How was it Discovered?

By a famous bacteriologist in a great American medical college . . . after years of research on yeast's action.

3. How was it "Tried Out"?

By well-known doctors throughout America and Europe . . . on hundreds of their most stubborn cases of constipation, indigestion, skin troubles and run-down condition. The doctors were amazed. The results were the "talk" of the clinics!



●

"Some time ago," *writes* Barbara Evans, *Ridley Park, Pa.*, "Yeast helped me a lot. Lately I again lost my pep—tried the *new* yeast. It's *quicker*. I felt better in *two days*."

4. How do Doctors explain it?

The reason most people get constipated, have stomach troubles, etc., is—their digestive juices and muscles have *slowed up!*

This new "XR" Yeast is exceedingly rich in hormone-like substances ("activators") which speed up these juices and muscles all through your digestive system *amazingly!

5. Why does it correct Constipation and Indigestion faster?

Because it makes your digestive juices flow faster and muscles work harder *all the way from the stomach on down!* Food is more quickly softened, digested, passed through your body. You can eat things you couldn't eat before—without indigestion or constipation. "XR" Yeast "normalizes" you!

6. Does the Skin clear quicker?

Yes! Skin troubles (as a rule) come from poisons that aren't thrown off by the intestines. "XR" Yeast corrects this self-poisoning—makes your blood purer—skin *healthier*. Pimples, boils, etc., soon clear up.

7. Will "Run-down" feeling go?

Usually! Patients often feel better almost *at once!* You should get more "good" from your food—have fewer headaches—better appetite—more vigor.

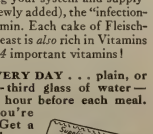
After 40, especially, people need "XR" Yeast to correct the slowing of digestive secretions occurring rapidly after that age. It also helps often in rheumatism.

8. Will it reduce Colds?

Yes—by cleansing your system and supplying Vitamin A (newly added), the "infection-preventing" vitamin. Each cake of Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast is *also* rich in Vitamins B, D and G . . . *4* important vitamins!

EAT 3 CAKES EVERY DAY . . . plain, or dissolved in one-third glass of water—preferably half an hour before each meal. Keep on until you're *thoroughly* well. Get a 3-day supply *now!*

(It is as good as ever for baking, too!)



Fleischmann's XR Yeast

ON SALE AT GROCERS, RESTAURANTS, SODA FOUNTAINS

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HE DOESN'T WANT FAME

Roland Young says that it would only complicate his life

By ROSALIND SHAFFER

ROLAND YOUNG reads all the funny papers, has an erudite library that bespeaks the electric mind, hates mannish styles for women, is afraid of cows, adores penguins, collects South American hand-wrought silverware, loves nature tamed but not in the rough, was married on his mother-in-law's back porch, has had sleeping sickness and was psycho-analyzed out of it, considers very small talk one of the essentials of life, designs fancy clothes poles, and while ultra-civilized, considers civilization a joke.

This is the kind of chap I am trying to write about. "Get an angle," says the editor. Roland Young is so full of angles that a helpless writer is apt to become impaled on one of them and die a delicious death from laughter.

While Young is serious, you never can be sure—it may be some sly act he's putting on to tease you. It would be more proper to say, titillate your risibilities. For Young's erudition and culture have added facts to his sense of humor; the more he knows the more things there are to make sly witticisms about.

He believes that wealth, health and some fame are necessities of life; they are for him. While he has them to some degree, he is not smug. He is happy enough, for a philosopher. He will probably never be a sensational star because he doesn't wish to be; too much fame would infinitely complicate his life.

ALL this had to start somewhere. It did, in the routine way, in London, England, on November 11, in the house of one Keith Young, a successful architect, his father. The baby was named for his grandmother's pet canary, which had just died. A delicate child, he escaped the menace of petticoat government at the hands of a brood of elder sisters, by going away to school at the age of eight, to Sherborne, in Dorset. He also went to school and lived for a time in Sussex.

"Did you grow up in Sussex?" we asked, thinking of the lovely verdure and scenery, and the pleasant climate of this part of England, and wanting awfully to be helpful and sympathetic.

"No," he answered. "I've never really finished that job; growing up is a painful process at best, and what does one gain by it? Name me one single advantage, just name me one," and he flourished his cane in an irate manner. Maybe it was the John Barrymore cane, perhaps the Wilkes Booth cane, possibly the Alexander Woollcott cane. He collects canes.

AS to the matter of his early education; from eight to eighteen he was away from home in school, after the barbaric custom of the English, who thus produce the most civilized men in the world. Then he went on to University College, in London, where Alfred the Great went to school. But the old place had been changed all around since Alfred's time and the beer hadn't improved. (*Please turn to page* 87)



Photograph by Jose Reyes

Roland Young, one-time architect, an artist, art collector and actor, ultra-civilized, yet considers civilization a joke.



Photographed especially for The New Movie Magazine by Ralph Morgan

Neil Hamilton and Roland Young enjoying a pleasant chat at the well in Ralph Morgan's garden.

Life is more Exciting

WHEN YOU WEAR THE NEW BRIGHT CUTEX NAILS





CUTEX CORAL NAILS with a cypress green bib frock will never drink tea alone . . .



CUTEX CARDINAL NAILS, flaming against silvered lamé, demoralize the stag line



Wear deep CUTEX RUBY NAILS with black velvet . . . and pick out your engagement ring

If any of you girls have been hankering for more excitement, try the new bright Cutex nails. There's a glamour to their loveliness that you find yourself living up to!

No more sitting in corners—the Cutex lustre keeps you in the limelight! No suggestion of old-maidishness about Cutex Cardinal nails and blue satin. Nothing tomboyish about Cutex Coral nails and green velvet. Nothing dull or prosy about Cutex Ruby nails, even when they're worn with your oldest dress!

And remember—Cutex shades are created by the World's Manicure Authority with an eye on the new costume colors just out of Paris. They're absolutely *fashion-right*.

And that fascinating Cutex lustre flows on your nails as smoothly as a dream . . . free from the slightest blotching. It *stays* there for days and days, if you want it to . . . (or you can change it every day to bewilder the boys).

Cutex, you'll be glad to know, now comes in two forms—Clear and Crème. The latter is a great help in case your nails have white spots or ridges. All such bad nail traits are hidden from view by the new Cutex Crème Polish.

Clear or Crème—you'll find both, at your favorite store.

Get the whole range of Cutex colors tomorrow, and see if pleasantly unpredictable things don't start happening almost at once!



● **CUTEX CLEAR POLISH is delightfully transparent and absolutely true in color. It goes on easily, is practically chip-proof. Free of roughness, peeling, cracks.**

● **THE NEW CUTEX CREME POLISH goes on as if you were a professional—and stays on. It actually benefits the nails and covers up imperfections. It *cannot* harden the cuticle or make the nails brittle. *Cannot* cause broken nails or hangnails. And it doesn't settle in the bottle.**

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

WOMEN must avoid harsh Laxatives



THE feminine sex must be particularly careful in the choice of a laxative.

Women should avoid a laxative that is too strong—that shocks the system—that weakens. They should avoid laxatives that are offered as cure-alls—treatments for a thousand ills. A laxative is intended for one purpose only—to relieve constipation.

Ex-Lax is offered for just what it is—a gentle, effective laxative.

Ex-Lax is effective—but it is mild. It acts gently yet thoroughly. It works overnight without over-action.

Ex-Lax will not form a habit—you take it just when you need a laxative. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

For 28 years, Ex-Lax has had the confidence of doctors, nurses, druggists and the general public alike, because it is everything a laxative ought to be.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate flavor. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

At all drug stores—in 10c and 25c boxes.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Get genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X—to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

The New Pictures You Will Want to See

(*Continued from page* 47)

blind to his own deficiencies, and futilely struggling to attain a position that fits his own opinion of himself, but not his capacities.

Kibbee carries the part with a high-handedness that is both pathetic and amusing.

In his innocent dealings with a banker and a more or less unscrupulous politician, Kibbee comes dangerously near to public disgrace.

To further their ends, the banker and politician sic Claire Dodd onto their dumb but willing stooge, and, for a breathless moment, it looks like curtains for the Babbitt family.

Just in the nick of time, however, Aline MacMahon, as Kibbee's wife, uncovers the bad-smelling plot, ingeniously turns things so as to make her husband appear a public saviour, and the picture ends with Kibbee taking the bows for a clever denouement.

It was a hot day and, on the set, the rotund Kibbee was perspiring profusely.

"Boy!" he exclaimed cheerfully, as the make-up man mopped him off for the sixteenth time. "I've been trying to get around to a Turkish bath for a week! But, if any Turk could squeeze out any more perspiration than I've delivered in the last four hours . . . well, they'd have to row me out of the place in a canoe!"

And, just to prove that he's a regular fellow, Director William Keighley ordered a round of ice cold soft drinks for the crowd!

MENACE
•
Paramount

AFTER their success in "The Notorious Sophie Lang," Paramount has again promoted the team of Michael and Cavanaugh. This time, in a spooky tale written by Phillip McDonald.

Gertrude Michael, Paul Cavanaugh, and Berton Churchill are together in a hunting lodge in Africa.

Wanting a fourth for bridge, they call Ray Milland, engineer in charge of a dam project. Jumping in his plane Ray flies to the scene of redouble and finesse, and, during the game, a terrific storm comes up, completely wiping out the swell dam Ray had just finished.

Heartsick and discouraged, he deliberately goes into a free-wheeling nose-dive (on his way home from the bridge game, I mean) and, when his half crazy brother hears about it, he accuses the three others of being responsible for Ray's death.

Determined to kill them all, the nutty brother sends three threatening letters, naming a certain day on which he plans to wipe out the whole crowd.

On that "certain day," the hunting lodge has half a dozen strange callers, any one of whom may be rightfully suspected of a death plot against Gertrude, Cavanaugh and Churchill.

Lights go out. An unseen hand pins a warning note to the dining table with a sharp dagger. Telephone wires are cut. The engine of the only automobile in the place is completely demolished. Churchill is killed, and Paul Cavanaugh is seriously wounded. . . .

If we told the finish of this nerve-wracking tale, we'd spoil the whole show for everybody. And Director Ralph Murphy would cut off our ears, to boot. So, as they're nice ears, and wouldn't take kindly to amputation, we'll just let you worry about it until it hits your local screen.

WEDNESDAY'S CHILD
•
RKO

THE evils of divorce are brought out most poignantly in this tale by Leopold Atlas.

While romping with his playmates, little Frankie Thomas sees his mother, Karen Morley, kiss a strange man, and the world tumbles about his ears.

While the kiss has been more or less platonic, Frankie is at the sensitive age where a single gesture may make or break a child's entire life. And when his chums torture him with cruel insinuations Frankie is heartbroken.

Later, there is a divorce, and, because he believes that Karen has been unfaithful to his father, Frankie, not understanding, hates his mother. Consequently, his affection for his father exceeds anything mortal.

With the divorce well out of the way, Arnold confides in the boy that he is going to marry again. Bewildered at the inconstancy of adult emotions Frankie becomes ill, and the family doctor advises Karen and Arnold that the only cure for the boy's peculiarly nervous condition is a regular and permanent home.

Selfish in their new loves, the parents send the child to a military school where he learns about life from the rest of the boys who are, for the most part, in the same spot as himself.

Overhearing part of the youngsters' freak philosophy, Arnold realizes that he has made a bum job of the most important thing in life, and, sacrificing his own happiness, takes the boy away to make a real home for him.

This is a rare study in child psychology and John Robertson has directed the delicate subject with deftness.

HERE IS MY HEART
•
Paramount

REMEMBER Ellen Hogue's old story of the "Grand Duchess and the Waiter"? Well here it is again . . . all dressed up and plenty of places to go!

This time, Bing Crosby is the wealthy gent with a hefty yen for the royal lady who scorns his love, right up to the last few thousand feet of fill-um.

In an elevator, Bing meets up with Kitty Carlisle, and, right there, he realizes that if he can't "bo-bo-bo-bope" the gal into his own private breakfast nook, then life will be nothing but a bowl of second-hand ice cubes.

Following Kitty to the Riviera, Bing poses as a waiter in her favorite night spot, and, by spilling soup or something down the neck of her Patou model, manages to attract the lady's attention. (*Please turn to page* 95)



You'll just have time to make some of these lovely gifts.. *then Christmas will be here!*

New diagram patterns suggest gifts you can sew . . . and now's the time to start

You know how welcome hand-made gifts always are . . . gifts that show real thought.

There are all sorts of lovely things which you can sew if you choose from the wide selection of diagram patterns offered by Tower Magazines. This new diagram method gives you six or more different diagram patterns in each 15-cent circular . . . and makes sewing so easy. There is, for instance, an adorable patchwork quilt . . . charming foreign linen . . . things for children . . . lingerie . . . even clever things to make in wood!

Patchwork Up to Date

Poke bonnet quilt . . . star and circle quilt . . . Tree of Life quilt . . . Star Pattern quilt . . . designs for cushion covers . . . three famous old applique designs . . . directions for padding, lining and quilting old fashion quilts. (Au set.)

Peasant Needlework

Italian drawn work table cloth and napkins . . . Mexican table linen designs . . . Czechoslovakia table doilies . . . the famous French Assisi chicken in cross-stitch . . . Russian embroidery . . . embroidery, crochet and drawn work stitches. (Se set)

New Lingerie

Hollywood combination . . . step-ins with pleats . . . new nightgown with diagonal seams . . . four-piece slip . . . French panties. (Ja 274)

Christmas Gifts

Linen and crochet table pads . . . new style work bag . . . small laundry bag made of wash cloths . . . crocheted bed jacket . . . party bag. (No 341)

Fancy Bed Spreads

New crochet bedspreads . . . spread for day bed . . . butterfly applique spread . . . candlewick bedspread . . . gaily figured chintz spread . . . taffeta bedspread. (My 301)

Little Gifts That Please

Crocheted gloves . . . chintz-covered cushion . . . dainty apron of swiss or dimity . . . mittens made of water-proof chintz . . . attractive oilcloth pincushion. (Au 319)

Needlework for Smarter Tables

Modern crochet designs for luncheon cloth . . . coarse linen table doilies . . . bridge set . . . peasant table covers . . . new edgings . . . six fruit applique designs. (Jy 318)

New Things for Baby

Chintz floor pad . . . bird and animal appliques . . . bonnet . . . short-sleeved jacket . . . knitted rompers . . . pads for nursery chair. (Ap 300)

Wood Accessories

How to make a dressing table . . . a towel rack . . . decorative sewing screen . . . wall brackets . . . modern lamp base . . . book shelf. (Fe 280)

For the Kitchen

New uses for empty tin containers painted and stenciled . . . crocheted stool cover . . . attractive lettuce bag . . . oilcloth case for kitchen memo pads. (Se 326)

WHICH ONES DO YOU WANT?

Frances Cowles, Tower Magazines, Inc.,
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Please send me the sewing circulars I have checked above. I am enclosing 15 cents for each one I want.

Name.....

Address.....City.....



The old fight!

STOP HIM! Try and do it! A herd of elephants can't stop you when digestion is good, when a flock of irritations aren't nagging at your nerves.

Beeman's is a simple way millions of folks have found to help keep digestion orderly. Pure, smooth, healthful — it is a pleasant aid to digestion.

Try Beeman's. Sample its delicious flavor — cool, invigorating, and fresh — for Beeman's new Triple Guard Pack seals out air, seals in every bit of its delicious goodness. Pick up a package today.

Chew

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM



Menace Over Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 39)

A published story automatically copyrights itself. Many a budding author has paid as high as $50 to have his brain-child smell of printers' ink and therefore immune from piracy. If the story had been any good at all he would have been the one to be compensated. Another studio menace is the type that hears of a picture to be produced, pens one along identical lines and when it is rejected sets up a yowl of Robber!

Wampas baby stars and newcomers to the screen, in their anxiety to "make the grade," fall easy victims to the schemers. One phase of the racket is the handling of fan mail and photograph sales. The twenty-five cent pieces are pocketed and about one in 100 is rewarded with a picture. Unscrupulous publicity men prey on these neophytes by accepting a salary to keep their names in print. The "notices" are not clipped from newspapers or magazines but set up in a private print shop.

Fake screen directories that make periodic appearances net a tidy sum for their compilers. As high as fifty dollars is paid for a full page, in advance, but the brochure never was intended to be published. Then there's the dodge where the player agrees to buy 100 copies of a magazine at twenty-five cents each, the bait being that the actor's picture will be prominently displayed. When enough quarters are gathered in the nimble-witted gent takes French leave of the vicinity.

Steerers for doctors, dentists and other professional men have become such a nuisance that their activities are being closely watched. Film people are solicited for business so that a clientele can be built up at the expense of their reputations. There's even a slight tinge of blackmail to their maneuvers.

Stars on personal appearances are not beyond the pale of these parasites. They must run the gamut of every racket from being impersonated in a small nearby town to outright extortion. One actress who refused to be bluffed suffered the embarrassment of having a swarm of bees turned loose in the theater while she was on the stage. Another theater was stench-bombed.

Picture-making expeditions to the South Seas and other far-flung places have lost little of their allurement. Unlike most of the other dodges this one appeals to those fairly well buttressed with bank notes and who can afford the fling. Romantic widows in the thirties head this list. Oh, yes, the cruise is taken and the camera grinds but more often than not there's no film in the camera. Even were the picture actually produced where could it be shown? No theater owner would dare buy such a maverick.

Years ago such a cruise was the artifice of white slavers and many an innocent girl was hood-winked into a life of shame.

For "cute" rackets we nominate this one. A former cameraman invented it and this is how it worked:

Millie Doaks has motored in from Iowa, with her mother and father. She is approached by an agent of the cameraman whose job it is to track down cars bearing out-of-state license plates. The upshot of the conversation is that Millie sure would like to have her picture taken with Clark Gable.

Presto!

Next day the pictures are delivered to Millie at her hotel. Sure enough, there's Millie, as big as life, snuggled under Gable's arm. Millie stands transfixed as she scrutinizes the miracle, her eyes fairly popping out of the sockets. Why, she hadn't even seen Mr. Gable!

How was it done? Simple enough. The cameraman had stocked dozens of pictures of Gable and other stars in various poses. His agent photographed Millie in such a way as to fit in with the pose of Gable he had selected. Then one picture was superimposed on the other. Only an expert could have established the deception.

The Hays office heard about it and called a halt. It cheapened the star, they deduced, and befogged the glamour that took so many years to build. Having the idols of millions pose with every Millie from Muscatine did them more harm than good so thumbs went down on another crafty stratagem.

One of the newer rackets recently brought to light is concerned with the social side of the picture. Club memberships sold in the Middle West, where gullibles seem to flourish, offered amongst other benefits and privileges a closer contact with the big film names. The come-ons are told that the club is affiliated with the various rendezvous of the screen's elite. Once on the coast the member would be welcomed by the stars and given the run of their homes. Plenty cheap for the five-dollar initiation fee. So is the prevailing price of the Los Angeles city hall to visiting Elmers. Clubs in the movie village such as the Masquers, the 233, the Mayfair and others have no affiliates anywhere. The fact is, they're snootier than the original Four Hundred of Ward McAllister's day.

Hollywood may enjoy an occasional chuckle at the expense of our rustic friends in the provinces, who nibble not but gulp down the whole bait, but let's see—who has the right to laugh last. If all the bogus checks scattered over Hollywood were made of celluloid there would be enough for a full length feature picture and a Mickey Mouse besides. Who indorsed these checks? Well, you just start mentioning some of the biggest names in the industry and you'll strike a pretty fair average.

Then there was the tall, bewhiskered, bemedaled stalwart, resplendent in the gay trappings of the Czar's own, who crashed a gay gathering. Too much vodka proved his undoing and he retired in confusion. He told police he rented the outfit for $12.

Perhaps still fresh in your mind is the deception practiced by a dish-washer from Holland. Posing as a correspondent for a Dutch newspaper at the Olympic Games, he feigned an injury to his spine. Stretchers bore him back and forth as motorcycle officers cleared the way for his equipage. Movie stars posed with him and saw to it that his quarters were kept stocked with fruit and fresh cut flowers. Just

Menace Over Hollywood

the other day he confessed his duplicity to the police.

Tay Garnett had probably the most unique experience that ever befell a Hollywood celebrity. Kidnaped and held for ransom by gangsters, the director was fortunate in having a friend who knew a rival gang leader. Garnett was "hijacked" from the hideout and liberated.

Peace officers nipped a dastardly plot that had Charles Chaplin for its victim. The comedian's car was to have been rammed by another. Whiskey was then to have been poured over the interior appointments of the Chaplin limousine, to give the impression that the star had been drinking and therefore responsible for the accident. A demand was then to have been made for an immediate settlement on pain of having the police called. An underworld tip and this one died abornin'.

A well-known studio artist was duped by a youth who claimed to be the son of a famous Parisian stylist. Too busy to entertain him, he placed at his guest's disposal an imported car and liveried chauffeur. After being driven to San Francisco, a mere 500 miles away, the impostor drove off with the car and left the servant stranded.

Provisions and choice liquors were unloaded at the San Pedro yacht harbor. A few minutes later another truck carted the goods away. The actor, owner of the yacht, fumed when he got the bill. It developed that another, representing himself as the screen star, had telephoned the provision house to make the delivery.

EXTORTIONISTS have given the stars many jittery moments and sleepless nights. However, the police blotter fails to reveal a single instance of a payment being made. An off-shoot of this maneuver is where the star is told she is being shadowed. The informer calls at her home the next day and offers his services as bodyguard.

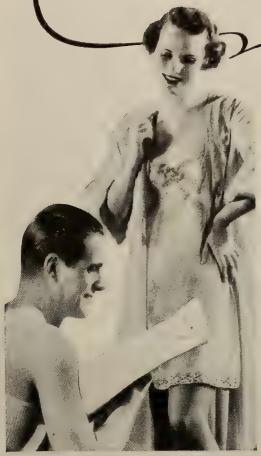
The kidnap scare brought into being "protective service" organizations. Stars were intimidated into paying the $1,000 fee. The police made short work of this mob. Joan Crawford, Bing Crosby, Spencer Tracy, Ann Pennington and the father-in-law of Hal Roach were threatened but nothing came of it.

Forging the names of stars to indorse articles, is a risky business, but still bobs up occasionally. Non-existent trade magazines, fake clipping bureaus, directories and testimonials are but a few of the others that belong in the category of the damned.

At the moment the "foreign correspondent" subterfuge is giving the studios so many headaches that Jack Lewis of the Hays organization is devoting most of his time to expose these frauds. Posing as writers on special assignment, these pretenders use the studio grounds as a market place for their phony wares. Their rubber checks fairly litter the town.

Yes, there is a menace over Hollywood but the stars and the producers are slowly winning their fight against its evil forces.

SMART GIRL?...YOU BET! I FOUND HOW TO GET RID OF "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"



YES INDEED! If you want to keep *"tattle-tale gray"* out of your clothes—that dull, foggy look that says dirt is still hiding in them in spite of all your work—it's smart to change to Fels-Naptha Soap!

For that big busy bar brings you *two* cleaners instead of *one!* Richer *golden soap* working hand-in-hand with *lots of naptha.* A combination that hustles out every tiny bit of dirt and gives your clothes a *brighter, sweeter whiteness!*

Unlike "trick soaps" or "cheap" soaps, Fels-Naptha is gentle. It washes everything beautifully—silk stockings, lingerie, woolens. Fels-Naptha holds soothing glycerine, too. So it's specially nice to hands.

Fels-Naptha is a wonder for soaking or boiling clothes. It works splendidly in tub, basin or washing machine.

Fels-Naptha now sells at the lowest price in almost 20 years. Get some at your grocer's today . . . Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.

© 1934, FELS & CO.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP



1. "One day at the grocer's, I was fussing about how dingy my washes always looked. And he said, *'Your trouble is tattle-tale gray. Change to Fels-Naptha Soap—it gets out ALL the dirt.'* Well . . ."

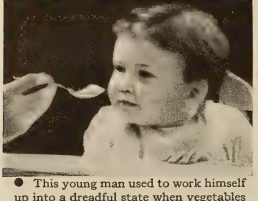


2. "Next washday, I did put Fels-Naptha to work and what a treat! Big creamy suds chock-full of lively *golden soap* and *naptha.* The dirt simply hurried away. And talk about gentle! I gave these lace panties a Fels-Naptha dousing and they washed up as pretty as new."



3. "And now look at this! Did you ever see a *whiter* shirt? Why, my clothes all shine like snow. Everything smells sweeter, too. You bet I'm smart! I wouldn't dream of doing another wash with anything but Fels-Naptha."

He's changed his mind about vegetables!



● This young man used to work himself up into a dreadful state when vegetables appeared on his menu . . .

But look at him now! See how glad he is that . . .

His Mother changed to Clapp's



● Home-cooked vegetables are bound to vary in taste and texture from day to day. That's usually why babies struggle against taking them.

Clapp's Baby Foods are *uniformly smooth*. Cooked in glass-lined, air-tight kettles—they're rich in vitamins and mineral salts. Clapp Foods are made by experts who specialize only in foods for babies.

Clapp's 15 Foods for Babies



IN THE NEW ENAMEL PURITY PACK

● Your doctor will tell you which of these to give your baby—and a druggist or grocer nearby can supply you: Baby Soup Strained, Baby Soup Unstrained, Vegetable Soup, Tomatoes, Asparagus, Spinach, Peas, Beets, Carrots, Wax Beans, Apricots, Prunes, Applesauce, Beef Broth, and Wheatheart Cereal.

Send for FREE BOOK

HAROLD H. CLAPP, INC.
Dept. 76, Rochester, N. Y.
Please send me your free book, "Before Your Baby Goes on Vegetables."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Via Broadway

(*Continued from page* 18)

rapidly into more important roles. Shortly afterward she became engaged to Harry Delmar, who was also making a series of shorts at the Pathé studio. The day on which the disastrous fire occurred was the first day of shooting on Delmar's "Black and White Revue" which was to have featured Evalyn Knapp, her first good break. However, Delmar and Evalyn having had a spat, she withdrew from the cast at the last moment. But for this circumstance, she might have been among the half-dozen victims of the Pathé fire—one of the worst disasters that the motion picture studios have ever suffered.

LILLIAN BOND was another "Pathé Pretty" and went to Hollywood, returning for a brief spell to be featured on Broadway in the comedy hit, "Three and One," and then back to pictures.

Sylvia Sidney played in a number of shorts made at the Vitaphone studio without attracting any notice. Likewise Isabel Jewell, now under contract to M-G-M.

It was the old Pathé studio which also cradled the career of Gloria Shea, one of the busiest free-lance players in Hollywood, and now appearing in RKO's "We're Rich Again." Gloria (then Olive Shea) made her first appearance before the cameras as an extra girl in the LeMaire comedies with Evalyn Knapp and Lillian Bond. She, too, attended the Motion Picture Ball which first brought the latter two into prominence and won first prize in the beauty contest. It was at the writer's suggestion that Gloria entered the contest, for she was then, and still is, one of the most beautiful girls ever to grace the screen. At the ball she met Monta Bell, the director, who gave her a prominent role in "Glorifying the American Girl." Had the picture been the success which they had hoped it would be, Gloria would have become prominent much sooner than she did.

Wallace Ford met me one day at the Lambs' Club. He had just returned from a trip to Paramount's New York studio and was much upset over his treatment there. Let it be said that Wally at that time, while in no sense a star, was a well-known figure on the Broadway stage and had managed to keep fairly busy in important stage roles.

LIKE most every other professional, Ford felt that the talkies offered him an opportunity to break into pictures. Rather than risk going to Hollywood "on spec" he secured a letter to an executive at Paramount's New York studio. He told me somewhat heatedly that after waiting for a half hour he was sent down to the casting office without so much as meeting the executive. At the casting office a young lady asked him if he were an actor! His case is typical of many others, such as Clark Gable, Pat O'Brien and Jimmy Cagney, all of whom had to go to Hollywood before they could actually get anywhere.

Practically the same may be said of Shirley Grey, who was chosen by Lou Brock on the spur of the moment to play in a comedy short he was making at the New York Gramercy studio. I recall that one of her qualifications was the fact that she could speak Swedish, if required. (It never was.) At any rate, Brock was impressed with Shirley. He recommended a test which resulted in a contract to appear in Radio Productions. But for this circumstance she would, perhaps, have dropped back into obscurity.

Good talent so often goes begging in New York. For instance, Joan Blondell was tested by practically every one of the major producers and unanimously turned down. She was a young blonde menace . . . a type they couldn't understand. Previously, all blondes had acted cute . . . here was one who acted natural. Joan had them puzzled . . . they wouldn't take a chance. With supreme faith in her own ability, Joan paid her own way to Hollywood and landed the same role in the screen version of "Sinner's Holiday" which she had played on the stage. The team of James Cagney and Joan Blondell had appeared on Broadway in another previous play sometime before they were introduced to the motion picture public.

MADGE EVANS made her talkie debut in a Vitaphone short. As everyone knows, she had previously been starred in a number of silent pictures as a child actress. In the meantime she managed to establish herself on Broadway so that when she finally signed a contract with M-G-M, it was at her own terms.

Minna Gombell's only picture work in the East consisted of a principal role in "The Great Power," noted in theatrical circles as the "worst talkie ever made." It seems that someone had the brilliant idea of photographing the stage play intact. Accordingly, Miss Gombell and other members of the cast of "The Great Power," then appearing on Broadway, repaired to a small studio in Times Square district. There they went through their usual paces before a camera. Minna Gombell, then a brunette, and without knowledge of screen make-up, looked much different from the smart, blonde Minna Gombell whom we know at the present time.

"The Great Power" showed for one day at the Capitol Theatre in New York, where the minimum run is usually a week. When the management read the notices the picture was yanked . . . and shelved. Not a whit discouraged, Minna went to Hollywood and got herself engaged as coach with promise of some occasional acting parts if any developed.

Miriam Hopkins was drafted from the New York stage and made her camera debut at Paramount's drafty old studio in Long Island. While studio executives admired her acting, they worried over her "lack of glamour." Hollywood very quickly made her one of the most glamorous of all screen beauties.

No doubt about it, New York is simply a stopping-off place on the way to Hollywood and fame. Perhaps among the hundreds of boys and girls who find occasional work in the New York studios are the big stars of the future.

Meanwhile, they struggle on, encouraged by the success of the comparative few who have risen from the ranks to the heights of fame and fortune.

Junior Gossip

(*Continued from page 6*)

This would please both player and photographer no end.

I would give screen credit, advertising credit and column credit to the make-up artists and hairdressers who contribute so much to any player.

Yours,
Helen Mack.

RICHARD CROMWELL'S letter followed Helen's:

Dear Henry:

So you would like me to do your job for you. How would I run your department? In the first place I wouldn't have your job, not even for a big red apple. Why you chose me I'll never know. Me, what has hermit blood in my veins so thick you could cut it with a knife. Being descended from a long line of wallflowers on the right and stay-at-home's on the left leaves me obviously unfit for the job of reporting the mad goings on in this wicked city. It isn't as though I never got out. Once in a while on a hot night my blood thins out a little and I find myself starting out to do or die. It was on a night like this that Mary Carlisle called me on the telephone. She seemed to be in a complete state of shattered nerves and insisted that I come over immediately and drive her to Betty Furness' house. I couldn't imagine what all the rush was about but Mary is enough to draw the most confirmed stick-in-the-mud out of his shell, so I hopped over to her house as fast as I could, fully convinced that I was being led to an orgy such as I hadn't dreamed of in years. We went inside and there was Betty reclining on a couch with a long white needle in her hand. I hadn't noticed until then that Mary had been carrying a mysterious-looking package. She waved it wildly in the air and sank to the couch beside Betty screaming at the top of her lungs, "show me, show me."

What happened then has left me practically a jibbering idiot. Betty, with that soft throaty voice of hers that cracks a little, said something like "don't be so anxious" and calmly produced another needle while Mary leaned forward nearly bursting with excitement. Then came the dawn. Betty was teaching Mary to knit. When I had recovered a little from the shock I asked in a weak little voice what they were knitting and was told that I was about to witness the beginning of a baby blanket. They saw the leer on my face and gave me a disgusted look and informed me that it was for a friend of theirs who was a perfectly respectable married expectant.

Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers spend their evenings listening peacefully to symphony concerts on the phonograph or reading up on the greater works of literature and for a really big time, go bowling. Toby Wing enchants Jackie Coogan by day at the beach club (she can enchant awful good) and I am told, sent him to bed one night with a violent pain in his middle because she talked on the phone with another gent who is under her spell. Howard Wilson, who has himself a new Paramount contract, and Sue Carol look at bugs and stuff through his microscope when they are not sailing on his boat. Really, the only out of the way thing I found in the whole town was

(*Please turn to page 76*)



New Discovery BY RICHARD HUDNUT

NOW MAKES FACE POWDER STAY ON FROM 4 *to* 6 HOURS
(BY ACTUAL TEST)

NOW you may dine . . . you may dance . . . you may drive . . . without repowdering a single time! Richard Hudnut has perfected a face powder that stays on longer than you ever thought possible. From four to six hours (by your own watch) Marvelous Face Powder keeps your complexion as fresh, as free from shine, as the moment you left your mirror.

Yet Marvelous Face Powder never looks in the least powdery on the skin. Rather, it gives a gracious softness, a subtle flattery to *your own* complexion.

And never, never does Marvelous Face Powder cake or clog the pores. It is supersifted, as light and fine a powder as science can make. The fifty-year reputation of Richard Hudnut, as maker of fine cosmetics, is your assurance of its purity.

We are so sure you will like Marvelous Face Powder that we are willing to send you trial packages in the four most popular shades—at no cost other than packing and postage. See coupon below.

Or, stop in at your favorite drug store or department store. The full-sized box of Marvelous Face Powder costs only 55¢.

OTHER MARVELOUS BEAUTY AIDS
Marvelous Liquefying Cream . . . Tissue Cream . . . Foundation Cream . . . Hand Cream . . . Skin Freshener . . . Rouge . . . Lipstick . . . Eye Shadow . . . Lash Cosmetic . . . Manicure Preparations . . . Dusting Powder . . . . Only 55¢ each

MARVELOUS *Face Powder* 55¢
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)



TRIAL OFFER Four trial packages of Marvelous Face Powder, in the four most popular shades—also Marvelous Make-up Guide, with authentic information on correct combinations of powder, rouge, lipstick.

RICHARD HUDNUT, Fifth Avenue, New York City H-3
Please send me trial packages of Marvelous Face Powder and Marvelous Make-up Guide. I enclose 6 cents in stamps to cover packing and postage.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

This offer not good after December 31, 1934

Everyone looks at your *Eyes* first



Make them attractive with Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS



BLACK, BROWN AND BLUE

● You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are attractive, and it is so easy to make them so *instantly* with the harmless, pure Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.



BLACK AND BROWN

First a light touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids to intensify the color and sparkle of your eyes, then form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline Mascara to your lashes to make them appear long, dark, and luxuriant, and presto —your eyes are beautiful and most alluring!



BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY, VIOLET AND GREEN

Care for your lashes by keeping them soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream—to be applied nightly before retiring, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Insist on genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.



COLORLESS



BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES

Junior Gossip

(*Continued from page 75*)

Ben Alexander's trick for stealing everybody's girl. He pretends that he is going to be a father to them and when they are in his clutches it's too late and someone's missing a girl.

S'long,
Dick Cromwell.

The next to arrive was Rochelle Hudson's. Here it is:

Dear Henry:

If I had your column I know in one issue at least—I'd spend it raving over Warner Baxter. Really he's so grand. I've just finished a picture* with him. I would want to tell the readers how kind and thoughtful he is in helping "Hollywood Juniors" over the rough places and the detours in their pilgrimage before the cameras and the "mikes." I had always hoped to be cast in a Warner Baxter picture and boy what a thrill when the opportunity came! And when I began working with him on the set it was a revelation to me to find he has such a keen understanding of human nature—so helpful in every way—never too busy to give a needed word of cheer. In the give-and-take of dialogue in the scenes we played together I learned a whole lot of things I am now finding invaluable in my work and I think everyone should know Warner Baxter is one grand actor and a friend to all mankind.

Yours,
Rochelle Hudson.

(*Note: The picture with Baxter was "Such Women Are Dangerous.")

And then came Mary Carlisle's:

Dear Henry:

If I were writing a column I would follow your example in one way at least—and that is leave all the unkind gossip and the rumored love affairs to someone else. There are so many other things in Hollywood—so much more human than gossip—that somehow the world never hears about. Hollywood isn't much different from the rest of the small towns in the world. But, Hollywood has something more than is generally found in many smug communities, and this town has a heart as big as the Hollywood Bowl. It is of this heart I would tell you—if I had a chance to write a column about Hollywood. And now that I have the chance let me tell you one incident that has happened on our set at RKO. We had a ball game this week for a chap by the name of . . . but that wouldn't be fair, either would it?

We gave it for a swell guy—he's just a laborer . . . but he has a ready smile at all times . . . he is well liked . . . he never says "quit." He has a family of five children and a sweet faced wife, a little worn by toil . . . but still having that love and that wistfulness in her eyes.

The other day this chap, let's call him Bill Jones, for short, broke his ankle . . . it was just one of many unfortunate things that had happened to Bill since the war—somehow, he never regained his perspective after that horrible event—but it wasn't Bill's fault —it was just old life battering him with lead in both gloves.

Anyway, Bill couldn't work after that—and it was a nasty break—it would probably take months for it to heal.

So Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey heard about it on the "Kentucky Kernels" set where I worked and they decided to do something about it.

They organized a ball team . . . and one Sunday they played a strong Hollywood team—they were beat probably because Bob pitched and Bert caught—but the box-office receipts went to the lad we call Bill. Maybe, you don't think this is very much—because you only know the lighter side of Bert and Bob—they have made you laugh.

To laugh, one must first learn how to suffer, we hear—they are very near, these moods.

Of course you, Henry, are commissioned to write about the younger people in the film industry—hence couldn't use items like this about Bert and Bob. So I'm sneaking one in for you—'cause that's what I like to write about.

As always,
Mary Carlisle.

AND now Toby Wing tells us a thing or two.

Dear Henry:

You're just ducky to give me this opportunity of demonstrating my latent "fourth estate" ability. As to what I would do if your column were mine—well that's an easy one—

Instead of letting the general movie cognoscenti (25c word in my correspondence course) in on this limited space, I'd be telling his millions of fans, that Jackie Coogan hasn't grown up a mite. Though a man Jackie still is the perennial "Kid"—if you know what I mean. But he's seven months older than I, don't forget! He'll be twenty in October, and I was nineteen last July. Now for the low-down on Jackie, whom I've watched pretty closely the past year: He's building me a midget auto that will actually run, he says. While boasting about his mechanical knowledge one day recently and his ambitions to build a motor car, I chided him.

"You buy the material and I'll show you," he challenged. When I found that the cost would be less than $25.00 I agreed. Now the "midget" is nearly complete. Watch for us any day along the Boulevard. How do Jackie and I spend our time together? (I know you didn't ask . . . but I'm telling you). Well . . . once or twice a week we visit the funhouse at Venice, California, shoot the chutes, roller coast, skate and what have you. Often we take along Alfred Gwynn Vanderbilt—Van for short. He likes roller skating, too. That means I get lots of service.

Jackie also has a standing order for seats in the "bald-headed" row at all wrestling matches—where we divide time between consuming quantities of pop corn, goobers and soda pop and watching the match.

You know Jackie and I have been friends for the past ten years. We appeared together in a film called "Flanders Field" directed by Victor Schertzinger. It was my film debut and Jackie was the star! We had rarely met until just recently.

Toby Wing.

Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page* 13)

NEIL HAMILTON'S missus had a birthday party in honor of her lord and master, a few weeks ago, and, because Neil has become so interested in horticulture, each guest brought a young tree, with his initials carved upon the trunk, to be planted upon the Hamilton estate, in memoriam!

•

WAY back in the silent days when Florence Reed was at the top of the heap, a not-too-handsome, but determined lad named Henry Hull, played in a minor role in support of the great star.

To-day, Hull is the season's sensational hit, in "Great Expectations," and, supporting him in a small part is Florence Reed!

And John Ince, whose name was a by-word with the fans of twenty years ago, walked into the Extra Players' Guild, where the Board was busy whittling a casting list of 17,000 extras down to something like 1,700, and asked anxiously:

"Listen . . . are you *sure* you'll be able to keep my name on the new extra list?"

Sic transit gloria mundi?

•

REMEMBER Barbara Kent? Well, Barbara stepped quietly out of the limelight at the time of her marriage to Harry Edington, who is Garbo's manager.

After several years of retirement, friend husband feels that the missus is ready to try her wings again, so . . . you'll be seeing Barbara in an M-G-M production one of these days, right soon.

•

Studio lingo nearly cost Columbia a law suit, or, at least a sizeable piece of Kathleen Howard's mind the other day!

Miss Howard is a Metropolitan Opera star, and quite unversed in the patter of studio hodge-podge. As she stepped before the camera for the first time, an electrician looked right at her and yelled:

"Put a silk on that broad over there!"

Kathleen gasped, drew herself up to her full height, and, just before blowing a gasket, some kind friend rushed over to explain that the remark, translated, simply meant that one of the big lights had to be covered with a screen!

•

Edward Everett Horton is being listed as "a child prodigy who never out-grew it."

When the inimitable Eddie was but one year old, he could recite a hundred nursery rhymes from be-

(*Please turn to page* 78)



"Peter, what has gotten into you? You're acting like a spoiled baby."

"Can't you tell Mother where to find the happy little boy she used to have?"





Peter can't answer, Mother, but we can. When a happy child suddenly becomes cross, contrary, sulky, he is usually constipated. Give him Fletcher's Castoria!

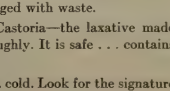
● A child's little symptoms should be taken seriously. A naughty child is often a child who is not well. His system is clogged with waste.

● At the first sign of trouble give Fletcher's Castoria—the laxative made especially for children. It acts gently but thoroughly. It is safe . . . contains no narcotics. And children love its taste.

● It's a grand first-aid, too, for the beginning of a cold. Look for the signature Chas. H. Fletcher on the carton. Buy the family-size bottle and save money!

Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA



The Children's Laxative from Babyhood to 11 years

News for Radio Fans!—*"Rozy" and his big new show, the Rozy Revue, are on the air for Fletcher's Castoria now. Don't miss it! It's grand fun, Saturdays, 8—8:45, Eastern Standard Time. Columbia Broadcasting System—coast-to-coast network.*

New Charm
with this amazing
NAIL POLISH



New shades LADY LILLIAN Nail Polish — transparent or creme — made to harmonize with your natural coloring

—See Special Offer Below*

● A great many women believe that the first consideration in the choice of nail polish shades is the colors in their wardrobes. Beauty experts advise quite differently—say that nail polish shades should first of all match natural coloring for only then will nail polish help you attain the true charm of your color type.

No wonder the new shades of Lady Lillian Nail Polish first announced in Vogue are creating such a sensation. They include a full series of nine colors, based on the true colors of the artist's palette, in both transparent and creme type polishes.

The new Lady Lillian Polish shades flow on smoothly, leaving an unbroken surface without bubble or crumb. They dry rapidly, leaving no odor to collide with your perfume. They last and last because they do not chip and do not fade.

Individual bottles of Lady Lillian Nail Polish, Oil Polish Remover, Cuticle Remover and Cuticle Oil, cost but 25c at Department Stores and Drug Stores. There are 10c sizes at "five-and-tens." And you can buy complete Lady Lillian Manicure Sets at prices that will surprise you. Lady Lillian Products are approved by *Good Housekeeping*. Booklet "How to Enhance Your Natural Coloring" comes with polish and sets.

***TRIAL OFFER**—One daytime and one evening shade of Lady Lillian Nail Polish—made especially for your color type—with Oil Polish Remover, Cuticle Oil, Nail White, Emery Board, Manicure Stick and Cotton—and valuable booklet "How to Enhance Your Natural Coloring"—*All for 12c.*

I enclose 12c for the new Lady Lillian Manicure Set described above. I prefer Transparent . . . or Creme Polish . . . I am True Blonde . . . . Ash Blonde . . . . Light Brunette . . . . Chestnut Brunette . . . Dark Brunette . . . Titian Red . . . . Silver Hair . . . . . Black Hair . . . . . Black with Silver . . . . Send also booklet "How to Enhance Your Natural Coloring."

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

LADY LILLIAN (Dept. F)
1140 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page* 77)

ginning to end. (It's a wonder he had any friends!) And, now that he's a big boy, director Mark Sandrich says he's still one of life's miracle mysteries. Because, while other actors are stewing over their lines, Horton simply puts the script on his knees, goes to sleep, and when he wakes up, every side in the book is memorized perfectly!

●

We forgot to mention that Gene Raymond's most amusing birthday present was an antique volume, entitled: "A Boy's Voice at the Breaking Period."

●

SINCE being accused of Communism, Jimmy Cagney's fan mail has increased 100 per cent, which ought to give you a rough idea of what the fans really think of such nonsense.

Almost without exception, the letters were filled with protestations of faith in the lad's loyalty to America and Americanism. And the exhibition of confidence almost wiped out any animosity Jimmy might have felt about being so unjustly branded.

●

KETTI GALLIAN broke all sitting-standing high jump records when a fuzzy tarantula walked out of a bunch of bananas, on the "Marie Galante" set, to see what all the racket was about! The scene was a fruit store, and Ketti innocently pulled a banana from a bunch that had been brought in to "dress" the set, when the oversized insect walked out on his front porch and gave the interloper a dirty look that caused her to leap completely over a harmless dressing-table that happened to get in the way!

Spencer Tracy hurdled two chairs, the director skimmed over a pile of baskets, and Miss Gallian's English coach climbed half-way up a tier of shelves, refusing to come down until a property man squashed the beast with a wrench!

●

HELEN HAYES is a hound for punishment!

After taking direction from Gregory La Cava all week long, she up and invites him on a fishing trip, where the fella, unable to step out of character, directed the hauling in of the three mackerel they managed to snag!

●

Cora Sue Collins is just about the most excited kid in town!

The little miss and her mother were strolling across the M-G-M lot when a young woman overtook them with an invitation from Garbo to come and visit her in her dressing-room!

You and I might have been jittery, but, not Cora Sue! With her droll little "How do you do?" and that cunning twinkle in her brown eyes, in she marched, calm as you please to spend a good half hour chatting amiably with the elusive Swede!

Later, however, the reaction set in, and now, if you want to interview Cora Sue on any subject but Garbo, you'd better put it off until the devastating period of convalescence is over!

●

Which reminds us of the time Wally Ford lost track of his little daughter, Patty, on the same lot. Frantically the proud papa tore all over the place, worried to death. And, at last, he heard a familiar giggle, accompanied by a throaty chuckle, coming from a dressing-room that he knew darn well belonged to Garbo!

After the reluctant Patty had been coaxed away, the Great One turned to her secretary and said:

"Who is dat charming liddle one? She iss very amusing!"

Ah, to be young again!

●

M-G-M gave a "sneak" preview of "The Merry Widow," and, if you had been there, Sharley, you would have seen stars, the like of which have never been pulled out by an arc-lighted premiere!

Chevalier was there; and Jeanette MacDonald. Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg slid into rear seats when the lights went out. Helen Hayes . . . Marlene Dietrich . . . and Una Merkel, sat down next to John Smith and Minnie Doakes, without John or Minnie ever being the wiser! And . . . surprise! Katharine Hepburn sneaked in, escorted by Ernst Lubitsch!

And not an autograph hound in sight!

●

Otto Kruger had the surprise of his life when, upon returning from a fishing trip, he went to the old homestead and found, to his amazement, that "the Krugers didn't live there any more!"

Seems that the missus had taken a new house and moved into it, lock stock, and Otto's shaving mug, thinking to surprise her lord and master out of telling about the big one that got away!

●

With some pressing business to attend to, Wally Beery hopped in his plane on Friday, arrived in Chicago the following day, did what he had to do with the dotted line, and was back home, safe and sound, by Monday morning!

NEMO Confucius, he say: Too fast; no good; me walk, by gar!

This Will Startle You

(*Continued from page* 62)

Sports Parade" had one scene where he was to be severely mauled in a savage wrestling match. Ivan Linow, former heavy-weight grappler, was chosen as Joe's opponent—and the two hundred and sixty pounds of bone and muscle was told by the director to "make the bout realistic." The cameras rolled—McCrea swallowed his natural trepidation and charged across the ring at the man mountain. He got an arm lock on his burly foe, and they went to the mat. Linow untangled himself and deftly kicked McCrea in the nose. His face stained crimson, Joel slowly arose and staggered around the ring. Linow became enthusiastic. Clamping a hold on McCrea, he twisted him in the air a couple of times, and then dumped him upon his head. This feat accomplished, Linow placed both feet on the actor's chest. grabbed his out-stretched arm, and yanked lustily. Then he pulled the long suffering Joel to his feet and administered the *coup de grace* by butting him completely out of the ring.

"Good!" cried the director, "but we didn't get all of that. Take it from the place where you throw him on his head, Linow."

JIMMY CAGNEY is another fellow who does things realistically or not at all. In "Winner Takes All," Cagney had a prizefight sequence. He arose at five o'clock in the morning, took a four-mile run, then back to the gym for a short work-out with his trainer, followed by a rub-down and a shower—and Jimmy was on the set at nine o'clock for the fight scene. Cagney stood in that ring (when he wasn't knocked to the floor or thrown through the ropes) from nine that morning till midnight, with a half hour out for lunch and dinner. He took socks and gave them for fifteen hours. What business man, in an equal position in life, would think himself over-paid with Jimmy's salary and that work?

SYLVIA SIDNEY went through a gruelling time of it because of Fredric March's new contract with Twentieth Century. Doing his last picture for Paramount, he had to be through on a certain day. The day he started with Sylvia in "Good Dame," she was laid low with an acute internal disorder. Her doctor said it would be two weeks before she could be up and around. This meant that March could not do the part, and Sylvia knew he fitted the role better than any other man in Hollywood. Two days after the first attack, she got out of bed, and for the first week, lightly clad in the costume of a rumba dancer in a carnival show, she went through a twisting, stamping dance in spite of the gnawing pain in her side and back. She had to remain on a liquid diet during the entire picture, so that she had little to give her strength. Because two days' work was lost, and must be made up, Sylvia also worked nights. A nurse stayed with her at home and in her

(*Please turn to page* 80)

HER LIPS WON HIM FROM ANOTHER



Natural lips win... painted lips lose!

SOFT lips. *Nice* lips. Never conspicuous with jarring red paint. Simply alluring with rosy color that looks as though it was her own!

Men say time and again that they cannot stand the painted-mouth habit. Yet they are the first to admit that pale lips are equally unattractive. So, to be your loveliest, you should color your lips without painting them. Sounds impossible but it can be done by using the lipstick that *isn't* paint. This lipstick, known as Tangee, intensifies the natural color now in your lips!

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

In the stick Tangee looks orange. On your lips, it's rose. Not a jarring red. But a glowing shade of blush-rose most natural for your type. Don't be fooled by imitative orange-colored lipsticks: Tangee contains the original and exclusive color-change principle that enables it to color lips beautifully, *naturally*.

***Cheeks** must not look painted, either. Tangee Rouge gives same natural color as Lipstick. In new refillable gun-metal case. Buy Tangee refills, save money.*

Tangee's special cream base soothes and softens dry, chapped lips. Goes on smoothly . . becomes a very part of your lips, not a coating. Get Tangee in 39c and $1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. Or for quick trial, send 10c for 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set, Containing Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look . . make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK



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Rush Miracle Make-Up Set containing miniature **Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.** Enclosed find 10¢ (stamps or coin).

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Block those hot cigarettes that scorch your throat. Signal for KOOLS! They're as far ahead on throat comfort as a forward pass ahead of a fumbled ball! KOOLS are *mildly* mentholated. The mild menthol refreshingly cools the smoke, soothes your throat, while your tongue enjoys the hearty flavor of the fine Turkish-Domestic tobacco blend.

Cork-tipped; they don't stick to lips. Finally, each pack carries a B & W coupon good for attractive, nationally advertised premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for latest illustrated premium booklet.

SAVE COUPONS *for* HANDSOME MERCHANDISE



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

This Will Startle You

(*Continued from page* 79)

dressing-room to see that she took her medicines and was made as comfortable as possible.

PREPARING for a recent picture Joan Crawford rehearsed for five weeks—every day. She danced until she almost dropped from exhaustion, and during the filming of the picture, they worked all day and as late as eleven o'clock at night, on just the dancing sequences.

Or take Robert Montgomery's working day and night. One picture at his home studio was scheduled to start before he had finished a picture he was doing for another studio. So Bob started work at nine each morning—kept going all day, taking an hour off for dinner —then reported for night work on a picture which had road sequences that cannot be taken in the day time. He finished about 3 A. M., rushed home for a little sleep, and was back on the set at nine the next morning.

Tom Brown finished four weeks on "Destination Unknown," with most of the shots taken of Tom in a tank of water. He was then called to Warners' for "Central Airport."

"Well," thought Tommy, "this will, at least, keep me dry. Probably a couple of process shots, and all the rest drawing-room stuff."

It was on "Central Airport" that he worked all day, inside, on regular shots, and all night, out of doors, in a tank of water that was so cold that when Tom climbed out at six in the morning, there was a thin layer of ice all around the edge of the tank.

CAROLE LOMBARD did such strenuous dancing in Paramount's "Bolero" that she collapsed twice from arduous rehearsing . . . Clara Bow was on the wrong end of a sock in the jaw that put her out for ten minutes during the filming of "Hoopla" . . . In one of Janet Gaynor's recent films, the star spent nine hours on one sequence where she had to fall out of a sail-boat and struggle for her life. The water was plenty cold.

Victor Jory broke a bone in his foot doing the dangerous riding in "Smoky" . . . Lilian Harvey had several bones in her left foot broken, and in a dancing sequence of "I Am Suzanne," where the chorus men threw her around through thin air, she actually had to have her flesh taped. The boys, as careful as they were, dropped her more than once.

When we read of the salaries the screen stars receive, let us, first of all, compare them with the money made in the same length of time by the business executives of the world who are of the same importance to their industries as these people are to the motion picture business—the fourth largest in the country. Then let us remember that, as simple as it all may seem, as we sit in a beautifully decorated and comfortable theater, and enjoy an hour and a half of entertainment, the picture took weeks and weeks of strenuous physical labor on the part of everyone—not to mention the mental strain and other unpleasantness a star experiences on the set.

Now, do you think stars are overpaid?

I'm a Movie Boob

(*Continued from page* 43)

changes studios, there is always a settling-down process, until he and the studio get used to each other. So the first few films he made under his new contract, too, didn't quite jibe with Stu's notions.

"Did you see 'Bachelor Bait'?" he asks. "It's about a matrimonial bureau. I'm a 'straight' guy in it. I'll tell you what I think of myself as a picture actor. I started out being a comic—not a comedian who uses a lot of gags, like Durante or Bert Lahr, but a straight comic. The public got used to me that way. I don't think they want me to change now. If they're laughing at the situations, instead of at me, I'll disappoint them.

"Then, to be honest and talk about money, I think there's more profit for me in pictures if I stick to my job. Laughs are hard to get. They take a lot of writers, a lot of time, and some fairly good actors. But I think, in any picture, no matter how serious, a laugh is invaluable. I think I'll be in pictures longer, and make more money, if I just make people laugh. The minute they begin giving me anything but comedy parts, I'm not only cheating the public but cheating myself. Suppose they tried to make me a romantic lead, for instance. You can't mix romance and comedy. You'll notice that, in a picture like 'The Thin Man' or one like 'It Happened One Night,' the romance plays second fiddle to the fun. It has to, or you're lost. As Chuck Reisner says, 'A comic has no sex'."

Chuck Reisner is a director with whom Stu often works, and for whose opinions he has a great deal of respect. So, when under his new contract Stu was put into "Have a Heart," in what nearly amounted to a romantic lead opposite lovely little Rochelle Hudson, he was as disheartened as ever he was at Paramount.

But now his long scrap is over. After a conference M-G-M has finally agreed that he is right about the sort of parts he ought to play. From now on, unless something goes wrong, Stu is to have his way, to play his own brand of comedy. Once again he can say, proudly, "I'm a boob!"

And he *is* proud to say it.

"I'm not ashamed that my sole purpose on the screen is to make people laugh," he says. "You see, I'm just one of the low-brows who believe that the screen is still primarily for entertainment. I'd rather see a good laugh picture, myself, than any other kind, and I have a hunch there are other ordinary people like me who feel the same way about it."

With his main problem settled, now, Stu is finding Hollywood a happier place than he ever found it before.

Glorious Spite

(*Continued from page* 31)

until I should just shake all over."

"And so?"

"And so, you see, the girl who walked out of Samuel Goldwyn's office five years ago as Harriet Lake now goes back as Ann Sothern—and he hasn't the slightest idea that they are one and the same!"

"So what?"

"So that's why I want to laugh. Because I can barely wait to see the expression on his face when I tell him the truth. Now I can tell the story—I must tell it, because I think Mr. Goldwyn enjoys a joke as much as I."

"Well, for heaven's sake tell it," I pleaded.

"Now look," she pleaded prettily, "I had to wait five years so there would be a story to tell. Can't you wait five minutes to get the kick out of it?"

"This started out to be a nice Sunday afternoon party at Malibu," I reminded her, "and now it's turned out to be a guessing contest."

"Did you know that five years ago I was almost Eddie Cantor's leading lady in 'Whoopee?'"

"That's news." I said.

There was dazzling triumph in her eyes. "And therein lies the story—the story of the little girl who fooled the great Mr. Goldwyn, and made him like it!"

It seems that just prior to the production of "Whoopee" the astute United Artists producer was madly on the hunt for a leading lady for this comedy saga of the early West, and that a little dancing girl by the name of Harriet Lake seemed to fit the bill perfectly, having all of the necessary qualifications. Mr. Goldwyn having duly considered her beauty, her figure and her ability via the movie test system, was ready to blot the ink on a contract which would bind the little lady to him for a long period of years. The little lady was quite elated too, for being okayed by a producer who brought to prominence the names of such stellar lights as Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Gary Cooper, and more recently, Anna Sten, is nothing to be sneezed at. But the only fly in the ointment happened to be a matter of a few aughts with a dollar prefix. Mr. Goldwyn placed a value of exactly seventy-five dollars a week on little Miss Lake's services.

It happened to be barely a few pennies more than she had earned dancing in the mob.

"It's quite confusing to a girl in Hollywood trying to get ahead," she confessed, "when she has to figure out all by herself why being Eddie Cantor's leading lady is worth no more in dollars and cents than being one of the chorus ladies in his lineup. Why the Goldwyn girls earn as much, if not more."

To Sam's great amazement the little extra girl informed him boldly that she wouldn't make "Whoopee" with Eddie Cantor for just seventy-five a week, with options. Mr. Goldwyn has a very high ceiling in his office—and Ann remembers distinctly that he hit it with a bang.

But considering Ann a mere infant with no mind of her own, he grabbed for one of his sixty-two more or less private telephones and called up her

(*Please turn to page* 82)

". . . and you can actually



OVENBAKE *in these pretty* **TABLE DISHES?"**

EVERY single piece can be used in the oven! All the bowls and serving dishes, platters and saucy individual French casseroles, the pie plates and custard cups—even the cups, saucers and plates—stand oven heat, oven baking.

The dishes don't get that brown, cooked look, either. They don't "craze."

Is it beans for dinner? Then ovenbake them in the individual bean pots. Or how about a baked meat dish or scalloped vegetables or any one of a dozen, or a hundred, other things? Cook them in these dishes and whisk them from oven to table in the same dishes.

And OvenServe dishes are simple to wash, too. No scraping, no scouring are necessary—just use hot water, soap and the dishmop.

Cost a lot? No, ma'am! Just a fraction of the cost of the kitchen ovenwares you know about. And OvenServe dishes have the added advantage of being table dishes, not kitchen ware.

POPOVERS! UMmm!

1 cup flour
¼ tsp. salt
⅞ cup milk
2 eggs
½ tsp. melted butter

Mix salt and flour, add milk gradually to make a smooth, very thin batter. Beat whole eggs until light and add to mixture. Add butter. Beat hard. Turn into buttered OvenServe custard cups, filling them from a half to two-thirds full. Bake 30-35 minutes, beginning with a hot oven (450° F.) and decreasing gradually to moderate oven (375° F.) as popovers begin to brown. Makes 6 popovers.

Note: Thorough beating and correct temperature are the secrets of perfect popovers.

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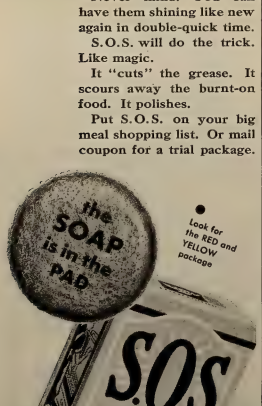
After the feast, all those greasy pots and pans.

Never mind. You can have them shining like new again in double-quick time.

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It "cuts" the grease. It scours away the burnt-on food. It polishes.

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Glorious Spite

(*Continued from page* 81)

agent in the most magnificent indignation.

The agent agreed that his client was right in refusing the offer, and agreed that he would not permit her to tie herself up for five years at such a mere pittance. What Mr. Goldwyn told that agent is best left to the imagination—but it was a fine choice of scrambled English.

Having failed to come to terms with the agent, Sam, realizing that Ann was under age, promptly sent for Ann's mother, requesting her to come to his office at once to discuss a movie contract for her daughter. But the mother turned out to be just as obstinate as the agent and the daughter, frankly confessing to Mr. Goldwyn by means of the telephone, that as her daughter had a manager she would not interfere in any business transaction.

"Then I was literally thrown out of his office," Ann laughed as she thought back to that day when she had dumped fame right out of her lap into the gutter. "Mr. Goldwyn swore in three languages that Harriet Lake would never work in his studio again."

"Then you believe he really doesn't know that Ann Sothern is Harriet Lake?"

"I'm positive," she answered. "You see, he happened to see my performance in "Let's Fall in Love," and decided that I was the girl for "Kid Millions." He began negotiations with Columbia immediately for my services, and when told that I was tied up for several scheduled pictures he insisted all the more that he must have me—that Ann Sothern was the only girl in Hollywood who could do "Kid Millions." Of course, that's all tommyrot—but when a producer wants a certain player for a certain part in Hollywood, that's the end of it. He even postponed production in order to wait for me," Ann chuckled in childish glee.

"But how do you account for his bad memory?" I wanted to know.

"It's just that I've changed. Success has done something for me, as it does for everyone. I'm no more the girl that he threw out of his office than the man in the moon is Rudy Vallee. My face has changed, my figure, my way of expression. Everything in fact that might identify me with the Hollywood chorus girl of five years ago."

"I'll bet you're getting more than seventy-five a week this time."

"About fifteen times seventy-five a week," she laughed. "Won't Mr. Goldwyn die when he finds out! You know I can hardly wait until he does. I feel like the small town girl who is going home in a Rolls-Royce, just to show the folks! To some people it may spell success—but to me it's glorious spite!

Mr. Laughton of London

(*Continued from page* 32)

particularly alluring. He admitted, in fact bragged boyishly that he is a singularly unattractive person. I couldn't argue with him in his own dressing-room and besides there wasn't time for me to show him how he was allowing personal prejudice to influence his opinions, but I can tell you now that he has more charm than most of the devastators who presumably live by it. Mind you, I don't know how much of it is real. Maybe he is just as good an actor without camera or footlights. If such should be the case all I can say is what most people say after seeing him on stage or screen, "Boy! what a performance! I want to see that guy often."

In 1928 he was again or still the talk of London. The talk of said city can become very one track when they like something. After listening to everyone, from the Duchess of Whatnot to the gent who sells *winkles* "fresh and 'ot" on the corner, rave about Laughton in "Alibi," I gave in. Perhaps caved in would better describe it. I went to see his priceless characterization of Monsieur Poirot, Ace of French Detectives, three times and became one of the visiting snoopers who spend their time and the patience of others asking "Where did he come from?" when any great artist arrives without their personal invitation to fame.

I heard many versions. He had been a bank clerk. (Those British bank clerks are canny fellows. Leslie Howard is also supposed to have foreseen the future of world finance just in time.) I heard that he had stepped directly from an English village into London's large heart. I heard that he was one of the many love children of England's great actor of other days. I stopped listening and went to see "Alibi" again. Whatever his background I hope he will include America in his future plans, was my fervent wish on leaving London.

HERE I am, six years later, unable to tell you where he came from, but to assure you that he had only eggs for lunch. No beer on account of because he has decided to lose weight for his picture "Ruggles of Red Gap." This is such a brilliant bit of casting that one is prone to think it must have been done by someone who does not "know everything about talking pictures."

"What a wonderful life you've had!" As he spoke the twinklingly sardonic eyes rounded out. There was almost a sigh of envy.

"What a great life you are going to have," I said. Then he told me seriously that he does not know how to play. "But you must learn. What do you like to do best?" I was really worried and sympathetic.

"I like work better than anything," he answered. Was he kidding me? I think not. If you could see the greedy expression when he talks about these characters he brings to life. The meaner they are, the better he likes them, but he also likes to give the poor devils a break. If they have any good in them he will allow the public a glimpse of it. As I heard him de-

Mr. Laughton of London

scribing the fascination of being a successful villain I realized that he always does make you feel a little sorry for them even while you want to go into your hiss. In life we can usually find a spark of virtue in the ashes of wickedness. Buster wields a mighty poker when it comes to digging up sympathy for the "meanies" he portrays. He confided that he almost lost that poker trying to find any good in the bad Mr. Barrett of Wimpole Street.

For Norma Shearer he has a great admiration. His adjectives of approbation included unusual, interesting, intelligent and my favorite French word "éblouissante." When he turns a French phrase one can actually sniff the chestnut trees on the Champs Elysees.

He loves Hollywood without the usual reservations made by visiting foreign stars, and, wonder of wonders, hold your hats, I lost mine in the dust at his feet, he likes talking pictures much better than the stage. After listening for five years to artists who "miss the audience's reaction" this put the finishing touch on my already well developed Laughton complex. To him there is no thrill greater than a preview of one of his pictures. He did not call them his pictures, that's my idea, because no matter whom he plays with, people come out talking about him. They may not like him, but they certainly can't ignore him. I can understand why he prefers pictures. It's his love for creating. The very success one should want in the theater strangles and wearies. Pray for a hit. Get it. Result, you're stuck for months with your creation. Imagine playing only two plays in four years. That's what he did. Now he leaps from Henry the Eighth to Ruggles of Red Gap via Wimpole Street in less than a year.

Lunch over and the call to return to the set found me tagging along. I was anxious to see him in action before the camera. He still looked like a petulant boy as he groused about "these dull retakes." "You won't see anything interesting." He tugged at his mid-Victorian collar. "I shall simply stand there and repeat one line endlessly." I watched and listened fascinated as he said it at least a dozen times with as many different inflections. Which one was correct he left entirely to the director's judgment.

I was impressed by the fact that he had the dialogue which preceded the line read aloud before he would start. No leaping from the price of eggs to an important plot line for him. By the time he spoke he was already Mr. Barrett, thinking, breathing and hate inspiring. The cue found him ready to deliver the line as Barrett would have, only I doubt if Elizabeth's "Ole Pappy" was broad-minded enough to do anything twelve different ways.

I'm sure Mrs. Temple (Shirley's mother) and the make-up man at Metro-Goldwyn Studio have a lot in common. They both knew the difficulty of preparing a star for a close-up. Shirley or Wigglebritches, as Gary Cooper pet-named her, sees no point to her curls being arranged at

(*Please turn to page* 84)



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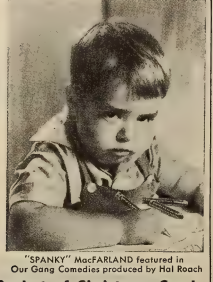
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Mr. Laughton of London

(*Continued from page* 83)

any time. Buster stood first on one foot then balanced on the other humming a song as his side whiskers and locks were being groomed. "Would you care to sit down, Mr. Laughton?" The groom's tone was solicitous, but I could almost hear a softly added, "Or shall I push you down?" He sat, resignedly. "Your hair was looking messy in the other shot!" The director's voice might well have been saying, "You didn't take your bath Saturday night—Really!" Buster fiddled with Mr. Barrett's watch charm and tossed me a look which wigwagged plainly, "Imagine worrying about the state of one's hirsute adornments when there is acting to be done!"

"Show Mr. Laughton that still (a photograph only, don't rush!) so he can check on how the hair should look." Mr. Laughton was doing no checking. It was handed to him. He passed it on to me. "Nice photography!" he said.

There was a very comfy feeling of camaraderie (why can't she stick to English? I knew her back in Columbus, Ohio) on the set. The only sign of "British star influence" was the very impressive fact that everyone called everyone Mister. "O.K. for you, Mr. Blots?" said one assistant director to the other. "O.K. for you, Mr. Whosthis?" one cameraman inquired of another. All this, mind you, just in preparation of a retake close-up. I could only think of one word to describe it, "swank!", then I saw the Swankers dropping their cigarette butts on Mr. Barrett's carpet, and realized that it was probably a "hangover" from the great Laughton's advent as a visiting star from another studio. They obviously had prepared for "Henry the Eighth" and after meeting Buster the First decided that he had the far famed sense of humor which the British are supposed to lack. They were kidding the formalities that Mr. Laughton of London rates histrionically and ignores systematically.

After "Ruggles of Red Gap" our versatile visitor will go royal again. This time France gets a break, for he will Laughtonize Louis Sixteenth into the human being he was. With Norma Shearer as his queen it should not be hard to do. I hear that the screen treatment made from Stefan Zweig's brilliant "Marie Antoinette" demands that Louis appear in the early sequences aged nineteen—a nice change for Buster. I would back him to portray the Dauphin in his pram and be convincing, but it will be interesting to see if he can knock off years as easily as he assumes them.

I saw a very good example of age-shedding when he finally finished Mr. Barrett's close-up. Zip—off came the side whiskers. Zip again and again. Two bushy eyebrows fell in the make-up expert's hand. Off came the gray top piece and with it at least twenty years. Buster was himself again. Mr. Barrett went back to the wig department in a cardboard box. Smiling gaily and sighing happily, Buster watched him go with no regrets. Having been in Wimpole street for several weeks, he was already looking forward to the ruggedness of Red Gap.

I told you he was a surprising person. This is an example: While I was in the very act of thinking how sure of himself he must be, he confided that he is literally afraid of audiences. He can never quite believe that they really like him and is always expecting them not to. I advised not holding that thought or some day an audience might live up to his expectations. In pictures he is able to be a part of his public and I imagine that he judges his own work cold-bloodedly.

He is sitting pretty, this many sided young man. England and America both wanting him. Studios finding bigger and better roles to offer him. A charming and talented wife whom he apparently adores, and who also likes Hollywood and talking pictures enough to leave her own London admirers (as Elsa Lanchester she has many) to be Mrs. Charles Laughton, at least until she makes her first American picture. Judging from her charming performances in "Henry the Eighth" it won't be long before she comes into her own on our screen. Meanwhile they seem very happy together in Hollywood. Maybe they are just happy together in spite of Hollywood.

Beauty Specialists

(*Continued from page* 60)

this star or that, making up the mouth too large or too small, and shading the eyes differently each month so that even her best friends fail to recognize her, she will study her good points, bring them out to best advantage and remain faithful to that make-up thereafter. A Janet Gaynor type cannot hope to assume an exotic make-up and get away with it. It just can't be done.

Study the photographs of two entirely different personalities who have leading roles in two forthcoming Fox productions. Helen Morgan, well-known songstress of Broadway revues, plays the colorful Madame Tapia of "Marie Galante." Her make-up expert and hairdresser are beautifying her—but keeping her Helen Morgan and not converting her into a Katharine Hepburn or a Jean Harlow. The same holds true of the new and alluring June Lang, who has the ingenue lead in "Music in the Air," opposite Douglass Montgomery. June is the demure, girlish type and Denis Phillips, Fox hair stylist, is shown here bringing out her blond loveliness—yet retaining those virtues for which she is known, with this charming coiffure. June doesn't want to be mistaken for any other blonde on the screen.

You can learn a good deal from the stars' own attitude toward beauty methods. Their little beauty tricks are good tricks. But you must use them judiciously.

Cool Redhead

(*Continued from page* 66)

else behind them too. There were plenty of other girls along Broadway who could sing, who could dance, and who were as pretty as Jeanette. But it was Jeanette, you notice, who got the parts—and always a better one with each move she made. Luck? You know darn' well it wasn't.

Jeanette even plans love, incredible as it may sound. Not only does she fit Robert Ritchee, the man who is with her everywhere, into her career-scheme as her manager, but she intends to fit her marriage to him into a general plan over a long term of years.

Not that she doesn't really love him! Not that they didn't meet romantically enough, Heaven knows! Bob strolled into the Mayfair one midnight in New York to see a gorgeous redhead in a black dress sitting at a table with a friend of his. It was love, for him, at first sight. "To make sure I'd meet her I went right over and sat down at the table," he tells it. "My friend introduced me to her as Mr. Hemingway, for the fun of it, so when he said her name was Miss MacDonald I thought that was a gag too. He told me she was appearing in "Sunny Days" and I thought *that* was a gag, too! She didn't look like an actress to me!" But he telephoned her, catching her the next night just as she was leaving the house with another man to go to a violin concert. Jeanette delayed this fuming escort half an hour while she talked to Bob over the phone. It had been love at first sight with her, too, only poor Bob hadn't known it. He gave up his brokerage business gladly to attend to Jeanette's business affairs in Hollywood, and they've been constantly together ever since. When Jeanette travels Bob goes with her, Jeanette's mother going along as chaperone. They're in love, all right. There's no doubt of that. Madly in love. Hollywood even has its wise ones who say that they've been secretly married for at least a year.

But Jeanette says, "Anyone in the theatrical profession is a performer first and a person second, and an actress has only so long in which to do her best work. After my day in pictures is done I can still last on the stage until I'm thirty-five or so. It won't be until my career is all done that I'll be able to give marriage and a husband the attention they deserve. So I think Bob and I'll have to wait until I've gone through at least the more hectic part of my career."

Quite coolly, she puts love in second place and tells Bob he must wait. Marriage must wait. That, too, is part of her planned life.

Or maybe it's part of her plan just to tell us that—while she and Bob have been secretly married ever since their trip to Europe. She can fool you, Jeanette can. But, if she's fooling, we can be sure we won't hear a word until she wants us to! And then, when it finally comes out, we'll find that there was a perfectly good reason for secrecy all the time, and it will seem the most natural thing in the world to us. She's that way. Just part of her plan.

One more example, just to show you how she is—and we'll let Jeanette tell you in her own words.

"I really had to face a crisis when there was a lot of talk about musicals

(*Please turn to page* 86)

"I can't be bothered with sticky hand lotions"

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Pacquin's *Hand Cream*



Cool Redhead

(*Continued from page* 85)

going out," she says. "Musicals were all I had ever done on the screen, you see, and I was left with two alternatives. I could either go on the concert stage, or the musical-comedy stage, and forget about pictures—which I didn't want to do—or I could do straight picture words, in other words see if I could stay on the screen as an actress rather than a singer. Accordingly, I made three pictures that weren't musicals. The pictures were successful, fortunately, and I was left with the knowledge and satisfaction that I could do something on the screen besides sing."

Putting it another way—faced with talk that musicals were going out, Jeanette gambled her whole future on a quick swing over to dramatic parts, risking the displeasure of her fans, who were used to her as a singer, and also risking failure. That took courage and a cool head indeed!

And that cool redhead, once it has made up its mind, can't be budged by dynamite. Here's a little thing, but it will show you. Not long ago, a publication asked permission to take photographs of Jeanette's lovely home. The publicity department sent out a photographer to get the pictures, and the photographer—not being a hostess himself—neglected to draw the dining-room curtains when he snapped the dining-room table set with candles burning. You could see the daylight outside the windows, and see plainly that it was daytime.

When Jeanette saw the pictures of the dining-room she kindly—but very, very firmly—requested that they be destroyed. For candles aren't supposed to be burning on a luncheon table in the middle of the day, and she couldn't let the impression get out that she didn't know any better. A small incident, to be sure, but it is so characteristic of Jeanette that it bears mention. The point is—if you think those photographs ever got out, you're crazy. Once she has made up her mind, you might just as well change the subject.

That's why she's where she is, today.

And I had to be Scolded into trying it

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That's the beauty of this discovery; Midol is as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache. Don't be afraid of the speed with which Midol takes hold; it is *not* a narcotic. All drug-stores have these tablets.

Hollywood's Battle of Ages

(*Continued from page* 30)

who can successfully portray such a role. There are one or two others, such as Franchot Tone and Bob Montgomery, who get under the 35 age minimum and still could adequately interpret a care-free sophisticate. But these youngsters can be counted on one hand and for the most part, when the audience is to be satisfied, the directors select one of the "over 35" men. At debutante parties and dances of smart finishing-schools, it is always noticeable that the debs make a particular point of seeking partners who could very well double for Herbert Marshall or Fredric March. There is a certain glow of conquest . . . a certain pride . . . a certain attempt to show-off to the other girls in a "See what I have that you haven't" attitude. Girls at the tender ages are thrilled by the chance to demonstrate publicly that they are sufficiently attractive to hold the interest of men of sophistication.

Beyond the school age, young women are likely to show preference for the older men of 40 for purely monetary reasons. Often a girl of 23 is not aware herself why a 43-year old bachelor is so much more attractive to her than the broad-shouldered all-American. Usually he is much better off with respect to the world's goods and anyway, college cheers have always been a poor substitute for cold cash when paying night-club checks.

It is this constant feminine preference which has made so much trouble for the young bloods of the screen. While the Jean Harlows and Loretta Youngs have made fortunes, boys of the same age are forced to plug along in supporting roles and hope that it won't seem too long waiting to become old-men.

Disappearance of vaudeville, stock companies, and burlesque has practically eliminated the once vast resource of American comedians. Where is the screen to look for its future Chaplins, Lloyds, Wynns, and Cantors? Mr. Laurel and Mr. Hardy were at the business of fun-making for a good many years before they became screen stars; the same is true of Mr. Woolsey and Mr. Wheeler. It is a matter of rather serious speculation for the movie companies as to where the future Mr. Hardys and Mr. Woolseys are to be found.

W. C. Fields and Will Rogers and the other older laugh specialists of the screen have many years' experience in the business of rolling the audience into theater aisles. Years of testing and timing gags have given these gentlemen an important asset which practically prevents the inroads of any youngster, no matter how talented or ambitious.

In between the young fellow just out of school and the screen, is an interesting group of "young-old" actors, all of them in their "30's" and with reputations as public favorites. Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby, Clark Gable, and Cary Grant are a few of the men not yet 40 who are definitely established as stars combining the peculiarly attractive qualities of both "old men" and "youngsters." They display all the attractiveness of vibrant youth and still reach ahead to the suave sophistication of the Warren Williams and John Miljans. But there are comparatively few of these actors and not nearly enough to make an impression on the way of successful elders.

And so the Hollywood Battle of the Ages goes on, with youth fighting age and age fighting youth; with some young people dreading age and others wishing for it. Fortunes and fame are made in this conflict, and the referee is Father Time.

He Doesn't Want Fame

(*Continued from page* 68)

for Young says he couldn't get exhilarated on seventeen Sunday afternoon mugs of the stuff, served to lighten the lives of the lads who spent most of their time in their studios, which had been monks' cells in the old abbey days. He sang in the school choir, for which he got threepence, and in the chapel choir, for which he got sixpence.

Arrived at a deceptive maturity, Young went into a firm of architects in London. While he is devoted to art, and does caricatures as a hobby, architecture did not fill his life, and he began leaning more and more toward an interest in things theatrical.

"I was such a very bad architect—my father had planned for me to specialize as a hospital architect—that it was actually with a bit of propelling force that I made my leap from architecture to the stage," he says. Actually while he was ill of a severe cold, he and his father talked things over, and between the son's grunts, groans and snuffles, the father gave a dubious permission for him to give up architecture and attend the Tree Dramatic School in London, which he did, for a year.

His first work was with Arthur Bourchier, in 1911, in "Find the Woman," and then followed stock in the English provinces. "Improper Peter" in London was a break, and such a hit that it attracted the attention of an American producer who brought him to America for the New York production of "Hindle Wakes." Then came shorter plays with the Darlington Square Players. Other New York successes followed, such as "Good Gracious, Annabelle," "The Successful Calamity," "Rescuing Angel," "Scrambled Wives," "Buddies," "Rollo's Wild Oat," "Pomeroy's Past." "Madame Pierre," "The Devil's Disciple," "Beggar on Horseback," "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney, and "The Queen's Husband."

MANY of these successes were written by Clare Kummer, whose daughter he married in 1926.

Even his romance had its whimsical side. He had fallen in love with a pigtailed child in a gingham dress, whom he found tenderly nursing a pet hoptoad which was ailing with whatever it is that hoptoads get that ails them. He was often at the Kummer home in the years that followed, and the friendship between them quite naturally grew.

When there was a question about the propriety of letting the young lady go on the road in some show, in the company in which Young was, he was stampeded out of his shyness and offered to make it possible and proper for her to go by marrying her. The wedding was at the Kummer Narragansett Bay home, on a huge porch overlooking the bay. Hence the marriage on the back porch already referred to.

Looking for a bit of gossip, we asked Roland Young, while on this romantic topic, if he had ever fallen in love with any of the leading ladies or stars in his plays.

(*Please turn to page* 88)

Listen To The Tales Men Tell



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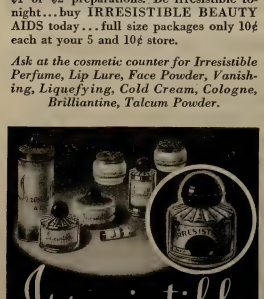
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He Doesn't Want Fame

(*Continued from page* 87)

"Good heavens, no; it was impossible to imagine things about any of these ladies. They were so charming they left nothing to the imagination, and that is chiefly what interests me in women."

"What lessons in love did you learn in your contact with these dazzling creatures?" we helpfulled, thinking of Ina Claire and some of the other glamorous ones.

"Practically none; I was really not interested in learning anything. It was only recreation for me."

"Have you any philosophy of love, Mr. Young?" we tried.

"I like penguins—though perhaps it might cause a scandal if you say that. But penguins are so soothing—so safe—and I am so tired," said the great lover. We got the ominous look, and skipped the rest of it.

A RECENT spell of illness sent Young to the country on a large rancho, to recuperate for a time. In discussing it, Young explained his penchant for Nature well tamed, and decidedly not in the raw. He does not want to own a country place, particularly a California rancho country place.

"Imagine being shouldered about by one hundred and fifty cows with horns—that makes three hundred horns, actually, you know. I learned to love a calf out there; they named it Roland, for me. The day after I left, without telling me a thing, they sold Roland for veal, for $2.25. That's one of the heartbreaks of country life; you learn to love something, a calf, a lamb, or a chicken, and it grows up, and one day it's meat. They had some chinchilla bunnies; it is hard to imagine anything more utterly charming. They were sold for twenty-five cents apiece to be slaughtered for fur. The country is a terrible place for a sensitive person.

"I like gardens—formal gardens, with paths and well-kept flower beds. If it were possible to have a sort of country place in the city, I would like that."

HIS own house has a charming yard, with well-kept lawns, a garden wall covered with roses, carefully trimmed fruit trees, flower beds in bloom and camellias along the house wall. A clothes-line had to be hung somewhere. Bowing to the inevitable, in this utilitarian matter, Young designed a handsome arrangement with two clothes poles, with arms fitted with wrought iron rings to hold colored tile pots of petunias, hanging ferns and ivy. A tiny bell hangs in the middle, for the birds to ring.

About his house are many art treasures. Conspicuous among these are massive pieces of hand-wrought modern South American silver. He is an enthusiast for Mexican and South American art, being one of the apostles of that renaissance of our times.

In addition to his drawings and caricatures, Young has written and illustrated two books, one, "Not for Children" and the other, "Actors and Other People."

FEW people know that Young appeared in films fifteen years ago, with John Barrymore in "Sherlock Holmes." Then he returned to the stage. He came West to play in "The Unholy Garden" and in "Her Private Life," "The Bishop Murder Case," "Madame Satan," "One Hour With You," and "This Is the Night." He also played in Pola Negri's ill-starred return to films, "The Woman Commands." More recently he did "A Lady's Profession," "The New Yorker," and "Her Double Life."

Love Thy Neighbor

(*Continued from page* 59)

Chicago stock-yards on a warm summer day. "Me—I'll take vanilla!" was the note Elissa penned cutely to her neighbor. And with that she packed up and moved into the Ambassador until Vicki's lawn can get along without the aid of artificial stimulants. And in the meantime, knowing Elissa's fighting spirit, Vicki Baum is waiting for the axe to fall, and expresses the hope that a neighborhood war is not under way, because she "would hate to lose a good tennis partner like that Landi woman!"

On the day that kidnaped millionaire William Gettle was returned to his Beverly Hills home, a veritable convention of celebrities gathered on the lawn of Edmund Lowe's home, situated just across the street, to watch the excitement going on at the Gettle place. Eddie was running around in shorts, greeting his famous neighbors, bringing them chairs, cigarettes, cocktails, and all of the little favors a Hollywood host knows how to confer. The first to arrive were John Barrymore, Dolores Costello, and Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Gleason. A short time later, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cawthorne, and Mr. and Mrs. David Butler entered the Lowe estate from a side gate. Then came Frank Morgan and Carole Lombard.

The closest neighbors in the entire Hollywood picture are Adrienne Ames, husband Bruce Cabot, Lupe Velez, and her husband Johnny Weissmuller. This popular young quartet has taken a house jointly at Malibu. And as if two families in one house were not enough, since the Bruce Cabots and the Joel McCreas (Frances Dee) are constant companions, you practically always run into the McCreas when you visit the Malibu beach home of the Cabots and Weissmullers . . . a paradoxical fact in the face of so many recent stories claiming that professional jealousy prohibits any real friendships among the stars!

The neighborhood spirit is a predominant feature of Malibu, where the stars cool off in the summer-time. Up there in the colony started by Louise Fazenda it is no unusual thing for the people to borrow ice, eggs, butter, or one of the dozen-and-one things that

Love Thy Neighbor

folks run out of when unexpected guests drop in over the week-end. Malibu is far removed from shopping centers, and if one hasn't an obliging neighbor it is just too bad.

Louise Fazenda and Dolores Del Rio hold the prize for neighborliness along the Malibu strand. Louise is the sort of neighbor who will come over and whip up a chocolate cake in the twinkling of an eye, if one's cook goes on strike or comes down with the grippe. Not only will she make a cake, but she is likely to cook the whole dinner before she gets through —and laugh it off when the crowd begins to sing "For She's a Jolly Good Fellow." As for Dolores, she was bred in Mexico, where hospitality is a watchword. Many a dish of steaming pungent Mexican beans has gone over the side fence to her neighbor who came down for the afternoon and decided to stay all night. Dolores too has a reputation for sympathy when sickness is an unwelcome visitor—she has that lovely feminine quality of knowing just what to do, and is always on deck to help lighten the burdens of her friends.

WHEN movie mothers meet here on the sand, there is a continuous exchange of ideas on the subject of diet, child psychology, and health hints. Although it is hard to believe such glamorous mothers as Joan Bennett, Marlene Dietrich, Arlene Judge, and Dolores Costello descend to the mother talk of ordinary mortals—they do—for mothers are the same in Hollywood, Malibu, or Timbuktu.

The other day Dick Powell took me on tour of the new Toluca Lake residential park in North Hollywood. Take it from me, when you're in Hollywood and want to see celebrities literally by the dozen, don't pass up a drive through the Toluca Lake district. Dick and Jobyna Arlen live next door to Powell, Bing and Dixie Crosby live right across the street, and Mary Brian lives kitty-corner through the block. W. C. Fields was practicing putting on his front lawn, and had us in hysterics over his pretext of being annoyed at Dick Powell's police pup, "Ranger," who had taken a playful fancy to Fields' golf ball.

When we passed Mary Astor's house, Virginia Bruce was calling up from the front walk to Mary in an upstairs window, to know if the latter were going into town and if so, would Mary please bring Virginia out a rolled rib roast, as she was so busy she didn't see how she was going to get in to do her shopping that day . . . and here I always thought the stars left such trifles as shopping for food for the servants to take care of!

A little later, Ruby Keeler drove by. "Does she live here, too," I asked Dick.

"No," he explained. "She and Al Jolson live at the Town House—George Brent and Catherine Carver live there too, by the way. But Ruby's parents, and her little sisters all live here. Ruby comes over nearly every day to take them for a drive. The Keelers are a grand family. The kids are as pretty as Ruby, and I always think when they pass by my place, in spite of all you hear about wearied sophisticates, that there are lots of healthy young Americans that

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57



HEINZ
COOKED SPAGHETTI

Love Thy Neighbor

(*Continued from page* 89)

go to make up this film colony."

Bing Crosby added some illustrations of the neighborliness characteristic of the Toluca Lake group. He recalled that Roy Hunt, Universal's ace camera man, and Frank McHugh seemed to take turns helping Mary Brian set out flowers, and mowing her lawn. He said that for several weeks the Toluca Lake folks had Dick Powell mystified by always being able to tell him the exact hour at which he had returned home the night before. It became a stock joke of the neighborhood, and was just beginning to get Dick's goat a little, when he discovered that the garage light, which he left on when not at home, could be seen from nearly every point in the district. When it was turned off, Dick had come home!

And, as if to prove the informal friendliness that exists in his neighborhood, after we had finished our tour of the stars' residences, Bing Crosby had already gone for a dip in Dick Arlen's swimming pool, and Powell invited me to join them.

"But the Arlens aren't home!" I objected.

"What's that got to do with it?" Dick laughed. "They pick my flowers; I swim in their pool; Mary Brian feeds my dog; Frank McHugh borrows W. C. Fields' golf sticks . . ." Dick passed his finger with a razor-slashing motion across his throat . . . "We're all just one big happy family!" he grinned.

And so we went swimming in Dick Arlen's pool. Incidentally, it's a very grand pool!

And so it goes in Hollywood, just as it goes in all the other neighborhoods in the world. You either like your neighbor, or you build hedges between your house and his to let him know you can't go the sight of his face. In Hollywood they sing "Love Thy Neighbor," too. But in reality, it's *every man for himself*, just as it is in your own back yard!

Movieland Fiesta

(*Continued from page* 45)

Sweden a boy of thirteen, speaking no word of English, and at nineteen was appearing in Shakespeare on the Boston stage. He entered pictures before they had a roof over their heads, all scenes being filmed out of doors. His first role was Christian in "Pilgrims' Progress," a good beginning for a charming man and artist. During his thirty-three years on stage and screen he has appeared with most of the celebrated actresses. He has known Miss Garbo socially but "The Painted Veil" was his first picture with her. I felt his estimate would be of considerable interest and authentic value.

"My estimate of Senorita Garbo," he repeated, smiling. A slow deliberate sip of sherry. A meditative gaze over the sea toward the misty channel islands. "I tell you. I think she is the sweetest soul in pictures. Her shyness is charming. You know of course all things printed about her aloofness and mystery." He made a deprecating gesture with an indulgent smile. "Well, of course, there is nothing to that. She is genuinely shy, inarticulate, sensitive. Sensitive, not nervous. If you look at her she will avert her eyes. She is timid to stares. But she will turn and sweep into a scene with the most tremendous command and power. To see her galvanize before the camera is amazing. The scene over, she instantly subsides into the shy, timid-appearing girl. She really is a child, you know. The blue honest eyes, the lovely complexion, the sweet expression of a child. There is not one line in her face. Screen make-up tends to detract, I think, from the gentleness, the sweetness of her face."

"As an actress," I asked, "compared with other actresses?"

Jack hesitated, deliberated. "She's intuitive. The intuition of an artist. She has not had great training. She is growing. Among young actresses, yes, I think she is greatest."

DURING the Fiesta everyone went Mexican except the Mexicans, and they suddenly went Red. At least headlines flashed the astounding news that Lupe, Dolores and Ramon were suspected of being Communists. The fatal evidence that they had designs upon the Constitution consisted of their names on a slip of paper in the possession of some girl who was connected with some union that was said to be connected with some organization of rumored Red tendencies. This is just about the biggest burlesque to be pulled by Red-scared rabids. Loop didn't know what Communism was. On being informed that it meant sharing her bracelets she blew higher than Popocatepetl and demanded that her accusers be thrown into the hosegow. Dolores politely denied she was a Communist or associated with Communists. Ramon wasn't heard from. He probably hadn't read the papers or associated with anyone who does read them. Communism would mean nothing to Ramon unless you could set it to music.

I'm beginning to believe Count Keyserling was right in predicting that Spanish culture seeping out of Mexico and Latin-American countries would pervade the world. Hollywood, anyhow, is appreciating and beginning to reflect some of the charm of Latin life. We're coming into the open to dine, dance, sing, listen to concerts and even view pictures. The first open-air movie theater was inaugurated in Westwood with Will Rogers in "Handy Andy" and Walt Disney's "Little Red Hen." The Hollywood Bowl achieved world interest with Reinhardt's production of "Midsummer Night's Dream," with Hollywood players. Herr Reinhardt thinks Hollywood will equal Salzberg as a music mecca. "Where else in the world can you find twenty thousand people listening to symphonies under the sky?" he asks. The first open-air market with farmers bringing fruit,

Movieland Fiesta

(*Continued from page* 90)

vegetables, home-made bread and pastries, was inaugurated in the old country style. And we have side-walk and garden restaurants at last: the Palm Garden of the Russian Eagle, the Knickerbocker Terrace, the Ambassador's Lido and many smaller places. Even the night clubs are in garden settings, housed in flower-twined cottages of Norman, Queen Anne and Spanish architecture.

THE screen will develop its own operatic form. The box-office triumph of Grace Moore's "One Night of Love" will set producers on the path. The musical taste of the public has improved immeasurably during the past few years. The reception of "Be Mine Tonight," a foreign production with unknown players, was an earlier indication. It had long runs and has repeated in many theaters. Its success was due entirely to the great musical compositions and to Jan Kiepura's voice. Just so, "One Night of Love," owes everything to the great composers and to Miss Moore's voice. The problem, of course, is to find enough great music and singers who can satisfy the ear without offending the eye. Tullio Carminati spoke for most of us when he said: "I've always wanted to see a Carmen who weighed less than the bull."

SPEAKING of eye-satisfaction, I found it on the Goldwyn stages viewing the Goldwyn Girls. One in particular, Charlotte Russell, of U. S. C., sent to Mr. Goldwyn by the university dramatic coach. As I gazed raptly on the Girls, someone pointed to a woman and said she was the studio duenna, looking after all the lovely senoritas. I said it really ought to be a man's job.

M-G-M has a human spider. He spun the web you saw in the loft of "Viva Villa" where Wally Beery wrote a letter. He has a device for spinning webs out of liquid rubber. He can spin them faster than spiders. Thus another old industry is killed by the machine age. Spiders find it doesn't pay to spin their own any more. Wonder what they'll do with the new leisure?

MAE WEST says she thinks she is a narrow-minded woman. Well, we forgive her. It's the only place she is narrow.

MALE masterpieces continue to offer themselves to the flesh-pots of Hollywood. A potential bathing brutie writes that he has everything: physique, magnetism, profile, bubbling fun. "Only thing," he appends. "I sometimes have fits. Does that matter?"

Not in Hollywood.

HOLLYWOOD heartache — and worse:

A pretty bit player slid down a stair-rail from the women's dressing-room at M-G-M and got a splinter. She wailed to a supervisor, but nothing was done about it. Only a few hours later Jean Harlow, walking down the stairs, got a splinter in her hand. A crew was instantly dispatched to tear the railing down. "Lookit!" screamed the splintered extra girl. "If she'd got a splinter where I did they'd have wrecked the studio!"

It's just such class distinction that leads to Communism.

Sweet, Sweet and Sweeter

(*Continued from page* 50)

If you want to have a barrel of fun, don't miss this.

"Talkin' to Myself" is the number on the other side. This is from the film "Gift of Gab" and is also played by Raymond Paige and his orchestra. Not so many funny sounds in this, but his vocal work by The Three Rhythm Kings is hard to beat. (Victor.)

These make about the only touches of "hot" stuff of the month. So you lovers of the stomp and boom-boom type of orchestration had better grab them while the grabbing's good!

"LOVE IN BLOOM," from the film "She Loves Me Not," is played by Ernie Holst and the Central Park Casino orchestra. A very pretty tune, and Ernie Holst presents it in a little different way. It's smooth, with the vocal chorus sung by Norman Moon's swell smoothness. All the records are old smoothies. "There's Nothing Else To Do in Ma-La-Ka-Mo-Ka-Lu" is the long-winded title of the song on the other side. This is played by Ernie Holst too, and this time Ernie himself gives the vocal rendition. Again, it's sweet stuff. (Bluebird.)

RUDY VALLEE and his orchestra play "I'm Hummin', I'm Singin, I'm Whistlin'," another number from the film "She Loves Me Not." This is another number by Mack Gordon and Harry Revel. Rudy Vallee is responsible for the vocal chorus. "Panama," a rhumba, is on the other side, played by Rudy and his gang. Rudy, of course, gets smoothness even into a rhumba. Not even the rhumbas are hot, this month! It's really amazing how the current crop of tunes are running to form, like this! (Victor.)

"THE MEMPHIS BLUES," W. C. Handy's famous song, is revived again. This time it's featured in Mae West's picture, "Belle of the Nineties." Tom Berwick and his orchestra are the recorders of it, and they have a very pleasurable arrangement. Those old tunes never wear out, and when played in the modern manner they are always welcome.

"A Little Church Around the Corner" is played on the reverse side, also by Tom Berwick and his orchestra. It offers an agreeable contrast. (Bluebird.) (*Please turn to page* 92)

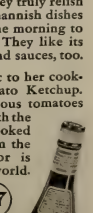
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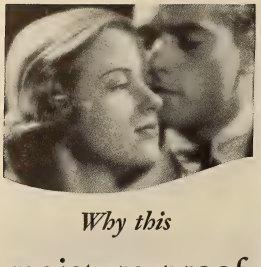
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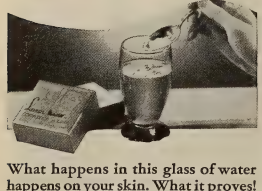
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Sweet, Sweet and Sweeter

(*Continued from page* 91)

"BEACH BOY" played by Paul Whiteman and his orchestra is from the motion picture, "Down to Their Last Yacht." This has a really novel introduction and Whiteman does some great things with it. A very smooth, dreamy number with a nice vocal by Bob Lawrence.

Here again is, "There's Nothing Else To Do in Ma-La-Ka-Mo-Ka-Lu." This time, played by Paul Whiteman and his orchestra. Since we have mentioned this tune already, there is not much more I can say, other than that Whiteman is in his usual good form. Johnny Hauser sings the vocal. (Victor.)

JOE GREEN and his orchestra offer "I'm Just That Way" from "The Cat's Paw." This is an outfit that features Marimba music, so if you're an admirer of xylophones and such, here is your meat.

"Two Cigarettes in the Dark" is on the other side. This is from the comedy, "Kill That Story." Joe Green and his orchestra play in dance time and Jack Parker sings. (Vocalion.)

ONE that you will enjoy is "Fun To Be Fooled" played by Henry King and his orchestra. King seems to be one of the foremost exponents of sweet music at the present time and his sophisticated rhythms are gaining in popularity every day.

"Let's Take a Walk Around the Block" also played by Henry King and his orchestra, is on the other side. More good music which you ought to find thoroughly enjoyable. (Columbia.)

"WHEN THE NEW MOON SHINES ON THE NEW MOWN HAY," another hit from the boys in dear old London, is played by Freddy Martin and his orchestra. Freddy and his versatile outfit render a swell bit of recording here, and you'll certainly go for the vocal chorus by the Trio.

"It Happened When Your Eyes Met Mine," a waltz, is on the other side. Also by Freddy Martin, this is recommended for the three-quarter fans. Elmer Feldkamp does the singing. (Brunswick.)

The Real Eddie Cantor

(*Continued from page* 49)

spectacle of Eddie dropping his own work to rush to the broadcasting studio with Jolson and help him with rehearsals.

No matter how great his successes, Eddie has never forgotten his privations as a child or the lessons which they taught him. He never has attempted to pose as anything other than a product of the teeming, unschooled "East Side." His loyalty to his friends of earlier days never has been shaken by prosperity or fame.

When he was a ragged East Side brat, he was sent to a summer vacation camp on funds supplied by a rising young attorney in Manhattan. That vacation was one of the truly momentous events of his childhood, and it kindled in his heart a fire of gratitude which has burned throughout his life. Eddie is now that lawyer's most important client. He is also the sponsor of a similar camp in the Adirondacks, and each Summer he sends to it a hundred boys from Grand and Hester Streets.

Eddie lost two million dollars—every penny he had in the world and more besides—in the great stock market debacle of '29. Yet, from that crash, I think he gained more than he lost.

For fifteen years, he had had his own way in everything; for fifteen years he had grown steadily in popularity and in material wealth. He had lived decently and sensibly. He had saved his money. He had thousands of friends. But were they "fair weather friends"? Eddie had always wondered. In his adversity, he found the answer, and it gave him the greatest happiness of his life.

With the market collapsing and Wall Street in panic, Eddie could have borrowed ten times as much money as he lost. On the worst day of the panic, as he was riding downtown with Ida Cantor, his wife, she handed him a little package. It contained every piece of jewelry he had ever given her—even the inexpensive but sentimentally precious little trinkets which he had bought her in the poverty-stricken days immediately after their marriage. "Take it and see what you can get on it," she told him.

Never once had Eddie put his friends to the test—and he refused to do so then. But they rallied around him without being summoned. Arthur Baer, the St. Louis department store executive, was one. Eddie knew Baer well, but he never would have considered approaching him for a loan.

When things seemed darkest and Eddie was wondering how he would ever be able to survive, Baer walked into his hotel room. Out of a briefcase, he dumped a pile of negotiable bonds.

"Here's a' hundred thousand dollars to tide you over, kid," he announced gruffly.

In St. Louis, he had heard rumors of Eddie's terrific losses, and, knowing that Eddie never would come to him for help, he had dropped his own affairs to rush to the aid of a friend. Such loyalty as his is an inspiring tribute to the character of Eddie Cantor.

Later, when Eddie came to Hollywood to make "Whoopee," his first talking picture, he came on borrowed money. Except for the bare living expenses that we paid him, his entire earnings went to banks to pay indebtedness for which he was morally, rather than legally, obligated. Voluntary bankruptcy, or any one of a dozen other expedients, would have given him an easy escape from his



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The Real Eddie Cantor

crushing burden of debt. But he paid, stoically denying his family and himself every luxury, until his obligations had been discharged to the last penny. No one ever heard him whine; on the contrary, he persisted in making an hilarious joke of his misfortunes.

Such a man deserves loyalty—and such a man gives loyalty, in small things as well as in great.

"Frenchy" is Eddie's trainer and valet. When he came to California to make "Whoopee," Eddie regretfully decided that he must leave "Frenchy" behind. The Cantors were broke, and could not afford the luxury of a trainer. Mrs. Cantor had accepted every other curtailment, but she argued that point.

"If he helps you to keep your health and be fit for work, then he'll save you money," she insisted.

Finally, she won her point, and "Frenchy" came to the Coast—to Eddie's great relief, for there is a strong attachment between them.

As soon as he arrived "Frenchy" was rushed to the hospital with a combination of appendicitis and gall stones. He was there for twelve weeks, with Eddie paying all expenses and worried to distraction for fear that his trainer-valet would miss the New York premiere of the picture. During the last few weeks of production, with the invalid home from the hospital, Eddie rushed to his bedside every evening when his studio labors were finished and spent an hour or more massaging the masseur. "Frenchy" saw the show on opening night, and ruled it excellent.

Cantor's devotion to his family is too well known to need mention from me. His entire existence seems wrapped up in his wife and daughters.

He is a confirmed hero-worshipper—but his heroes are chosen without regard to their financial or social standing. To Eddie, who lifted himself to the heights by his own bootstraps, achievement and character are the only measures of greatness.

He idolizes President Roosevelt. In his estimation, our chief executive is a Messiah, omniscient, omnipotent, appointed by Divine Wisdom to be the guide of a sorely pressed people. I think Eddie's association with the President is the big milestone of his life. It gave him a definite sense of responsibility, a standing completely apart from his work as an entertainer.

I was rather surprised when Lucrezia Bori came to visit us last year. Eddie's pathway of life has been far removed from hers, yet we found that he knew all of the facts concerning her career, and he quoted, almost word for word, the magnificent plea which she made for the maintenance of the Metropolitan Opera. That plea had made her one of his heroines.

Among his heroes you would find a certain doctor, a newspaper editor, a political economist, a Catholic priest, a tap dancer and his barber.

Eddie's friends are recruited from every walk of life. And he gives each one a devotion which is unshakable.

I say again—I like to talk about Eddie Cantor. I call him a great man. And I am proud to say Eddie is my friend!



IT'S fun to dress better and SAVE MONEY with Rit Tints and Dyes—bring your wardrobe up-to-date each season with the new colors that everyone admires! • Rit contains one patented ingredient that makes the color *soak in deeper—last longer.* • 33 Sparkling Rit Colors. 15c at all drug stores and notion counters.

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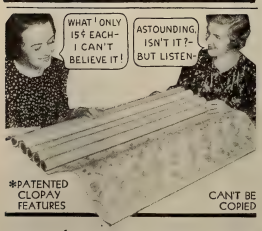
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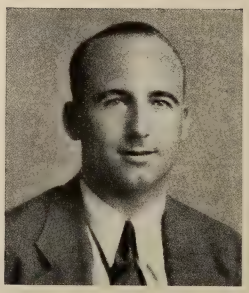
New! . . . FABRAY Used Like OILCLOTH

Truly amazing—made on solid fibre instead of cheesecloth backing. Looks—feels and wears like oilcloth at a saving of ⅓ to ½! See it at your nearest 5 and 10c store, or send 25c for 39x40" Table Cover—bound edges—state color preferred.

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CLOSE-UPS

INTERESTING PEOPLE OF THE MOVIES AND WHAT THEY DO . . .



Wilford E. Deming



Joseph "Skipper" Dixon, Adventurer

TEACHING INDIA TO TALK

By HAL HALL

WHILE sound engineers are more or less of a necessary evil, in the minds of most players, we find among them men who have had greater parts in the development of picture making than the majority of picture people put together.

Take Wilford E. Deming, who is listed as a sound engineer at the Fox studios in Hollywood, as an example. To watch him at work you would never dream that he actually taught the motion picture producers of India how to make sound pictures and that he personally supervised the making of the first talking picture that was made in India by native producers.

"And was it a tough job!" says Deming. "You see, I couldn't understand the language used by the acts, so I had more or less to guess whether the quality was right. And the equipment was so terrible and so meager that it seemed impossible to do it. But the picture was made in Bombay and the picture people of India went very nearly crazy when they found that it was sweeping the country like wildfire and grossing more than ten times the usual amount received from their silent films.

"I shall never forget my arrival there. A royal suite . . . servants . . . cars . . . everything was placed at my command . . . everything but the equipment I so sorely needed to make a sound picture They seemed to think I could simply wave my hand and results would happen. We started and we finished after a while, and the picture changed all of India from silent to sound picture lovers. Sound swept the country overnight.

He has an independent sound recorder patent to his credit and controls a company which makes them.

SOLDIER OF FORTUNE

By HENRY M. FINE

WE were cutting our way through the thick jungle of the East coast of Portuguese East Africa. Twenty miles behind us was a native kraal where two days before we had exchanged some old, rusty rifles for several thousand dollars' worth of ivory. It was a dangerous business. We were constantly on the alert. Fierce natives might jump us at any moment. And there was also the constant threat of capture by Portuguese constabulary.

Suddenly the column halted. I went ahead to investigate when out of the jungle stepped a native policeman and covered me with a rifle. We had been surrounded by a Portuguese patrol. Our number was up.

Joseph "Skipper" Dixon, screen actor, writer and technical director, is speaking, describing just one single episode from his highly colorful life. A life of adventure in every corner of the globe, it has been. He has been captain of every type of vessel afloat; black-birder; ivory snatcher; gun runner; whaler; diamond and gold prospector. Death, danger, and nerve-chilling experiences are as familiar to him as the morning cup of coffee to the average man.

The end of the story he tells you above was that he and his partner were imprisoned in a Portuguese fort at Mozambique and sentenced to death. One day, while exercising in the yard, Dixon saw the American consul come in with a group of tourists. Quickly, before he could be stopped, the "Skipper" shouted, "I'm an American sentenced to death here. Can you do anything about it?" The consul procured his release, although his unlucky partner was shot by a firing squad.

DON'T NEGLECT A COLD

Distressing chest colds and minor throat irritations—that so often lead to something serious—usually respond to the application of good old Musterole. Musterole brings relief naturally because it's a scientific *'counter-irritant'*—NOT just a salve. It penetrates and stimulates circulation, helps to draw out congestion and pain. Recommended by many doctors and nurses—used by millions for 25 years. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each. All druggists. Hear "Voice of Experience"—Columbia network. See your newspapers.

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Your doctor prescribes salt as a gargle, your dentist prescribes salt as a mouth wash, and that is exactly why salt forms the base of this new Worcester Salt Toothpaste. It heals tender gums, it cleanses your teeth beautifully and safely, and its salty, tangy, exhilarating taste leaves your mouth delightfully refreshed. Large size, 35c; guest size, 10c. Try a tube. Your money back if not delighted.



New Pictures You Will Want to See

(*Continued from page* 70)

It's all light entertainment, with a song or two, from the inimitable Bing. And, with Frank Tuttle directing the proceedings, it should be a pleasant way to spend the evening.

For atmosphere, Paramount has imported about a dozen pure white cockatoos to sprinkle around the Riviera setting. One of the rascals took an instant dislike to your studio reporter, glaring angrily and flexing its talons every time we came within breathing distance.

On the way out, the temperamental birdie took one last crack at our reportorial aplomb.

"Don't be afraid!" Bing called, as we dodged behind a convenient statue. "He won't hurt you!"

"Maybe not," we sniffed skeptically, "but he's got his leg up, ready to kick me!"

EVELYN PRENTICE

•

M-G-M

IF doctors' wives think they have a hard time of it, they should certainly read this W. E. Woodward story of the life of a lawyer's wife!

Myrna Loy loves her lawyer husband, William Powell, but hates his work because it takes him from the home fire-side seven nights a week.

To fill in the long hours while friend husband is in conference with an attractive client, Myrna catches herself a handsome gigolo, who talks her into writing overly friendly *billets doux*, addressed to himself.

Most lawyer's wives would know better, but not Myrna. That is, not until it's too late. And then, when she tries to get them back the bad man slaps her down and says don't be silly, or something.

To scare him, Myrna gets a gun from the desk and when the fellow tries to take it away from her, the tricky thing explodes, and another blackmailer bites the dust.

Right there, Myrna has cause to be glad that she's married a lawyer, for, knowing and forgiving all, Bill defends the gigolo's real sweetie and wins an acquittal without even bringing his wife's name into it!

On the set, Bill Powell was walking down the prison corridor, on the way to visit his wrongly accused client. Isabel Jewell.

After each take, a property man grabbed the business end of a mop and proceeded to wipe up the Powell footprints, keeping the floor practically virginal of traffic spots.

With the sixth mopping up, Powell scratched his trim moustache. "Hmm-m," he ventured. "This is certainly the cleanest jail in *these* parts!" And, we still can't figure how he'd be a-knowing!

IMITATION OF LIFE

•

Universal

WHAT with switching leading men, and arguing with butlers, Director John Stahl has just about doubled production time on this one.

At first, Mr. Stahl wanted Freddie

(*Please turn to page* 96)

Nobody called... nobody cared



FREE TEST

"until a scrap of paper" led me to loveliness

Night after night I used to sit home alone. Nobody called... nobody cared for me. I couldn't seem to make friends or attract men at all. Then one lucky day I visited the 10¢ store and a "scrap of paper" changed my whole life and led me to loveliness.

I accepted from the girl at the cosmetic counter a sample card sprayed from the giant atomizer of Blue Waltz Perfume. What exquisite fragrance! It made me think of music... moonlight... romance. Quickly I bought this enchanting perfume and the other Blue Waltz Cosmetics, too, because the salesgirl told me they were wonderful for my skin and as pure and fine as $1 or $2 preparations. Next day I made up carefully with Blue Waltz Lipstick and Blue Waltz Face Powder. I finished with a touch of Blue Waltz Perfume.

When I looked in the mirror, I hardly dared believe my eyes. How fresh and radiant my skin looked! How temptingly red my lips were! And others noticed my glorious new charm. Everybody was friendlier and men began to ask me for dates. At last my dreams of romance are coming true... and it's Blue Waltz Perfume that made me glamorous and alluring.

Girls, go to the cosmetic counter of your 5 and 10¢ store. Get a free sample card sprayed from the Blue Waltz Giant Atomizer . . . you'll love its enchanting fragrance. Buy Blue Waltz Perfume and all the wonderful Blue Waltz Cosmetics...certified to be pure and only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

Seize this opportunity to ensemble your beauty preparations. You find the same alluring fragrance in Blue Waltz Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Cream Rouge, Brilliantine, Cold Cream, Talcum Powder. Only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.



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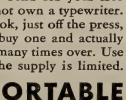
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The New Pictures You Will Want to See

(*Continued from page* 95)

March for the star spot opposite Claudette Colbert. But Freddie wanted in the neighborhood of $100,000 for the job, so Uncle Carl pushed the unwilling Paul Lukas into the part.

But, seeing as how Lukas and Stahl have been at swords points for goodness knows *how* long, the idea didn't jell, and, after taking one too many verbal beatings from the veteran director, Lukas walked off the set in high dudgeon . . . and permanently!

Then, with Warren William safely installed in the role, Mr. Stahl attempted to instruct an old-time butler in the super-fine art of buttling, with the result that the offended gentleman nearly wrapped a broiled halibut around our venerable director's neck.

Now, with everything down to a comparative simmer, we can give you the low-down on "Imitation of Life."

Claudette Colbert, a widow with a small daughter, ties up with Louise Beavers, a colored mammy, and together they set up a flap-jack and maple syrup shoppe.

When they feed the starving Ned Sparks a triple order of the tasty wheat cakes he promotes the idea of boxing the flour and selling it in job lots. At the same time, he appoints himself general manager, and, before many years have passed, their income tax report looks like a poor man's automobile license plate!

Grown to charming young womanhood, Claudette's daughter, Rochelle Hudson, returns from finishing school and proceeds to fall head-over-heels in love with her mother's prospective husband, Warren William.

Rather than complicate matters, Claudette tells Warren that it would be too cruel to torture the child by going ahead with their marriage. Rather, she will sacrifice her own happiness and take Rochelle away to forget.

Paralleling their story, we find Miss Beavers grieving over the fact that her own daughter prefers to denounce her race and mix with the white folks as one of them. Turning a deaf ear to her mother's pleas, the girl leaves, and, a short time later, the colored woman dies of a broken heart.

Not a happy story, but gripping and powerful, as are all of Fannie Hurst's novels.

LIMEHOUSE NIGHTS
•
Paramount

ONCE more, George Raft is a sinful soul made good by a good woman's love. Once more, he dies at the finish, relinquishing his love to a better man than he is.

Raft is a half-caste Chinese who manages a cafe in London's Limehouse district and picks up a little change on the side by smuggling silk up the river, come a dark, foggy night.

Ann May Wong, an Oriental dancer, is Georgie's girl friend up until sweet little Jean Parker, step-daughter of Montague Love, skids into his life while trying to escape from a pursuing sheriff.

Love is George's rival in the silk-smuggling racket, and when he discovers that Jean has been camping out in Raft's cafe, he whips her within an inch of her life.

To get even, Raft slips Montague a golden key that dangles from his watch chain, instructing the child-beater to meet him at his apartment later in the evening.

While Raft and Miss Wong are dancing in the cafe, Love is mysteriously knifed in Raft's apartment. Which shows you what to expect any time the key is missing from George's watch chain.

Jean meets and falls in love with Kent Taylor. Realizing what it will mean to Kent if Raft discovers the romance, she tries to discourage him. But, Taylor follows her into the lion's den and dares George to do anything about it.

Pretending to be friendly, George slips Kent the fateful key, instructing him to meet Jean at the apartment on the following night.

All unsuspecting, Jean attends a Chinese celebration with the man she fears, and, not until she discovers the key missing from Raft's watch chain does she realize the evil plot against the man she loves.

Realizing, at last, that Jean is not for him, Raft makes a magnificent gesture, rushes her back to the side of the man she loves, and meets his death in the rain of machine-gun bullets of the rival smugglers.

The day we visited the set, Raft's eyes were undergoing some brutal treatment at the hands of the make-up artists. In fact, the process was so extreme that Georgie's doctor forbade the use of it for more than two days at a time.

"I don't mind a whole lot," George told us when we attempted to sympathize. "Of course, I know of a few things that are more enjoyable, but . . . it's such a swell part that I really don't mind the discomfort. Well, that is . . . not too much . . . !"

BY YOUR LEAVE
•
RKO

HERE, to our way of thinking, is the real "Babbitt" story.

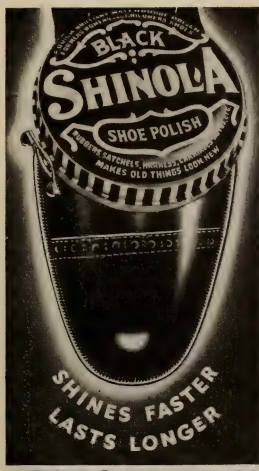
Frank Morgan is a typical suburbanite; a good job, a nice home, a loving wife, and an all-around placid existence.

In spite of a charming missus like Genevieve Tobin, Frank is just at the age when he fears that life has slipped one over on him.

Sensible enough to be worried over such silly symptoms, Frank talks it over with Genevieve and they decide to go on a marital vacation, with no questions asked.

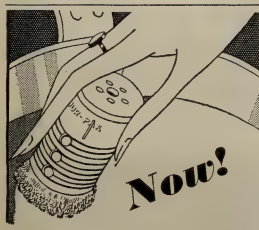
The first day, Frank tries to date up his secretary, Lona Andre. Lona is perfectly willing, providing her husband, Charles Ray, can go along.

Taking up with a strange drunk, who speaks knowingly of chorus gals and stuff, Frank treks along, thinking surely he's about to meet up with what he's looking for in the way of diversion. But, his bibulous pal is so tight that he couldn't dial a telephone num-



10¢ [*West of Rocky Mts. two sizes—10¢ and 15¢*]

FASHION NOTE—Shoe styles this Fall feature browns and colors. There's a SHINOLA POLISH to clean and shine every shade of leather. For browns, use Shinola Brown, Tan or Ox-Blood. For other colors, Shinola Neutral Polish.



SKOUR-PAK

A Superior Scouring Brush of Steel Wool

- Protects fingers from scratching and possible infection—you don't touch the steel wool!
- Scours more efficiently—gets into the corners—is easier to handle!
- Keeps clean. Skour Pak's steel wool is treated to resist rust.
- The rubber holder peels off as more steel wool is needed. One Skour-Pak outlasts big boxes of ordinary steel wool.

Sold at 5 and 10 cent stores, Grocery, Hardware and Department stores...

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New Pictures You Will Want to See

ber, even if he knew one, and Frank winds up, sound asleep, and with the noisy one's head on his chest.

The following night, deciding that things were in pretty good shape as they were, he runs home to Genevieve, who has just about made up her mind to elope to Africa with Neil Hamilton, a handsome young explorer.

Thinking things over, they agree that they've been pretty silly, and in a clinch fade-out, decide definitely to let well enough alone.

Gladys Hurlbut and Emma Wells wrote the story, while Lloyd Corrigan's direction makes it all very plausible and entertaining.

POLICE AMBULANCE

•

Columbia

HAROLD SHUMATE has done an exciting job on this story of life behind the wheel of a police ambulance.

Johnny Mack Brown and George Meeker are buddies with a capital "B" until Brown discovers that George is performing illegal operations on members of an underworld gang who occasionally get shot up by rival gangsters.

Even then, Johnny tries to protect his pal, at the cost of getting himself de-moted to a smaller hospital.

In love with Sally Blane, he proposes to her, only to find out that she is engaged to George, who, by this time, has been taken into the gang as an honorary member.

Fearing that Sally will find out about his "evil ways," George goes to the gang leader and tells him that he's through. "Oh, yeah?" says the tough mug insinuatingly. And, realizing that he's on the spot, George ups and commits suicide.

To keep the girl of his dreams from feeling too badly, Johnny plants the body of his erstwhile pal in an auto wreck. And, after cleaning out the gangsters in a swell finale, gets Sally to admit that, maybe . . . after all . . . !

Lambert Hillyer directs the proceedings.

I AM A THIEF

•

Warners

RALPH BLOCK and Doris Malloy seem to have yanked another "Notorious Sophie Lang" out of the grab-bag, in a tale of two charmingly romantic jewel thieves.

Both Ricardo Cortez and Mary Astor are after the famous Karenia diamonds and, in an attempt to trap them the authorities put the priceless gems up for auction.

Cortez out-bids Miss Astor but apologizes so prettily that the lady forgives him and does nothing more about it, except sneak into his apartment when all good gals are supposed to be asleep, and try to snatch the baubles.

To keep the ball rolling, Cortez boards a train that is headed for, of all places, Istamboul, and imagine his delighted consternation when he wakes up and finds that Mary has tagged along!

Ric sells the jewels to a wealthy colonel. Mary substitutes paste dia-

(*Please turn to page* 98)

Kills a COLD "Dead"!

—Does this Amazing 4-Way Treatment!

DIRECT and definite treatment is what you want for a cold. For, a cold may develop serious "complications".

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine supplies the treatment needed because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it is *internal* in effect.

What It Does

First, it opens the bowels. Second, it combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. Third, it relieves the headache and grippy feeling. Fourth, it tones the entire system and fortifies against further attack.

That's the four-fold treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is utterly harmless and perfectly safe to take. Comes in two sizes—30c and 50c. The 50c size is by far the more economical to buy as it gives you 20% more for your money.

Always ask for Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and reject a substitute.

World's Standard



CHIC at all times!



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5 CHIC SHADES
CLEAR
PINK
CORAL
RUBY
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You will agree... a truly fine polish... at a great saving... also



Chic Creme Polish
Chic Cuticle Remover
Chic Polish Remover
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• FOR SALE AT THE 10c STORES •

Gray Hair

Best Remedy is Made At Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

Mercolized Wax



Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

The New Pictures You Will Want to See

(*Continued from page 97*)

monds for the real ones. The colonel tosses the stuff off the train, at a given point, expecting that they'll be picked up by his stooge and hidden until he can collect the insurance.

People are killed, knees are skinned; and, after all manner of intrigue, Mary and Ric run down a bigger crook than both of them put together, and win probation.

Robert Florey directed.

DANGEROUS CORNER
•
RKO

THE famous J. B. Priestly play which won such acclaim on Broadway is being filmed now by RKO.

One year before the opening of the picture, a valuable bond is missed. When one of the partners of the concern dies in the company offices, everybody gets the idea that he is the guilty party.

Now, here we go . . .

One year later, the burning out of a radio tube, and a cigarette box (belonging to the dead man) displayed while a new tube is being sought, revives the subject of the theft.

Conrad Nagel, brother of the dead man, demands the honest opinions of everyone present . . . and gets them.

During the proceedings, he discovers that his own wife was madly in love with the dead man, prior to their marriage; that he is the unwitting object of the love of Virginia Bruce; one of his employes; that Betty Furness, wife of Henry Wadsworth, (another partner) is violently in love with Melvyn Douglas (still another partner).

Furthermore, Nagel is startled to find that everyone in the place has suspected *him* of stealing the bond!

It finally develops that Douglas has really been the sheep in wool-lined pajamas, and he only did it to protect Betty, who had lost heavily at parchesi. Or something.

Everybody confesses to some part in the business and by this time, we just about decided that we did it ourselves!

Right here, says the script, the story jumps back to the time the radio tube burned out (and we hope they get it fixed in time to tune in on Crosby) and shows what *really* happened. And now, you've got to be told that all this confessional guff didn't happen—but just might have happened!

And we finish up with the moral that "perhaps man is better off when he knows only the *half* truth, rather that the *whole* truth about his neighbor!"

It took two directors, Phil Rosen and Arthur Sircom, to wrassle this one.

Lovers Three

(*Continued from page 41*)

Aware of this return to femininity, (perhaps it would be more truthful to say that he reacts unconsciously to it) Gable makes a definite appeal on a "protection" basis. You *DO* want to be protected. Which trundles us (or rather you) into the muscular, but tender, arms of Clark Gable.

This is precisely Gable's appeal—strength through protection. He hasn't everything. None of the three under this what-have-they-got microscope, has. Indeed, that's what makes this trio a composite fairy prince for America's dream girls. What one lacks the other has. Can you imagine one guy having all the arts and graces of those three? Gable's strength, maybe masculinity would be a better word, if not in poise, or even in physique, but in assurance. A girl's reaction to him is inevitably one of confidence that he will stick, that he will see her through whatever the jam. He is the essence of, and perhaps this is the best word—cock-sureness.

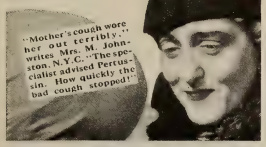
In the early days he was smug about it, and a pest to us men who wondered what he had that we didn't have. "What you can see in that guy" . . . You all remember the squawks. To me he was a Garbo in pants. But the curling smile and the lifted eyebrows which were his stock facial expressions have been trimmed with his mustache. He has acquired a screen technique. An intelligent chap, sensitive to direction, he has mastered a line that he never steps out of. That line is to characterize a typical American gentleman as such, without the Social Register tag. A good-looking country club guy, shooting in the early eighties, stepping a mean, but not a nifty, fox-trot, steady at the wheel of his roadster, likable, hugable, kissable, (object matrimony) —but not amorously dangerous.

For that diversion I offer you Ramon Novarro, the old smoothie whose screen intentions are so delightfully—strictly dishonorable. Ramon, the romancer, is always on the make. Let me hasten to add I speak only of his screen technique. A *moonlight meanie*, he keeps his Casanovian trysts under the clematis with a cavalier's bid to a spicy adventure. And you cannot for the life of you deny him. Nor should you. For always, shadowy in the distance, lurks the good padre and a marriage license. Ramon, in his storied loves, is dangerous; but not unwholesome. His forte is allure, not a leer.

Of our three guardsmen his is the undisputed claim to the cloak of Valentino. But the vest and the pants are his own. Novarro long since tossed the moth-eaten mantle of Rudy to the old-clothes man. I'm sorry I brought up the contemporary comparison with Valentino. I suppose it's inevitable. It is also as unfair to Novarro as it is to the dead man. Different times, different morals, different art. An actor is the mirror of his age. Scratch John

The Doctor said

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Lovers Three

Barrymore's Hamlet and you'll find, not a buskined Shakespearean, but a man of today. Valentino's art met the demands of his day. Today I think our demands are more exacting than they were in the *pantomime* times of the silents.

THE talkies, thank heaven, are coming of age. Producers, directors, are squeezing out the sap. Plots are pithier, livelier, truer to life. Direction is more intelligent, dialogue more sophisticated. I should say only three out of every five films are phonies today, which is an excellent average when you consider that making pictures is, after all, an industry, not a subsidized art. This requires better acting. And gets it in the art of Novarro, as well as that of his two colleagues.

The finesse of Novarro lies in the perfect exploitation of his personality. As Gable, he never steps out of line. He brings a subtlety to his characterizations that is often delightful in its artlessness. Only occasionally is his work forced, and even then never to the point of crassness. This is well-merited praise when you consider the bold strokes the screen artists use. I have yet to see him punch drunk in a role. His performance in "The Cat and the Fiddle" was a high-spot of the Hollywood year, and I don't mean that he just sang well. It was a perfect exemplification of a seductiveness that he invariably keeps within the limits of good taste.

Off the set his personality is a lot more substantial than his castings would suggest. I support this with an amusing, and instructive, conversation that took place recently between Novarro, Gable and a friend of mine. Both actors had just made personal appearances at the Capitol Theatre in New York. The gals mobbed the place. Honestly, police were called to maintain order. Proceeding back to Hollywood on the same train they were discussing the incident with my friend.

"I don't understand this bombardment," said Novarro. "I really don't feel that we owe the public so much. We are artists, we give them something. That is all, and that is enough. I remember playing Washington, another personal appearance. I was mobbed. One girl came to me and thrust out a piece of paper. 'Sign that,' she demanded. Well, I have been lenient with autograph hunters. I signed. 'But say something on it, write some more,' she insisted. I said, 'I do not owe you anything.' I suppose I shouldn't have been so rude, but she was really rude herself. I said, 'Why don't you say something?' And do you know what she said? She said, 'Mr. Novarro, your ears are dirty!'"

"I said, 'Why do you talk like that? What is it that gives you permission to insult me?' She made no answer. I said, 'I am an artist. It is enough, isn't it, that I please you professionally? You do not know me, I do not know you.' And she went away, finally. The poor girl, she was just overcome with nervousness. Just blurted out the first insane thing that came into her head. She was irresponsible."

Gable, perhaps smarter if less frank, took an opposing view, holding that if he had a "public," said public was responsible for his success. Accordingly, if it was a petty annoyance

(*Please turn to page* 100)



Keep your hair aglow with the glory of "youth". The "Sheen of Youth" is every woman's birthright and it's a distinctive beauty asset, too. Make your friends wonder how you obtained that joyous, youthful, vibrant color tone so necessary for beautiful hair.

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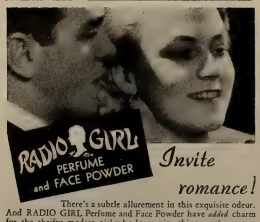
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Lovers Three

(*Continued from page* 99)

to be besieged for signatures, well, one could only suffer them. It was part of the game. "After all I wouldn't be here, and successful, if it were not for them." Thus, this age-old question of the duty of the artist receives another airing. You can take or leave the two opinions. But to my mind Novarro suffers no whit by being honest in his attitude. Neither, to my mind, does he err in it. It isn't, of course, charming. Which is in keeping with his screen playing. Curiously, albeit one of the most romantic of our screen figures, charm is not accentuated in his work. He is rather the Latin sophisticate, wily, artful, certain of his conquests.

CHARM is the word for the third of our threesome. I suppose Howard will writhe when he sees this. I can only offer him the alibi that he is giving my term the wrong emphasis. By "charm" I don't mean clotted cream dripping over a saucer of peaches, that sort of thing. I mean graciousness, a demeanor that is courtly, but withal friendly. I mean that some of the poise by which a man is always above his surroundings but never beyond his guests, or his servants. This is Howard to his faultless cravat. He makes the sporting thing to do the obvious thing to do, without stress, and no condescension.

The man is a master of the impromptu, often driving his colleagues crazy with his ad libbing and gags. It takes a smart cast to pace him. Mostly his casts, as you may have noticed, are smart. Your routine actor, who masters lines and business by rote, has a tough time with him. Let me relate an incident during his last Broadway appearance in "The Animal Kingdom."

In one of his scenes, alone upon the stage, he had to drink a rye highball. I needn't tell you good readers that a stage "rye highball" carries about as much jolt as cold tea—which, in fact, it is. Well, he'd been gagging the cast to distraction. They saw this bit of business as a chance to out-smart him.

Coming to the wings for his entrance the property man handed him his highball which he was to drink on the stage. No quotes on this one—it was a highball and no foolin'. The cast had jolted it with real rye, two-fingers of dynamite that would have lifted W. C. Fields into the flies. Then they hastened behind the set to various points of vantage where they could watch Howard unseen by the audience. Howard took the drink, drained it, and without batting an eye, turned to the set where he knew the pranksters must be stationed and, his back to the audience, raised his glass in a toast to the hidden cast and bowed low.

I suspect that your liking for Howard carries a slight tinge of social elevation. He is British gentry; an admirable box-office foil to Gable, his American country cousin. He knows what a Vanderbilt looks like and can find his way around York House, the domicile of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. But he never lets his tony suggestion mar the easy camaraderie of his manner. Unlike Novarro's appeal, unlike the breezy assurance of Gable, Howard is safe. He means well, his intentions are honorable. He will pay you court with kid glove nicety, while presenting his credentials to your mother.

He represents a manor house on the Sussex downs. Riding breeches, the 'unt, the 'ounds and, Twombley, a Scotch and soda. Savage Club, glowing logs, comfort and the refinement of ease by the cheque from Hilary, Hilary & Hilary, barristers rendering their monthly statement.

You are always belles and granddames at his films. What a delightful antidote he is to Cagney's slapping around! He is the ultra exponent of the kiss-your-hand-madame school—a comedian of manners. In his earlier films I sometimes suspected him of a bit of a tongue-in-cheek attitude, as though he were having himself a time taking you girls over while gathering in a lot of Hollywood dough.

But my first impression must have been wrong. He is a sincere artist, and a great one.

It is an amazing, and a heartening, response you have given him. I should never have suspected that Howard would have captured our girls in such wholesale lots; that you women-folks would have taken up with him. I told you you were softies; that you'd gone romantic. And, by Jove, intelligent.

You Tell Us

(*Continued from page* 17)

Mildred. I don't know why she was chosen for the principal feminine role, when it could have been played ever so much better by any number of other actresses. She seemed very unnatural throughout the entire picture.

Leslie Howard was fine, also Frances Dee, but as far as good entertainment I would rate the picture in the D class.—*Mrs. Louis C. Kline, 12 Beverly Street, Newark, New Jersey.*

It must have been just a personal reaction, Mrs. Kline, because in general the picture has won high praise.

Whither Jackie?

JACKIE COOPER is destined! For what? To become one of the greatest box-office hits ever (if he isn't already). After seeing his wistful portrayal of Jim Hawkins, one cannot doubt his unique and winning personality. The last scene—remember—where he pleaded with Long John Silver to go straight—just reaches right into your heart. Now, doesn't it?

And thank *you*, NEW MOVIE, for securing that excellent picture of "Treasure Island" in the making. It, too, was unusual.—*Mary Louise Dellinger, 916 North Front Street, Reading, Pennsylvania.*

Although it sounds like bad verse. Cooper is a trouper. Watch him in "Peck's Bad Boy."



BELIEVE me, a dog sure gets pretty wise about a lot of things. For instance, the way Tommy's mother settled the problem of extra money for Christmas. What do you suppose she did! Sold subscriptions to Tiny Tower—that magazine children like so well. She knew how eagerly Tommy waited for each issue, and figured it ought to be a best seller.

"It's a cinch, Boots," she told me. "Why, everyone who sees Tiny Tower simply loves it and, of course, almost every mother and father wants to order a subscription for the children's Christmas present. It sure solves the gift problem for uncles and aunts, too. It's *always* pleasant and profitable to sell Tiny Tower subscriptions but right now, with Christmas coming, it's an especially good time. Tiny Tower pays a generous commission so we can buy lots of extras this year. It's amazing how it adds up to real money!"

Subscriptions to Tiny Tower *are* easy and profitable to sell. For details about how *you* can increase your income, write to

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You Tell Us

Movie Arithmetic

JANET GAYNOR plus Some Pep
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Jean Parker plus Stardom
Johnny Weissmuller minus Tarzan
Roles.
Ralph Bellamy plus Better Roles
Constance Bennett minus Aloofness
Carole Lombard plus *long* Vacation
Lupe Velez minus Screaming
James Dunn plus More Pictures.—*Jeanne Haynes, 25 Birch Street, Mt. Vernon, New York.*

Make your own sums. This is just Jeanne's version. Try it yourself!

Photographs

I WENT to see "Riptide" because Herbert Marshall is one of the finest actors I have ever seen, but in this picture Norma Shearer's brilliant performance banished even his to obscurity. This was the first time I have seen her, but she was so compelling and so radiantly beautiful that I shall never miss another of her pictures.

I have, for some time, gone to all of the best pictures, but I did not see any of Norma Shearer's, because I refused to believe that she could act. How had I formed this advance opinion? Just as everyone else must—by her photographs. I believe they are seriously undermining her popularity, and I am sure she is too intelligent to choose those poses for herself. Look at them! Always the same vacuous smile which is not like her. Often her hands are touching her face in a meaningless gesture. Usually in these pictures she is sitting, but whether sitting or standing, she looks as eternally quiescent as a bisque doll, which, considering her vivid portrayal of Lady Rexford, is ridiculous.

I admit that even in these photographs she is beautiful, but they are misleading and therefore damaging. She should appear in more dramatic poses that would reveal the intensity of her nature.—*Ruth Kerber, 52 Inca Street, Denver, Colorado.*

The stars O.K. all portraits made by the studio photographers. Norma must like her poses.

(*Please turn to page* 102)

TOYS FOR CHRISTMAS

With the aid of our New Method Circulars you can make these gifts especially chosen to please the younger boys and girls. Here they are:

De.345—Play reins made of heavy cotton fabric trimmed with bells.
De.346—Directions for making new and attractive wrappings from cellophane.
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De.349—Full directions for making the new snapper cellophane packages.
De.350—Small clown made from crochet cotton.
De.351—Toy bunny made from bath toweling stuffed with cotton.
De.352—Directions for making a Little Red Riding Hood costume for a doll of any size.
De.353—Diagram pattern for doll's raincoat made from discarded rubber cape.
De.354—Ballet dancer made from crochet cotton.

Write to Miss Frances Cowles, care of NEW MOVIE Magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., enclosing 4 cents for one circular, 10 cents for 3 circulars, or 15 cents for all ten. Be sure to indicate which circulars you want by the numbers given in the accompanying descriptions.

GOING on THIRTY and Worried about GRAY HAIR



Keep your age your own secret. No one under 70 need show a spear of gray. Will you be out-smarted by women your own age or "let out" of your job for some one *younger* only in *appearance?*

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keeps it youthful, natural looking, soft and lustrous; easy to use without instruction in hygienic privacy AT HOME. Harmless, odorless, greaseless, will not rub off nor interfere with curling. Once you've got the shade you wish a few occasional touches keep a uniform color. $1.35. For sale everywhere.

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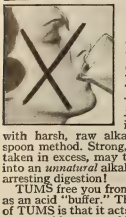
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INSTANTLY CLEANS POTS AND PANS
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"Double the Wear, where the Wear comes"



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The women you most admire, and perhaps envy, prize their beauty and guard it. Their lustrous eyes and clear skin are the result of daily care. Above all else, these women keep their systems free of the poisons of constipation. Thousands of such women find Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets a matchless corrective. Made of pure vegetable ingredients. Know them by their olive color. They are a safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Not habit-forming. All druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

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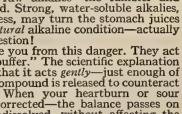
PHYSICIANS have warned against treating acid indigestion with harsh, raw alkalies—the tumbler and spoon method. Strong, water-soluble alkalies, taken in excess, may turn the stomach juices into an *unnatural* alkaline condition—actually arresting digestion!

TUMS free you from this danger. They act as an acid "buffer." The scientific explanation of TUMS is that it acts *gently*—just enough of the antacid compound is released to counteract *over*-acidity. When your heartburn or sour stomach is corrected—the balance passes on inert and undissolved, without affecting the blood or kidneys.

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Free 1935 Calendar - Thermometer, beautifully designed in colors and gold. Also samples TUMS and NR. Send 10c to cover postage and handling to A. H. LEWIS CO., Dept. 3214 St. Louis, Mo.

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A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10c. At WOOLWORTH'S

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NO STICKING—NO SCORCHING

Here's that new way to do hot starching without mixing, boiling or straining as with old fashioned lump starch. Everything already included in powdered form. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. See how elasticity and that fresh new look are given back to curtains, aprons, play clothes, soft collars and shirts. Your iron fairly glides. A wonderful invention. *Send now.*

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THANK YOU—

THE HUBINGER CO., No.796, Keokuk, Ia.

Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

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You Tell Us

(*Continued from page* 101)

Flatterer!

THIS letter is to be one purely of criticism. That's what you ask for and that's what I shall give you.

Let's see now—here's a copy of the May issue. Hmmm, nothing to criticize here. I remember that issue as very good. I'll have a look at this June issue. Maybe I can find something not just right here to kick about. The departments? Nope, I don't see how we could do without any of them. What's this? "How to Hold a Husband 3,000 Miles Away," by Grace Kingsley. Gosh, that was a good story, guess I'll just read it again. (Some time later.) Well, that sure is a fine piece of writing, but it's time to get hubby's supper now. Then those July, August and September issues. Everything fine. Well, anyway, trying to find something to knock in NEW MOVIE is like trying to find a needle in a haystack so I guess I'll just mail this letter the way it is.—*Mrs. A. M. Fortsche, 85 Pine Street, Bogota, New Jersey.*

We're blushing 'way down into our collar.

Assured, Yet Wistful!

HERE'S to a young lady who worked herself up from extra to star by industry and perseverance—Frances Dee.

Known only for colorless ingenue roles, she first showed promise as the temptress in "An American Tragedy."

Since then she has gained steadily in poise and dramatic ability. Her acting in "The Silver Cord," "Little Women," "Finishing School," and the recently released "Of Human Bondage" was excellent. She has an assurance and yet an appealing wistfulness tremendously effective.

Keep her from cheapening, run-of-the-mill roles that often befall popular and brilliant actresses.—*W. L. Kring, 506 W. Main St., Clinton, Illinois.*

Motherhood will no doubt bring even richer maturity to her roles, too.

Holding the Public

LET'S have more of Dolores Del Rio, the actress who really knows how to act. She is beautiful, dresses stunningly, and has a real talent for acting.

Who on the screen could take her part in "Wonder Bar" as well as she? Her actions, her very movements, could not help but grip you.

Who on the screen would have the poise, dignity, and ability to dance, as well as the talent to dance, as she did in "Flying Down to Rio." "No one" is the answer.

Dolores Del Rio holds her public; so let's see more of her.—*Mildred Marquess, 5251 Linden Heights Avenue, Baltimore, Md.*

We wish you could meet Dolores off the screen, Mildred. She is twice as beautiful. And watch her in "Madame Du Barry."

A Housewife Is Glorified

AT last I'm in the movies! When my evening paper came I turned to the amusement section and there it was—in big black type—"Housewife!" Needless to say I stacked the supper dishes and rushed to the theater, and here is what I saw. Ann Dvorak and George Brent are married and live in a little white cottage (even as my husband and I). George is an advertising man and smart, and both he and Ann work hard to make that pay check cover everything—but I won't tell you any more, for of course you'll want to see it!

How I've always hated that word "Housewife" but now that the movies have sort of glorified it—I think I can bear to sign myself just another "Housewife."—*Mrs. Charles Coles, 514 North Nevada Avenue, Colorado Springs, Col.*

And don't forget our mothers, too, were "just housewives."

A Little Thing

YOU may not think this is very important, but it is one of the many little things that brings NEW MOVIE unending popularity. I have noticed that at the end of articles that are continued on another page is the polite expression "Please turn to Page 73," or "52," for example. It is most annoying to be constantly confronted by the gruff "Cont'd on Page 87" one finds in reading cheaper magazines.

This is one of the little things that makes me a NEW MOVIE "Fan" who is reminded of the saying "Service With a Smile."—*Mrs. Fannie Lieblick, 124 South Graham Street, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.*

Thank you, Mrs. Lieblick.

Chosen Friends

IF ever I were to go to Hollywood, I'd love to meet:

1. Shirley Temple—she's *so* sweet.
2. James Dunn—he has such fine acting ability.
3. Ruby Keeler—because she's Al Jolson's wife, and my favorite actress.
4. Carl Brisson—my, what a voice!
5. Alice Faye—what about another musical?
6. Jack Oakie—my "funny man" of the screen.—*Dorothy Troppmann, 3 Mack Road, Poughkeepsie, New York.*

We wish you could meet them, Dorothy.

Raft as Ivanhoe?

WITH "costume" pictures again the vogue, there is a pet novel of mine that I have often marveled why some producer has not long since filmed.

It is Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe." There is drama and love, adventure and heroism—all the elements of romance and suspense that combine to make an outstanding picture. It would be a "natural," with the added knowledge that the story of Ivanhoe is already familiar to many Americans through its use as a textbook in the public schools of many States.

With George Raft playing the part of the gallant Ivanhoe, and some equally glamorous star cast as the lovely Rowena—the box office will supply the right answer!—*Jasper B. Sinclair, 318 20th Avenue, San Francisco, California.*

One of these cycles of costume pictures will bring you Ivanhoe, some day, sure as shooting.

Love

(*Continued from page 34*)

sacred thing. You have to grow older even to know what that means."

We all think of Polly Moran as a comedienne. On the screen she is. After hours, she is not. She is a mother like Henrietta Crosman. Her son is adopted, true, but she lavishes upon him all the love of a real mother. Few know it, but it is for this boy's sake — his future — that Polly works under the glaring studio lights.

Polly's philosophy of love reveals her to you in an unusual light, as a woman deeply wounded and more than a little bitter. She looks at love wistfully, from outside the window, as it were. "I often wonder why people talk so much about it," she muses sadly. "It strikes me this love business causes more misery than anything else. When you give your love to somebody you just open yourself up wide and tell them to go ahead and hurt you." Is there some untold story in Polly's life — some bitter remembrance, which we do not know—that leads her to talk in such vein?

"Of course," she goes on, "you can say people are unhappier when they're not in love than they are when the are. But love to me is something like mumps or measles. Nearly everybody wants to catch it, and nearly everybody does catch it, at some time or other,—and then, as soon as they've got it, they can't get rid of it fast enough. Measles! That's what love is to me."

She's trying to make a wisecrack out of it, of course, but under the surface she's in earnest. Contrast her notion, now, with that of May Robson. Born in Australia, the daughter of a captain in the Royal Navy, as a young girl May traveled constantly, living in London, Paris, Brussels, half the capitals of the world. At one and the same time she fell violently in love and became aware of her overpowering ambition to go on the stage. Circumstances were such that she was faced with a choice as dramatic as any ever offered her as the heroine of a play—she could have one but not both; she had to give up either marriage or the stage. She gave up—Love. With this history behind her, what does May Robson think of it?

"Love?" she asks. "What do you mean by the word? You have to be careful of that, first. There's the infatuation of a boy and girl—there's the calm love between husband and wife—there's the love of friend and friend——

"I'll tell you what it means to me. In the theater, when somebody puts up money to finance a show, we say that the show has 'backing.' The boy and the girl, the husband and wife, the two friends—their affection, for one another gives them an understanding companion, a helper, a 'backer.' Love, whatever kind it is, to me is backing. The main thing love can give us is that; when we have it, we are no longer alone in the world. Each of us lives alone and dies alone, in the final analysis; but sometimes we find along our path someone to walk with us part of the way. This, I think, is what love is. It is a wall of friendship, against which we can lean our weary backs and face the world with bravery."

Yet this is the gallant woman who, in her own youth, relinquished her first love for her career. Again comes the note of self-sacrifice—stealing happiness from yourself, in order to convey it to others.

Stealing?

"Love made me steal at the age of seven," recounts Louise Dresser.

No one can see Louise in a picture without coming away with a warm feeling for her in his heart. In her gentle, fine face there is an ineffable sweetness which seems to reach out to us all. And when you know her philosophy of love—which happens also to be her philosophy of life—you can understand why. Love, to Louise Dresser, means giving, giving, giving till there is no more to give.

"Yes, love made me a thief," she goes on—"love for a little friend in Evansville, Indiana, the son of Jesse Walker, our banker. I stole a beautiful silk handkerchief from my father, to give to my little friend, because his father had died.

"I have been giving to those I love, all my life, and so long as I live I will go on doing it. There is not a woman alive who has been more sheltered by love than I—the love of my husband, my mother, my brother, my friends and, greatest of all, the love of God—God who made the love of all the others possible. I have not been spoiled by it, I know, for those who love me are my harshest critics. But you may ask me what love has taught me and I will tell you that it has taught me how to live." And that is everything.

AND Helen Wesley says much the same thing in other words. "When you are young, you believe love is the greatest thing in the world. When you are older, you sometimes think it is the cruelest trick life can play on you," she says. "But no matter how time may change your opinion, as you grow with experience, life without a great love is not life at all. No matter how one suffers for it, the thrill and the supreme happiness to be derived from it are worth all they may cost.

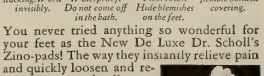
"Life, without love, is simply an animal existence. Even as we grow older, we realize that love is the 'high spot' of living, no matter what price must be paid for it."

You know what Marie Dressler thought of love. To her it was something between friendship and a warm glow which she felt toward all of her fellow men. How she slaved to make us happy through the medium of pictures is an old story. As to the other half of her feeling, the incident which best reveals her point of view there was her leaving such a generous portion of her fortune to the two old servants who had served her, in loyalty and devotion, for so many years. That kind of devotion, to Marie, was the greatest love of all.

Marie . . . And another one who is gone from our midst, too. Do you remember that grand old actress, Louise Closser Hale? Her small fortune went to charity upon her death. And she requested friends, instead of placing flowers on her grave, to spend that money, too, on charity. One of the

(*Please turn to page 104*)





You never tried anything so wonderful for your feet as the New De Luxe Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! The way they instantly relieve pain and quickly loosen and remove corns and calluses; the protection they give from shoe friction and pressure that *cause* corns, calluses, bunions, sore toes and blisters—will delight you. But that isn't all!



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Love

(*Continued from page* 103)

last things she did before she passed on was to speak of young love to a friend.

"I see it just backwards," she said. "To lose love is often the best thing that can happen to you. Girls think their lives are ruined forever when they get jilted. If they could only know! To be thrown over, in a love affair, knocks the silliness out of you. It teaches you that your wonderful, priceless beauty and charm aren't the only things on the map. Vain little creatures simpering at themselves in mirrors, thinking their own romances are the most important things to offer the human race—a lot of girls need a good shaking! Think of all the suffering souls in hospitals. Think of all the tragedies, the cruelties, the injustices in life which still need to be stamped out! Anything that can teach a girl something of reality and her own place in the universe, as opposed to romantic and selfish notions, is all to the good!"

Louise Closser Hale, too, had learned before she died that there was a higher type of devotion than the sentimental love of which we make so much in our popular songs.

Different indeed is the attitude of these older women of Hollywood! They have seen so much of life—and not one of them, not a single one, thinks of love in terms of the conventional June moon and roses. Is it only because they are older? Or is it because their long experience has taught them the truth? And, if that is it, then is the truth too unpleasant for all the lovelorn ones that write in to the younger actresses like Joan and Janet? The truth hurts, maybe!

Agree with these older players you may not—but you have to admit that what they say is pungent, wise, and startlingly different.

Time Out to Play

(*Continued from page* 53)

me when we were little, and carried her to the dining-room to supervise the dispensing of the hors d'oeuvres.

Whereupon Virginia Bruce declared she was going out and sprain an ankle, and Gloria Swanson said she was jealous.

Colleen Moore, seen about very little socially these days, was present, and wore a black silk taffeta gown trimmed with real lace that set every feminine heart a-quiver with envy, and caused every man to take a second and third look.

The party was in honor of Carey Wilson's sister, Helen, and of course Carey and his wife, Carmelita Geraghty, were present. Carmelita said she and Carey had been trying to catch up on their honeymooning, but Carey was so busy they didn't really think they would be able to do so until next Spring, when they may go to Europe.

ROBERT HOOVER was really a martyr, the night of his party. His leg was paining him terribly; but he bravely sat out the party, or rather reclined it out, lying on a chaise longue in the living-room, while the youngsters cavorted around him.

Of course there was the consolation of the ladies, including such fair ones as Toby Wing, Gwynn Pickford (Mary Pickford's niece), Charlotte Henry, Jacqueline Wells, Mary Blackford, and goodness knows how many more, who clustered about his temporary couch. And then the boys, especially Jackie Coogan and William Janney, brought him all the inside information about the latest sports news.

William Janney brought Gwynn Pickford.

Dick Winslow brought three girls.

"I came with three girls," said Dick, when we inquired, "Anne Shirley, Jacqueline Wells, and another girl whose name I don't know. I've got to find it out!" But we never did learn. And maybe he didn't either!

By the way, Gwynn Pickford doesn't look a bit Pickfordish. She is a lovely thing, though—very tall, slim, quiet and wearing a real air of distinction. She has big, soulful brown eyes—and yet she doesn't want to take them into pictures.

Jackie Coogan brought Toby Wing, and was very, very attentive. In fact, Jackie blushes every time Toby is mentioned. Having known Jackie since he was a little boy in kilts, I ventured to ask him if he was engaged to Toby, but he only murmured something, blushing, that sounded like, "I wish I knew!"

I'm sure that Jackie and Jackie's parents feel he is too young to think of being engaged. But after all a fellow can't help his heart beating hard when a certain girl is around, can he?

Jackie is still a school boy now entering the University of Southern California.

Young Coogan—he's twenty now!—is the champion swimmer and captain of his college swimming team. He is the most beautiful swimmer I've ever seen, graceful and easy, as though the water were his natural element. He swam, along with Bill Janney, Robin Ansley and Dick Winslow, out in the swimming pool, though it was very cool.

One incident—probably the participants call it an accident!—marred the party—or made it, according to your view. There is a lily pond just outside the door of the Hoover home, giving on the patio. The pond was full right to the brim, and not being very well lighted was mistaken by Carlyle Moore and Alexander Leftwich for a part of the walk. Plunk! They stepped gracefully right into it.

HOW lucky was one fan! He is Howard Erb; has been a Louise Fazenda fan for years, and Louise has been showing him Hollywood! Imagine now how envious all the fans will be when they hear that!

Louise was escorted by Howard, who had just arrived in Hollywood from the East, to the brilliant party which Mr. and Mrs. Edward G. Robinson gave for the New York Theatre Guild members now in Hollywood.

And not only that; but Mr. Erb

Time Out to Play

met Jean Robinson, Mrs. Robinson's lovely eighteen-year-old daughter, and was he thrilled! Even more, probably, than at meeting those famous Theater Guild members, including Helen Westley, Laura Hope Crewes, Philip Moeller, Theresa Helburn, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Travers.

Certainly those Theatre Guild members must have felt at home, since they met so many former New Yorkers, including Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Craven, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morgan, Sigmund Romberg, Mr. and Mrs. Lew Fields, Edgar Allan Woolf and others.

IT looks as though salons for the exchange of wit and wisdom, something like those of the old Parisian days, are about to be established in Hollywood, by a few of the more brilliant, at least.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lachman are famous for gathering together noted artists, writers, scientists, from every land, and there at their beautiful home you will hear the cleverest and most interesting talk.

A party was given recently in honor of Rudolf Mate, famous sculptor, Ketti Gallian, the new Fox star, and Maurice Chevalier. If your department of the interior is of the international sort which welcomes foreign foods, you would of course have selected the delectable Chinese food which was served along with the American dishes.

The Chinese menu included *egga fa-yong*, chop suey of the chicken variety, bamboo sprouts, *li-chee* nuts and many other delicacies. And among those who went Chinese, so far as food was concerned, were Ketti, Roszika Dolly, Grace LaRue, Gloria Swanson, Herbert Marshall, Vera Engel, Ivan Lebedeff, Billie Burke, Jeanette MacDonald, Leila Hyams, Miriam Hopkins, Verree Teasdale and husband Adolphe Menjou, Jesse Lasky and others.

The party was a surprise party so far as the guests of honor were concerned.

And Ketti Gallian, who is the most conservative young lady in the world, was herself surprised! Instead of the regulation evening dress, thinking the party was merely a dinner affair with a few guests, wore black velvet pajamas, very fetching. But she was entirely comforted when Berta Singerman, famous Argentine and European chanteuse, declared that "we don't wear pajamas very much in my country, but I mean to buy some just like yours."

SPIDER parties are the latest form of amusement to be hit upon in Hollywood.

Doris Kenyon gave the first one. Strings were placed all over her big garden, and at opposite ends were guests and prizes. Most of the prizes were little mechanical toy animals, very amusing. But two major prizes were an ash tray set and a cocktail shaker, won respectively by Nelson Eddy, and by Valentine Parera, who is married to Grace Moore, you know. Grace's and Valentine's strings became entangled, by the way, and Grace thought she had won the prize, until it was shown that it was Valentine's trophy. He tried to whisk the strings around, but it was no use. Grace generously made him take the shaker.

That wasn't the only novelty of the party, either. For, at the finish, when everybody had found the end of his string, part of the spider web motif, and had taken off the little mechanical toy animal at the end, the animals were raced. Despite the fact that they had been pulled and hauled a good deal in the course of the hunt, they performed manfully, and Grace Moore's animal, which turned out to be a woggle bug, won the race!

CHESTER MORRIS loves gay sweaters and occasionally hectic ties. Bob Montgomery, who is a great friend of his, is always kidding him about his taste in these matters.

The Montgomerys were having a little cocktail party the other Sunday, and Bob exclaimed to Chester, "Nothing would surprise me that you'd do along that line."

"Bet you five dollars," said Chester.

"Okay," said Bob.

The next Sunday the Morrises entertained. Bob caught sight of Chester's feet, and let out a yell. Chester was wearing sandals—and his toe-nails were pedicured a bright red! Bob paid the five.

BOTH Joey Ray and Mrs. Lew Fields have birthdays the same day, and what could be sweeter than that they should hold a party together?

So that's what was done. Lew Fields really did the planning.

Joey Ray brought Marion Marsh. They are quite devoted these days.

Together they had bought a present for Mrs. Fields—a handsome vase. And Mrs. Fields gave a handsome vase to Joey for his apartment. Mrs. Fields' vase was filled with flowers.

Maurice Chevalier and Pat Paterson were both there, and Pat, now a motion picture widow, because her husband, Charles Boyer, had to leave her to make a picture in Paris, spent the hours talking with Maurice, who is a great friend of Boyer's.

Maurice sang, and so did Joey Ray, and Sigmund Romberg played the piano. Eddie Robinson gave a reading.

Looked as though a new romance budded there—between George Morgan, Frank Morgan's son, and pretty Jean Robinson, daughter of Mrs. Eddie Robinson.

KNITTING parties may become popular. June Knight had one the other day.

All the girl friends there were knitting sweaters for the boy friends. June knitted for Paul Ames.

Sally Eilers knitted for husband Harry Joe Brown. Toby Wing was working on a yellow sweater for Jackie Coogan. And Alice White twiddled a red sweater for Cy Bartlett.

The party happened at June's beach house at Santa Monica. And by the way, do you know it is no longer *au fait* for a lady who gives a swimming party to confine herself to one bathing suit?

June changed hers three times during the afternoon, for of course the girls couldn't be so near the sea without taking a dip once or twice.

But thirstless bathing suits are also in style, and the last suit June donned, a rose colored one with silver anchors

(*Please turn to page* 106)

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Time Out to Play

(*Continued from page* 105)

at the shoulder strap fastenings back and front, June admitted she always had dry cleaned!

WE have different ways of remembering our loved ones. Most people wouldn't dream of giving a party in memory of one who had passed away. But Edmund Lowe knew that his wife, Lilyan Tashman, queen of hostesses, would have loved such a party. And so he invited a few guests, who had been warm friends of Lilyan's, to his house at Malibu Beach.

Among others were William Haines, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, Jetta Goudal, Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Gibbons, Mr. and Mrs. Warner Baxter, Mr. and Mrs. Victor McLaglen, and many well known socialites of Los Angeles and Beverly Hills.

JOE PENNER was giving a party at La Golandrina Cafe, in the quaint Olvera Street, Los Angeles. Dick Arlen asked him to sing. He graciously complied.

But Joe, being a newcomer to the town, didn't know about that little donkey belonging to the cafe, used for festivals and such, which was standing in its little stall just outside.

Joe sang, "Somewhere a Voice Is Calling," very sweetly. And just as the echoes were dying away, and all was silence, the donkey began his song! There was double applause.

MAYBE you believe in hunches and then again maybe you don't. Heather Angel, Ralph Forbes and his mother, Mary Forbes, all do now.

You see Ralph popped the question to Heather rather suddenly, one evening. Heather said yes, and then naturally Ralph thought of a ring. He telephoned his mother, telling her the good news, and mentioning the fact that he wanted to put a ring on Heather's finger as soon as possible.

Then it was Mary Forbes spoke up.

"Why, I've got the very ring for her," she said, "the diamond and sapphire one my mother gave me years ago. It's a family heirloom. On a hunch I took it out of my safe deposit box this morning. I'll come right over with it."

She came and blessed the young couple.

EVEN if you're in Hollywood you sometimes do as the Romans did.

Carole Lombard's Roman dinner was a case in point. The party was given in the garden, and a specially constructed, low table was used, built in quadrangular form, with seats all around it on which guests reclined. They drank purple wine from goblets. A whole piglet was served with Walter Lang carving.

That's where we heard of the terrible time Maurice Chevalier had had at the Hollywood Bowl, the night before, when he went to listen to David Broekman's "Harlem Heab'n."

In the box back of Chevalier was a genial gentleman who had imbibed too freely, and who, between wise cracks, kept falling asleep and bunting his head forward on Chevalier's nice warm shoulder. At one side in a box were a foreign lady and gentleman. The lady couldn't read English, apparently, and the man spent all the time during the music reading to the lady from the program. So that, between the activities of the denizens of the two boxes, poor Maurice hardly got a chance to listen to the music at all.

WE met Virginia Bruce at Racquel Torres' party. Virginia, we noted, was wearing a beautiful square-cut diamond, which looked new.

But it wasn't. It was the engagement ring which Jack Gilbert gave her. Atop of it was her wedding ring.

"I always wear them, and I always shall," said Virginia. "Now that doesn't mean we are going to be reconciled. I don't think we could be. All the same there is tremendous sentiment attached to those rings."

IT isn't every group of pupils that love their teacher. But those young players at Paramount do. And so, when their coach, Phyllis Lawton, and her mama gave a party for them, not one was absent nor tardy.

Quite a flock of young romances were present, too. Randy Scott brought Clara Lou Sheridan, Jackie Coogan was there with Toby Wing, and Nydia Westman was with a young man from the outside whose name we didn't learn.

There were dancing and feasting in the patio.

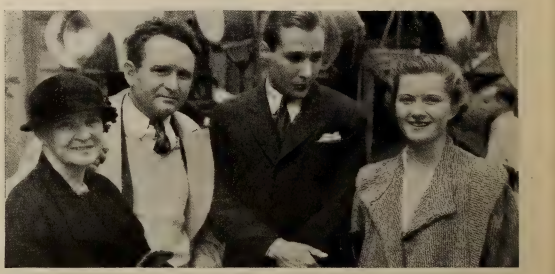
BING CROSBY and Lanny Ross are both radio favorites. I should say so. Yet when they bend their vocal efforts incognito toward serenading young ladies, or just singing carelessly like for their own amusement, something always seems to happen.

Thus when Lanny Ross recently serenaded Gertrude Michael beneath her apartment house window, the landlady knocked on Miss Michael's door, and requested the young lady to make the man desist. But when she found out the man was Lanny Ross, she went right out, brought him in and offered him a glass of her best wine, besides inviting him to play and sing for her in her parlor.

As for Bing, some neighbors moved in who didn't know who lived at the Crosby house. Bing was carolling lightly away rather late one night when said neighbors sent word for the crooner to cease his singing. The butler finally made it known that it was no less a person than Bing who was warbling, and in ten minutes came profuse apologies from the neighbors and a devout request that their favorite radio singer sing whenever he felt like it.

HERE AND THERE

Clyde Cook went home the other night with one shoe well shined, and no shoe at all on the other foot. Clyde had gone down to La Golandrina Cafe, and had sung for the guests. A boot-



Mae Marsh and her daughter, Mae Marsh Jr., with Frank Borzage and Douglass Montgomery. Little Mae is so like her mother, wouldn't it be interesting if she were given roles like those which made her mother famous? What do you think?

black outside insisted on coming in and blacking Clyde's boots for nothing. Then along came a fan and asked Clyde to autograph one of the shoes. Which of course Clyde obligingly did; at a preview of Joan Crawford's picture "Chained," three hundred ardent fans crowded around Joan Crawford, asking for her autograph, but she speeded past them without complying. But Bette Davis, Dick Powell and ZaSu Pitts more than supplied the deficiency by signing all the books presented to them; Una Merkel had her "knocking block" installed in her automobile. It is of walnut, and Una never fails to knock on it when by so doing she thinks she can ward off bad luck; Racquel Torres' Sweetheart Party went wrong. She wrote to her lady guests, "Come and bring your sweethearts." But Florine McKinney brought her mother, Virginia Pine came with her baby daughter, and Nydia Westman, Don Alvarado, and a few others came unattached. Marlene Dietrich loves music. She must, to make the climb she did the other night to the top row of seats at the Hollywood Bowl. Tom Brown's latest gift to Anita Louise is a bracelet, made of links, to which other links may be fastened above and below. Every time Anita gives a good performance, Tom adds a link to the bracelet. But supposing some time Anita thought she was good, but Tom didn't. Ah, I see you get the idea.



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FURTHER REPORTS ON A BENEFIT ENJOYED BY CAMEL SMOKERS

On this page are submitted the latest reports received from Camel smokers . . . real experiences of real people. Miss Helen Hicks, Ellsworth Vines, Jr., Shepard Barclay, Miss Eve Miller. Miss Miller has an exacting job as a New York department-store executive. She says: "I started to smoke Camels because I appreciate mildness and delicacy of flavor. I found, too, that Camels give me a 'lift' when my energy is low—and Camels never upset my nerves."

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BRIDGE EXPERT. (below) "Smoking Camels helps concentration," says Shepard Barclay. "I prefer Camels... I can smoke them steadily without jangled nerves. They're always mild!"





CHAMPION GOLFER. (above) Miss Helen Hicks says: "I can smoke Camels constantly without a sign of upset nerves."

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